

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

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*Science and Arts*







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## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

By JOHN B. HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF 'YOUNG LORD PENRITH,' &c.

### CHAPTER I.—IN THE NIGHT.

A BITTER night in Blackston—a bitter night everywhere. Winter had set in grim and gray and stern, and nowhere was its frigid grasp more keenly felt than in that upland valley high above the sea. 'Bleak Blackston' was a common expression among those West-country folks, dating from times when certainly the looms and spindles and scarifiers and teasels of the famous old cloth-making borough were set in motion otherwise than by steam; and on this particular night the wild wind swept through its gaunt thoroughfares and howled round the tall brick chimneys of its many-windowed factories, like a pack of famished wolves. On the hard earth, iron-bound by frost, lay a thin coating of snow, begrimed in the streets, but delicately pure and spotless, like a vast shroud, where it clothed the moorland that came so close to the town. A few fresh flakes, whirling down grudgingly, as it were, on the wings of the furious wind, sprinkled porch and window-sill with new-fallen whiteness. There was no movement, no stir save of the rushing wind and the sparse snow-flakes. Otherwise, a solemn hush and stillness as of death, reigned in the empty streets. Hours ago, the last wayfarers had hastened to gain such shelter as they could command. It seemed as though imperious Cold had set its icy clutch upon Blackston, lying as if dead or paralysed beneath its touch.

It might have been an hour or more since the loud clock of St Dunstan's had rung out the strokes of midnight through the frosty air, yet in a gaunt, meanly furnished garret—one of many garrets in a row of tall narrow tenements of dusky brick, and which, new as they were in point of actual years, already presented the rickety and tumble-down aspect of houses that have been

built by dubious contract, not to last, but to let—a pale light gleamed behind the frosted window-panes. The tenant of this uninviting room sat before a broken table, roughly propped up, reading by the light of one poor candle. All around him were books—books outspread upon the table, which was littered too with mathematical instruments, cheap and old no doubt, but costly to a lean purse; and with models neatly carved in common wood or moulded in clay. There were papers, trimly enough arranged, and writing materials; and a clock of American make, which latter ticked forth its warnings from the white-washed wall where it hung; but all else in the miserable chamber might be briefly catalogued. There was the sorry bed, the meagre apparatus for washing, the two rush-bottomed chairs, a deal box to contain clothes, a shelf; and that was all. Nowhere in bleak Blackston did the wolfish cold bite more sharply than in that bare spare attic, where never fire had burned to exorcise the damp that clung persistently to the mildewed walls and blotched ceiling. The young student by the broken table, however, seemed forgetful of cold, and of the late hour, and of the black gloom of the night, deaf to the howling wind, and careless of the falling snow, as he bent over his books, every now and then taking up with stiffening fingers a pencil or a pair of compasses to make some marginal note or verify some measurement.

The candle, as it flickered in the draught of chill night-air that crept through the ill-fitting wood-work of the window, dim with frost, threw its fitful light upon a pale young face, handsome, but wan with pinching hardship and feverish unrest—the face of a stripling, boy or man, as we



may choose to class him, taller, thinner, and more thoughtful than be seemed his eighteen years. Still bending over his book, as eagerly he pencilled a series of figures on a scrap of paper that lay beside it, he pressed his thin fingers upon his throbbing forehead. 'The candle is getting low,' he murmured; 'waning like my own strength. Which of the two, I wonder, will be the first to give way?' He said no more, but fixed his eyes, weary but earnest, upon the printed page, while his pencil moved rapidly over the paper that lay beside the book. There was something touching in the very patience and resignation of this young student, toiling on, in spite of fatigue and cold and discouragement, through the lonely watches of the night, in such a place. He read on and on, until his numb fingers could scarcely turn the page, and the columns of numerals reeled before his wearied vision; and the feeble candle itself had burned so low in the socket, that he had barely time to betake himself, shivering, to his bed, before its dying flame leaped up, flickered, and left him in darkness.

The wind, and the blackness of the night, and the whirling snow-flakes that by this time fell more thickly, held as it were wild revelry, like witches on the Brocken, among the empty streets of the slumbering town; and nothing told of man's skill or forethought, save when the echoes were sullenly disturbed by the striking of the church clock, high up on the weather-beaten tower-front of St Dunstan's gray old minster. So the chill hours wore themselves away, until a faint tinge of doubtful colour, such as no artist, however skillful, could mix upon his palette or paint upon his canvas, gathered like a guilty blush in the paleness of the eastern sky; and the clouds seemed slowly to creep away, as if some veil or curtain had been very gradually drawn back, and the wintry English dawn was a thing of fact.

The light of coming day was still wan and uncertain in the snowy streets of Blackston, when a lean human form, grotesquely wrapped in old sacks as a protection against the weather, and armed with a slender and lengthy pole, came briskly shambling through lane and alley, stopping ever and anon to tap with the pole against this or that window of a room wherein dwelt a customer or client of this purveyor of unrest. There were casements which the pole, long as it was, could not reach; and in this case, three warning strokes were dealt upon the house-door, while a hoarse voice twice repeated the formula, 'Time, mates, time!' and then died away in distance. Presently the dissonant clangour of bells, harshly ringing in their square wooden cages, attached to this or that great gaunt factory, of the many that stood, like brick-built fortresses, overtopping the humbler dwellings of the town, aroused the laggards by a peremptory summons to labour. Already the streets were full of factory hands, hastily attired, and many of them with a rug or shapeless piece of frayed woollen stuff swathed hood-like over the head, making the best

of their way over the slippery pavement, and carrying with them, one a tiny can of dulled and battered tin; another a bundle of something eatable wrapped in a coloured handkerchief; for in Blackston the hours allowed for meals were shorter than those of North-country mill-workers. There were men, women, and children streaming on in what appeared an endless procession towards the scene of their daily toil. Among these was the young student of the garret, awakened like the rest by the warning taps and the hoarse cry of the hired wakeners; and who had donned his working clothes, and staggered rather than walked down the narrow and grimy stairs, and out into the sickly chill and semi-darkness of the winter's dawn.

As the tired youth, with his pale face and wavering steps, joined the throng of those who were hurrying forward towards a huge building, through the many windows of which gushed yellow gleams, warring with the weak daylight, he received a graff greeting from some of his fellow-workers. 'Morning, Bertram!' or, 'How goes it, mate?' was the usual salutation. The young student answered absently, mechanically perhaps, like a man in a dream; and almost mechanical too, were his gait and bearing as he, with the crowd, tramped into the great factory, gas-lighted, warm enough as compared with the bleak outer air; and where the complicated machinery, with every one of its steel and brass joints oiled and polished to a nicety, awaited, like some mighty and misshapen Geni of Eastern romance, the resistless call of the necromancer Steam. Then the steam was turned on; and wheels span smoothly round, and drums revolved, and endless bands ran in never-ending circles, as loom and spindle, frame and tassel, did their ministering with unwearying precision. At their posts, too, were the flesh-and-blood toilers in this hive of industry, busy each according to capacity or instruction, in attendance on the multifarious machinery that writhed and twisted, glided or rotated, like some ubiquitous metal monster, in every gallery, floor above floor.

There was no dead level of equality here, any more than in the out-of-door world. Some hands, being new to the work, or unteachable, were intrusted with only the simplest and roughest of duties. Others had committed to them tasks so delicate as to require daintiest touch and never-failing attention, and the trained skill that only disciplined intelligence can put at an employer's service. Among these last was the young student. See him now, as, standing before a complicated machine, perfected, so engineers assert, by the improvements of generations of painstaking inventors, he gives the mechanism that comrade's aid of human eye and brain and hand without which the deffest combination fails of its effect. He works well and skilfully, like a musician among the stops and pedals of the organ he loves so well; and the overlooker and the foreman, as they go their rounds, regard him with approval as he toils on. Meanwhile, the struggling daylight

has got the better of the gas, and the lamps are extinguished, and still the great gaunt factory vibrates to the incessant throbbing of the steam, and rings with the perpetual click and clatter of the fast-flying shuttles. Presently, a carriage drove up, and the owner of the woollen mill, Mr Burbridge—one of those old-fashioned manufacturers who keep early hours yet, and have a faith in the salutary influence of the master's eye—came round his place of business, halting from time to time to speak a word of inquiry or admonishment as he went by.

'Ah, Bertram Oakley, busy as usual, I see,' said the mill-owner, stopping as he passed the machine on which the pale young student was employed.

'I wish there were more like him, sir,' observed the bluff foreman.

'Piecework, eh?' said Mr Burbridge, with a critical glance at the result of Bertram's labour. —'And very creditable to you indeed, Oakley. Young as you are, I regard you already as one of my best workmen; and you have only to go on as you have begun, and—— Why, what ails the lad?'

For Bertram Oakley, who had looked up with a smile of pleasure at the encouraging words of his master, suddenly became white to the very lips, reeled, and, with a feeble attempt to clutch at something for support, fell swooning on the floor, and lay there motionless. There was an outcry of alarm, and several of the mill-hands came hurrying up. But Bertram did not stir or speak; and when his head was lifted, it fell heavily back, while the death-white face and half-closed eyes remained as rigid as marble.

'Poor boy! this is serious, I fear,' said Mr Burbridge, unwonted sympathy in his tone. 'Let somebody fetch a doctor—the nearest!'

There was no lack of willing messengers; and but a short time elapsed before a surgeon arrived. He felt Bertram's passive wrist; and his own face was grave enough as he said, in answer to Mr Burbridge: 'A bad case, sir—syncope of course; but syncope brought on, I suspect, by a complete break-down of the constitution. Something must be very wrong with the poor fellow; and indeed I see little ground for hope.'

There was a murmur of compassion among the by-standers. 'Poor young chap!' 'Not a better lad nor a cleverer in Blackston!' exclaimed more than one voice.

'Do you consider, doctor,' said the mill-owner, with a glance at his watch, and in tones of deep sympathy, 'do you consider that the case is a hopeless one?'

'We have seldom the right to say that,' replied the surgeon, as his practised fingers again closed upon the patient's wrist. 'He is sadly emaciated, thin, and worn. Medical skill and careful nursing might prolong his life. But in my opinion, he has but a short time to live; he added, as he laid his hand on Bertram's heart: 'and good nursing is not always to be had in the homes of the poor.'

'And this young Oakley—so it seems—lived all alone, and has no relations in the town,' said Mr Burbridge, after exchanging a word or two with his foreman. 'As a magistrate, I could sign an order for his immediate admission to the hospital, of course; but—'

'It would be a kindness. I am afraid it is only a case of days though, more or less,' replied the surgeon, as he received his fee.

A few minutes later, Mr Burbridge had written and signed an order for Bertram Oakley's admission to St John's, and had given injunctions for his instant removal thither with all care and attention. Then, after another impatient consultation of his watch, he left the factory, stepped into his carriage, and was gone. Loom and spindle, tassel and frame, went on, steadily and rapidly, as before; and all the hum and orderly activity of the great woollen mill continued, while the still insensible form of Bertram Oakley was carried, promptly and gently, to St John's Hospital.

#### CHAPTER II.—BERTRAM'S STORY.

St John's Hospital, Blackston, is perhaps the most ancient, as it is certainly the most splendid institution of which that West-country borough can boast. St Dunstan's, indeed, a modern minister of only the fifteenth century, claims archaeological precedence in right of a Norman stone chapel and a Saxon church built of wood, and burned by Danish pirates, its predecessors. But respecting the Hospital, there is no doubt. It belonged, as its name implies, to the Order of St John of Jerusalem; and when the gentle Knights Hospitaliers had passed away, the antique foundation and the estates that maintained it continued to be put to the same charitable uses as of old. How much of human suffering has been assuaged there—how many a stricken wretch has crawled gratefully to that haven of rest, to die in peace at least, were cure beyond reach, will never be known until the Great Day. But the Blackston folks were justly proud of their grand old Hospital, and it stood pleasantly enough on the confines of the town, its spreading gardens, gorgeous with flowers and greenery in the summer-time, though leafless and blossomless now, protecting it from overclose neighbourhood with the rows of unsavoury tenements run up by speculative builders on every spare scrap of ground. Within that fair demesne, where never a gun was fired or a nest taken, to the detriment of rook and song-bird, that dwelt—unmolested and not afraid—among the tall elms and lilac thickets, all was peace. There was peace too within the great Hospital itself, modernised in accordance with nineteenth-century rules of hygiene, but still in its picturesque beauty of structure recalling reminiscences of the long past. Very quiet, ample, well warmed and well ventilated were the wards of the building; and the Western Ward in especial, with the pale glow of the sinking sun on its wide windows, was cheerful and spacious, though but half tenanted now; for autumn and winter, though tempestuous and frosty, had been healthy beyond the average.

'He is sensible now, doctor.'

'He is, nurse. You may leave him for a while with me.'

The nurse—one of those sedate, serenely useful women whom it is difficult to imagine outside the walls of a well-ordered infirmary—passed away along the ward; and as Bertram Oakley stirred uneasily on his pillow and looked up, his eyes met the kind, wise eyes of the elderly physician who sat by his bedside. They did not meet as strangers. Weeks had elapsed since the bitter and stormy

morning when Bertram, mortally hurt, so it seemed, in Life's battle, had been borne senseless from the factory where he worked, to the refuge, where, in the opinion of those who carried him, as of those who received him, he was to die. And in truth he had been at death's door, and was as yet barely if at all entitled to be classed as a convalescent. But skill and care, rest and peace, the wine, the soup, the nourishing food, the sleep unbroken, that do more than all the drugs of the pharmacopœia, had so far renovated the shattered health of the young patient, that delirium no longer alternated with that terrible inertness that tells of exhausted vitality. He could smile now, in answer to the gentle look of the kind old doctor, who sat eyeing him with an interest that even a sick man's dulled senses were able to perceive.

'You feel better, stronger, now, I think? Able to talk a little, I hope, without being the worse for it—well, well!' said the doctor. 'Since we spoke together last, my boy, I have made some inquiries.'

'About me, Dr Denham?' said the patient, a faint tinge of colour rising to his pale cheek. 'And you have heard?'

'Nothing, my poor fellow, that is not to your credit—nothing,' returned the physician mildly. 'We are not enthusiastic folks down here at Blackston; but all unite to speak well of you; and in short, it seems to me, Bertram Oakley, that you have no enemy but yourself.'

'Myself?' repeated Bertram feebly.

'Yes, my young friend,' said the doctor, in his calm, measured tones; 'by catching, as it were, the old complaint of over-zealous students, and conceiving that a lamp could burn when it was all wick and no oil. You stinted yourself of bread, to buy books. You robbed yourself, to read those books, of priceless sleep, well earned; and here is the result. It was, to vary my former simile, a burning of Life's candle at both ends; and I ask, Bertram Oakley, before we go any farther, a promise from you—you keep your word, I know—that this spendthrift style of conduct shall come to an end. It has been touch-and-go work, lad, to pilot you round the dark point; and now I insist on your pledge to me. It would not be fair towards your doctor, else.'

'I promise, sir,' said Bertram, with a smile and an attempt to raise his head. 'I see, now, that I was foolish—I—'

'And now, boy, tell me something of yourself—of your own early life, I mean,' said the physician, with genial kindness. 'It is no common curiosity, believe me, which prompts me to ask such questions. I have seen enough of you to perceive that you are no ordinary specimen of the West-country mill-hand, even taken at his best; and I am aware that you have no relatives in Blackston, or hereabouts. Any confidence you may repose in me, Bertram, will be safe enough,' he added, as he noted the other's apparent hesitation.

'I am sure of that, doctor,' answered the young man with some emotion; 'nor, thank heaven, have I anything to conceal. But I know so very, very little about myself—almost nothing, beyond the fact that when they brought me ashore, a half-dead morsel of a child, from the wild sea and the raft, that tossed upon it, breaking up piecemeal at every fresh shock of a wave, I told them, by the fireside in the fisherman's cottage,

that my name was Bertram. And they asked me, what else besides Bertram? And I did not know, being so young and wet and scared, and could only cry. I remember it—the first thing I do remember—all these great good-natured fellows in their striped shirts and blue jackets and surf-boots, and the women too, crowding round me, in the glare of the fire, heaped with tarred staves and wreck-wood, and I such a bit of a creature, among them.'

'And after that?' asked the doctor.

'After that,' replied the youth dreamily, 'it all seems a blank. I suppose I may have been three years old or thereabouts when the emigrant ship in which I was a baby-passenger was cast away off Nab Head, and I alone was brought to land alive by a fishing-smack of Bowcastle that put off to the rescue. Nab Head on the Somersetshire coast, I mean, doctor,' he added; 'and the barque, as I've heard since, was the *Princess Royal*, from Bristol to New York, outward bound. I tumbled up somehow. God reward the kind-hearted fisher-folk of the hamlet for the care they took of me when I was too little to be worth my keep! They were not rich, and a fisher's is a chancy calling; but they never would let me go on the parish—poor tiny wail that I was—and I lived week about in one house or another, sharing the crusts and the herrings with their own brown bantlings; till, being fairly clever with my hands and quick of eyesight, I got to mend nets and find bait, and spy a sail others couldn't see, and afterwards to help in the boats; and was a favourite with the schoolmaster, who taught me out of hours; and then there was Mr Marsh, the curate, who kindly let me have—seeing how I loved to read—what he called "the run" of his books. I think it was that which first decided me, when I grew to be tall and strong, to go off inland and seek employment in some works, instead of taking to the sea and exploring foreign countries, as my old friends and good protectors used to predict for me. A man cannot study at sea.'

'And your passion is study—to learn—to know?' said the physician gently. 'There are few nobler ones. But how did you ever find out, if no further discovery as to your parentage was made, that your surname was Oakley?'

'That is soon told, sir,' returned the lad promptly. 'There were some chests that had been brought ashore, or drifted in with the tide—"wreck waste" our people said; "flotsam and jetsam" was Lawyer Fletcher's name for them—not worth selling for salvage, nor worth the Admiralty's claiming, so there they lay at the coastguard station, under the Lieutenant's care. There was a box with tools in it—dainty, London-made tools, not like those of a common joiner or Wright, B. O. painted on the box, and in it one thing more, a Bible, on a fly-leaf of which were written the words: "Richard Oakley married to Jane Halliday"—such and such a date. Then another entry: "Bertram Oakley, born"—and again a date. That was all. The book is at my lodging here, sir. I should be glad to shew it to you. The Lieutenant let me have it, since Bertram is my name, and that of Oakley was found marked clearly enough on the clothes I wore when I was picked up. That is all I have ever been able to learn, Dr Denham, as to the circumstances of my birth.'

'Were no inquiries made?' asked the doctor.  
'Yes,' answered Bertram, in his thin, tired voice. 'The Lieutenant and the Vicar of the parish both wrote, soon after the disaster; but to little purpose; and years afterwards, my good friend the curate tried in Bristol to obtain information; but without success. The firm to which the *Princess Royal* had belonged was insolvent—the books and registers had been mislaid or lost—and all that was known was that crew and emigrants had perished, and that the vessel—ill-found and not seaworthy—had been refused insurance at Lloyd's. No doubt my parents were on board of the doomed ship, perhaps in the boats—none of which'—He sank back here, and grew paler than before, and gasped for breath.

'Not a word more,' said the doctor kindly, as he rose from his chair. 'As it is, I have wearied you, and transgressed my own rules.—Ah! here comes Nurse Bradley with the beef-tea and the port wine; and I must leave you to her care, and go to finish my rounds. Tomorrow, Bertram, I shall see you again; but now, good-bye!' So the physician passed on along the wards, imparting comfort and hope as he lingered by many a sick-bed; and at last, having concluded his duties for the day, left the stately hospital, and with a thoughtful brow, made his way homewards through the bustling streets of Blackston.

#### EXPERIMENTS IN WORKHOUSE MANAGEMENT.

A FEW years ago, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, introduced to the public a poor 'hedge-side poet' named Withers. Among his verses was a description of life inside a workhouse, drawn, unfortunately, from experience. The occupations of the paupers, it appears, were singularly monotonous. The poet says:

Here are nine at a time who work on the mill;  
We take it by turns, so it never stands still;  
A half-hour each gang; 'tis not very hard;  
And when we are off we can walk in the yard.

The 'not very hard' grinding at the mill, with its intervals of walking round the yard, were very evidently the only means of spending the time in the Union of which Withers was an inmate. Even the mill, however, is somewhat of an innovation in the workhouse of an agricultural county. In most country 'Bastilles,' as they are called, almost the only duties of the inmates are to clean their rooms and to bury each other. There is no regular system of work; no apportionment of duties. The inmates are simply dead burdens on the rates. The method is not a good one, as all Boards of Guardians are finding out. Thus, the life of the pauper is rendered utterly barren and monotonous by existing workhouse arrangements, for he can only rarely be said to live on those 'out-days' when he is able to go round among his friends, supposing him to have any left, to beg small presents of tea or tobacco. The burden on the ratepayers is absolutely unrelieved by any effort

of his; whereas, if he were put to some small and useful employment in the house or the grounds, he would not only save a considerable amount of otherwise necessary expenditure, but would find some relief from that *ennui* which may be supposed to trouble even a pauper.

There seems, however, reason to believe that before many years have passed away, we shall have in almost general operation an entirely new system of workhouse management. The present lax method of controlling these institutions is expensive, and to the last degree unsatisfactory, being good neither for the paupers nor for the ratepayers. It places heavy burdens on the latter, and it confirms the former in their pauperism. We are therefore glad to perceive that parochial authorities and workhouse managers are now almost everywhere busy in reconsidering the whole system; and some experiments made at the large workhouse at Newcastle-on-Tyne seem to point to a ready and effectual method of dealing with one of the most difficult problems connected with the administration of the Poor-laws. The building which was the germ of the present workhouse at Newcastle-on-Tyne was built on an old and vicious plan, with long low rooms, deficient both in light and air, and a system of drainage so ridiculously imperfect as to become dangerous. Happily, the number and condition of the population did not call for a particularly extensive poorhouse when these older buildings were put up. Numerous additions have, however, since been made, always with a progressive improvement in the plans; and two wings that have just been added, combine the very latest ideas in workhouse construction. The architect has been influenced by a desire to secure cleanliness, comfort, thorough ventilation, and abundance of air-space for each inmate. These qualities, however, are characteristic of most of the workhouses recently erected, which are incomparably superior to the sometimes fleasly, but almost invariably cramped and incommensurable poorhouses of earlier days. The peculiarity of the 'house' at Newcastle is its system of pauper labour, which is an innovation on anything which has hitherto been tried. Now, it is determined that at least the able-bodied pauper shall work for his maintenance.

When Boards of Guardians are compelled to find work for the unemployed, their usual resource is stone-breaking, an operation which has been found to involve a considerable loss. In some instances, as was the case with Middleborough, the stone actually sells for less when broken than it costs in its raw state. The consequence is easily seen. Guardians endeavour to avoid stone-breaking as a test; and as no other means of utilising pauper labour easily suggests itself, the test is very frequently never applied. At Newcastle, the difficulty has been met by the erection of commodious workshops, and the bringing of some fourteen acres of land under what is known as Small Cultivation; which measures have been attended by an almost immediate reduction of the pauper roll. Four years ago there were over

two hundred 'shilling-a-day men,' as they are called, at the Newcastle Workhouse. The determination to make them work, has now not only thinned their ranks, but actually exterminated them as a class. At present, there is not a single shilling-a-day man in the workhouse grounds. This means, that the large class of persons who seek the workhouse because it offers facilities for laziness, have either moved on to other towns or have sought employment outside. Their departure left room for the development of a new system, which has so far produced the most satisfactory and beneficial results amongst the inmates.

Almost every inmate of a workhouse is capable of some kind of labour. Amongst those who apply to the Union are men of all trades, some of them so demoralised by drink as to be incapable of finding employment out of doors, and others of them too infirm to earn sufficient to live upon. All these, on entering the Newcastle Workhouse, are required to labour according to their powers. The trades carried on in the house are shoemaking, tailoring, plumbing and gas-fitting, tinsmith-work, blacksmithing, upholstery, joinery, gardening and floriculture. The female inmates are employed in knitting, sewing, washing, darning, patching, and baking. The gardening has proved itself an admirable experiment. Fourteen acres of rather harsh and ungenial soil have, judiciously cultivated, not only yielded sufficient to provide the workhouse with vegetables the year through, but have left a surplus for outdoor sale. In its third year of cultivation, the land has produced a profit of three hundred and thirty-eight pounds, which in itself is no meagre set-off against the rates. So far as vegetables are concerned, it has been found possible to sell to shopkeepers without raising any considerable outcry; but it is not so easy to dispose of the results of pauper labour in other departments. Manufacturers of shoes or of clothing not unnaturally complain of the competition of the workhouse. Indeed, the disposition is to cry out rather too readily. This was almost comically illustrated a short time since, when a committee of hand-masters signed a remonstrance against the competition of the workhouse band! In almost every department of work, however, it is found possible to produce far more than the house itself needs. Thus, in spite of the short time during which the system has been on trial, there is already a two years' reserve of boots and shoes. This happens notwithstanding the most careful and judicious distribution of labour amongst the various workshops. The inmates, slow and easy-going as many of them are, seem to have almost unlimited powers of production. Everything needed in the house is made there, from an ambulance to a tin-plate. The whole of the inside fittings to the new wings have been made in the joiners' shops; and a large portion of the old building has been taken down and rebuilt entirely by pauper labour, the masons, bricklayers, labourers, joiners, slaters, and glaziers, all being inmates of the house. In this way it is proposed to elevate and otherwise to alter the whole of the older portions of the workhouse, proceeding gradually and without extra expense to the ratepayers.

As all the adult inmates of the house are kept at work, so are all the children taught a trade.

The girls are made thoroughly acquainted with the various departments of household work, and are thus in a measure qualified for the position of domestic servants. The boys spend half a day in school and half a day in the workshops, the hot-houses, or the garden. When they leave the workhouse, instead of starting in life at the initiatory stages of apprenticeship, they are able to get employment as 'improvers' at the various trades to which they have been put. In fact, they go out into the world with a much better preparation than ordinarily falls to the lot of boys who have been born to get their living with their hands.

The benefit of the system is, in reality, not greater than its beneficence. A mode of management which demands a modicum of work from persons of all capacities, has an appearance of sternness at the first blush; but it is clear that the amount of hardship in the system would depend on the spirit in which it was carried out. In this individual instance, a large amount of consideration is shown all round; and in reality the majority of the paupers are all the happier because of the employment which is found for them. Few of them do as much as would earn their living outside; but neither are they expected to do so. They are made comfortable and are treated with kindness; and in return are required to do as much work as they conveniently can. The only persons who complain greatly are the drones, who accordingly clear out of the workhouse as soon as they know what workhouse life means. Their general statement is: 'We didn't come here to work.' Having to work, and being possessed of ability to do so, they prefer the freedom from restraint which is to be found outside, to any employment, however leisurely, that must be accepted as task-work within 'the house.' This is a result which is in itself a sufficient justification of the system; for it leaves the workhouse to just such persons as it was intended to benefit, and frees it from those who are dishonest and unnecessary burdens upon the rates. The best illustration of this statement is to be found in a Report of the Dull-ling and Permanent Visiting Committees, published in 1877. After giving the figures of the four decades from 1831 to 1871, the Report said: 'Taking these figures as our guide, we may expect that in four years [1881] the demands on the house will, at the lowest calculation, amount to one thousand and fifty beds.' The fact is, however, that in spite of a great increase in population, and notwithstanding a long run of bad trade, there are now about the same number of inmates that there were in 1872.

The extensive system of pauper labour which has grown up at Newcastle will, it is hoped, be liberally attempted elsewhere. Probably in some instances, farming and gardening will be made to play a much greater part than they do even there, it being calculated that a quarter of an acre of land to every inmate of over ten years of age would make a workhouse absolutely self-supporting. The country workhouses have abundant opportunities of trying the experiment, though of course they will always have to meet the usual objections to the utilisation of pauper labour. Even tried on such a scale as that to which the experiments at Newcastle are limited, there would, if the small country Unions were to combine with

each other, be such a saving as would reduce the rates to two-thirds or one-half of their present amount. We consider the question to be one of national importance.

## A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

### CHAPTER I.—'PEACEFUL DAYS.'

My name is Thomas Rivers. Captain Rivers I am called now. It used to be Tom Rivers, in the old times when I was a lad going every day with a green baize bag full of books to Rathminster School. Rathminster, a small town in the south of Ireland, containing about two thousand inhabitants, was, as I first knew it—and it has not changed much for the better since—a quiet and rather sleepy place, with little stir or life about it, save twice in the year, when the judges entered it to hold the spring and summer assizes; for though so insignificant in itself, it had contrived somehow to retain its position as the county-town; and contained on one side of its rather large and empty-looking square, the county jail; and on the other the court-house. There were no signs of progress or improvement of any kind about Rathminster, but the reverse. In wealth and industry, it seemed to have retrograded, to judge from a closed factory or mill standing in one of the little streets that led into the square, and an unkept-up sort of appearance about the principal houses. The town had moreover—speaking from an ecclesiastical point of view—seen better days, for Rathminster had enjoyed the honour and benefit of having a Bishop resident in its neighbourhood, before the suppression of some dozen Irish bishoprics in the early part of this century; and the ivy-covered wall of the ruined palace, and the stately trees of the domain, now let for grazing, while they added to the picturesque appearance of the town, seemed somehow in keeping with its drowsy and unprosperous character. Another indication of what had in bygone days been a paramount influence in Rathminster, still survived, in the sign which hung over the door of an hotel, certainly too large for the present requirements of the place, where a faded golden mitre was portrayed on a rusty chocolate-coloured ground. At some little distance from the town stood the church, or cathedral I suppose it should be called, once a fine building, but of which now only the chancel was standing; large enough, however, for the congregation it had to accommodate, and surrounded by some fine old oak and elm trees.

And yet, though there was rather a deserted air about the town, and blades of grass might be seen springing up here and there on the steps of some large house, and though there was a tinge of green over the square, and it was but too plain that Rathminster had seen its best days, still, with the wooded hills and rich meadows by which it was surrounded, the old trees of the domain, the ruined palace, the ancient church, and the pretty little river that wound through the valley on the sloping side of which the town stood, Rathminster presented a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. Of one good thing time had not deprived Rathminster, namely, its excellent school; a school sufficiently well endowed always to secure the services of a competent head-master;

and at which the sons of the gentry, the tradespeople, and the farmers in the neighbourhood, together with some twenty or thirty boarders, received a thoroughly good education. It was partly on account of the school that I had come to Rathminster. My father, who had been in the merchant service, had been drowned at sea. My mother had survived him but a few years, leaving me at ten years old an orphan, alone in the world, without brother or sister, or any near relation except an aunt, my mother's sister. This aunt, Mrs Pearson, was a widow, living in Rathminster, where she owned one or two of the houses; and where, by keeping a book and stationer's shop, she was able to add something to the small income she derived from her rents. To her, therefore, I went upon my mother's death, having no other home; and Rathminster School offering to me, as a day-boy, an education such as elsewhere, and with the means my parents had left me, would have been quite out of my reach. Mrs Pearson having no son of her own, and only one daughter, Annie, about a year younger than myself, made a son of me, and was as kind and loving as any mother could have been.

About a mile out along one of the roads leading from Rathminster, or about half that distance if you took the path leading through the churchyard, there was a pretty little farmhouse, with some trees about it. In front there was a garden, with flower-beds and walks bordered with box, and a few shrubs and fruit-trees at each side. A broad and neatly cut hedge of thorn and beech mixed, separated the garden from the road. And through some silver firs at one side of the house, which hid the farm-buildings behind, and along that side of the garden, there ran a little brook, which the high-road crossed by means of a rather picturesque ivy-covered bridge, just opposite the house. The house itself was a rather small two-storied house, with a rustic porch and bay-window, and three small windows in the story above. It would have been a plain-looking house but for porch and trellis-work, and the creepers with which its front was ornamented. As it was, covered with climbing-plants, with its well-kept garden, neatly-cut hedge, the grove of firs, and the little brook, 'The Cottage,' as it was called, presented a very pleasing and comfortable appearance.

The owner of this house was Farmer Stockdale, a hard-working careful man, who was supposed to have saved a considerable sum of money; and had indeed the reputation of being somewhat of a miser. Avarice, however, was not the old man's ruling passion. Even to the end of his life, the love of money, which is usually supposed to increase with years, yielded at once before the nobler, though often injudiciously operating love of his only child. No wish the boy expressed but was gratified if possible by his indulgent old father, and no expense thought excessive if only it was supposed to minister to his son's pleasure or advantage. Poor old man! it was well he could not see into the future, and that he did not live long enough to have any doubts as to the prosperity and happiness in store for his dearly loved son.

Robert Stockdale was like myself a day-boy at Rathminster School, and it was there I first saw him. He was about two years my senior; a tall active lad, generally reckoned handsome; but



with a hard expression, or rather, as I should call it, want of expression in his singularly dark eyes. Somehow, I took a dislike to the boy from the first, and so never became intimate with him during the five years we were schoolfellows. Of young Stockdale in his school-days I have no occasion to speak; and I turn to a pleasanter subject, for they were pleasant days these old schoolboy days, bright and hopeful, and saturated with the freshness of life's spring-time.

And of all the sweet memories they bring to me, that of my lovely cousin Annie Pearson is the sweetest. A dear, bright, kind girl she was. I have no portrait of her; but I need none; better to me than any portrait is my own recollection of that graceful figure and sweet and winning face. She was a delicate little creature, fairy-like in her figure and her movements. I don't think I was a romantic boy, and yet I remember that, as I watched the pretty child come stepping down some rocky path, or tripping with light little steps along some plank or fallen tree, I used to fancy that the ground scarcely felt her weight; that the little feet that touched it so gently, perhaps need not touch it at all; and that I should not be greatly surprised to see her some time step daintily out upon the air itself. There was something too, it seemed to me, I don't say fairy-like or elf-like, but yet very strange and fascinating in the girl's lovely face, where a glad and happy expression seemed to light up, as it were from within, a countenance that was of a grave and rather sad cast. The features themselves were regular and beautifully formed; the mouth perhaps a little too large for perfection; the complexion was fair and pale; the hair a light brown, but shed with ruddy gold. The eyes, however, were, I think, the most remarkable feature of her face; it was their expression that first struck you when you saw her; and it was the recollection of them that haunted you, when you looked at her no longer. They were dark gray eyes, very large and soft, and with a look in them as if they could see the wondrous things of some unseen world around.

Annie Pearson was, as I have said, an only child; and when I came to live with Mrs. Pearson, we became fast friends, and loved each other as brother and sister, only with an affection perhaps the sweeter because it did not come of natural relationship, but was the voluntary offering of each of our hearts. To Fairy—that was my cousin's pet name—I was devoted slave, before our acquaintance had ripened into many hours.

The country around Rathminster was very picturesque—hilly, almost mountainous, and well wooded. Half an hour's walk would take one to the foot of some steep hillside covered with natural oak, birch, and hazel; and through these rocky woods, in the bright warm weather, Fairy and I used to wander, looking for birds' nests or gathering hazel-nuts or bilberries as the case might be, always pleased and happy in each other's company. In the long summer days when the school was closed for vacation, we used to make still longer excursions, taking our dinner with us. Then we would often make our way through these woods, and out on to the open moorland beyond, and wander through the long tufted heather, till at length, tired with our walk, we would find some cosy spot where we might sit down almost hidden by the heath and bracken and eat our dinner.

And there we used to sit, with the warm sun and clear heaven above us, and rest ourselves, and talk, and listen to the eerie call of the curlew, the cry of some disturbed lapwing, or the mysterious bleating of some snipe describing its strange circles far out of sight in the clear blue overhead. Oh those glorious, dream-like, enchanted summer days, when the golden light of Paradise itself seems about you, and the soft whispering air is ever on the point of revealing some sweet and wondrous secret, that Nature at such a time longs to disclose—would that but one of them might come back to me again! and Fairy sit once more by my side, if only that I might tell her that those long-past days are not forgotten, and that somehow I have the hope that we shall meet one day where the light will be yet brighter, and the secret Nature cannot tell shall be revealed.

And here I shall mention an incident of the days when Fairy and I were children together, not because I attach any importance to what occurred, for I do not. I would not have it thought for a moment that in my mind it had any relation to subsequent events; my conviction is that it had no such relation whatever, and I should consider it quite childish and absurd to think otherwise. I mention the circumstance merely because it seems to me to throw some light upon the fanciful or imaginative side of Fairy's character, because it is one of those incidents that in a peculiar way cling to my recollection of the child, and because a casual allusion to it led to an important discovery many years after. We had been playing together on an autumn afternoon in one of those rocky woods not far from the town; we were at the margin of the wood, where there was a steep moss-covered rock, at the foot of which was a little well of clear cold water, which came trickling out from a hollow in the rock. It was, I believe, a 'holy well.' Its romantic situation was pretty sure to gain for it such a character. Some way up the rock was growing a little mountain ash or rowan-tree, its tiny branches bending with their load of scarlet berries. Fairy chose to have some of these berries, and so I climbed a good way up to gather them. When I reached the ground again, she said to me: 'Tom, if you had fallen down there, you would have been killed.'

'Perhaps I might,' I replied.

'And it would have been for my sake, you know,' she added. 'I am sorry I asked for the berries. Now, Tom,' she continued, 'what if we were to pledge ourselves always to be near and help one another in any trouble or danger? I'd like it so much! Should you?'

'O nonsense, Fairy!' I answered. 'I shall be far away at sea, you know, and you will be here at home. How could we do it?'

'We might do it,' she said, 'in our prayers. Anyway, I should so like to make the promise; and this is just the place for it.'

There was no refusing her, of course. I shall not describe the curious ceremony that, under her direction, we performed, though I well remember it; but I have often wondered at it, as well as at the strange satisfaction she seemed to feel when it was completed.

It requires an effort to turn my mind away from those happy days; but I must proceed. Vivid as the memory of them may be to me, and full of an interest such as I do not care to describe, they

have little place, I feel, in the narrative of facts which it is my purpose to relate.

My school-days came to an end when I was about fifteen. The Company in whose employment my father had lost his life, offered me a berth in one of their ships. I had always looked forward to the sea as my profession, and was aware that such an offer would in all probability be made to me by a firm of owners who never forgot the families of those who had served them well. I therefore left Rathminster school; my home, as I had come to consider Mrs Pearson's house; and went of all to part from, my cousin Annie, and herdent to sea.

#### PHASES IN CANADIAN HOME-LIFE.

To know people, one must have lived amongst them; no 'flying tour' suffices. The writer's experience is that of a ten years' residence in Canada. There are some persons to whom the name of that country conjures up no ideas but those of frost and snow, and to whom ice, furs, and frozen noses are its staple commodities. But Canada is not always cold. As hot in summer as they are cold in winter, Canadian temperatures do not affect the body so much as do the milder ones of English seasons. For some reason or other, Europeans do not for several years feel the extremes of heat and cold in America in their true intensity, immigrants often working all through the severest weather with rolled-up sleeves, to the wonder of the natives. The popular explanation of this phenomenon is 'the thickness of old-country blood;' but this is a point in biology that must be left to the decision of the doctors. The Canadian himself is a very chilly person, possessed, moreover, of very decided views upon the question of his personal comfort; his stove is first among his thoughts, the fuel problem finding solution in immense stacks of 'cordwood,' of which he is as proud as English people are of their hounds and horses. Diverse in kind as in name, Canadian stoves are marvels of constructive genius; yet one defect they all have—they are not adapted for roasting. Baked meats are the rule, together with stewed dishes of many sorts, whilst the inevitable tomato is served up in one form or another at meals. Very good when stewed, or sliced and eaten with vinegar, few newcomers relish them picked fresh from the shrub and eaten raw—a common practice with Canadians; yet they are said to cure the liver-complaint, a disease which is very prevalent in hot climates.

A dire foe of the kitchen as well as of the domestic dispensary is the tomato-worm, as well he may be, for he is poisonous, and has the deaths of inoffensive people upon his conscience. Worse still, in a commercial sense, is the Colorado potato-beetle. Between them, they supply a very sinister phase in the domestic life of Canadians. Up with the first dawn and away to the fields is the hardy man whither they go. 'To catch potato-bugs.' After some hours, you meet them upon their return carrying heavy pails, filled with a swarming mass of striped yellow-and-black beetles. These are drenched with petroleum, a liquid that speedily kills them. At sunset, the same process of extermination is resumed; and it is wonderful how,

when all have been apparently killed, fresh beetles spring up from regions unknown, to take the places of their deceased brethren.

There are other pests that help to make Canadian home-life unsettled and precarious, such as caterpillars, which often devour the entire foliage of a fruit-tree in one day; and grasshoppers, which, however, keep chiefly to the prairie-lands. On the other hand, there are no large flocks of birds to wreak havoc upon the orchard, for these find food and safety alike in the depths of the forest; yet, as though Nature designed to make up for the absence of song-birds, bull-frogs and mosquitoes combine in rendering the air vocal with not unpleasant music. Busy, buzzing little intruder as he is, the mosquito does not spill much blood in the ordinary family circle; but he is a terrible nuisance in the swamps and new districts. The harm done by these pests is, however, counteracted by the splendid crops which are yielded in Canada.

Very few Canadians ride saddle-horses; 'buggies' in summer, and sleighs of various kinds in winter, being the conveyances in use. Nevertheless, there are good riders in many districts; but these ride bareback, saddles being expensive luxuries. A horse is to the Canadian a useful animal indeed, for he puts him both to plough and carriage; hard work telling less severely upon him than would inevitably be the case with our delicate, high-stepping English paces. The merest boy-child knows how to harness and drive the pony; nor is it easy for a stranger if he be ignorant of horse-flesh, to gain his juvenile esteem. In the newer districts, however, where no beaten thoroughfares yet exist, horses are not met with, the ox acting as an efficient substitute. This patient animal makes his way over miles of rough 'corduroy' road without fatigue, where a horse would drop; nor does he mind swimming a river with a heavy load at his back, in case of need.

It may be asked: 'What is a corduroy road?' A primitive plan for the bridging of swamps where drainage cannot be adopted, and a very effective plan in its way. The first care of the road-constructor is to fell trees and strip off the branches. These denuded trunks having been laid upon the swamp in the direction of their lengths, other split trunks are placed across them, and the interstices filled in with twigs, mud, and moss.

The home of the settler is rich in proportion to the number of its available hands; and each member of the family has his or her especial part to play at what is termed 'logging,' which sometimes reaches the dimensions of a 'logging-bee,' when neighbours come from great distances to help the owner of the land. Very important phases of life to the Canadian farmer are the various 'bees,' and differing as much in kind as in appellation. From the cosy 'hooking' and 'quilting' bees of the women, we ascend to the laborious 'building,' 'reaping,' and 'stumping' bees, together with many more; too long a list for enumeration. The 'sugaring-bee,' however, is so joyous an occasion with the young people, that we feel tempted to explain its mystery. Useful as are the many species of Grass, the chief of which is the sugar-cane, North America boasts possession of a tree with great sugar-producing qualities—the sugar-maple. Standing beneath the shelter of these graceful trees with the fierce sun beating



down, one may trace every vein and fibre through the transparent texture of their foliage. Cleanly, averse to swamps, and liking the society of the beech, only the choicest flowers and ferns are allowed to grow within the maple's gracious shade; and if you want the company of the bright-eyed black squirrel and of the flame-bird, you must seek the maple-grove betimes. Thirty gallons of luscious sap is the average season's yield of a single tree when not tampered with; but bruin, his long winter's trance at an end, comes lean and hungry from his lair sometimes, pausing to lap the sparkling contents of the sugaring-trough upon his way to the pig-pen. Bored with an auger obliquely upwards to the depth of half an inch, the maple pours its sap into a wooden trough placed at its foot to receive it. This sap is collected every morning, put into a caldron suspended over a large fire, and boiled to a sirup, which is kept constantly skimmed, and supplied with new sap. Then the contents of the caldrons are strained, and once more rapidly boiled, preparatory to being poured into moulds. This last operation calls for the 'sugaring-bee.' Young and old repair thither; nor does Cupid omit to be present, dipping his fatal darts playfully in the good-wife's sirup, before launching them at the hearts of rustic swain and simple maiden. 'Sugar in Spring; in Autumn, a ring,' is a proverb derived from this pleasant gathering.

There are sterner features, however, in the lives of Canadian bush-settlers than the sugaring-bee, for they have often to carry their grain forty miles to the nearest mill. Englishmen have their hardships to face in the duty of providing for their families; but to run the gantlet of troops of hungry wolves in furtherance of this duty, is not amongst their trials. Still, bush-life has its advantages, as it certainly has its pleasures. Fish-spearng by torchlight supplies the household with material which only requires to be smoked over a wood-fire to furnish ample stores of provision; and this is supplemented by the spoils of the chase. If people would only eschew finery, they might live very well in the 'bush;' but truth to tell, the Canadian gravitates towards the cities, leaving the fresh immigrant to battle with untrimmed Nature.

In the neighbourhood of the towns, where cleared farms, together with barn and house, may be bought for from one to five dollars the acre, life is shorn of the worst of its cares; yet the harvest season being so brief, all hands must labour hard to garner in the grain, and wages are always high. The relations existing between employer and employed are very primitive, especially upon the farm, 'Jack' being 'as good as his master;' dining with him, joking with him, and pocketing his wages with lordly complacency. The same applies to the female 'helps,' who enter upon a situation less with the view of attacking the hard core of the domestic difficulty, than to assist in graciously lightening the burden of their hard-worked employers. Some tact is consequently necessary, in order to gain the good-will of the fair being who condescends to do the daily drudgery of a house for pay. There is this to be said on the other side, that the 'help' is in many cases probably the equal of her mistress, education coming within the reach of all classes.

The spirit of speculation runs high in Canada,

so that a man who is to-day plodding away at his trade, may by some lucky stroke become a man of means to-morrow. There was a blacksmith, brother to a clever barrister, who had taken to bemoaning the hardness of the times: 'Even horses were growing parsimonious, not casting shoes enough to pay for the use of his bellows.' A disappointed man, he did not flee the world and turn hermit. In a few years' time there was a blacksmith less in the town, and a dentist more, for he revenged his losses upon Society by drawing Society's teeth. There are to be found in England amateur farmers in the persons of many clergymen, but the 'call' to the plough is with these more or less a sentiment. It is otherwise in Canada; cassock is often thrown clean aside, and that care applied to the eradication of thistles from the less stubborn soil, which had otherwise been bestowed upon the obdurate hearts of a parish.

Speaking of the minister, suggests that rite which it is his especial prerogative to consummate—a rite easy enough to enact in the towns, but less so in the bush. Where hospitality is the rule, and the advent of any guest a matter of interest, judge of the delight experienced by sundry 'parties' when the minister arrives! The uniting of a young couple is indeed a phase in the home-life of a settler's family; nor need one tell how the best logs are thrown upon the hearth-fire, the best fitch of bacon handed down from the rafters, the best whisky produced, and the best clothes brought out.

To become a member of the Dominion Parliament is an honour coveted there as ardently as is its parallel honour in England, although not altogether from such disinterested motives, since there is a salary attached to the position; moreover, the people's representatives are not always men of refinement, nor often of leisure. The bulk of the members of parliament are, it is true, lawyers, and very clever men; but some of the older settlers share the honours and emoluments of the legislature, and these are, as a rule, illiterate. Cincinnati periodically leaves the plough at his country's call and the crisp rustling of dollar-bills, to don the robes and rôle of senator, subsiding into civil life as quietly as he left it, at the close of the session.

A phase of Canadian home-life that must strike every observer is the absence of rest. All have views ahead; few consider themselves settled; and in most families there is somebody of migratory bias, seeking his fortunes perhaps in California or Illinois. Since one such character in a village leaves the whole—the return of those Canadians who had enlisted under American colours during the Civil War, also affected the status of many rustic communities, and tended to develop a national sentiment.

The Volunteer Militia is quite an institution, each hamlet having its Company, and a large force being yearly under canvas throughout the country. Although the military training involved is of a far severer kind than with the English Volunteer force, all branches of the community are represented, and some very amusing effects are attained; as when Pat, the elected 'Captain' of the local Company, orders to the 'right-about' his employer, serving in the ranks as full private. The period of annual drill is no unimportant phase in the life of the home

circle, coming as it often does during the busy harvest season, when the loss of a working member is of great moment to a family; and frequently, the women have thus to fill the places of husbands and brothers in the harvest-field.

Whilst, speaking broadly, summer has but the two phases of work and sleep, winter offers an endless round of festivity. The beautifully clear nights, with floods of moonlight above and hosts of diamonds beneath, present glorious sights to the eye of the traveller by sleigh! Over the crisp snow and glittering ice-crystals, mile upon mile, to the merry jingling of the bells, the snorting horses throwing from their nostrils clouds of blue steam; whilst the white 'wind-caves' by the road-side project their pink and opal roofs, from beneath which fairy queens might at any moment be expected to emerge with star-tipped sceptres. You stop your team to listen, and the silence is unbroken. Let it, however, be an unusually severe night, and you may hear the trees splitting with the frost; the forest fastnesses emitting a noise like that of volley-firing; for sounds can be heard at great distances in cold air. A wild creature—deer, bear, or fox—may cross your path, but not to harm you. Except in the never districts, wolves are not troublesome, at any rate not to a well-organised sleighing-party. Yet, not twenty miles from the writer's place of residence, the thriving city of Guelph, there are wolves in abundance in a large tract of waste land known as Luther Swamp, which do much havoc with the sheep-folds; but they generally keep to the borders of their domain, unless when famished with an unusually severe winter. So on you speed, your merry load of humanity all nith and frolic; for it is assumed you are one of the 'surrogate' destined to make a pleasant phase in the home-life of the minister or the school-teacher, the most important members of the community in rural Canada. Whichever it may be whom you design to honour, he will certainly condone the trouble you propose to give him in taking summary possession of his house, through respect for your kindly motives.

Canadians, in spite of their weakness for surprise-parties and sleighing-excursions, are no great holiday-makers where the disbursement of money is concerned. While the English working-man is enjoying his trip to Margate or his 'outing' at the tea-gardens or 'Zoo,' his kinsman on the other side of the Atlantic is 'piling up the dollars' by assiduous daily routine. His chief holidays are Dominion-day and the Queen's birthday. Somebody has said that the Canadians are more loyal than the British—a superficial judgment not to be made good upon deeper investigation; yet upon the latter of these two days, native patriotism, effervescent in peals of bells and salvos of artillery, leaves nothing to be desired. The public games are of a somewhat mixed character; for in one part of the grounds may be seen the 'noble Indian' gaily attired in war-paint and feathers, playing his graceful game of lacrosse; whilst another is a group of stalwart Highlandmen, clad in kilt and tartan, engaged in the sports of the Gael. German bands are playing the airs of *Vaterland* to the delectation of a ring of appreciative young critics; whilst the Living Skeleton and Fat Lady draw to their booths those for whom music hath no charms. Looked forward to with

pleasure by young and old, these festivals are important phases in Canadian home-life, scarcely rivalled by that other which occurs towards the close of the harvest-season, the Agricultural Show. Held in rotation at the principal towns and cities, the Show is productive of much emulation both between individual exhibitors and even between towns.

One other feature of Canadian life which we notice in conclusion, is the facility which the settler has in removing his house from place to place. In England, whatever may happen to the furniture, it is a maxim that the home, which is an Englishman's 'castle,' is fixed and immovable. Not so with the home of the Canadian, which frequently is known to have changed its locality between night and morning, transported upon rollers to some more convenient site. This feat can of course only be exercised upon wooden houses, stone houses being as solidly built and upon as deeply laid foundations as any English ones.

## THE STORY OF THE LORD GEORGE GORDON RIOTS.

FROM Friday the 2d to Thursday the 8th of June 1780, 'the cities of London and Westminster were delivered up for six days into the hands of a violent mob, to be plundered at discretion.' London, to quote Lord Loughborough, Chief-justice of England, 'was like a town taken by storm. Neither age nor sex, nor eminence of station, nor sanctity of character, nor even a humble though honest obscurity, were any protection against the malevolent fury and destructive rage of the lowest and worst of men.' No disturbance or riot of such magnitude had ever occurred in England. Those which broke out in the reign of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and which bore a kindred resemblance to this, were merely tumultuous gatherings that could be reckoned by hundreds; but here the multitude was in countless thousands. During the day the shops were closed except those in the very outskirts of the city, and at night fires were blazing forth in every direction. Nothing was done to check the 'devouring element'; but on the contrary, as if it were at the shrine of some heathen idol, it was fed with spirits, with oil and wine, with the costliest furniture, with the rarest of books, and with the masterpieces of art. Even the sacred emblems of religion were no protection, for with ruthless hands churches and chapels were alike despoiled, and the sacred symbols carried in wild procession through the streets. At the Houses of Parliament, the sessions were obstructed for several days, in consequence of the mob having taken possession of the avenues that led thither. For the time being, London was converted into a very Pandemonium.

What was the cause of these dreadful riots, made for ever memorable in *Barnaby Rudge*?—How did they come to pass?—Why were they prolonged for eight days in the centre of a great city, where no means were wanting, one would suppose, to protect its citizens from such a terrible disaster?—are questions which one might naturally ask. It came to pass in a very simple manner. The country had arrived at a period when it was thought a matter of both justice and expediency, that some of the disabilities under which Roman

Catholics were placed should be repealed. And a Bill was accordingly brought in and passed both Houses of Parliament without a single negative. Shortly afterwards, it was proposed to extend the same relief to Scotland; but no sooner had the report got abroad than an alarm spread through the country with lightning-like rapidity, and a powerful agitation was set on foot to counteract the proceedings of parliament. In London, bills and placards were dispersed calling upon the people to resist the progress of popery; and Lord George Gordon, who had been the instigator of the movement in Scotland, was chosen President of the Protestant Association in London. On 29th May 1780, a meeting was held at Coachmakers' Hall, over which Lord George presided, and which was attended by a large concourse of his partisans. In the course of the proceedings, he made a long and inflammatory speech, in which he urged his hearers to carry a petition to parliament demanding the repeal of the obnoxious act. He was ready, he said, to lead them, but he would not stir unless he had an array of twenty thousand men to follow him. The speech was received with shouts of applause, and it was agreed that on the 2d of June this vast body of partisans would meet him at St George's Fields and march thence to parliament with their petition.

When the day in question arrived, and while the followers of Lord George were massing themselves at the place of rendezvous, the streets were becoming gradually deserted. From Tyburn to Whitechapel the shops were all closed, and save at the Bank of England, no business was being transacted. To the right and left, to north and south, the ordinary bustle and noise of the big city had given way to the breathless silence of impending danger. At eleven, the hour appointed, Lord George Gordon, without a single companion or follower, advanced to St George's Fields, and with all the collected assurance of a general, issued his orders, how they were to proceed, and what route they were to take to reach Westminster. He divided his followers, who numbered about twenty thousand, into four great divisions; and placing the Scotch last, he ordered one division to march to the Houses of Parliament by way of London Bridge, another by Blackfriars, a third and fourth to follow him to the same destination over Westminster Bridge. As had been arranged, each man wore a blue cockade; and at a given signal this huge mass of humanity, made up of men of all grades, but chiefly of the more discontented and rabid among the working-classes and labourers, combined with an enormous contingent of the tag-rag and 'bobtail of London, began its march. No file nor drum, not even a flag, preceded them; but at the head of each division was to be seen a man bearing a large pole at the end of which was attached a scroll of parchment containing the signatures to the petition. On reaching the precincts of the Palace at Westminster—a very different building from what it is to-day—this motley mass—whose numbers choked up all the spaces in St Stephen's Green, the Abbey Yard and Parliament Street, down to Whitehall Place—grew restless. They had come for the express purpose of compelling the members of both Houses to bow to their will; and as some of these gentlemen were seen pushing their way towards St Stephen's, the impatience of the people began to vent itself in

menacing cries, and from cries passed to violent measures. Rapid as lightning the contagion spread, till the whole crowd was electrified into action; and soon member after member (of parliament) as he appeared was seized, the 'blue cockade' fixed to his hat, and himself ordered to shout 'No popery!' and to swear that he would repeal the 'obnoxious act.' As the members continued to press forward for Westminster Hall, they drew in with them in course of time a large body of the mob, who, being joined by others who had already taken possession of the Hall and expelled Mr Justice Addington and his guard of constables, crept upwards, each clinging to his fellow, until they reached the very lobby of the House itself.

No sooner did Mr Justice Addington find himself, as if by a miracle, out of the hands of the crowd, than he set himself with the utmost vigour to rouse the authorities to some sense of action and responsibility; for these were looking with the utmost apathy on this mass of rascaldom growing more rampant hour by hour, and already proving destructive to both the persons and the property of the lieges. Addington was a man of courage and of prompt determination; and had there been more of his stamp at this critical moment, the riots might have been stamped out at the first outbreak. But his brother-magistrates appear to have been men of faint hearts, some of them 'looking patiently on' while the work of destruction was in progress; while others decamped at the very sound of danger. Having aroused the authorities to something like alarm, they supplied him with a small body of cavalry and a detachment of Foot-guards; and placing himself at the head of the former, he led them towards Palace Yard, ordering the Foot-guards to proceed by a different route to Westminster Hall. As he appeared at the head of the cavalry, he was received by loud yells of defiance from the crowd, accompanied with hootings and hisses; but fortunately he retained his self-command, and taking advantage of a momentary lull, he said: 'We are peaceably disposed towards you, and if you give me your word of honour to disperse, I will order the soldiers to go away.' To this appeal he received a satisfactory reply, and at a word from him the cavalry galloped off; and upwards of six hundred petitioners, after giving three cheers for the magistrate, retired from the scene.

Meantime, the Foot-guards were gradually but steadily forcing their way towards Westminster Hall, where a scene of an extraordinary kind was being enacted in the House of Commons. The Speaker had taken his seat, and, considering what was going on outside, there was a very full attendance of members. The attention of the House had for some hours been occupied with debates concerning the mob, who were now in possession of all the galleries and avenues leading to the House, and were pressing hard to make an entrance into the sacred precincts of the legislative chamber itself. All this time Lord George Gordon, full of excitement, kept running between the House and the top of the gallery-stairs, whence he harangued the people and informed them of the bad success of their petition. This went on till Colonel Gordon, a relative of his Lordship, exclaimed to Lord George: 'If you bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons,

the moment the first man of them enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his body, but into yours."

This threat, decisive as it was, did not suffice to bring Lord George to reason, whereupon another relative, General Conway, rushing up to him, cried in a voice that might be heard by the mob outside: "Lord George, I am an old soldier, and let me tell you if any attempt is made by your people to enter the House, they will be resisted by men who have come here with a determination to uphold the dignity of this House."

On hearing this threat, the mob yelled out, "We will repel force by force," and pushing still onward, with excitement gained another step of vantage; and pushing and forcing their way still onward, they at length gained the lobby of the House. Lord George had gone back in the meantime to his seat in the House, where he was still waiting anxiously and nervously to bring up his petition. At length an opportunity for doing so arrived, when he rose and said he had before him a petition signed by one hundred and twenty thousand of His Majesty's subjects, praying for a repeal of the Act passed last session in favour of Roman Catholics. He moved to have the petition brought up, and leave was accordingly given; when Lord George again moved that it be referred to the consideration of a Committee of the whole House. But when the House came to divide on the motion, it was found impossible to do so, as the lobby was crammed with a dense and tumultuous crowd, who prevented the members from either coming in or going out; and the help of the Guards had to be obtained to clear the lobby, which was done with some difficulty. The motion was lost by one hundred and ninety-two votes against seven!

The debates that ensued in the House have now little interest; but outside the walls, the people still gathered and clamoured as at the first. At the door of the House there was heard the hum and buzz of angry voices, the shuffling of feet, the straining of the doors as if they were about to fall asunder under the weight of those who were trying to force an entrance, and the opposition they received from the few officials who still stuck to their posts; while from Palace Yard could be heard such uproarious buzzing and shouting, yelling and hooting, as if the whole population had been at once seized with a fit of madness. The Guards had again to be called into requisition, and Palace Yard was cleared of the mob. Then began the fearful work of the infuriated crowd. Separating themselves into different divisions, the multitude, after quitting Palace Yard, hastened to different quarters of the town to molest, destroy, and extort. Some of them rushing off to Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, set fire to the Roman Catholic chapel situated in that neighbourhood; while another band hastening to Golden Square, demolished the Roman Catholic church in Warwick Street. The military were sent for; but before they appeared on the scene the buildings were a heap of ruins. The night passed away in comparative quiet; but on the following day, which was Sunday, a large number of the rioters collecting at Moorfields, where many houses of Roman Catholics were situated, proceeded at once to strip them of their furniture, and to burn them. They despoiled chapels of their ornaments and decorations, and

having knocked down the altars, and torn up the pews, pulpits, and benches, made bonfires of the waste.

The next day, parading the streets with such ornaments and decorations as they had saved from the fire, they carried these abroad in mock procession to Welbeck Street, where Lord George resided, and having displayed them before his house, they burned them in the adjacent fields. Another gang had in the meanwhile hurried on to Wapping, and a third to East Smithfield, where they committed fearful outrages and destroyed more Catholic chapels. Then the mob rushed to Holborn, one of the principal thoroughfares of London, where one of the first buildings selected for destruction was the famous Langlate Distillery. This the mob ransacked, savagely destroying every article of furniture within it; and coming at last upon the casks of spirits, of which there were several hundreds, they cut and hewed them with axe and crowbar, and dashed the contents into the street, where the spirit rushed along like a stream, and was caught up everywhere in pails and buckets—even hats and shoes being used by the mob for the purpose. The consequence was that many of the rioters fell dead on the spot, much of what they had recklessly swallowed being unretified spirits. In the course of the afternoon they attacked Newgate, and instantly demanded the release of the prisoners; and on this being refused, they battered the doors and entrances to the jail with axes and sledge-hammers, smashing the windows, and throwing firebrands into the interior. The piercing screams of the terrified prisoners, who expected every instant to be scorched to death, combined with the yelling and shouting of the mob outside, made up a scene that was frightful in the extreme. From this prison alone three hundred prisoners were set free, and among them four murderers lying under sentence of death.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the terrible havoc worked in London during these days of lawless rapine and riot. Many private dwellings of public men were gutted and burned, among these being the house of the Lord Chancellor, and the splendid mansion of the Earl of Mansfield, whose extensive and costly library of law books was torn up into fragments and then burned in heaps. A few days afterwards, when his Lordship stood up in the House of Lords to explain the law of treason to his brother-peers, he was reduced to the painful necessity of saying: "I have not consulted books; indeed I have no books to consult."

While the work of destruction was still going on at Lord Mansfield's, a magistrate arrived with a detachment of Foot-guards, and after reading the Riot Act, the order was given to fire. Some of the soldiers detesting work of this kind in cool blood, hesitated; but fourteen of them obeyed the word of command, and several men and women were shot and others badly wounded. Again the order was given to load and fire; but the men must have fired over the heads of the people, for the discharge was without effect. This only emboldened the mob, who, taking advantage of the compunction shown towards them by the military, proceeded to renew their work of destruction. About the same time, another portion of the mob began to storm the prison at Clerkenwell, the prisoners in which they released; and then rushing on to the toll-houses on Blackfriars, Southwark, and London

Bridges, they demolished the buildings and scattered the money broadcast. Then adopting a new form of intimidation, they sent printed notices declaring at what time they intended to destroy the prisons of King's Bench, Fleet, &c. The main thoroughfares, especially the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, were thick with desperadoes who went about armed with bludgeons, pitchforks, crow-bars, iron rods wrenched from area railings, and cleavers snatched from the butchers' stalls, or any other implement they could lay hold of, which could serve them as a weapon of attack or destruction. Armed with these, they set the law at defiance, and frightened those who refused them anything, into instant compliance.

Being driven off from Lord Mansfield's house, the mob set out towards the Bank. This was, however, one of the few places which the authorities took the precaution to protect with an efficient force. A body of Foot-guards who had been sent there early in the day, surrounded the building—which was not so gigantic as it is now; and to check the sudden on-rush of the mob, bodies of cavalry were stationed in the by-streets running towards the Bank. Presently, a noise sounding in the distance like a great whirlwind was heard approaching nearer and nearer. It was the noise of the coming multitude, who broke out at what is now Moorgate Street, and, like a tremendous torrent, seemed likely to sweep everything before them. At the word of command and after the Riot Act had been read, the cavalry stationed near the spot wheeled to the front to dam the passage of the mob; but man and rider fell back before its tremendous rush, the troopers using the flat of their swords here and there, and giving slight flesh wounds on the most venturesome, in hopes thereby to intimidate the mob. But the love of money coupled with that of destruction was too strongly ingrained in the rioters to make them give way under a few scratches. They were possessed with the idea also that the Mayor was rather for than against them, and that the soldiers only required a little friendly encouragement to make them desert in a body. While some, therefore, were ejaculating 'Shame! Shame!' or crying out, 'Yon won't kill the same flesh and blood as yourselves,' another party made a desperate charge till they almost gained the ring of infantry posted near the Bank; then the word 'Fire!' rang out, and the soldiers, who now began to feel that forbearance was only taken for fear by the crowd, fired this time with deadly precision. The volley went straight into the crowd, and before its smoke had vanished or before its echo died among the surrounding buildings, the huge mob reeled, staggered, and fell back discomfited, some with their faces downward to rise no more! A number, gathering themselves together, made yet another charge, and then another at various points of the building; but dashed upon by the cavalry, they at last decamped in a body, leaving their dead and wounded to be looked after by the soldiers. This was the first and last attack upon the Bank of England.

The work of destruction throughout the city still went on. From one spot alone, no less than six and thirty fires could be seen blazing at one time in different quarters of London. At a short distance off, just beyond Holborn Bridge—now

considerably altered and spanned by the viaduct—stood the walls of Newgate still red with heat, and sending up dense clouds of smoke from its midst. In the direction of the Temple were the Fleet and King's Bench prisons, blazing red against the midnight sky; and beyond them were New Bridewell and the toll-gates on London, Southwark, and Blackfriars Bridges, still on fire. Everywhere clouds of red flame were rolling upwards, succeeded by dense volumes of smoke through which forked gleams broke out now and again like lightning, as fresh houses were added to the general conflagration.

Those whose houses had escaped the dire vengeance of the mob, trembled as they beheld the terrible spectacle around them, for imagination carried them back to what history had recorded, and they began to feel that the Great Fire of London was about to be repeated. There were thousands of people turned out of hearths and homes. During these terrible nights, fathers with children clinging to their sides, and mothers with babes at their breasts, were running from street to street seeking for shelter, and carrying with them such effects as they sought most to preserve. Children were snatched from their parents' hands by these successive tides of human beings, and crushed to death or trampled under foot. Many who could not succeed in getting shelter cast away the heaviest of the goods with which they were burdened, and made straight for the open country, looking back only at times on the place they had abandoned as another Gomorrah, a doomed and burning city.

Had vigorous measures been taken at the first outbreak of the mob, there is no doubt these horrible depredations would have been checked without much difficulty. But both the government and the civic authorities seemed to act as if they disbelieved in the possibility of a disturbance in London growing to the proportions it assumed. At last the government was roused to a sense of action. The king issued a proclamation in which he warned his loyal subjects to keep away from these gatherings on pain of being treated as rioters. Despatches were sent post-haste to the different regimental stations, summoning their instant presence to London, and soon the infantry of the line and the militia came pouring in from various quarters. All the principal thoroughfares were barred with chains drawn across them, to check a sudden rush of the multitude; and the Tower itself possibly since the days of the Stuarts had never seen itself in better fighting trim; guns were shot and pointed down the main approaches, the drawbridges were raised, two regiments of artillery were fully equipped for duty, and every preparation was made for a vigorous defence.

Fortunately, none of these vast preparations were put into full requisition, for after a few sharp and decisive conflicts this dreadful outbreak was at length subdued and stamped out under the iron heel of a military force. The streets were cleared by the militia, who performed the duty now done by our well-organised police; peace and tranquillity were once more restored; and the citizens of London, awakened as it were from a frightful dream, fell gradually into their accustomed ways.

Lord George Gordon, the originator of the evil,

had been apprehended on the 8th of June, and having been committed for high treason, was taken to the Tower, being escorted thither by the largest array of military that was ever seen to enter its gates with one single prisoner. If he had previously chosen to make his escape, he had ample opportunity; but no such notion appears to have entered his head. In any other country, and under similar circumstances, he would possibly have lost his life with but little legal ceremony; in this case, however, Lord George was not tried till February of the following year, and then, after a most careful and patient investigation, he was declared not guilty, on the ground that there was no proof of his having called out the multitude "with any traitorous or unlawful intent." After a comparative retirement of about seven years, he got himself once more into difficulties by writing a violent pamphlet against the Queen of France. For this imprudence he was indicted for libel and found guilty. He escaped abroad, but after a time was discovered and brought back to London, where he was condemned to a long confinement, in the course of which he died in 1793.

#### ANCIENT BURIALS IN ORKNEY.

THE picturesque island of Rousay, in the Orkney group, bore no inconsiderable part in early Northern history. Here Jarl Sigurd the Viking had his stronghold; and here, we read in the *Orkneyinga Saga*, Earl Paul Hakonson of Orkney was seized on the shore by Svein the Viking, son of Asleif, and carried off to Athol in 1136. The spot bears the name of Sveindrow to this day; and seven hundred years after the event, a sword, supposed to have been used in the struggle, was turned up by the plough. Standing-stones, underground houses, and tumuli are found in Rousay in considerable numbers. The valley of Sourin, which divides the island east and west, seems, from chance discoveries in the past, to be rich in such ancient remains; and last autumn some researches were made in tumuli on the Corquoy farm, a short notice of which appeared in the *Scotman* of 23d October.

The spot where the explorations were made is a singularly beautiful and peaceful one. A wide amphitheatric of hills shuts out all view of the sea, save to the eastward, where a glimpse is visible, with Egilsay, Eday,

And islands that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds.

Were it not for the dull roar of the Atlantic, heard over the northern hills, one would scarcely think the land was sea-girt. About half-way up this valley may be seen a group of five grassy mounds close together, the largest about five feet high, and fifty feet in circumference; the smallest only a little above the level. On being opened, each mound was found to contain a stone coffin or cist of the ordinary type, formed of six flat stones, and averaging two and a half feet by two feet, and one and a half feet in depth. These cavities were partially filled with a heap of fine black ashes, mixed with calcined fragments of bone, all the surroundings being clearly fire-marked. The

most interesting discovery, however, was that of an oval-shaped urn or 'pot' in the cist of the largest mound, heaped with ashes and bones, and resting mouth upwards. The urn measures—diameter of mouth nine and three-quarters by eight inches, height seven and a quarter inches, diameter of base four and a half by three and three-quarters inches, thickness averaging a quarter of an inch. The greatest care was necessary in extricating it, as it was cracked in several places; but it was secured in fair preservation; and along with several bone specimens, is now placed in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. The ashes in all the cists were most carefully searched, in the hope of finding some articles not unusual in such interments; but in vain; nothing but ashes and bone fragments remained. It was indeed strangely difficult, gazing at these insignificant relics, to connect them in any way with the touch of death; the lapse of centuries, no less than the purifying flame, had so completely robbed them of even the semblance of decay.

Taking the general appearance and situation of these mounds into consideration, it seems, even at first sight, a not unlikely supposition that they constituted the burial-place of a family. The absence of any large tumulus or cairn over the cists again favours the idea, as additions could then be made from time to time without much disturbance; although there is no evidence existing as to the length of time between the first and last of the five interments. This hypothesis, if not altogether in accord with antiquarian testimony, is at least not contradicted by it. Such 'small local cemeteries' are not uncommon in Scotland; and some very interesting examples have been found in Fife, Mid-Lothian, Selkirk, Roxburgh, and other counties, although belonging probably to a much earlier age. Some of the Fife urns having been found somewhat richly ornamented, it has been considered as likely that they belonged to some family of distinction who resided and had influence in the neighbourhood of their site.

It is evident, however, that in an inquiry of this kind we are, even at the outset, on disputable ground; and from the remarkable scarcity in Northern cists of identifying-relics, such as glass beads and other ornaments, weapons, &c., the question of their history resolves itself in most cases into a balance of mere probabilities. At this stage, in truth, we would fain allow Fancy to weave the web of the uncertain past, and people this fair valley with an imaginary race. Our day-dream would be unrevoked by disputes regarding Norwegian or Celtic origin, and free from the painfully commonplace facts and barbarous traits of these early times.

These burials, says our antiquarian Mentor, are without much doubt Norwegian, belonging to the later Iron Age, which we may place between 700 A.D. and the close of the eleventh century; the identifying link in this case being the material of the cinerary urn—steatite or soapstone—from a block of which the urns have been generally hollowed out with an iron chisel. Such steatitic urns, sometimes inverted over the gathered ashes after cremation, sometimes heaped full with them, are plentiful in Norway, but rare in Scotland, and only found in the latter in the area occupied by the Northmen. They prove also, we regret to say, to have a more prosaic and homely origin than



we had assigned to them in our poetical reverie. We had pictured them as skilfully fashioned by loving hands to contain the remains of the departed; but it seems they had 'contrived a double debt to pay,' being primarily employed as culinary pots in domestic use! This, we fear, is unquestionable, many of the Norway urns, and some few in Scotland, having iron rims with iron bow handles arching the mouth, like a modern cooking-pot.

It may be imagined that we would gladly have been spared these unromantic details; and in fact, after this disenchantment, we forbore to inquire too curiously regarding the smallest cist—scarcely so large as a page of this *Journal*—and which the feminine judgment of our party persisted in regarding as the grave of a child—the receptacle of its cinerary urn. We secretly doubt its being anything of the kind, but fear to inquire regarding it. Let us retain, at all events, one poetical idea associated with our discovery; and with it let us close this record—this glimpse of long ago—and after reserving as many of the relics as will satisfy our antiquarian friends, carefully replace the rest. Perhaps 'far off, in summers which we shall not see,' they may come again to light. Meanwhile, in the words of Bryant:

Their share, in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is, that their graves are green.

#### PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRES.

In treating of fires and the best methods of extinguishing them, the *Textile Manufacturer* says: 'We are fully aware that in spite of the best care that may be exercised to prevent the outbreak of fires, they will occasionally occur. It may, therefore, not be amiss to consider briefly how best to deal with them in their early stages. Of course when once fire has got firm hold of such combustible elements as generally constitute our mills, it is simply unconquerable, and all that can be done is to confine its ravages. But by proper appliances and some presence of mind, much may be accomplished in the early stages, and many fires may be prevented going beyond that point. Every mill ought to be furnished with ample appliances for dealing with the first stages of a fire. These should consist of a number of buckets filled with water, placed in some prominent position, easily accessible from every part of a room. Besides these, in every room there should be at least one extingisher or hand-pump; if the latter, the buckets will form a ready reservoir of water. In the initial stage of a fire, before anything has got heated beyond the burning material, we are disposed to think that a spray nozzle is the most effective in subduing the flames. The water is easily distributed and every drop fully utilised; whereas with the jet nozzle a great quantity is inevitably wasted. When this is the case, it is exceedingly unfortunate, as for the first few minutes there is apt to be a scarcity, when every drop is of almost inestimable value, and most precious moments are comparatively lost, during which the fire is strengthening its hold. In order to test the efficacy of a spray nozzle, let any of our readers provide a quantity of wood-shavings, and a garden watering-can of two or three gallons

capacity. Arrange the shavings so as to represent textile raw materials under any desired circumstances, light the pile, and give the fire as much time to get hold as would be required to raise an alarm and get ready appliances into action; then commence the efforts to extinguish it, noting time and effects. Repeat the experiment with a jet pipe, which can be formed by removing the rose, and compare the results of the trials. We think it will be greatly in favour of the former. Necessarily, these experiments will be all the more satisfactory and instructive if made with the actual material appliances that would be used in the contingency. If these means are availed of with promptitude and coolness, many a fire would be brought under control and extinguished that for want of them becomes a disastrous conflagration. Such arrangements are, however, only of avail probably during about fifteen minutes after the breaking out of the mischief.'

#### SONG.

WITHIN these eyes, a brighter hue  
Is beaming than from skies of blue :  
Within these cheeks, soft beauty glows  
More radiant than the summer rose.  
Thy voice with sweeter music's hung,  
Than trills upon the skylark's tongue :  
And odours kiss that rosy mouth,  
More fragrant than the sunny South.

But Lady fair, these eyes of blue  
Old Time will dim with Sorrow's hue :  
And o'er the cheek that beams so bright,  
The clouds of Grief will spread their blight.  
The voice whose every word is song,  
Will fade, and charm no more ere long :  
And from these lips, sad gentle Death  
Will woo away the fragrant breath.

And when dull Time his lines of care  
Has left on one who once was fair,  
The tend'ring thoughts of light and love  
Will wing to thee from Heaven above.  
And though thy beauty's charms depart,  
Thou wilt be ever fair at heart ;  
So odours, when the rose is dead,  
Still live within the bloom it shed.

ROBERT LEE CAMPBELL.

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## A FEW WORDS UPON MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

It has often been remarked that England more than any other country rejoices in a distinct Middle Class. Within itself, the gradations from one boundary to the other of this class are almost infinite, and of later years a subdivision has been attempted by the term 'Upper' or 'Lower' being prefixed to the phrase. This elastic Middle Class is constantly feeding the aristocratic ranks to which it does not itself pretend to belong, and is as constantly recruited from a lower stratum of society. It is the very backbone of the country—a fact it rarely forgets—but is not without its weaknesses. One of these is its persistent aping of the manners and customs of the class above itself.

This is no new fault of human nature; it must have been at anyrate displayed in the Elizabethan age, or Shakespeare would not have declared by the mouth of Hamlet 'that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.' Yet never, we think, was the weakness or fault—call it which you will—more rampant than at the present day; and notably it shews itself in lavishness and love of display, in following the reigning fashion however senseless that may be, and especially in the tiresome and extravagant ceremonial which too often take place on the occasion of its weddings.

It is a right and natural instinct which dictates that a certain amount of publicity should attend the Marriage Ceremony; but surely if half-a-dozen witnesses are present, if the event is formally registered, and afterwards announced, the desired publicity may be considered established. We are sure that with sensitive young people, and perhaps still more so when bride and bridegroom are no longer very young, the formalities of the wedding-day are looked forward to with nothing short of dread; while not a few of the guests, who being invited feel they must attend, would much rather be spared the inconvenience and hurry and flurry of the whole affair.

Mere personal dislike of formal ceremonial is, however, of small account when compared with the temptation that our present manners and customs afford to incur unjustifiable expense on the occasion of weddings. Young people are wonderfully gregarious, and even the bride herself, much as she dreads the ordeal of a large party, the multitudinous congratulations, and the embarrassing compliments to which she must make some pretty reply—even *she* shrinks from the idea of her wedding being different from the weddings of other people, and makes up her mind to bear the brunt of whatever may happen, provided that things are all done in the usual orthodox fashion. It is very well for people of large fortune to make a gorgeous display, and entertain their friends sumptuously on any occasion that may form a pretext for so doing; such hosts have usually large houses and many servants, and it is quite possible to conduct the festivities with little or no inconvenience of any sort. But probably the 'stylish' wedding of which we are thinking is reported in the newspapers in the most circumstantial manner, and the description inflames the imagination of some worthy family who are about giving up a daughter to the man of her choice.

'What a lovely dress!' exclaims a sister of the betrothed girl as she reads the account of Lady Fanny Blank's apparel. 'O mamma, it would just suit Ethel. Do listen.' And then the girl reads with emphasis, the milliner's jargon of satin and brocade, and 'point de gaze,' and overlapping festoons, &c.; and when she pants to take breath, the mother perhaps sighs faintly and replies: 'The expense, my dear—remember the expense!'

'But her wedding-dress—it is to be her wedding-dress, mamma.'

'Too costly, too costly,' returns the mother with a shake of her head.

'But couldn't Ethel have something like it?' persists the girl; 'it is just in her style: she would look lovely in it, I know.'

The mother who 'hesitates' in the matter of a daughter's bridal-dress is pretty sure to be 'lost.' The fatal paragraph too often does its cruel work,



and the costly ultra-fashionable dress is provided, which may possibly never be worn in its original state after the wedding-day. Of course we are speaking of the middle-class bride who does not begin her married life where, in common parlance, her parents leave off. Lady-like, well-educated girls, quite capable of adorning any station to which their husbands' talents and industry can raise them, often begin housekeeping on a comparatively homely scale, with only one or two servants, and in a style quite out of keeping with party-giving or gay visiting. In such cases the rich wedding-dress, though it may be carefully kept for a time on account of its sentimental association, is very likely to be ultimately pulled to pieces and dyed some serviceable colour fit for ordinary wear. Not unfrequently the cost of it is lamented before the year is out.

The sumptuous wedding breakfast, too, is a forced, unnatural meal. It often takes place before the usual luncheon hour, and the gentlemen of the party at anyrate have seldom much appetite for it. Then middle-class men, as a rule, attend weddings at some personal inconvenience. Their thoughts are very often with the business they are neglecting, and they hurry to their offices and counting-houses as soon after the meal as they decently can. At the breakfast there is rarely any sprightly general conversation; the guests all seem rather afraid of hearing their own voices, until the time arrives for the set speeches. How alike these all are! Every bride that ever blushed beneath her wreath of orange flowers, is a paragon of excellence; every bridegroom that ever stammered forth his acknowledgments, is a thoroughly good fellow, not quite worthy of the treasure he has secured, but almost.

We remember once being seated at a wedding breakfast very near the happy pair. There had been the usual healths drunk, and quite as much champagne consumed as is good for anybody at one o'clock of the day. The laudatory, congratulatory speech had been made, and now it was the bridegroom's place to rise and return thanks. He was a sufficiently cultivated, sensible, and usually self-possessed man; but the situation was apparently a little trying to him. He whispered to his wife, who was infinitely more composed than he—but then she had not a speech to make—'Oh, what shall I say?'

'Thank them for coming,' she promptly replied in the same low tone. And so he did in a short but neatly expressed manner. I have since thought this little prompting was typical of the true help-mate that wife has been to her husband.

We are old enough to remember the time when the wedding ceremonies of the middle classes were much less pretentious than they at present are. A few near relatives and dear friends were probably invited for the occasion, almost certainly by word of mouth instead of by printed or written invitation; and the repast offered, though good and substantial, did not necessarily include expensive luxuries. In summer-time, white muslin was no uncommon bridal-dress among prudent people, and bonnets were invariably worn by bride and bride's-maids. Orange flowers were in favour, but these were often removed from the bride's bonnet before it was worn again. Nowadays, the wreath and large veil have become so usual, that we heard the other day of a rustic village maiden wearing

them. How much wiser it would have been to make the best bonnet serve!

With regard to wedding-presents, we have long thought the customary display of them intense vulgarity. How frequently must it happen that some trifling gift—trifling because of the donor's slender purse—is weighted with deep affection; while the massive piece of plate that has the place of honour on the show table, displays the giver's wealth rather than his love! The very essence of true generosity is surely to confer benefits without parading them. The Jews, we believe, generally marry early, without waiting for a large income, and we remember hearing of a custom which prevails among them when two young persons are betrothed. The near relatives and friends meet, and arrange among themselves what presents shall be made, carefully avoiding repetitions, but planning that various articles should match. This is surely an excellent system, whereby a superfluity of butter-knives or a paucity of table-spoons is likely to be avoided.

An increase in the number of bride's-maids is one of the innovations of modern times. Formerly one, or at most two bride's-maids were thought amply sufficient for the onerous duties of holding gloves and handkerchief and bouquet, and tying up slices of cake, and directing cards. For those were the days when middle-class people did not pretend to have five hundred acquaintances, and did not find their friends too numerous to remember. Undreamed of then was the curt announcement, 'No cards.' Now, six bride's-maids are a quite usual number; and of course six bachelor friends must be invited, to give their arms to these damsels. Of course, also, the bridegroom must present six trinkets—generally lockets—to the young ladies. All very advantageous to the jewellers certainly, but often a great tax on the young husband with whom sovereigns are not too plentiful.

One curious thing we have observed, and that is, that however anxious they may have been before the occasion to do things in the customary style, the wedded pair often quickly repent of the needless expenditure that has taken place. However much the young wife may have been initiated into household affairs before her marriage, new knowledge comes on her surprisingly fast when she holds the domestic purse-strings herself. She begins to understand 'what bills poor papa must have had to pay for that lovely breakfast, with its ices and confectionery, its choice fruit and hot-house flowers.' In her heart of hearts she feels now that she would like the money to spend very differently. Of course we are speaking of that numerous class who marry as soon as they prudently can, and on means only just sufficient to keep up the appearances of their position.

It is undoubtedly immoral to make marriage difficult and imprudent by artificial means; but this is really what ostentatious weddings often do. They give a false start to people with small incomes. The numerous guests, feeling themselves in a measure chosen and privileged, cannot let the acquaintance languish. Parties are given, and perhaps the bride may wear her wedding-dress a few times after all. But if she does she feels herself the observed of all observers, and probably much finer than any one else in the room; one of the most miserable sensations a sensitive woman can have to endure in society. Every one knows

how in visiting one occasion leads to another, and how incompatible much gaiety is with a slender income.

Looking back on careers of which we have seen the beginning, and a long course, sometimes indeed the end, we cannot remember one where economy in early life has been regretted. It is the period too at which it is least difficult to exercise it. Wants increase as we grow older, and the need of many indulgences we cared little about in youth becomes apparent. The claims of others upon us also usually multiply with time. We remember one couple—the bride the daughter of a professional man, the bridegroom precisely in the same station—who on their wedding tour of less than a month made a great hole in a hundred pounds—as they themselves admitted—but who never could again be said to command such a sum. They were both really well-meaning, and in later years exercised self-denial with a good grace. But they made a wrong start, got a little behind the world even before the children—of whom there were many—arrived; and they never were free from worldly cares again. There was a very pleasant house at which to visit, before by slow degrees the true state of their circumstances became known. Kind-hearted and hospitable, fond of society and buoyed up with hope that every new venture would turn out prosperously, they drifted on till, figuratively speaking, the breakers were ahead. Friends and relatives came to the rescue; but it was a sad story, and the sequel is hardly yet.

No doubt it requires some resolution to make a dead set against the follies of the age; and a dread of singularity is often conspicuous in the young. It is amusing sometimes to notice how frightened a young girl is—frightened is really not too strong a word—lest her dress should not be 'what is worn?' No doubt the dread of singularity—a dread which is somewhat akin to modesty—in a great measure actuates the feeling; but at all times it is a wholesome thing to assert the right, and never more so than when there is singularity in the act.

In all ceremonials there is a great deal in fashion; and it occurs to us that if a few people of consequence would set the fashion of simplicity in marriage ceremonies, they would be doing a great service to the community. In many memorable instances the higher classes have afforded a noble example by leaving instructions that their funerals should take place without pomp or parade; and already we see the good results which have followed, funeral among the middle-classes being as a rule much more simple than formerly; and consequently, to our mind, much more solemn. Births, deaths, and marriages are three events in human life usually classed together, and which the statistician records, and the politician notes; but marriage is the only one of the three in which the chief actors are voluntary and conscious agents. Surely it is the most solemn act of man or woman, and, properly considered, is little allied to pomp and festivity. Think what it is to assume, in a large measure, the responsibility of another's happiness and future wellbeing! And this is really what in marriage we may be said to do. Surely a solemn impressive ceremony with simplicity of attire is more in harmony with the occasion than much pageantry and festivity.

Now and then among the working-classes one hears of weddings that are almost pathetic in their avoidance of anything like display. We mean when the man steals only an hour from his daily labour, returns to it without betrayal of what has just happened, while his newly-made 'missis' begins settling the 'home,' probably of only two rooms, in which they are to begin their new life. Such marriages as these are not ill-omened. They tell of energy and perseverance, of a prudent looking forward to consequences, and of the absence of a pretentious false pride. Others, perhaps a little higher in the social scale, give themselves the one day's holiday; and we remember among the touching incidents connected with the loss of the river steamer the *Princess Alice*, was the drowning of a couple wedded only that morning. To be faithful until death should them part they had promised, and lo! by death they were not divided!

Surely there is something to be said for a custom which formerly very much prevailed among the middle classes, namely dispensing with any wedding tour, the newly-married pair taking up their abode at once in their appointed home. Especially when the marriage takes place in the winter, this seems a desirable plan. Unless people have wealth to command many luxuries, there is much hardship and very little pleasure connected with travelling in inclement weather. And if people are afraid of being thrown on the monotony of each other's society without the preparatory distraction of new scenes, it would be well to hesitate before marrying at all. Probably a holiday trip when the pair have been married some little time and have fallen into each other's ways, is far more enjoyed than the so-called honeymoon.

But however much we may deprecate some follies and extravagances of the present day, we must admit there is little of the rude and boisterous display of mirth tolerated at festivities, such as we read of as being common little more than a century ago. At this improvement in manners we may especially rejoice when considering wedding ceremonies—which certainly are of the formalities which ought to be conducted with calm and grave propriety. To make them the occasion of mere frolic and merrymaking would be reverting to barbarous usages; and just in proportion as we approach, however slightly, to this state of things, do we retrograde.

Of this we may be quite sure, that ostentation is but another word for what we understand by the term vulgarity. It is simplicity which is nearly allied to high civilisation and true refinement; for as a great poet declares:

Simplicity is nature's first step and the last of art.

Those who have witnessed a simple wedding and felt its solemnity, will probably acknowledge that it was far more impressive than one in which gorgeous display distracted the attention of all present from the momentous event they came to celebrate. Those therefore who can ill afford unnecessary expense may take heart and resolve on a quiet wedding without dismay.

We will conclude with a little anecdote told us by a friend after she had been the wife of a prosperous man for at least a score of years. On the occasion of her marriage, which took place while her husband's means were as yet slender, her parents contributed largely to the furnishing

of the house for the young couple. But there was one coveted gift which they would not bestow. They possessed a very large stock of champagne glasses, and the bride-elect begged hard for a dozen, or even half-a-dozen, of a pattern she particularly admired.

'No, no,' was the mother's wise reply; 'when William can afford to give champagne, he will be able to buy the glasses.'

Perhaps the possession of the glasses would have been a temptation to give champagne—who knows?—a little sooner than he did; though ample means came in due time. Anyway, the little story is worth remembering, for it may suggest other articles to be wisely dispensed with besides champagne glasses.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER III.—THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

'PAPA is late.' It was a very pretty girl who spoke, a girl with sunny hair, and blue eyes that seemed as if they had caught and kept a portion of the summer's brightness, so pure and lustrous were they.

'A doctor is often late, Rose, dear.'

They were different in aspect, as in age, those two sisters; yet there was between them that indefinable likeness which is seldom quite lacking when the tie of blood is so close. The first speaker had seen her sixteen years, at most. The second must have been ten or eleven years older, and he was pale and plain-featured. There were two remarks which those who knew Louisa Denham best were apt to make concerning her. One was to the effect that her thoughtful expression exaggerated, as it were, her age; and the other, that her homely face won upon those who saw it often, until they almost forgot that the charm of physical beauty was not there.

'But he is late—and he was to be early,' said pretty Rose, half pouting, as she glanced through the plate-glass of the broad window at the darkling gardens of the square, where a few snowdrops and hardy crocus blooms peered through the iron railings, and where the gas-lamps were beginning to fling yellow patches of light upon the wet flagstones of the pavement. 'He said he would come straight home to us to-day from St John's; and now his dinner will be spoiled.'

Regent Square is as pleasant a place of residence as any in Blackston, and it contained few houses that were better, and none that were better ordered, than that of Dr Denham. The doctor was a widower. A keen observer might have concluded that such was the case from the grave, helpful face of his eldest daughter, on whom the weight of responsibility, cheerfully but not lightly undertaken, had settled itself early in life. There had been three Miss Denhams. Now there were but two. Ethel was gone; but Rose, the youngest of the three, remained to brighten with her girlish beauty her old father's home. Dr Denham had married late. His had been a tedious engagement, loyally held to on both sides, but with the shadow of a great worldly disappointment, as will be made clear later on, to cloud and to prolong it; and the doctor's wedded life, if happy, had been brief. But he shook off the sad thoughts that would sometimes dog him through

his busy life, in the unselfish love which he felt for the two dear ones who had been spared to him.

'Here he is!' exclaimed Rose eagerly, turning her fair face towards the opening door. 'No; it is Uncle Walter,' she added, as a different figure from that which she had expected to see now darkened the doorway.

'Yes, it is Uncle Walter,' replied a pleasant voice, almost too harmoniously modulated to be quite natural in its smooth tone.—'Uncle Walter, who wants his dinner, being quite hungry for once, thanks to your sharp Blackston air, my dears!' The speaker softly closed the door—it was his nature to do all things softly—and came forward to the fireside, gently rubbing his white hands together, and with a benignant smile upon his comely face.

'Papa will soon come in now,' said the elder of the sisters, glancing at the ornamental clock which, on the massive chimney-piece, ticked away with merciless regularity the seconds, the minutes, the hours that make up the span of our little lives.

'I hope so—for his own sake, of course,' said bland Uncle Walter, bending forward to warm his outspread hands, on the delicate fingers of which glistened rings of price. 'My poor, dear brother was always so energetic, so unsparing to himself, as when he pulled me out of the Brookley mill-dam—dear me! ages ago—in our boyhood. And here I find him at Blackston, as I have ever found him, since I was a sickly child, and he a big bold boy, always the same—always the same,' murmured Uncle Walter in conclusion, as he sank into a beehive chair at the chimney corner, and purred before the welcome blaze as a very large and sleek cat, endued by art magic with the gifts of human shape and speech, might have done.

'Your ramble, uncle, was a short one to-day,' said Rose, after another impatient scrutiny of the deserted pavement outside. 'Our streets seem dreary, I daresay, after those of Naples or Paris.'

'No; it was not that,' rejoined her kinsman, with a slight arching of the eyebrows and a scarcely perceptible shrug, that told of long familiarity with continental life.—'not that, nor even the cold, which drove me in. Everybody seemed so distressingly in earnest, so obtrusively useful and real and burly, that I felt as if I were a stray butterfly that had wandered in among the busy bees, and was in danger of— Ah! here is the truant!'

Uncle Walter's ears must have been quick—for a man of his years, remarkably quick—for neither of the two girls had heard their father's well-known step so soon as he did.

'Behind time, I am afraid,' said the doctor, in his genial way, as he came quickly in. 'I was kept at St John's longer than I had intended, listening to the story of a pet patient of mine—a bold, bright, clever lad, in whom I take an interest.' And then the doctor gave a hasty summary of the more salient facts of Bertram Oakley's career, mentioning but slightly the romantic episode of the shipwreck, but dwelling forcibly on the singularly winning and noble character of the friendless boy, his generous ambition, his early struggle in the search for knowledge and light, and winding up by express-

ing his own strong desire to help his young friend up the first awkward and slippery rounds of life's ladder. 'I have a scheme for him in my head,' said Dr Denham in conclusion. 'But, do you know, girls,' he added with a smile, 'when he is strong enough to be moved, I want to get him here.—We could make him comfortable, eh, Louisa, for a time?'

'To be sure, papa, and very willingly, if you wish it,' said the eldest daughter; while the younger uttered some brief words of assent, while her bright eyes looked the more beautiful for the tears that had risen there unbidden. It was not in Rose Denham's nature to listen to a true history of patience, nobleness, courage, and suffering unmoved.

'Upon my word,' said Uncle Walter cheerily, 'Mr—Bertram do you call him?—is fortunate in his doctor. And I hope he is grateful for your good intentions, brother. I should be, in his case.'

'He knows nothing about them as yet, poor fellow,' answered Dr Denham, as he compared his watch with the clock. 'But it is late, and getting later. I promise, Walter, not to keep you in a famished condition much longer. My toilet for to-day's dinner shall not be an elaborate one.' The doctor hurried from the room as he spoke; and when he returned after a brief delay, dinner was announced.

#### CHAPTER IV.—UNCLE WALTER.

Of the family party gathered around the doctor's dinner-table in Regent Square, Blackston, the most talkative, and in many respects the most remarkable, was Mr Walter Denham, whose appellation of Uncle Walter fitted him so well, that it would have been difficult for a stranger, whose ears had once grown familiar with the sound, to think of that gentleman otherwise than in an avuncular capacity. He was like the doctor, as has been mentioned, and yet how unlike! Taller, handsomer, better preserved as the phrase is, of a showy exterior and easy address; while there was scarcely a tell-tale wrinkle to mar the smoothness of his forehead—narrow indeed, but high and beautifully white. He was one of those jaunty, bright-eyed beings whom we hesitate on a first acquaintance to class as elderly young men, or as young-old ones; and his silver-gray hair and carefully trimmed beard seemed almost incongruous with the still youthful freshness of a complexion on which neither age nor care had as yet availed to set their mark.

Compared with the handsome features of the smooth-spoken younger brother, Dr Denham's thoughtful countenance looked rugged and homely. But when, as often happened, a smile played around those firm lips, which so many anxious eyes had watched beside a sick-bed, dreading, yet hoping, what the wise and kind physician's verdict might be, the frank and genial nature of the man seemed suddenly to reveal itself. And it was noticeable that he was very gentle and sympathetic, indulgent it might be said, when he addressed Uncle Walter, or when he listened patiently to the visitor's fluent talk. It always appeared as if the doctor, bent and grizzled now, remembered the days when he had been himself full of the promise of his robust manhood, and had

denied himself many a pleasure for the sake of the puling child who had developed into—Uncle Walter.

Uncle Walter talked much and well. He had read much, and his memory was retentive, while his instinctive tact enabled him to make the most of his reading without becoming a pedant or a bore. Yet, in erudition and in memory, the doctor was more than his match. Uncle Walter's unquestionable superiority was in the worldly experience that gave his conversation that flow of happy reminiscence and sparkling anecdote, impossible to all who have not, Ulysses-like, known much of many cities and many men. He was a great traveller, as was plain from his constant allusions to distant places, and seemed to know Damascus and Dresden, Lisbon and Larnaca, equally well, and to be a living catalogue of the contents of every picture-gallery or collection of statues, gems, or porcelain in Europe. He knew famous persons too—artists, painters, diplomatists, musical composers of world-wide renown, and would repeat the words sometimes of a great singer, sometimes of a foreign Princess, but always with an apparent simplicity that forbade the suspicion of boastfulness. He seemed, from what dropped from his lips in the course of conversation, to have mixed in all companies, and to be as much at home in the gloomy Roman palace of some decayed patrician as in the hut of a Black Forest carver of dainty wooden statuettes.

Communicative as it was his whim or his habit to be, it was wonderful how little information as to himself, his own circumstances, plans, antecedents, and personal character this lively talker contrived to impart. It was impossible to ascertain, from what he said, whether he was a rich man or a poor one, idle or active, good or bad, or in a negative position between the two opposing poles of human excellence. Yet his conversation had a certain charm for the two home-staying girls; and at the end of some glowing description of Southern scenery in the Levant—the frowning cliffs, the amethystine islands rising like great jewels out of a sapphire sea, a violet sky overhead, white-sailed feluccas and gallies of classical build hovering like seamews on the horizon, and the scent of Grecian thyme and myrtle on the balmy breeze—Rose could not help exclaiming, with a flush on her fair cheek: 'Uncle Walter, I could really be envious of you; and of the many, many beautiful sights you have seen in your life.'

'I envy him too,' said kindly Dr Denham. 'But what I covet is the leisure and the opportunity of passing long afternoons among the tempting shelves of those grand old libraries, where he treasured up books and manuscripts that no money—not a king's ransom—could buy nowadays; and of becoming personally acquainted with the rare old authors whose works we untravelling folks can only know by the help of extracts and reprints. Well, well, we busy bees have our enjoyments too, as well as you butterflies, Walter, lad.'

Dinner had been for some time over. The two girls were in the drawing-room, whence at intervals could be heard the faint sweet notes of a piano gently played; and still the two brothers sat over their wine, drinking very little of it, it may be said, and speaking seldom, and then in an abstracted manner, as if each of the two had

something upon his mind. Uncle Walter's gay good-humour and garrulity seemed for the moment to have vanished, and there was something reserved and almost watchful in his air, like that of a man who holds himself on his guard against some possible unseen peril. Dr Denham, on the other hand, was for the time moody and melancholy, like one on whose memory some unwelcome reminiscence persists in obtruding itself.

'You don't take your wine, Walter?' said the doctor, breaking silence with an effort.

'Yes, thanks! as much as I ever do; though this is capital claret,' returned the guest, lifting his glass and lightly sipping the ruby-coloured fluid within; and then came another lengthy pause. Uncle Walter it was this time who was the first to speak. 'You are of the same mind still, William, about that Harley Street practice? I ask, because I hastened my return to England, as you know, by two good months, in consequence of your letter.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, brightening up. 'I have given the subject much thought and much care, as you may suppose, seeing that my daughters' future fortunes are at stake; and I feel assured that I cannot make a better investment of my savings than in coming to terms at once. The connection is one of the most valuable in London. Except Sir Joseph Doublefee and a few medical magnates of that sort, tritons among us minnows, few physicians have felt more pulses and pocketed more guineas than my old master, Sir Samuel Jeffs, as he is now; and his recommendation will carry weight with it. I must be quick, though, or another may step in before me.'

'And you want—to complete the purchase-money—my help, dear boy, don't you?' inquired Uncle Walter, beaming like an incarnation of Benevolence across his claret-glass, as he took another modest sip of the velvety softness within.

'Yes, brother, I do; since my own resources are not nearly sufficient to complete so heavy a sum. This is the first time, Walter, my boy, that I have ever asked assistance of you; and now, it is as a loan, you remember, not as a gift.'

'Ah! how sincerely I wish it could be the last, and not the first,' said Uncle Walter, tinkling one costly ring against the glass with which he toyed as he spoke. 'And I appreciate your delicacy, my dear fellow, in being so reluctant, as you evidently are, to press the great claim—a moral claim, of course, but not the less valid on that account—which you have upon me. I have not forgotten, brother, that you were hardly used about that will.'

A momentary expression of pain flitted across Dr Denham's face. 'Never mind the will at this time of day, Walter,' he said stoutly. 'I have never grumbled. And after all, it was my father's right to do as he pleased with his own.'

'But yet, to leave the eldest son nothing, after long teaching him to regard himself as the heir, and to give everything to the youngest,' sighed Uncle Walter, with the air of an injured person, and finishing his claret as he concluded. 'Yes; it was a strange caprice. You would have made a better use of that money, William, than I have. I am a child about business to this hour, as I know to my cost.'

'But I hope it will not inconvenience'—

the doctor was beginning; when Uncle Walter, all smiles again, cut him short.

'No, no; I am glad to say,' he said pleasantly. 'Nor do I speak without book. On my way through London, I saw my lawyers, Sowerby and French, very worthy, good people, and mentioned to them what sum it was you told me in your letter would be required; and it seems that we can raise it, and a little more, should you require it—yes, a little more.'

'Then I accept, Walter, in the same spirit in which you offer it, my dear boy,' returned the doctor, putting out his honest right hand and squeezing the thin white fingers of his brother, in the inconsiderate warmth of the moment, so that the glittering rings bruised the soft flesh; but Uncle Walter bore the pain like a Stoic. 'You'll stay with us, I hope, till we can all go up to London together to take possession of our new abode?' said the doctor.

'Very glad, if you'll have me,' returned his bland junior. 'I think, from my sensations since I have been here, that the Blackston air does me good. A tonic—a positive tonic. And family felicity is such a pleasant change to a lonely bachelor like myself. One thing—would you mind settling with Sowerby and French about interest and security, and tiresome things that they will mention? I am a child about business, as I always was, and leave myself quite in their hands as to details.—No; thank you—no more wine. But I shall be glad of a cup of tea, and a song, if my niece will sing for her old uncle, presently. Nothing, after all, like a pretty English ballad, relolent of home.'

#### BIRD-LAW.

TRIAL by jury does not appear to be restricted to the human race; certainly the feathered tribes are acquainted with its forms and ceremonies. 'Crow-Courts' and 'Sparrow-Courts' are in some parts almost as well known as those intended for the arrangement of man's disputes. To explain what is meant, and to establish the truth of our proposition, let us commence this compilation of anecdotes—for it is nothing more—by reference to the proceedings at the so-called 'crow-courts' which are held in the Shetland Isles. A regular assembly of crows of the hooded species, according to the authority of Dr Edmondson, is observed to take place at certain intervals. It is composed of deputations from different localities. All business is abstained from until the convocation is complete; consequently, early comers have frequently to wait a day or two for the arrival of the later deputies. A particular hill or field suitable for the impending work, is selected; and when all the expected members have arrived, the session commences. The Court opens in a formal manner, and the criminal or criminals are produced at the bar; but what is his or their offence, the human spectator cannot divine. The charge is not made individually, nor the evidence given by separate witnesses; but a general croaking and clamour is collectively raised, and judgment delivered, apparently, by the whole Court. As soon as the sentence is given, the entire assemblage, judges, barristers, ushers, audience and all, fall upon the two or three prisoners at the bar, and beat them till they kill them.' Directly the execution is



over, the Court breaks up, and all its members disperse quietly.

The Rev. Dr J. Edmund Cox, in a letter written some short time since to a daily newspaper, gave the particulars of a trial by rooks which he witnessed between fifty and sixty years ago. He was riding along a quiet road in the vicinity of Norwich, when he was startled by sounds of an extraordinary commotion among the inhabitants of an adjacent rocky. Securing his horse to a gate, he cautiously crawled for a hundred feet or so, to a gap in the hedge of a grass field, to investigate proceedings. A trial by jury was going on. The criminal rook 'at first appeared very perky and jaunty, although encircled by about forty or fifty of an evidently indignant sable fraternity, and assailed by the incessantly vehement cawing of an outer ring, consisting of many hundreds, each and all shewing even greater indignation than was manifested by the more select number. Some crime or other had evidently been committed against rook-law! Even the scouts, although hovering about in all directions, were so deeply absorbed in the judicial proceedings, that they failed to notice their uninvited spectator. After a short time, the manner of the accused was seen suddenly and completely to change; his head bowed, his wings drooped, and he cawed faintly, as if imploring mercy. It was useless; his sentence had been passed, and was irrevocable. The inner circle closed in upon him, and pecked him to pieces in a few moments, leaving nothing but a mangled carcass. Judgment executed, the whole assembly set up a tremendous screaming, and dispersed; some seeking the adjacent rocky, but the greater number flying away across the fields. Dr Cox, upon picking up the remains of the hapless 'criminal,' was able to discern that it was a male bird. Whether the offender in this case had been convicted of theft, or of a crime of even deeper dye, it is of course impossible to say; but it is commonly known that rooks are addicted to pilfering, and that if the robbery is detected—as it almost always seems to be—the offender is punished. It has been noticed that young rooks will often pilfer twigs or other useful materials from the nests of their elders, with which to build their own domiciles quickly; and although they are too cunning to be caught in the act, only committing their thefts when both the owners of the nest are absent, the robbery seems always to get known. When the crime has been discovered and proved, eight or ten rooks are apparently deputed to act on behalf of the whole community; they proceed to the convicts' nest, and in a few moments scatter it to the winds.

Similar judicial proceedings are known to be proper to the raven; and an interesting account of a raven trial was communicated by a well-known Alpine tourist to the leading journal of Geneva, last summer. During an excursion in the Swiss mountains, he accidentally came upon a small secluded glen, which was surrounded by trees; and not having done anything to reveal his presence, he became the unexpected witness of a singular spectacle. About sixty or seventy ravens were ranged in a ring round one of their fellows, evidently reputed a culprit, and with much clatter of tongues and wings, were engaged in discussing his alleged delinquencies. At intervals, they paused in their debate, in order to permit the

accused to reply, which he did most vociferously and with intense energy; but all his expostulations were speedily drowned in a deafening chorus of dissent. Eventually, the Court appears to have arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the felon had utterly failed to exculpate himself; and they suddenly flew at him from all sides, and tore him to pieces with their powerful beaks. Having executed their sentence, they speedily disappeared, leaving the mangled corpse of the unfortunate bird, as a warning to all evil-doers.

Sparrows also hold judicial inquiry into the conduct of, and mete out punishment to, their fellow-sparrows; but are apparently too volatile a race to submit to all the formalities of the graver members of the feathered family. When a misdeed has been brought home to any one of their community, a force of four or more sparrows is deputed to carry out the execution of the verdict. In their hurry to discharge the decree, they all tumble over one another with the greatest pug-nacity, uttering a violent clamour, expressive of the most bitter and indignant censure, whilst punishing the culprit. The castigation is soon over, however; and 'the unfortunate sufferer having endured the penalty,' says Mr G. Garratt, in his *Marvels of Instinct*, 'is as well received afterwards by the community as if it had committed no transgression at all. This is generous, and as it should be.' A most remarkable instance of a sparrow perpetrating a shameful theft, and its punishment, has been recorded by Father Bougeant—the advocate for the existence of language among animals—as having taken place on the banks of the Leven, in Fifeshire. The anecdote, which, though it has been frequently recorded, may not be known to some of our readers, is repeated by Mr Garratt in these terms: 'A sparrow finding a nest that a martin had just built, possessed himself of it. The martin, seeing the usurper in her house, called for help to expel him. A thousand martins came full speed, and attacked the sparrow; but the latter being covered on every side, and presenting only his large beak at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them that durst approach him repent of their temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat, all the martins disappeared. The sparrow thought he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. They immediately returned to the charge; and each of them having procured a little of that tempered earth with which they make their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and inclosed him in the nest to perish there, though they could not drive him thence.

Another equally tragic story is recorded by the Rev. G. Gagerly in *The Pioneer*, his narrative of the Bengal Mission. 'The flamingo,' he remarks, 'is common in the low, marshy lands of Bengal. My friend Mr Lacroix—the well-known missionary—when once sailing in his boat up the Hooghly, went on shore. His attention was shortly directed to a large gathering of these peculiar-looking birds, in a field some little distance off. Knowing their timid character, he approached as near as he could without being observed or exciting alarm; and hiding himself behind a tree, noticed all their proceedings, which were of a most remarkable character. After a great deal of noisy clamour, they formed them-

selves into a circle, in the centre of which one of their number was left standing alone. Again there was a considerable amount of screeching bird oratory, when suddenly all the birds flew on the unhappy solitary one, and literally tore him to pieces. The conclusion which Mr Lacroix came to was, that one of these flamingos had committed an offence against the rules of their order, that he had been tried by a kind of court-martial, was found guilty, and had been adjudged, and met with, immediate punishment.

Thus far trials of presumed criminals, and the punishments awarded to them, have been alluded to; but the nature of the offence, save in the one case of the robber sparrow, remains a mystery. It is now intended, in the remaining anecdotes, to shew the nature of the assumed crime for which the unfortunate birds have suffered, and it will be seen that in two cases the victim of circumstantial evidence suffered unjustly. Bishop Stanley relates that a French surgeon at Smyrna, being unable to procure a stork, on account of the great veneration entertained for them by the Turks, purloined all the eggs from a stork's nest, and replaced them with hens' eggs. Ultimately, chickens were hatched, greatly to the surprise of the storks. The male stork speedily disappeared, and was not seen for two or three days, when he returned with a large number of other storks, who assembled in a circle in the town, without paying any attention to the numerous spectators their proceedings attracted. The female stork was brought into the midst of the circle, and after some discussion, was attacked by the whole flock and torn to pieces. The assemblage then dispersed, and the nest was left tenantless.

A somewhat similar case has been cited by the same author as having occurred in the vicinity of Berlin. Two storks made their nest on one of the chimneys of a mansion; and the owner of the house inspecting it, found in it an egg, which he replaced by one belonging to a goose. The storks did not appear to notice the change until the egg was hatched, when the male bird rose from the nest, and after flying round it several times with loud screams, disappeared. For some days the female bird continued to tend the changeling without interruption; but on the morning of the fourth the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud cries in a field fronting it. The noise proceeded from nearly five hundred storks standing in a compact body listening, apparently, to the harangue of a solitary bird about twenty yards off. When this bird had concluded its address, it retired, and another took its place and addressed the meeting in a similar manner. These proceedings were continued by a succession of birds until eleven in the forenoon, when the whole Court arose simultaneously into the air, uttering dismal cries. All this time the female had remained in her nest, but in evident fear. When the meeting broke up, all the storks flew towards her, headed by one—supposed to be the offended husband—who struck her violently three or four times, knocking her out of the nest. The unfortunate stork made no effort to defend herself, and was speedily destroyed by the troop, who also annihilated the hapless gosling, and left not a fragment of the contaminated nest.

The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his interesting anecdote of *Animal Sagacity*, cites the following instance of a case which ended less tragically (for the female), owing to the male bird being either of a more trusting or a less jealous disposition than the one just noticed. 'Some hens' eggs,' he says, 'were placed in a stork's nest, and the others removed. The female, not aware of the change, sat patiently the appointed number of days, till the shells were broken and the young chickens made their appearance. No sooner were they seen by the old birds, than they testified their surprise by harsh notes and fierce looks; and after a short pause, they jointly fell upon the unfortunate chickens and pecked them to pieces, as if conscious of the disgrace which might be supposed to attach to a dishonoured nest.'

A singular case of almost poetic justice among storks is noticed even in so old a work as Goldsmith's *Natural History*, into which it was imported from Mrs Starke's *Letters on Italy*. 'A wild stork,' runs the tale, 'was brought by a farmer in the neighbourhood of Hamburg into his poultry-yard, to be the companion of a tame one he had long kept there; but the tame stork disliking a rival, fell upon the poor stranger, and beat him so numerically, that he was compelled to take wing, and escaped with difficulty. About four months afterwards, however, the latter returned to the poultry-yard, in company with three other storks, who no sooner alighted, than they fell upon the tame stork and killed him.'

We make no comments upon these anecdotes, the authenticity of which is guaranteed by the well-known character of their reciters, but leave them for our readers to form their own unbiassed opinions.

I.

## A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

### CHAPTER II.—THE LOVER'S LEAP.

It was five years before I returned to Rathminster. In the meantime I had done pretty well. I had passed the examinations for which my length of service had qualified me. I now held a first mate's certificate, had earned a good character with my employer; and few of my standing, it was thought, had a better chance of promotion. Some changes had of course taken place at Rathminster during my absence. Of my old school-fellows, many had left; amongst others, Robert Stockdale, who was now at the university. Former Stockdale had thought that his son's education would be incomplete if he were to learn nothing more than was taught at schools; and that it would be a benefit to the young man to associate with gentlemen. So he had entered him at Trinity College in Dublin. As my visit was in the spring of the year, and before the Long Vacation had commenced, Robert Stockdale was still from home. Upon my Aunt Pearson, those five years had produced, I thought, but little change. Perhaps the lines upon her placid face had deepened slightly, and there was a little more silver in her hair. And the place, the old house, the quiet square, the school, the old church, all looked just as I had left them.

In two respects indeed, there had been a great change. I myself was changed. Five years at

that time of life effect perhaps greater alternations than at any other period. I had left Rathminster a boy, and I returned to it a man—a man too who had seen a good deal of the world in those few years, and who had in that time received a training above all others calculated to develop such mainly qualities as decision of character, self-reliance, and self-command. Fairy too was changed. Those five years had made a woman of her. I find it hard to say in what the change consisted; and yet I distinctly remember that on my first seeing her again, a feeling of mingled surprise and admiration almost took from me the power of speaking. She had been pretty as a child. She was now absolutely lovely. And yet, though changed, she was the same. There was still in those large dark grey eyes the wistful look, still in that figure—taller, though light as ever—the graceful ease that had earned for her her pet name. And there was still in her fair pale face that same contrast between the two opposite expressions of happiness and sadness which marked it when she was a child. She was still fairy-like and fragile, so that one could not help feeling as one looked at her that she was intended by Nature to be much beloved and carefully tended; and that should it ever be her lot to meet with harshness or neglect, she would not have to endure their blighting influence for long.

We were at once upon our old footing, Fairy and I. We had of course much to hear and to tell. I had my life at sea to describe; for though I had written from time to time, my letters had been very short, not having, as I supposed, much to tell beyond the fact that I was in good health. But when I came to talk with Fairy, almost forgotten incidents and adventures were brought to my recollection by her inquiries. There were a thousand things she wished to know, a thousand places which I must describe. Fairy too had many things to tell me of her mother and herself and of their neighbours. And I soon perceived that though her life was almost as quiet and retired as ever, yet her beauty had earned for her—as indeed it could not help doing—an amount of notice and admiration that would have turned the head of any one less simple-minded than herself. I could see, moreover, that Fairy had many admirers—though none of them, I was glad to think, seemed to be specially favoured—and in the list was, as I imagined, young Stockdale, who, Mrs Pearson told me, was much improved.

'It is very pleasant, Tom,' said Fairy, 'to find people so civil; but you can't think how delightful it is to me to have you at home again. You know, except mother, you are my only real friend. And with your busy life, so much to do and see, you could never imagine how I have missed my old playfellow.'

I had been at home but a few weeks, as it seemed to me, when I received an intimation that I had been appointed to the *Niobe*, and must join her at once. The time had passed with me as in some delightful dream, from which my employer's letter brought a sudden and most unwelcome awakening. I need hardly say that I was in love with Fairy, and that it only needed the thought of separation to open my eyes to the fact. I had been for some time trying my best to forget that such a thing was impending,

desirous only to drift on as I was doing, and keeping no 'lookout.' Now I was brought up 'with a round turn.' There was but one day more with Fairy, and what was to be done? It seemed to me that, with my future so uncertain, I could not there and then propose to her. It would not be fair, I thought, to inflict on the girl an engagement of such dreary length as I then thought it must be, neither could I bring myself to speak on the matter to Mrs Pearson. One thing, however, I thought I might do—I might reveal the nature of my feelings to Fairy, and without seeking any pledge or promise on her part, tell her that as soon as I was justified in doing so, I should ask her to be my wife. Then with my happiness trusted to her keeping, I should go to do my best to attain such a position in my profession as would justify me in making a formal proposal. It was with this purpose in view that the next morning I asked Fairy to walk with me to the Lover's Leap—a romantic spot, where, in by-past times, some nameless hero had won a fair damsel's admiration and her hand by leaping across a deep chasm in the hillside through which a mountain burn flowed; promising success—tradition had it—to any enamoured youth who should follow his example.

It was along the course of this burn that Fairy and I strolled that summer morning. For the distance at first, where the little river made its way through the meadows, the banks were low, and the motion of the water sluggish; but as we followed its course upwards through the oak and hazel woods, the current of the bright clear water became more rapid and broken. The banks grew high and rocky, and clothed with ferns and heather. Here we descended to the bed of the stream itself, now shrunk to its summer bulk, and made our way amongst its smooth stones and water-worn rocks, past many a deep clear pool, and up many a steep rocky incline, where the winter torrents had for untold ages been gravelling and polishing the gray sparkling limestones; the sides of the rivulet becoming as we advanced more precipitous, and fringed at the top with the mingling branches and roots of trees, and hanging festoons of the small-leaved ivy.

And so we rambled on, that lovely morning, not talking much, for Fairy was unusually silent, and I could scarce think of anything but what I was going to say when we should arrive at our destination. After an hour's walk, we reached the spot. Some short distance before, the precipitous nature of the banks had forced us to leave the bed of the stream, and we had followed its course through the heath copse above; and now we came out on the little open space from which the lover was supposed to have leaped across. It was a spot we had often visited as children, to watch the trout swimming in the clear pool below, or the little water-oats, unconscious of our presence, carrying the produce of his diving operations to his safe but rather damp home behind the waterfall. We sat down in the old place upon the heath-covered bank, with the noise of the falling water in our ears. And now the time was come to speak.

'Fairy,' I said, 'this is like the old times.'

'O yes, Tom,' she replied.

'And yet it's different,' I continued. 'I used to be able to say just what I liked to you; and I find that so hard to do now. And you remember



how you used to order me about as you pleased; and how you would reward me for doing as I was bid. Things have changed a good deal with us, have they not?

'That's because we have both grown older, I suppose,' she answered.

'In one or two ways, Fairy,' I continued, 'I should like to have the old days back, or one of them. Shall I tell you why?'

'Oh, I know why, Tom. It's just the way we all have of wishing for what we can't get. There, do you see that little flower?'—pointing to a solitary primrose which was growing upon a ledge of rock some twelve feet or so down on the opposite cliff—'that's no better than any other primrose, I suppose; but for the last five minutes I have been wishing to have it, just because it's quite out of reach.'

'You shall have it, Fairy,' I said, starting to my feet; 'but remember, I must have my reward.'

'It's impossible to clamber to that place it's overhanging.—Oh, don't attempt it, Tom,' she cried.

Fairy was right about the climbing; but I saw that I could leap across from where I stood. It was an easier feat than that which the traditionary lover had performed, as there was so much of a fall. There was besides a strong ivy stem which I could grasp, and steady myself with when I alighted; then a drop of ten feet would place me on a ledge below by which I could descend. I felt—I knew that I should succeed.

'I am not going to climb, Fairy,' I said; 'but I am determined that you shall have your wish, and then perhaps I may obtain mine.' I had stepped back from the edge as I spoke; a moment more, and I was safely on the other side. The thing looked difficult, but really was not so. I got the flower, descended, crossed the stream, climbed up the other side, and rejoined Fairy.

'And now,' said I, 'what about the reward?'

'What is it to be?' she asked, as I held the flower towards her.

I was about to say that all I asked was that she should let me tell her that I loved her, and would always do so, and one day, if I lived, would ask her to be my bride; but just as I began to speak, I heard the branches of the hazel being pushed aside, and the next moment a young man stood before us. It was Stockdale. He had returned home unexpectedly the night before. On walking over to Mrs Pearson's, he heard that we had gone to the Lover's Leap; and being anxious, he said, to see me, had followed us.

My disappointment at this untimely arrival may be imagined, and for a few moments I found it difficult to speak civilly to the intruder. There was nothing for it now, however, but to wait for another opportunity, which I hoped might occur in the course of the day. I carefully placed the primrose in my pocket-book, and we turned our faces homewards. Stockdale returned with us, and, much to my annoyance, did not take his leave till quite late in the evening. And no opportunity of speaking to my darling occurred.

I was to leave very early next morning; and that night, after considering the matter, I concluded that my best course would be to write to Fairy. I could make her understand perhaps better in that way that I merely declared my own love and asked no pledge from her. She would have time to reflect too before making any reply. If she

cares to have my love, I thought, she will be happy to know she has it. If she does not, she will be free to reject it. So, having made up my mind to write from Liverpool, I went to bed to sleep, for the last time as it turned out, under Mrs Pearson's kindly roof.

In the morning, when I came down to my early breakfast, I found Stockdale with the ladies in the parlour; he had come, he said, as he had seen so little of me, just to say good-bye. I disliked the fellow thoroughly, and what had happened the day before had not disposed me to regard him more favourably. His manner and his eyes were, it struck me, shifty; and as he stood at the door with the others proffering his hand with effusive cordiality, I could hardly bring myself to take it in mine.

'Confound the fellow!' I said to myself as I drove off; 'he seems determined to get in my way. It will be the worse for him if he does.'

A day or two after my arrival in Liverpool, I wrote a letter to Fairy, describing my new vessel, and indicating our destination. With this, which I knew would be read by Mrs Pearson, I inclosed a smaller note, carefully sealed, and marked 'Private.' In it I told Fairy all that I had intended to say to her that morning at the Lover's Leap, adding, that I should not allude again to the subject until I should be able to ask her to be my wife, and that from her I asked, for the present, nothing beyond perhaps some slight token that she was not displeased at my confession. I had just sealed this private note, when I remembered the primrose. I had said nothing about it, and it was now too late to insert it there; so feeling certain that Fairy would understand its reference to the inclosed letter, I placed it in the outer one, adding a postscript, that I had inclosed the primrose which I had carried away. Then fastening the letter with wax, upon which my initials T. R. stood clearly out—there were no adhesive envelopes in those days—I posted it with my own hands.

After a few days the reply came—a letter altogether on general matters, but containing a piece of folded paper, on opening which I found a lock of Fairy's golden hair. My happiness was complete. True, she had not referred to the subject of my private note; but then I had not asked her to do so. She had, however, in sending me the lock of hair, given me the token I desired. What one better or dearer to me could she have sent? 'It was like her dear self,' I said a thousand times, 'to think of it.' It was not necessary now that one word more should be spoken. If she cared for me—as I felt sure she did—she would wait. If not—

Three years passed by, during which I wrote to and received letters from the Pearsons occasionally. It is not easy when one is at sea for months at a time to keep up anything of a regular correspondence, and our letters could give but a meagre account of what was passing in our lives. Feeling this, I suppose, we wrote but seldom. The interrupted and fragmentary nature of our correspondence will be easily understood when I say that the *Nobe* sailed from Liverpool round Cape Horn to Valparaiso and other ports in the Pacific, and was often absent from Liverpool six or eight

months, during which I rarely received a letter, my address being uncertain; and so receiving but few letters, and those written at long intervals, I knew but little of what was occurring at Rathminster. I did not of course at the time suspect how imperfect was my information, and merely mention this now by way of explanation.

I had been for upwards of two years first mate, in which capacity I was acting on board the *Miranda*, one of our owners' finest ships, when Fortune seemed to put within my reach the prize for which I was so anxious. An opportunity was given me at the same time of saving the firm from a serious loss of money, to speak of nothing else, and establishing my own reputation. We were outward-bound and off the east coast of South America somewhere about thirty degrees twenty minutes south latitude and twenty-nine degrees west longitude, when we encountered a heavy gale from the north-east, so severe that we had to put the ship before it and run under close-reefed main and fore topsails. During the night the gale increased, and by morning a very heavy sea was running. The glass was low and falling, and there was no sign of the weather moderating. The ship was now straining very much, and the waves threatened to momentarily overwhelm her. At length the main-topsail was with some difficulty got in, and we ran under the fore-topsail alone. I was standing on the quarter-deck beside the Captain when the carpenter came up to report the depth of water in the hold.

'Rivers,' exclaimed the Captain, 'if this lasts two hours longer, we shall founder.'

'Would it not be better,' I said, 'to lay to?'

'Far better,' he replied; 'but it would be madness to attempt to round her to, with this sea running.'

I answered that I thought it might be done with care, and that it was our only chance of saving the ship and our lives.

The Captain did not answer me, for a cry was raised, 'Look out astern!' and we turned round in time to see rapidly overtaking us, an enormous mass of dark water, which, as we sank down into the trough of the sea, seemed to hang right over us, its side becoming more and more nearly perpendicular every moment. It broke; then there was a stunning blow, a singing noise in my ears, and a rush of water which seemed as if it would never end, and the force of which nearly tore me from the rail I had laid hold of. As soon as it was possible to see what had happened, I perceived that the two men who had been at the wheel were gone; they had been swept forward, and singular to say, were, as it turned out, but little hurt. The Captain was lying motionless near the poop-rail. Another roller was approaching, and the ship in imminent danger of broaching to. I rushed of course to the wheel, and steadied her while that sea and the next one passed us—fortunately, without breaking. Meanwhile the Captain, who had received a severe blow upon the head, and was insensible, was carried below. I was now in command, and determined if possible to get the *Miranda's* head to the wind. Accordingly, I had the storm fore-staysail bent, and set the main-topsail close-reefed. Then taking the helm, I watched anxiously for my opportunity when the approaching seas should seem more moderate in height,

At length a chance seemed to offer; and I gently gave her a spoke or two of helm to round her to, bracing up the yards as we flew up into the wind. We succeeded; but it was touch and go with us, for as she rounded to, I heard some one sing out: 'Hold on there for your lives!' And a moment afterwards a heavy sea struck her on the broadside, shaking her fore and aft as if we had struck on a rock, knocking away the bulwarks in the waist, and sweeping one man, our boats, and spars spars away to leeward. As she came up to the wind, I set the fore-staysail, furling the fore-topsail, and setting a mizen-topsail. The gale lasted for about twenty-four hours, during which the *Miranda* lay to; and after that, we were able to put her on her course again.

The Captain, who was not seriously hurt, acted very kindly by me in the matter, mentioning me most favourably, as I afterwards learned, in the account which he sent to our owners. The effect of what I had done and of my Captain's representations, was this, that upon the morning after the *Miranda* arrived in Liverpool, I was sent for by the head of the firm, who after thanking me in very flattering terms, informed me that one of their captains had been taken ill, and that they had decided to offer me his post; and also that the *Petrel*—the ship I was to command—must sail in three days.

I was, as may be supposed, delighted at my good fortune. I was very young to be placed in so responsible a position. I had been put over the head of many of my seniors, and in the ordinary course of things could not have hoped to be in command of a ship for several years to come. Now, however, I was in a position to marry. The time had come when I might ask Fairy to be my wife. I had intended on this occasion to visit Rathminster, and now my good fortune, while it made me the more anxious, put it quite out of my power to do so! I had but three days, and enough to do in them to keep me busy every moment. Well, it was only a delay now of another four or five months at most; and provoking as that might be, I had every reason to be thankful for what had occurred; and though I could not go and see Fairy, I could write to her.

The *Miranda* had reached Liverpool a fortnight earlier than I had expected when I last wrote to the Pearsons, and so I found no letter awaiting me on my return. My own had been very briefly merely mentioning the time at which I hoped to see them.

On the night before the *Petrel* sailed, I wrote a letter to Fairy, telling her of my promotion and how it came about. Then I reminded her of our old friendship, and of the years that I had loved her as only I, who knew her so well, could love her. I told her that it was with the thought of her in my heart that I had striven to rise in my profession; and that I now asked her if she could give me that for the sake of which alone I valued my success. I concluded by begging her, if she found herself able to give me a decided answer, to write to the address which I inclosed, and said that at any rate in a very few months I should, I hoped, see her, and urge my suit in person. It was a long letter, and I remember that I sat up half the night over it and some other letters which I had to write. The next morning I posted them

with my own hand, reading the address of each as I put it in, and seeing that each was properly sealed, with my initials T. R. distinctly marked in the centre of the red wax. A few hours afterwards, I was on board the *Petrel*, the ebb-tide and an easterly breeze taking us rapidly out of the Mersey.

#### APPLIANCES FOR SAVING LIFE AND TREASURE AT SEA.

WITHIN the last ten years, the average number of casualties to ships at sea and on rivers, has been unusually large. Some were of a most painful and heart-rending nature. On the 17th January 1873, the *Northfleet*, having on board about four hundred souls, was lying at anchor after nightfall off Dungeness, on the south coast of Kent, when she was run into by a strange steamer, and sunk, only eighty-five of her crew and passengers being saved. In September 1875, as a portion of the British fleet was sailing from Kingston to Queenstown, a fog set in, when the *Iron Duke* came into collision with the *Vanguard*, cutting into her deeply below the water-line, so that she sank within an hour. Fortunately, in this case the weather was calm and the water smooth, and the whole of those aboard were safely picked off by the boats of the sister-vessel before the disabled ship sank. Another disaster, but this time accompanied with a terrible loss of life, occurred to the British navy in March 1878, when the *Eurydice*, returning home from a winter's cruise in the West Indies, was struck by a squall in the British Channel, and sent to the bottom with its freight of three hundred human beings, almost in sight of harbour. In May of the same year, the German navy suffered from a similar accident to that which happened to the British *Vanguard* in 1875, the *Grosser Kurfürst* having been run into by a companion iron-clad, and two hundred and eighty lives lost. The year 1878 was destined to be marked with a still more appalling catastrophe than any of these, terrible as these were. This was the sinking of the *Princess Alice* in the Thames, within hail of either shore, and with a loss of more than six hundred lives.

All of these accidents were distinguished by their suddenness, and by the short space in which it was possible to do anything to save life; the *Vanguard* casualty being the only one in which the usual appliances were successful for the rescue of those in danger. The swift and terrible nature of these calamities was the means of drawing towards them a degree of attention which this class of accidents at sea had not hitherto received, and among those whose attention to the subject was thus attracted was that useful and important body known as the Society of Arts. This Society offers from time to time its gold medal to be competed for by designers, inventors, and others, in furtherance of its objects; and accordingly, in April 1878, it was resolved by the Council of the Society that the gold medal should be offered 'for the best means of saving life at sea, when a vessel has to be abandoned suddenly, say with only five minutes' warning; the shore or other vessels being in sight.' It was added that preference would be given to appliances which occupied the least space consistent with perfect utility, and to those which utilised articles already on board ship, so that no

extra space would be required. There were one hundred and thirty-six designs, models, and full-sized floating appliances sent in, in response to this appeal. Among such a number, many were necessarily of little value; but on the other hand, so many were of real utility for the purpose in view, that the Committee of the Society who were appointed as adjudicators, had great difficulty in making the award. It was at length decided that the medal should be given to the competitor who would be able to exhibit the greatest number of such appliances with a high standard of merit; the result being that the medal was awarded to Mr A. W. Birt, of the firm of J. & A. W. Birt, Dock Street, London Docks.

We can notice only the chief of those articles. There are, first, buoyant hammocks. These hammocks are made buoyant by the substitution of a granulated cork mattress in lieu of the ordinary one stuffed with wool or horse-hair. They can be used either by being rolled lengthwise, or by fastening round the body like a life-belt. The ordinary buoyancy of a life-belt is from twenty to twenty-five pounds, which is sufficient to float a man of ordinary dimensions; but the buoyancy of the hammock being fifty pounds, even after a twenty-four hours' submersion in water, is consequently a much superior appliance for the saving of life. Its own weight out of water is eighteen pounds. Buoyant berth mattresses for passengers are made on a similar principle. Besides these, the benches and stools are fitted with cork in such a manner as not to interfere with their ordinary uses, and yet give to them great buoyancy. There are soldiers' life-belts with a buoyancy of forty pounds; buoyant cushions, buoyant seats, buoyant camp-stools; and ladder-shaped life-buoys, divided into six-foot lengths, and suspended inside the bulwarks, each length having a buoyancy of over two hundred and forty pounds, and capable of supporting six men in the water. The whole of these appliances are eminently simple, and appear well adapted to meet the objects of the inventor and the Society; and if largely applied, as they ought to be, to our sea-going craft, cannot fail to be of signal value in the case of sudden danger, especially to those vessels carrying passengers, troops, and other for the most part helpless congregations of human beings. Had such appliances been for instance, on board the *Princess Alice*, in all probability the death-list of that ill-starred vessel would not have exceeded one-half.

In a matter of such importance, it is to be hoped that ship-owners will lose no time in furnishing their vessels with these or similar appliances, and that passengers—especially those on long voyages—will so far help themselves in this respect as to secure that their berth mattresses are buoyant ones. We cannot but think that were such means of saving life resorted to as a useful precaution by sea-going people, it would very much reduce the loss of life which almost invariably follows upon collisions and other sudden and unforeseen accidents at sea. The neglect of such precautions on the part of ship-owners is a blot upon the mercantile marine.

In this connection, we may make mention of an appliance patented some years ago by Mr T. B. Johnston, F.R.S.E., &c., Edinburgh, having for its object the more safe conveyance of articles of value, such as specie, diamonds, deeds and other

important documents, and things of rarity and costliness generally. This consisted of a kind of safe, that might be constructed of various forms—either that of a boat, or of an upright cylinder or sphere. The safe, whatever its form, should bear the name, &c. of the ship, for future identification; and be constructed of iron, full of air-tight compartments, except the portion actually required for valuables; the outside being covered with either wood or cork, to protect the iron from concussions against rocks or other hard substances. The intention of the patentee was that this safe should be carried either suspended from the ship's davits or fixed upon deck; but in either case in such a manner that it could easily be removed and sent afloat in the event of the vessel sinking; or that it should so be attached to its fastenings that, on striking the surface of the water, it should clear itself, and be free to float away. In this way it was thought that much valuable treasure which is irretrievably lost under existing arrangements, might be saved, as the international marine laws might be so altered as to insure the recovery and delivering up of a derelict ship's safe, on a certain percentage of value being paid to the finders. The idea seems to us admirable; and were it adopted generally, it would be the means of rescuing from destruction great part of the immense wealth which is annually lost to the world by the foundering and sinking of vessels in mid-ocean.

A life-saving dress has recently been patented by Messrs Thornton & Co., 78 Princes Street, Edinburgh, which might be of use in the case of wrecks where a passenger had time to attire himself in it. The dress consists of a water-proof suit in one piece, with various air-proof chambers made of the same material as the dress and forming part of it. These when filled with air are sufficient to float the wearer, who by stretching himself on his back, and using a pair of paddles, can propel himself along the surface of the water with great ease and rapidity. Attached to this dress, for use if desired, is a kind of float, which surrounds the body, and is shaped like a large horse-collar. This float is made of cork, and has also within it compartments for air, and is of such buoyancy that five or six men besides the wearer would be safely suspended in the water by clinging to it. The wearer, when he is incased in this dress and float, occupies an upright position, his body being half out of the water; and to the extremities of his lower limbs propellers are fitted in the form of web-feet, by which he can walk, as it were, through the water at a considerable speed. A pair of screw propellers can also be fitted to this float, by which the wearer can urge himself along at the rate of five or six miles an hour. This last modification of the dress is intended for use in wild-fowl shooting; and it might also be of value in the naval service for such purposes as holding communication between ships, or doing work which required silence and dexterity, such as the cutting of torpedo lines, &c. The simple dress and paddles, however, without the other apparatus mentioned, might be carried by sea-going passengers, as it would certainly provide the means of floatage in case of accident, and the power of locomotion in the water.

Another means of saving both life and craft, and which we are glad to say is being gradually recog-

nised as such in the mercantile marine world, is the use of oil in allaying tempestuous waves at sea. To this we have already on more than one occasion adverted (see *Journal* for 10th August and 21st December 1878, and 18th January and 9th August 1879), and have also had occasion to publish gratifying testimonies to the beneficial results of its practical adoption. Mr Andrew Low, 27 Leadenhall Street, London, writes us as follows on the same subject:

'I was much interested in reading some time ago several articles in your *Journal* about the use of oil in calming water, and preventing it from breaking over a ship exposed to a stormy sea. I mentioned what I had read to Captain Nicoll, of the barque *Lieutenant* of Dundee, before he sailed from London last year for Mauritius, whence he sailed to Adelaide, then to Wallaroo, where he loaded a cargo of wheat in bags, with which he has just arrived at Falmouth for orders. I put an extra quantity of oil on board, that Captain Nicoll might have an opportunity of trying its effect; and I inclose an extract from a letter from him giving the result of his experience, which I think may be interesting; and it quite sufficiently proves the benefit of using oil in this way to induce me to try it again, recommending the Captain to use two bags instead of one, and fish-oil instead of vegetable. The oil used in this case was colza oil.'

The following is the extract above referred to, from the letter of Captain Nicoll: 'As I wrote you, we had no occasion to try the oil on the outward passage; and on trying it after leaving Wallaroo, I found it would require three—or two at the least—bags while lying to, one forward and one aft; the reason of which is easily seen by any one using them, but might hardly be credited without a trial.

'I used only one, which I had over the fore-part of the mizzen rigging. The one kept the water from breaking over the ship aft, but seemed to have no effect forward; in proof of which, a sea broke over forward, starting five of the bulwark stanchions, the oil-bag being then half full, and not long pricked with a needle. From the middle of the ship aft, the oil could be plainly seen, the water not breaking in the least.

'My reason for using only one bag was, I found it required more oil than you mentioned. The weather was very cold; and on first putting the oil over, it got into a hard lump; but after picking the bag once or twice, the water seemed to get into it, when it went away very fast. The bag contained about three gallons, and was empty in about eighteen hours. I think by having three smaller ones, it would require no more oil, just as long, and be much more effective, also fish-oil instead of vegetable.'

Another correspondent, dating from Karpura, New Zealand, sends us a copy of a letter on the subject which appeared in the *Auckland Weekly News*, written by Captain Champion, who in the months of January and February last, encountered two severe hurricanes in the South Pacific Ocean, off the coast of New South Wales.

'Enough,' says the writer, 'has been written about the extreme violence of the storms, so I need not speak thereon. Suffice it to say, that my schooner *Ephemer* would undoubtedly have been swamped had I not had recourse to oil-bags, which so successfully did their work, that I feel compelled

to publish my method, thinking it may be of some benefit to others when similarly situated. I made five small canvas bags, each containing about three pints of paint-oil, and placed them in the following positions—namely, one on the weather-taffrail, one abaft the main-rigging, one abaft the fore-rigging, one at the weather cat-head, and one at the flying jib-boom end. Each of these was securely attached to twelve or fifteen fathoms of line, and put aloft; the result being more than satisfactory. The schooner at the time was under a balance-reefed mainsail, all the other canvas stowed. Instead of anticipating a heavy sea, every moment sufficient to smash in our deck, we were able to ride tranquilly in water comparatively smooth without shipping a bucketful; nor was it necessary to keep all hands on deck during the remainder of the storm. The quantity of oil mentioned above is sufficient to last for forty-eight hours.—Wm. CHAMPION, JUN.'

[With such testimony to the properties of oil in allaying broken water, and thus perchance saving the ship from being swamped, we would again seriously call the attention of owners of vessels and of captains to the all-important subject. Hung over the sides, or over the bow or stern of a ship or boat, and allowed to wash alongside, a few bladders of oil pricked by a knife or needle will effectually prevent the 'crest of the wave' from breaking, thus permitting the craft to outride the storm in comparative safety.—Ed.]

#### A REMARKABLE ROGUE.

IN the struggle for existence among those who have lapsed into the ranks of idle and vagabond mendicancy, the expedients fallen upon to secure the means of prolonging their wretched lives or gratifying their depraved appetites are really wonderful, and might, if collected together, form no uninteresting picture of human life. In general, these expedients are of a more or less disreputable and knavish character; in some cases, however, it is impossible not to recognise in them a certain vein of humour. For instance, two cronies were walking together along the streets of a Scottish town, somewhat early in the day. They were in truth in search of their morning dram, but were without the means wherewith to procure it. As they passed a newly opened public-house, therefore, one of them suddenly fell down on the pavement in a faint; whereupon his companion rushed into the convenient bar-room shouting for help. Of course brandy was quickly produced, and a glass poured out for the unconscious man. And now comes the humorous part of the story. As his comrade knelt in the act of administering the grateful cordial, he whispered the patient to leave a little in the glass for him. 'Ah, na,' said the now reviving man, after he had drained the glass to the last drop, 'ye can faint for yerseel.'

This is an illustration of the humorous side of the picture; but the story which the writer of this has now to tell cannot be said to contain any such attractive element. It is of a remarkable man whose acquaintance I made many years ago, one whose abilities and talents, had they been directed aright, might have placed him in a very different position from that in which I met him. In a little old-fashioned country-town, not a long

way from the Great City, I was assisting a highly respected medical practitioner. It was in the spring of 1866. At the close of a showery market-day, I happened to be in the surgery, and while there I received an urgent message to go immediately to attend to a man who had fallen down in the street in a fit. As might have been expected, the occurrence had occasioned some little disturbance, and quite a crowd of sympathisers, or those whom idle curiosity had attracted, had gathered round the unfortunate wretch. He had fallen just in front of a butcher's shop, next door to which was a public-house. The crowd parted to make way for me, and I was soon bending over the prostrate form of a man to all appearance absolutely unconscious.

I knew there were such beings as impostors, and that some of these were in the habit of feigning fits for the obvious purpose of exciting compassion, and in the hope of receiving some of that pecuniary assistance they were constantly in need of. I was therefore on my guard. The poor fellow had fallen on his side, with one arm under his head. He was a little, shrivelled-up old man, considerably over sixty years of age, as far as I could judge. He was breathing heavily and stertorously, drawing in the breath with a loud snort or snore, and blowing it out noisily, with lips and cheeks distended, whilst the saliva ran unchecked from his mouth. A glance sufficed to shew that the man was blind of the left eye. I then saw that this half of the body was smaller than its fellow. The left arm was withered and contorted, the hand being drawn in like an eagle's claw. The left leg was likewise wasted and contracted. There could not be the slightest doubt that the man was really paralysed. That he had had a fit at some time or other was evident, for his present condition was the outcome of one. Still I did not jump to a conclusion, but proceeded methodically with my examination. I shouted close to his ear and then shook him violently, but no sign of consciousness was displayed. I then lifted up the lid of the sound eye, and touched the sensitive eyeball—not too gently—with my finger. I did not get so much as an involuntary twitch of an eyelid in reply. I had felt his pulse before this, and found it quite natural on the healthy side. I now tested him further, by putting my thumb nail under his thumb nail, pressing with a good deal of force on to the quick—indeed I used about as much force as I was master of—but this also failed to elicit any sign of consciousness. I hope none of the readers of this will think me cruel in using these tests. If the man were an impostor, he would deserve any pain he felt; if not, he would not of course feel anything, or but little, as he would be quite, or well-nigh unconscious.

Whether he now thought he had done his duty, or whether he began to fear needles and pins, searing irons, or any other of the dreadful things doctors use, I am not able to say; but soon after the last experiment he began to shew signs of consciousness. He moved his limbs, opened his eye, and muttered something. Some one whose hearing was acute said he was asking for a drink. I directed some water to be given him. Some kind or sympathising soul—perhaps the butcher's wife—suggested brandy in it; but



this I would not permit, remarking aloud that most likely it was the very thing he was wishing for most. The clean, cool, *undisturbed* water was put to his lips; he was not sufficiently thirsty to swallow any of it, however, but let it run down his beard. When he had recovered, as I thought, sufficiently, I directed a police officer to take him away, and put him wherever he pleased. He took him to a licensed lodging-house, and paid for a night's lodging for the poor old cripple out of his own pocket. An hour or two later on in the evening, the officer returned to report that the patient was quite recovered; that he had left him sitting up among his fellow-lodgers, very happy, very contented, and completely at home.

The next day the good-natured constable came again, thinking that I should be interested in my patient, and related a history worthy of a much abler pen than mine. That truth is stranger than fiction, we often hear, but perhaps seldom realise. It is sometimes so strange that we cannot receive it as what it is, but must needs give it some other name, such as fancy, imagination, or the like, before we can give it acceptance. It is so in the present case; and although I am quite certain the story is substantially true, I scarcely expect it to be believed.

'That man is a regular impostor,' said my informant; 'he used to have fits when he was a child, and it is from them that he became paralysed.' It appears that he was born not very far from London, was respectably connected, and received a good education. At one time he was in the employ of a City poultryer, but was far too clever for his position, and was obliged to leave. For some years he was on the border land between respectability and its opposite, and gradually withdrew within the domain of the latter. Here he took up the occupation of tramping, and became a common vagabond. Being a very shrewd and intelligent man, he was not long in deciding to make use of his remarkable *natural gift*. Judging that his bodily conformation would aid him in deceiving were he to feign fits, he quickly formed his designs in accordance with this view, and forthwith began to put them into execution. I know not how he succeeded at first, but am able to certify that the one I witnessed was a marvel of acting.

Sometimes he was very successful, as once when he was walking with a companion, they spied a carriage and pair with a proper equipment of servants approaching. Says the cripple: 'I'll have a fit'; and at the proper moment dropped down in the middle of the roadway, struggling and foaming at the mouth. The driver ran to meet the carriage, to make known the catastrophe and to seek assistance. On reaching the spot, the horses were stopped; the occupants alighted, and with hearts completely melted at the sight that met their gaze, gave orders for the unfortunate being to be gently lifted into the carriage, and carefully driven to the nearest inn, whither they followed on foot. Here he was carefully looked after; the restoratives he relished so much were duly administered, and the good Samaritans on taking their departure, left behind them a further expression of their sympathy and concern, which alone would have richly paid the rogue for all his trouble. Encouraged by the success that

attended his efforts, he continued to persevere, and in the course of time became a well-known adept. As long as he could find new ground, he succeeded in earning a subsistence. Occasionally, however, his fame preceded him, and the payment he received for his trouble was of a kind different from what he had anticipated, as in the following instance. On one occasion he approached a farmhouse, and on noticing that he was observed by the farmer, began his part. On seeing him fall down, the farmer hastened towards him, when, perhaps from having seen him elsewhere, he recognised him, and without a word hurried off for a restorative. This on his return he proceeded to administer, and with a remarkably favourable effect. Instead of the usual and grateful brandy, he brought a horsewhip, and administered it so vigorously and skilfully, that the fit was cut short in the middle, and the patient restored to consciousness in an incredibly short space of time.

His masterpiece, however—and this was a piece of work through which he got himself into trouble—was wrought when he successfully palmed himself off as the husband of a woman who was the mother of a family. It appears that some ten or twelve years before this, the woman's husband had gone abroad for change of air—whether at his own expense or not, is not material to Australia. Nothing had been heard from him during the whole of this time, and it was supposed that he was dead; and the woman had managed by industrious hard work to maintain herself and family in decency. One fine morning, however, our hero, who had heard probably a good deal about her, but who at any rate knew that she had a husband who was missing and that she was able to keep one, and that he on his part had no objection to being kept, thought that now was the time to secure a comfortable home. Had he not been a homeless wanderer all his days? As the prisoner longs for liberty, and the lover for his mistress, had he not longed for the comforts of home-life? A little stratagem, and an untruth or two, and could he not become at once a husband and a father! The bait was too alluring, the temptation too strong. He laid his plans, and one day presented himself as her *long-lost husband*. Who can picture to himself her feelings as this revelation is made to her! At first she is quite staggered, and dumb; her heart ceases to beat, so powerful are her emotions. At last the powers of nature resume their empire, the blood rushes swiftly, and now, feeling the full force of what at its first inception was too stunning to be thoroughly understood, unbelief and indignation contend for the mastery. To her eyes, the being before her was as opposite as the poles to the man who was the father of her children.

'Begone, you impudent fellow! You my husband! you are no more like him than that donkey is! You!' she exclaims, as she surveys him, and both word and look express the uttermost contempt. 'You! My husband was a head taller than you, had good features, was a strong robust man. He was a *man*, not a wretched blind old crippled thing!'

The man bore all this in silence; not the least sign of anger or impatience did he betray. He knew his position and his victim, as the spider I have many times watched, sits quiet when its victim gets once entangled in the web, knowing



that he need be in no hurry; that if he will only give the fly time, it will soon exhaust itself, and that then he can skillfully throw a few more threads over the victim that will bind it immovable wing and foot; so he waited patiently, with a look more of sorrow than of any other emotion on his face.

At the proper time, he speaks. 'You don't know me?' he says. 'You won't acknowledge me? Well, I did not expect this! But I might have known, if I had thought of it. I am so much changed; I know I am. When I went away twelve years ago, I was as you say, a fine tall man, and now I am only a miserable wreck. I had not been out in Australia long before I had a fit that deprived me of the use of my side and destroyed one eye. I was ill for months, and no one thought I could get better, and when at last I was discharged from hospital, all this side was withered and dead, and this eye was stuck out like what it is now; and besides that, I was four inches shorter than before the illness. My hair also went quite gray. You may believe my story or not; but I can prove that I am your husband. I know very well that you do not like the prospect of having a useless cripple on your hands; and indeed it is only this that has made me put off my coming for so long.'

Of course I cannot go into all the details of the conversation, nor mention all the little incidents that he reminded her of, and that she supposed not a soul knew but herself or her husband. Suffice it to say, that he reminded her of so many, and brought forward such strong proofs, that at last she declared 'he must be either Dick or the Evil One.' But as the rascal's ill-fortune would have it, just as he was beginning to think himself secure, the village constable turned up in search of him, and the pretender at once fell into the strong clutches of the law, and spent the next two years in prison.

I think I have said enough of this rogue to shew that he was no common character, and that, not improbably, had he chosen a different walk in life, he might have risen to eminence and honour.

#### HOW ARTIFICIAL PEARLS ARE MADE.

MANY persons have no doubt been frequently struck with the great beauty of artificial or imitation pearls. Those who make it their business to produce such articles of ornamentation have attained to a high degree of perfection in their art; so much so that in 1862, at the London Exhibition, a Frenchman who was an adept at their manufacture, exhibited a row of large real and imitation pearls alternately; and without close inspection, we are assured it would have been impossible even for a judge to have selected the real from the unreal. Some translations from French and German works on this manufacture have recently been communicated to *Land and Water*, and from these it appears that the art of making imitation pearls is ascribed to one Jacquin, a chaplet and rosary manufacturer at Passy, who lived about 1680. Noticing that the water after cleaning some white-fish (*Leuciscus alburnus*), a species of dace, was of a silvery appearance, he gradually collected the sediment, and with this substance—to which he gave the name of *essence d'orient*—and with a thin glue made of parchment, he lined the glass beads of which he framed his rosaries, and afterwards filled them

with wax. The method of making the round bead is by heating one end—which has first been closed—of a glass tube, which then, when blown into two or three times, expands into a globular form. The workman then separates the bead, places the end which has been heated on a wire, and heats the other end. This process is called bordering or edging. The best pearls are made in the same way, the holes of the tubes being gradually reduced by heat to the size of those of the real pearls, the workman taking each bead on inserted wire, and, by continually turning them round in the flame of the lamp used, they become so true as to be strung as evenly as the Oriental pearls. The process of colouring the pearl is commenced by lining the interior of the ball with a delicate layer of perfectly limpid and colourless parchment glue; and before it is quite dry, the essence of orient is introduced by means of a slender glass blowpipe. It is then allowed to dry; the pearl is filled with wax, and, if intended for a necklace, is pierced through the wax with a red-hot needle. The essence of orient, as it is called, is the chief ingredient in the manufacture of the pearl. It is a very valuable substance, and is obtained from the fish above named by rubbing them rather roughly in a basin of pure water, so as to remove the scales; the whole is then strained through a linen cloth, and left for several days to settle, when the water is drawn off. The sediment forms the essence referred to. It requires from seventeen to eighteen thousand fish to obtain about a pound of this substance! Besides the French imitation pearls, as those above described are called, there are the Roman pearls, which are made of wax, covered with a kind of pearly lustre. But these do not look so well as the French pearls; while, in a heated room, they are apt to soften and stick to the skin. A very extensive trade is now done in the manufacture and sale of French artificial pearls.

#### THE CHILD AND THE FAIRY.

'O say, little Thumbikin, where do you dwell?'—  
'Sometimes on the mountain; sometimes in the dell;  
Sometimes on the heath, and sometimes in the corn;  
Sometimes in the chamber where babies are born.  
Now lither, now thither; the hall or the cell;  
But where it is moonlight—I best love to dwell.'

'O say, little Thumbikin, what do you eat?'—  
'The purest of honey yields me the best meat;  
I suck from the cups of the choicest of flowers;  
I rob the wild bee when he's laboured for hours.  
A mushroom my table, and dew for my wine,  
What mortal can equal my feast when I dine?'

'O say, little Thumbikin, what's your employ?'—  
'I soothe little babies when pain makes them cry;  
I bring pleasant dreams to their fancy in sleep.  
I romp with good boys, and I run and I leap.  
Sometimes as a hare or a pony I'm seen;  
Sometimes as a housemaid I sweep the floor clean.'

I punish the naughty; the idle ones scare;  
And love to see goodness abound everywhere.  
And you, little worldling, who ask me these things,  
If you're good, will possess all that goodness still bring  
For goodness will ever bear with it a charm;  
And Thumbikin never does good children harm.'

J. I

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## SWELLDOM.

In the progress of wasteful extravagance within the last quarter of a century, or so, there has crept in a fashion, among what are called the 'respectable classes,' of burying deceased relatives in highly polished and richly ornamented oak coffins. In some cases the deceased are in the first place inclosed in coffins of lead or zinc, with the glittering yellow coffin of oak over all. These practices are of course considered to be very stylish. They are costly—something out of the common. The deceased, so treated, are sent to their long rest in a guise which distinguishes them from the vulgar herd. By being buried in long-enduring oak with burnished brass mountings, they are, by way of compliment, sent to rot in state, and to be preserved as long as possible from mingling with the dust which is their mortal and proper destiny. We notice these novel usages, as marking an inconceivably contemptible piece of 'swelldom,' which should if possible be knocked on the head before it is too late.

We should be the last to find fault with any simple burial ceremony designed as a token of respect and affection for deceased relatives; but protest against any practice, new or old, which has for its object the undue preservation in mortal shape of bodies consigned to the tomb. It is one of man's privileges to be allowed, after death, to dissolve without undue delay into the dust of which his frame is composed. Attempts, however well meant, to protract the natural progress of decay, are a violation of our original inheritance, and at best, in every instance, are abortive and ridiculous. It does not seem to be known that by the best processes of embalming in modern times, the bodies, though preserved in outline, are in the course of a hundred to two hundred years found in that offensive condition which the persons so treated would have indignantly scorned as insulting to their memory. What has been the ultimate fate of the Egyptian mummies stored with care in rocky vaults and pyramids on the banks of the Nile? They have in those later times been dragged from

their recesses and ground into powder, as an article of commerce to be exported to Europe. The cereal crops of England are partly produced from the mummified remains of human beings who walked about the streets of Thebes 'three thousand years ago.' The bodies of venerable Thebans—swells in their time—laid to rest in fond anticipation of securing a kind of mortal immortality, sold at so much a ton to fertilise the exhausted soil of an island in the German Ocean! That is what the ancient Egyptians have got by all their skill in protracting the dissolution of mortal remains. Their marvellous preparations have ended in a favourably quoted—manure!

English extravagances in the way of sepulture have years ago been outdone by the rich and whimsical in the United States, where, to all appearance, there is an effort to return in a small way to embalming processes, with some additional stylishness to exalt the character of the deceased. England, in fact, has in this department of art been completely outdone. A London high-class funeral with its polished oak coffin and other accessories—all thought to be very fine—is, as the saying is, not fit to hold the candle to the tip-top funeral ceremony which is now esteemed to be fashionable, and the right thing as regards expense, in New York and some other American cities. To give one a notion of the advanced views that prevail, and are sedulously cultivated on the subject, it is necessary to premise that, in the United States, the term 'coffin' is in a great measure laid aside, as low, and suggestive of unpleasant ideas. The term adopted for what we in England usually call a coffin is 'a casket.' Only an inferior class of beings are buried in coffins. All persons of note, or whose relatives aspire to be fashionable, are buried in caskets. A casket is a superbly constructed box of oak or satin wood, richly ornamented, it may be, by silver mountings, lined with silk, and partly glazed like a small conservatory, so as to exhibit the deceased in a state of elegant repose inside. The ordinary shape of a coffin, wider at one part than another, is dismissed. A

casket is of uniform width throughout. The lid is for the most part highly ornamented, as if the leading idea was to do away with all notions of mortal dissolution. Mr So-and-so, as seen through the glass, seems to be asleep. Dressed and smartened up for inspection, he is reclining at his ease with his head on a satin pillow. Take a good look of him, and see how handsomely he is prepared for the tomb. As all alterations on old usages are thought to be tokens of advancement, this costly and elegant method of retiring underground may be called the latest touch of civilisation. The English have not yet got that length, but they are getting on. As a beginning, they have reached the stage of caskets without windows. If let alone, Swellidom will do the rest.

It may be readily imagined that the development of the grand but very absurd funeral system in the United States has been due to something more than an idle fancy. As far as we can judge, it depends largely on 'shop.' The business of an undertaker is pushed to extremes by means of capital and effrontery that is scarcely conceivable in England. The trade becomes a learned profession, involving a certain knowledge of anatomy, as well as proficiency in various matters of taste, to which we may add a good deal of audacity. According to English notions, an undertaker is not at all an intrusive personage; he puts on a long face, looks as sorrowful as may be, and goes about his duties stealthily, as if afraid to make a noise. To run up a bill, he mainly depends on the funeral cortège—a hearse decorated with nodding black plumes, attendants with batons and silk scarfs, and perhaps a lid of feathers. Usually, a hundred pounds will cover all expenses. The undertaker's office is probably in some back street, and is not by any means ostentatious. Two or three miniature coffin-lids and coats of arms hung modestly in the window, alone make up the show. Although our undertakers are alleged to be not unacquainted with the art of fleecing, they certainly do not demonstrate any particular reliance on shop.

Quite the reverse in America. We there find that the undertaking business has a monthly periodical, now of several years' standing, devoted to its interests. Well printed, illustrated with wood-engravings, *The Casket*, as it is called, consists of hints and instructions concerning different departments of the craft, accompanied by likenesses of a number of undertakers, moustached, with unexceptional neckties, and who, in a spirit of adulation, are designated 'the Monarchs of the Road.' *The Casket* also comprehends advertisements from the great houses and the inventors of embalming processes, recommending their drugs. We are afforded a notice of a first-rate New York establishment five stories in height, tastefully laid out with 'goods' to suit the demands of rich and weeping relatives, and with means for executing orders at any hour night or day. Like a public hospital with medical men and nurses in charge

to receive and assuage cases of bodily ailment, the undertaking establishment has a force at hand ready for any emergency. All you have to do is to say how you want a body treated; and under a Director-general, a number of assistants are prepared to take the matter in hand according to the best rules of art. In short, when any one dies—supposing him or her to belong to Swellidom—here are the artists to truss and do up the body, just as a cook would prepare a fowl for table.

The directions given do not afford pleasant reading. One feels that the instructions how to clean, bathe, and empty a body, and to trim it for the ornamental casket in which it is to lie in state, are revolting to ordinary conceptions of what is due to the loved being who has just passed away. One does not readily fall in with the idea of plunging the deceased into a bath of salts of alumina, and cramming it with a liquid called the Egyptian Embalmer, which advertisers declare to be a never-failing preservative. But there is a rival liquid, strongly insisted on for its wonderful qualities, styled the Antiseptic Embalming Fluid. 'It preserves the body without destroying the identity of the features; removes discolorations, and restores the skin to its natural colour; and by chemically changing the fluids of the body, it prevents the formation of gases, and acts as a preservative in all kinds of weather, without the use of ice.' We do not see it stated that any of the fashionable embalming processes go the length of preserving bodies for an illimitable series of years, as was the aim of the Egyptian mummifiers. All that is seemingly intended is to give the deceased a life-like appearance for a few weeks, or months at the utmost; during which interval, stretched out in its casket, it may be said to hold a ceremonial reception for crowds of those who in a genteel way wish to pay it a farewell visit.

Our readers will have in recollection the magnificent public funeral given to the great Merchant Prince, the late Alexander T. Stewart of New York. For weeks previously, the body was laid out in state in an evening dress, with white necktie, and pearl buttons on the snowy shirt-bosom, the deadly pallor of the cheeks being skillfully touched up with a little rouge. In the case of deceased ladies, the style of preparation for the tomb sometimes excels in costliness and splendour. It appears to be not uncommon to spend from five to ten thousand dollars on these ceremonials. As a specimen of this monstrous wastefulness and folly, we present the following from a newspaper in the state of New York. 'Miss Ransom, the deceased, was laid out in white rep silk, elegantly trimmed with white satin and very fine point lace. The skirt was draped with smilax and lilies of the valley. The casket was made to order by the Stein Manufacturing Company, of Rochester, of their celebrated Princess style. It was covered with the most delicate shade of blue silk velvet, with corners and mouldings tufted

with white satin. The inside was trimmed with white satin and with very heavy sewing silk and bullion fringe. The handles were long bars covered with sewing silk. It opened at full length, the inside of the lid being tufted with white satin. Miss Ransom looked very natural, more as if asleep than dead. There was a splendid display of flowers sent as tokens of sympathy from her many friends. All the stands containing the flowers were covered with white, giving a general appearance of purity.

Looking to the sense of decorum generally prevalent in England in cases of domestic affliction, we cannot imagine the possibility of usages so outrageous being introduced among us, or at most of gaining a footing in the country. No one, however, knows what follies will be attempted by the heartless and ambitious rich, who, regardless of decency, try to cut a dash for the admiration of Swellodom. The introduction of polished oak caskets may only be the commencement of the extravagances that disfigure the funeral customs in certain parts of the United States. On this account, the foregoing remarks, acting as a gentle warning, may not be thrown away.

W. C.

#### THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

##### CHAPTER V.—THE DOCTOR'S PLANS.

How slowly, yet with what a calm, delicious sense of soothing peace, the hours went by in that tranquil, stately Hospital of St John of Jerusalem, for Bertram Oakley, convalescent patient! It is almost necessary to have been young and ill, and under no private care or loving guardianship, but in the camp infirmary, the roomy sick-bay of a big ship, or some huge stone-built barrack on a far foreign shore, quite to appreciate the luxury of sheer quiet, of being let alone, while the exhausted forces of life build themselves up again by easy stages. It was very pleasant to Bertram to lie there, under the lofty roof-tree of the Knights Hospitallers departed, and to dream day-dreams, and keep indolent watch over trifles, and cherish a languid interest in the regular routine of the place, where the most important event was the visit of the good-natured physician, who seemed already to him to be the best friend he had ever known.

At first, and for good while after he had rounded the dark reef on which so many strife and sink on the perilous voyage between death and life, Bertram's brain worked very slowly, as we might conceive the brains of zoophytes—should improved microscopes one day prove to us that they have any brains—to work. He felt, in a sluggish, contented way, as a plant feels the grateful sunshine and the refreshing rain; but genuine thought, the real process of logical ratiocination, was so distinct and cruel an effort, that Bertram Oakley shrank from it, as plants shrink from the blasting breath of the sirocco. Had he been compelled to think, so it seemed to him, he must die. But presently, as convalescence went on, it became pleasant to muse, in the strange, impersonal way in which sick men's fancies work, on subjects with which his own narrow interests were in nowise concerned—on scraps of poetry,

fragments of legend, bits of history, or early memories revived by the sobering touch of illness; and next came the period when a book was a treat to be devoured; and then the patient began to look wistfully about him, and to feel that the confinement and monotony of the Hospital chafed his restored energies, and to long vaguely to be up and doing.

Then it was that Dr Denham disclosed his plan for Bertram's benefit. 'You are better, my lad,' he said one day on his rounds; 'really better now. The first time that I said so—you remember, Bertram, eh?'

'I do, sir,' answered the stripling, a quick brightness in his eyes; 'I am not likely to forget it. It was an epoch in my life.'

'Well, I told the truth,' said the doctor kindly. 'But it is truer now. You have passed several milestones since, on the rough upward road that leads to health, and can bear a surprise. No; you are not "quite well," my young friend, as I hear you trying to tell me; but at any rate you are fit for conversation, if not as yet for the bangs and buffets of the great outdoor world. Now, Bertram Oakley, you see before you a whimsical man.—Yes, you may stare; but you do.'

'I should never have thought it of you, dear doctor,' said Bertram, with a smiling lip and glistening eye.

'Ah, but I am, though,' retorted Dr Denham sturdily. 'One of my whims has always been that I never liked to see a thing, or a man, put to wrong work—a razor to cut blocks, as the proverb has it. And the long and the short of it is, Bertram, my lad, that you were not fit for your late trade, that you were too good for it, too clever, too aspiring. I don't want to make you vain, heaven knows, boy, for a coxcomb is a pitiful creature; still, I think you can do better, for yourself and for the world at large, in another field of action than Barbridge's factory here at Blackston. I have seen your old master, and—being a just man, though he regrets his best boy-worker—he thinks as I do on the subject.' Here the doctor, who had been speaking excitedly, for him at least, who was generally so cool, paused to take breath; and Bertram, the faint colour fluttering in his cheek, eyed him wonderingly and in mute expectation. 'Come, I won't keep you on the tenter-hooks,' said Dr Denham, after a short pause; 'and indeed, to beat about the bush is not very natural to me. I suspect, Bertram, that if you had your wish as to a calling in life, you would like to be a civil engineer—mines, bridges, railways, canals, big iron ships, and the rest of it,' explained the doctor, warming a little with his subject. 'I scarcely know such another career, my boy, in the world of to-day—the world that we call so old, and that grows so fast, moving with giant's strides, though whither—Never mind that! Have I guessed right?'

'About my wish, my preference, my longing—indeed you have, sir. But how?' began Bertram, with boyish eagerness, but then came to an awkward check. To a frank young nature, shy with the sensitiveness that goes with quick perceptions and a receptive mind, it seems all but impossible to crave a helping hand, or to anticipate an offer of aid that has not been put into definite shape.

'I shall be the good fairy this time,' answered the doctor, looking kindly down at his patient. 'You see, my young friend, that strokes of good-luck, like misfortunes, seldom come alone, and that I wish you, for whom I have come to feel a sincere regard, to profit by one that has been blown my way. It will be no secret here soon that St John's—much as I shall miss the old place—will have a new physician, and that I shall exchange my Blackston practice for a lucrative one in London. To bring this about, with the help of my dear brother—whom you will presently see, Bertram, by-the-by, and learn to like—I have spent many an anxious hour, and have resolved to wrench myself away from old habits and surroundings, and from a place which I had taught myself to regard as my home. Yes, I shall be sorry—to—to say good-bye to St John's here.' And for a moment the doctor's voice grew husky and his eyes dim as it rested on the familiar trees of the Knights' ancient garden, the deep bays of the windows, and the solemn calm of the grand old building; but then he roused himself and said cheerfully: 'I at my time of life, as well as you, lad, am going to London to seek my fortune. You would like to see London, Bertram?'

A flush rose to Bertram's pallid cheek, and his large eyes brightened. London! Something magical there must have been in the name of the great city, to stir the pulses thus, as Bertram Oakley's were stirred by its mere mention.

The doctor laughed rather sadly. 'You have read the voracious history of Richard Whittington, I know, young friend,' he said in his kind patient way; 'but do not take too rose-coloured a view of what awaits you! The streets of our Cockney Babylon are no more paved with gold than the real Whittington found them to be when Edward III. was a young king. Alas! there is more mud than gold, and enviable are the aspirants who succeed in converting the first into the last. No, my boy; it is no El Dorado that lies before you, but an arena of fierce competition, in which I sincerely hope that honest industry and quick mother-wit will enable you among others, after some probation, to come to the front. I have misjudged you, Bertram, if you would not rather be in the truest sense of the word the founder of your own fortunes, than be merely one of the so-called lucky ones of this world, on whom, without merit or exertion of their own, a golden rain has fallen.'

'You read my heart, sir, as though it were a book laid open before you,' said Bertram, reddening again. 'I would wish to be useful in the world, if I could, and to make a name for myself, if it were fairly won. But as for fortune'—He hesitated here; and the kindly physician laid his hand lightly upon his wrist.

'As for fortune,' said Dr Denham, completing the unfinished sentence, 'you speak of it with the scorn natural to a generous young mind that has not yet learned how powerful an engine, for good or for evil, wealth is. With a wider experience, you will judge it differently. No; riches are not to be despised, any more than God's other gifts of health and strength, of sense and courage. But you do well not to make an idol of money at the first. We have worshippers enough of the Golden Calf, Bertram, without you.' Then the good doctor, after consulting his watch, for much of the day's work was yet to do, briefly explained to

Bertram Oakley his wish that the young patient should take up his residence under his own roof in Regent Square, during the week or two that would elapse previous to the departure of the Denham family from their old abode; and how it was his wish that the young convalescent should accompany them to London, where Dr Denham would undertake to provide for Bertram's admission as an articulated pupil into the office of a well-known firm of civil engineers.

'The premium—for to learn and work, and so make sure of constant work and wage and upward progress hereafter, costs ready cash at the beginning—will concern me, and so will your outfit and your maintenance—you are frugal to a fault, as I know—until you can earn a livelihood by your skilled toil. But, my boy, I hope the obligation will sit the lighter on you because it is a temporary one. I mean to lend you pecuniary help, not give it—I am not rich enough for that. Every shilling I advance for you I shall look to you to repay, when you can do it without pinching yourself—to me, if I live; to my daughters, if I am gone. So now we understand each other.'

Bertram grew red and pale by turns; then the tears started to his eyes, and he said hoarsely: 'You treat me nobly, sir! I—have not words to thank you, but'—And he caught the doctor's hand between his own emaciated fingers, and pressed it to his lips, and then broke down, sobbing.

'There, there!' exclaimed the doctor, hurriedly jerking out his watch for the second time; 'we won't talk any more just now. I am behind-hand with my visits, and my poor friends will look reproachfully at me. Keep still, dear boy, and try to sleep now. To-morrow, I shall manage as I said.'

And on the next night, Bertram's wondering head rested beneath the doctor's hospitable roof.

## CONCERNING REPORTING.

UPWARDS of two hundred and twenty answers to one advertisement for an Assistant Reporter! Such was the recent experience of an editor who, in the columns of the *Daily News*, made known his desire for additional assistance on his reporting staff. This is not only a singular, but a lamentable state of affairs, as the fact is thereby disclosed that there are, at the most moderate computation, hundreds of young men eager to find an opportunity of crossing the threshold of a profession which would seem to be increasingly regarded as a haven of refuge for the discontented and incompetent in well-nigh every other rank and calling. Every newspaper proprietor and editor with an experience dating back some fifteen or twenty years, knows well, and probably to his cost, that matters in this direction are very different now as compared with his earlier days; and there are not wanting those who lay the entire blame, in connection with this altered state of things, upon the popularity which the phonetic system of shorthand writing has attained.

No person who knows anything about the subject will for one moment deny that the rapid spread of a knowledge of phonographic shorthand has a great deal to do with the evil complained of; but a very little reflection is sufficient



to shew that it would be unfair to regard photography as the real and only source of this evil. The greater part, if not indeed the whole of the blame must be laid at the door of the popular fallacy that shorthand writing and reporting are synonymous terms—that having attained to proficiency in shorthand writing, the portals of an honourable, if not particularly lucrative profession are thrown open, and nothing remains but to enter in and take full possession. No young man can make a greater mistake than to suppose that because he has mastered the principles of photography, he is of necessity endowed with all the essential qualifications of a first-class reporter. It is time this false notion were exploded, so that the evil in question may in some degree be remedied. Lads yet at school; young men in their teens; men of maturer years, even if not of much riper judgment; and fond parents entertaining ambitious designs in reference to their peculiarly gifted sons—all these must have their minds disabused of the idea that by investing some few shillings in shorthand books, and giving for a few months an occasional spare hour to their study, one is thereby being fully qualified to take rank in the Fourth Estate of the realm. There is no such royal road to journalism; and it is because of the influx of large numbers who have acted upon this idea that the efficiency and character of the profession are in danger of being lowered, and its avenues blocked up by crowds of incompetent pretenders.

The saying that poets are born, not made, applies with equal force and truth to journalists. There are certain qualifications which it is absolutely necessary a reporter should possess, the nature of which would never be dreamed of by the inexperienced, and for which a mere proficiency in shorthand can never act as a substitute. It would be just as reasonable for a lad who had nearly mastered the rudiments of geometrical drawing, to consider himself competent to do all the work of an experienced Civil Engineer, as for any one to imagine that because he can 'take down' a sermon at the rate of ninety words a minute, and transcribe the same at the rate of a column in four hours, he is entitled to rank alongside men such as Thomas Allen Reed or Archibald Forbes. A note-taker such a one may in time become; but a note-taker and a reporter are two very different personages. A man may even be able to take every word of a long and eloquent speech, and furnish a transcript which for accuracy could not be surpassed; and yet be far removed from being a qualified journalist. There is as much difference between a mere shorthand writer and a capable reporter, as there is between a photographer and a portrait-painter. Indeed, this power to take down a speech *verbatim*—although every reporter should possess this power—is in actual work, perhaps, of all his accomplishments, the least often called into requisition. It is seldom indeed that a reporter finds himself called upon to follow a speaker from beginning to end, and to reproduce that speech word for word, relying upon mechanical skill rather than mental ability. In the prosecution of his work, this mechanical skill is simply the reporter's collecting agent, which he employs in getting together the raw material out of which to evolve form and symmetry. When a man listens to two hours' rapid speaking with the conscious-

ness that six columns of talk have to be reproduced in one column of print, it is then he realises the fact that mere mechanical skill forms but a very small, even though an essential, portion of a reporter's stock-in-trade. It is under such circumstances as these that scores of young men find to their cost, as well as to their chagrin, what a grand mistake they have made in supposing themselves duly qualified reporters on the strength of a fair proficiency in shorthand writing.

It must be borne in mind that there are certain faculties a reporter must necessarily possess, which, if not natural, can rarely, if ever, be acquired. They may be developed and improved, if present in some degree; but they can scarcely be imported where the germ itself is altogether wanting. He must possess the faculty of intuitively seizing upon the essential features of any occurrence which he may be intrusted to report, whether it be a single speech, an entire meeting, or some important public affair extending over days, or even weeks. It would never do for a reporter, either whilst an affair was in progress, or upon its termination, to be anxiously cogitating within himself as to what he should retain and what he should reject. All this must be settled by the faculty of which we are speaking, and which must attract, as to a focus, the really important points, grouping them in their proper order and within the necessary limits, without loss of time or any special effort being involved in the process. He must also have an intuitive perception of the relative value of words with all their shades of meaning, so that he may be able to employ just that particular word which shall convey to the reader the exact sense and meaning of the original. And with this latter faculty must be combined the gift of facile expression and natural and correct arrangement; for woe unto him if he be under the necessity of writing and rewriting before he can get his composition into something like proper form. A reporter, too, requires a well-balanced mind, a cool head, and an impartial judgment. We do not say a reporter should have no fixed principles, no private opinions of his own; but he must be careful not to allow these opinions to influence his reports. In his degree he should aspire to something like the impartiality of the judge, who, whilst on the bench, knows nothing of friend or foe, but decides simply upon the merits, and altogether apart from personal considerations.

A reporter also requires to be able to concentrate his thoughts upon his work in any circumstances. Whilst others around him are in a state of the wildest enthusiasm, he must be perfectly cool, and absorbed only in his work. An audience, after having been held spell-bound by some celebrated orator, may rise to its feet, and by vociferous cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, give relief to its feelings; but the reporter must meantime be careful that he loses not one word of that elaborately prepared and masterly peroration; or, if he seek relief, it must be in the stretching of his cramped fingers, and the re-pointing of his pencils in readiness for the next speaker. At the scene of some terrible catastrophe, others may indulge in symptoms of distress; but the reporter must be engaged in taking a survey of all the surroundings, and at the same time making himself acquainted with all the painful and



oftentimes sickening details. In times of political excitement and contest, the caution, prudence, and judgment of the reporter are frequently put to the severest tests; and it will be well for him in such times if he bear in mind the old maxim, to have long ears and a short tongue.

The reporter, so far as his position and duties call for it, should keep himself abreast of the times. He must be acquainted not only with the history of the past, but also with the occurrences of the present. In order to accomplish this, it is obvious that he must be conversant with current literature in its various forms. He must know generally what is appearing in the leading daily papers; the weekly religious, social, and miscellaneous publications; the monthly magazines; and the quarterly reviews. But if, in order to do this, he finds it necessary to seat himself comfortably in his arm-chair, take them up, and read every sentence in them, then he may as well give up the task at once; for frequently it will be impossible to do more than take a hasty glance at paper or magazine whilst journeying to some appointment, or between the cases in a police or county court. Consequently, he must possess the power of assimilation, and be able, if he expects to rise in his profession, to make himself acquainted in a comparatively short time with the merits of any subject he may be called to write upon. Of course, this means in many cases a good deal of superficiality; but all journalists must, from the exigencies of their situation, be more or less superficial.

These few remarks upon the reporting department of journalistic work, are not intended as a complete guide for those who aspire to do such work; they are penned chiefly with the view of undeceiving those who are led to imagine that they have nothing more to do than acquire a knowledge of shorthand in order to set up in life as reporters. We must not be understood as saying a single word against the general acquisition of shorthand; for we would be amongst the foremost in recommending that the study of phonography should be regarded as one of the branches of an English education. Any man, no matter what his occupation may be, would be better with than without a knowledge of this art; and those who have already acquired such knowledge, may congratulate themselves upon the possession of an accomplishment which many of our busiest and greatest men would give half a fortune to have acquired in early life. At the same time, it is well that those who desire to make a professional use of this knowledge as reporters, should be reminded that other qualifications are necessary besides shorthand for the efficient discharge of a reporter's duties.

Appropos to the subject of the present article, and as also useful for the information and instruction it conveys—while at the same time affording an excellent specimen of condensed and intelligent reporting—we take from the *Scotsman* of December 20, 1880, the following report of a lecture delivered in Edinburgh by Professor Annandale on 'What to do in Emergencies'—that is, as regards accidents, wounds, &c.

The lecturer said he had worked professionally among them for twenty years, and he had learned to know that they were always willing and desirous

to help their friends and neighbours in distress. It was in the hope of assisting them to help their friends and neighbours that he offered some practical hints in connection with accidents and emergencies. As accidents might occur at any time, he wished to impress upon them the fact that the better care they took of their general health the better they would recover from their injuries. Cases of serious injury and operations came constantly under his notice, and when he ascertained that his patient had been temperate in his habits and careful of his health, he felt some of his anxiety removed. In connection with the treatment of wounds, the lecturer first explained and illustrated the Listerian antiseptic method, and spoke of the importance of covering a recently made wound as soon as possible, and applying to it some germ-killing solution or dressing, such as carbolic or boric acid. When an accident occurred, they should try (1) to keep their wits about them, for they were more likely thereby to be of use to the sufferer; (2) to ascertain if there was any bleeding, and at once check it; (3) to lay the patient on his or her back, or in the position felt to be most comfortable. In most cases the patient should be placed in a horizontal position; but if the breathing was affected, the sitting or partially sitting position was the best; (4) any clothes which might be tight or causing discomfort should be loosened; (5) no stimulants should be given unless the patient remained in a very faint condition for more than half an hour, and after that time they should only be administered in small quantities; (6) should the patient feel cold the body should be covered with blankets or other wraps; they should apply heated bricks or some warm application, unless bleeding was continuing seriously.

Insisting on the importance of all persons being carried to their home or to a hospital as carefully as possible, the learned Professor shewed how, in the absence of other form of stretcher, one might be made with a great-coat—the sleeves being turned inside out, and the poles passed through them and the outside pockets. It being often well to keep the clothes or wraps from pressing on the injured part, he further shewed how a "cradle" might be made of the half-hoops of a barrel, a piece of tin wire, or even with an old hat-box. In all injuries to the head, chest, or belly, it was recommended that care should be taken to keep the patient quiet until medical aid was obtained. External bleeding was often very alarming to a non-professional person, but with rare exceptions all kinds of bleeding were easily stayed. When bleeding took place from the external surface of the limbs from any cause, they should (1) try direct pressure upon the bleeding point, and keep the limb raised above the level of the body. This pressure might be made with one or more fingers, or with a compress of cotton waste, a sponge, handkerchief, or any soft substance; (2) should this fail, a ligature of cloth, rope, strong twine, or india-rubber cord should be applied as tightly as possible round the limb, immediately above the bleeding point; a medical man should be sent for at once, or the patient taken to a hospital; (3) if the bleeding was from an external wound on the trunk of the body, they should employ direct pressure over the bleeding point; (4) if the bleeding

was coming from the interior of the nose or other cavity, let them apply cold water or ice over the bleeding part, or near it, and keep the patient perfectly quiet on his or her back; (5) when the bleeding was coming from a diseased surface or ulcer, and direct pressure did not stay it, the compress should be soaked in a strong solution of alum, or in "steel drops." Should the wound from which the blood was coming be large and gaping, they might stuff firmly into it a compress of some soft material large enough to fill the cavity. In any case of bleeding, the patient might become weak or might faint; but unless the blood was flowing actively, the sign was not necessarily a serious one, and the quiet condition of the circulation during the faint often assisted nature in staying the bleeding by allowing the blood to clot, and to block up any wound in a blood-vessel.

'The treatment of various kinds of wounds, of bruises, and sprains, was next dealt with. When a bone was broken or dislocated, careful handling of the injured person was of great importance. They judged that a fracture had taken place by the distortion, pain, and too great mobility of the part; and in a dislocation the part was distorted and fixed in some unnatural position. A fracture should be treated (1) by carefully removing any of the clothes which were compressing or hurting the injured part; (2) by very gently replacing the bones in their natural shape, or as nearly so as possible, and by putting the part in a position which gave most ease to the patient; (3) by applying some temporary splint or appliance which would keep the broken bones from moving about and tearing the flesh. For that purpose they might use pieces of wood, stick, tin, paste-board, wire, straw, firmly-folded cloth or newspapers, taking care to pad the splint with some soft material, and not to apply them too tightly to the parts. Should medical advice not be procurable for some hours, they should examine the loops and see that they were not too tight, as rapid swelling of the part might cause them to become injuriously tight very quickly. The bandaging of injured limbs and other methods of treatment spoken of by the Professor were practically illustrated by two of the Professor's assistants, who operated upon a stalwart young tradesman who willingly put himself into their hands for the occasion.

'Burns and scalds were next referred to, the rules laid down for their temporary treatment being—(1) remove as soon as possible any burnt or heated clothing, or other substance which may be in contact with the body; (2) if the burn or scald be slight, wrap the part in dry cotton-wadding; (3) if the burn or scald be extensive, apply cotton-wadding to the whole surface, and if there is much pain, soak the wadding in carron oil, or sweet or linseed oil. Among the other topics touched on were the lodgment of foreign bodies in the eye, ear, nose, and throat; the treatment of drowning, strangulation, and poisoning; of fainting, fits, and sudden illness; of ruptures, varicose veins, and ulcers of the legs; and hints were given to parents on the prevention of deformities of the legs and joint-diseases in their children. The learned Professor said he should like to see some hall or gymnasium established, where, under proper superintendence, our girls and young women would

have regular and proper exercise so as to develop their figures, strengthen their bones and muscles, improve their health, and fit them more thoroughly in the future for the important duties which, as wives and mothers, they might be called upon to fulfil.'

## A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

### CHAPTER III.—LINES IN THE CHAIN.

It was about five months before I returned to Liverpool. In the meanwhile, I had had no reply from Fairy. Though somewhat disappointed at this, and anxious, I comforted myself by the thought that had she decided against me, she certainly would not have left me in suspense; and I argued, that if not refused at once, I should be accepted in the end. On arriving in Liverpool, however, I found a batch of letters awaiting me, several being from the Pearsons; and of these I took the one that had the latest postmark, and opened it. It was from Fairy. How I read that letter to the end I cannot tell. The words danced and swam before my eyes. I seemed as if in a dream. I read the same sentence over and over again, and could not gather its meaning. The one thing I knew as I laid it down, was that she was engaged to be married to Robert Stockdale, and had written to tell me, and to ask me to be present at her wedding. Now, I am not going to attempt to describe what I felt. I could not do it, and would not if I could. And it must be remembered that the story I am telling is about others rather than myself. It is necessary, however, for me to say what I learned from the letters I received from Fairy and Mrs Pearson. It was this: That, in the first place, they had received no letter from me for many months, so that my last letter must have miscarried. Again, that though neither Fairy nor Mrs Pearson had mentioned it, Robert Stockdale had for a considerable time been paying attentions to my cousin; that about five months ago he had proposed to her, and had been accepted, and ever since had been most anxious to have the ceremony performed; and would have carried his point, but for a severe and protracted illness from which Mrs Pearson had but just recovered. Not hearing from me for so long, they had written to the firm to ask where I was, and had been informed that I was expected shortly in Liverpool; and so the letter which I had opened first had been written.

I wrote as soon as I was able—that very evening, I think—to Mrs Pearson, and told her the truth; but I could not go to see Fairy married to Stockdale, and I had no reason but the true one to give. And I left it to my aunt to tell her as much or as little as she thought fit. And then, with a prayer that my darling Fairy might meet with as true and faithful a love as mine would have been, I bid her and my aunt farewell.

Now, there is one thing which I must say here; and it is, that I do not and never did blame Fairy. I am glad to have it now to say that never—not even in my darkest moments—did I think evil of her, or let the shadow of a doubt disfigure Fairy's image in my heart. I felt certain that whatever the explanation of her conduct might be, she had not intended to deceive me with false hopes. Over and over again the idea would suggest itself that my first letter must have miscarried,

The last had done so. But then how account for that lock of hair sent in answer to it? And I would take out the locket, to assure myself again and again that it was indeed Fairy's hair. The explanation was simple enough, when time afterwards revealed it; but many a weary wakeful night did I spend trying to discover it. An explanation I knew there must be, for Fairy could not be to blame.

Nor—let it be remembered as I tell what I shall have to tell of Stockdale—is Fairy to be censured for accepting such a man as her husband. The peculiarity of my cousin's disposition must be borne in mind. Her sweet pure heart never dreamed of evil; and her imagination, like a magic wand, made all she loved beautiful and good. She carried with her into womanhood that happy power, which she possessed as a child, of making kings and heroes out of the poorest materials. She was indeed mistaken; and alas! met with one whom her love was incapable of elevating.

The weeks and months passed by after my disappointment as they did before it. I heard occasionally from my aunt. At first too, I received letters from Fairy. After a while, she ceased to write, and only sent me verbal messages through Mrs Pearson; and so the time wore on.

It was about two years after the marriage, that an event occurred which led to my revisiting Rathminster. I had returned with the *Petrel* to Liverpool, and had taken up my quarters as usual in the *Neptune*, a quiet little hotel in a quiet little court off Dale Street. You might walk up and down that busy street all your life, and never discover the court, to say nothing of the hotel. It was an old-fashioned inn, furnished and conducted in the old way, where you were always recognised, greeted as a friend, and your tastes and ways remembered. There was no fuss or overcrowding inside the place; no rattle of carriages or tramp of passengers or cry of newsboys before its doors. I feel inclined to describe at length the place which was for many years my home, if such a wanderer as I can be said to have had a home—the room always considered mine—which was bedroom and sitting-room in one—with its low ceiling, its massive mahogany furniture, its pair of comfortable old-fashioned arm-chairs, one on each side of the broad fireplace, its table covered with books, for I was fond of reading, and the quaint old oak cabinet full of drawers, in which these books and other articles used to remain stowed away during my absence. But I must hurry on. It was on the evening of the second or third day after my return that, as I entered the hotel, the waiter handed me a letter. 'It came, sir,' he said, 'a day or two before you arrived, and was put aside; and so we forgot to give it to you.'

I was somewhat angry at this neglect, and more so when I read the contents of the letter; and I gave strict orders that for the future my letters should be placed in a certain drawer in the oak cabinet I have spoken of.

The letter in question was from Fairy. It was to tell me that her mother was seriously ill, and to beg of me to come to Rathminster at once. I could not refuse, nor did I wish to do so. I knew by this time that I should have to carry with me through life the sorrow that had come upon me,

and that I should have to endure it. But I had no other relations in the world; and I was longing to see Fairy again—my little sister—as I had now taught myself to think of her. Mrs Pearson too had been as a mother to me; she was in danger, and not a moment should be lost in going to see her; so, early the next morning, I set out for Rathminster.

I arrived at my aunt's house not a hour too soon. She was still alive, but sinking rapidly. I was taken at once to her room by Stockdale, who told me that she seemed very anxious to see me, and had asked several times that morning whether I had come. Fairy was in the sickroom, and met me at the door. For a few moments the pleasure she felt at seeing me was reflected in her face; she seemed almost unchanged since I had seen her last. But as the momentary brightness passed away, I could not help noticing that she was pale, and that there was resting on her countenance a look, not so much of temporary grief, I thought, as of settled melancholy.

Mrs Pearson opened her eyes as I came to the bedside, and I perceived that she knew me perfectly. After looking at me for a few moments, she seemed anxious to speak, and made one or two unsuccessful efforts to do so. At last—Stockdale and his wife were standing beside me at the time—she made another attempt, and in a very low voice said: 'Tom, watch over my girl.' I forget what answer I gave at the moment; but she did not seem satisfied, and we heard her say: 'Kneel down, and promise.' Fairy was weeping bitterly, and did not speak. I was about to say something, when Stockdale exclaimed hastily: 'Oh, Mrs Pearson, Rivers has found that such a promise is needless. I'll take good care of her, you know.' But she only said again: 'Promise!' and I knelt down and did as she wished. She seemed satisfied, and closed her eyes. That word 'Promise!' was the last she ever spoke. She was buried in the old churchyard of which I have spoken, just outside the town.

Whatever aversion I had to Stockdale, I had never noticed up to this any sign of dislike on his part towards me, but rather the reverse. Now, however, though we had not met for many years, and I had certainly done nothing to displease him, I could not help perceiving that his manner towards me was cold and distant, and that he seemed anxious to avoid me as much as possible. And when, a few hours after my arrival, he was taking poor Fairy for the last time from the house that had been her home, he said to me: 'Well, Rivers, I am sorry that under the circumstances I cannot ask you to the Cottage; but you surely won't go away without coming to say good-bye to us?'

Hearing this, I made up my mind to leave Rathminster as soon after the funeral as I could, unless indeed Fairy should wish me to remain; for I was beginning to fear that she had made an unhappy marriage, and that Stockdale was unkind to her. I was quite unable, it is true, to imagine how I could be of any use to her, were such the case. Still, she had written for me to come; and then there was the promise which Mrs Pearson had required me to make. What could be the meaning of it? Fairy certainly seemed the reverse of happy; but had that been all, her mother's illness and death were enough to account for it. But I thought there was, over and above all this,

something unusual in my cousin's manner—a kind of timidity and restraint, as if she were afraid of her husband. Well, I should make an effort, I thought, to find out the truth. I should have a talk with Fairy before I left. My promise to her mother, it seemed to me, required at least so much as this. And then, while I was turning the matter over in my mind, one thing suddenly struck me as singular. I mean the expression used by Stockdale: 'Rivers has found that it is needless to make such a promise.' I remembered the words perfectly, and now wondered that their strangeness had not occurred to me before. If he had merely said that such a promise on my part would be useless or unnecessary, that would have been natural enough—but 'Rivers has found.' Now, why should he have said that? If he had ever heard of that childish agreement which Fairy and I had made, that might explain it; but how could that be? Fairy certainly would not have told him of it; probably she had forgotten the circumstance. I do not think that even as children we had ever spoken of our promise after the evening we made it by the Holy Well. It was a passing fancy of my little cousin's—a childish whim which, even had she ever remembered it, she would never have thought of relating. Yet that expression of Stockdale's was very strange: 'Rivers has found.' The more I thought of it, the more unaccountable it seemed. How could he have known that I ever had made any promise of the kind?

All at once it flashed across my mind that in the letter in which I had asked Fairy to be my wife, and which she had never received, I had spoken of that old compact that there was between us, and said that I trusted she would give me the right to be indeed her protector—or something to that effect. How that letter had miscarried, I had never heard, nor indeed inquired. Now, the suspicion forced itself upon me that Stockdale had seen that letter. The words he had spoken had fallen from him in an unguarded moment, and I felt sure that he had unconsciously betrayed himself. Then too, I remembered that, by my aunt's account, the time of Stockdale's proposal and his sudden anxiety to hasten the marriage just tallied with the time at which my letter should have been received. Yes, I understood it now, that I interpreted my letter; he had read it; he had kept it from my cousin, and had urged his own suit with eagerness. And he had succeeded. He had done me a wrong greater, it seemed to me, than if he had robbed me of life itself, for he had not taken from me all life's hope and happiness!

I shall not describe the dark and bitter feelings that then filled my soul. I thank heaven that they have long since passed away entirely; I thank heaven above all that my arm was never raised to inflict punishment for the injury that was done me, great as it was; for I have seen enough to make me ever remember who it is that has said, 'Vengeance is Mine.'

#### CHAPTER IV.—MORE LINKS.

Though I had no doubt but that Stockdale had intercepted my letter, yet I was determined, if possible, to place the matter beyond question. At first, I thought of making inquiries at

the post-office as to who had received the letters from the office; for in those days, in Rathminster at least, letters were not delivered at the houses, but lay in the post-office till called for. On consideration, I abandoned this idea, because I thought it unlikely that the postmaster could recollect what happened two years before sufficiently well to enable him to give me any information on such a point; and I was unwilling, moreover, to give occasion for any gossip on the subject. And it would be best on the whole to find out what I could in the first place from Fairy. I should have to see my cousin at anyrate; for I could not leave Rathminster without knowing, if possible, why Mrs Pearson had exacted that promise from me. But Stockdale's coldness towards me—while it confirmed my suspicion that he had seen my letter, and so regarded me in the light of a lover of Fairy's—made it difficult for me to have an opportunity of speaking to her. Some days had already passed since the funeral, and I had heard nothing from the Stockdales; nor had I seen them or been invited to visit them. I did not wish to write to Fairy, and I could not well ask to have a private interview with her; and in paying a formal visit, it was not likely that I should have an opportunity of making such inquiries as I wished; indeed, it was evidently Stockdale's intention to keep me at a distance.

At length, as no other course seemed open to me, I determined to walk out to the Cottage, in hopes that accident perhaps might afford me the opportunity I desired. That afternoon, therefore, I did so; and on reaching the churchyard, I passed through it, and followed the pathway across the fields. I had not gone more than a hundred yards along it, when I saw my cousin a little in advance of me, walking slowly homewards. A few rapid steps brought me to her side. 'O Fairy,' I said as we shook hands, 'I am glad I happened to find you. I was just on my way to the Cottage. Where have you been? To Rathminster?'

'No, Tom,' she said; 'I have been to the churchyard to see my mother's grave;' and she burst into tears. We walked on in silence for some time, until she had recovered her composure; and then looking up into my face, she said: 'O Tom, I am very glad we happened to meet; for there is one thing I wish to say to you. I don't like to speak to Robert about it; but I should like to be buried, Tom, when I die, beside mother.' She spoke quite calmly; but her extreme paleness, and a strange expression which I had never seen in her face before, alarmed me; and I exclaimed: 'Why, Fairy, tell me, are you ill? Is there anything the matter with you?'

'O no,' she replied; 'nothing. But I know that I shan't live long, and I could not speak to Robert about it—it would vex him so. Another thing,' she continued, 'that I wished to say to you is, that you must not think me changed towards you, or that I am forgetting my dear old friend. O Tom, don't think harshly of me, or forget me, whatever happens. Pray, don't, for you are now my dearest, my only friend. But what I mean to say is'—Here she hesitated a little. Then she continued: 'The fact is, Tom, that Robert, somehow, does not like you as he should. But he does not know you as I do. And you must not be hard upon him. It is some unaccountable prejudice of his; but I thought it best to tell

you, as I feared you might wonder at his manner towards you, and at my not writing, or asking you to our house?

'Well,' I replied, 'I am sorry he has taken a dislike to me. I am sure I have never given him any ground for it. At any rate, it will have no effect upon my feelings for you. But tell me, Fairy, is he very kind to you?'

I was angry with myself the moment I had asked this question, for the blood rushed into my cousin's cheeks, and I observed that her lips quivered.

'Tom,' she said, 'you have no right to'—Then she stopped abruptly, and covered her face with her hands; and I could see that she was weeping.

'Fairy,' I cried, 'forgive me; and don't be vexed. You must think of me as your brother now. I feel as if you were my sister, and you cannot wonder that I am anxious to hear that you are happy.'

She then said, as she grew quite calm again: 'Oh, I am not angry, Tom; and I forgot. After the promise you made my mother, you have a right to take care of me. But don't think, pray, don't think for a moment that Robert does not love me. Indeed, he does. He's very fond of me. And you know,' she added, as she gave a little laugh—very sad, it sounded to me—'one must give up some of one's own way when one marries. I have promised, you must know, Mr Rivers, to obey.'

'Well, Fairy, will you allow me to ask another question?'

'Yes, Tom, I shan't be so foolish again.'

'Can you tell me then,' I said, 'what made your mother so anxious that I should make that promise?'

'Oh, I don't know,' she replied. 'At least, I fancy it may be that she thought me sometimes unhappy. You see, I used always to be so merry and childish; but that goes off, you know, when one grows older and is married. And Robert is sometimes low-spirited, and things put him out; and I suppose I can't help being vexed when matters go wrong with him. If you ever marry, Tom, and so justify the report we heard, you will find that you will have then more than your own troubles to bear. And I, you know, had never anything to grieve me all my life. I do think my only trials were parting from you when you went to sea; and so, except on that account or for some childish annoyance, mamma never saw me grieved in any way; and I suppose she thought me changed, as perhaps I am a little. That must have been her reason.—But remember,' she persisted, looking up into my face as she laid her hand upon my arm—'remember always, Robert is very very fond of me!'

We spoke no more on this subject; Fairy seemed to wish to avoid it. And I had heard enough. I knew now that my cousin's married life was not, and would not be a happy life. She had not said that her husband was *kind* to her; she had been unable to say that. 'Alas, alas!' I thought, 'what will become of my darling Fairy, linked to one who can treat her harshly?'

I felt, however, that there was still another matter on which I was anxious to be informed; so I spoke to Fairy of myself and what had happened to me since we met, of the letters I had

received from home, and those I had written. And then I took occasion to ask her how she got my letters, whether she went to the post-office herself, or who brought them. And then she told me with a shy little smile, that ever since that morning on which I had left Rathminster, Robert Stockdale used to call, when at home, at the office, and bring her any letters that might be for her. 'Though they were few enough, and hardly ever one from you, Tom,' she added. She was glad I thought, to have this little instance of her husband's attentiveness, to tell me. Poor Fairy! But I remembered that Stockdale was familiar with my handwriting, and that my initials stood out clearly on the seal. And I now knew for certain what had become of my lost letter.

'And perhaps you have forgotten a letter which had a primrose inside it. Did he bring you that one?' I inquired.

'O yes, Tom,' she said; 'it was the first one he brought me. I remember it very well, and your dreadful leap. As you did not name your reward, I thought a lock of my hair would be quite recompense enough for so rash an act.'

'Why, Fairy, did I ask for nothing? Was there nothing in the letter but the primrose?'

'Nothing,' she answered. 'I remember quite well. You merely said in a postscript that you inclosed the flower.'

'And from whom did you hear that I was going to be married?' I asked.

'Oh, Robert heard it ever so long ago in Liverpool; and we wondered that you never mentioned it to us. But tell me, was it not true?'

'No, Fairy,' I exclaimed; 'it was a lie. But never mind; it makes no difference now. I understand how the report arose.'

It was clear as daylight now what had happened. Stockdale had withheld my private letter to Fairy. The flower he had not removed, because it was only mentioned in the postscript, and he did not understand its import; and I had been totally misled by poor Fairy's gift. I could not tell Fairy the baseness of her husband; and it required all my power of self-restraint to conceal my emotion. I changed the subject; and we walked on slowly, saying little until we reached a little wood through which the pathway led. We were now close to the Cottage; and I, having no inclination to meet Stockdale, determined to bid Fairy good-bye and return to the town.

'Promise me,' I said, 'that you will certainly write if ever you should require my help.'

'O yes, Tom,' she steadily answered; 'I promise.'

I was not satisfied. I had taken her hand to bid her farewell, and still held it in mine. I feared that she might need my assistance and yet not ask for it. 'Promise,' I said, 'that you will write at any time that you feel in your heart your dear mother would have wished that you should. Promise that, Fairy, and I shall be content.'

What her answer might have been, I do not know; for at that moment Stockdale dashed out from among the trees close to us, his face distorted with rage. 'So,' he cried, addressing his wife, and almost unable to speak with excitement, 'this is the way you go to see your mother's grave! Oh, I understood your deceit from the first! Did not I tell you, you were to have nothing more to do with this person? And yet you at once make



an appointment with him. Over him I have no authority; he may do as he pleases, so as he does not interfere with me and mine. But once for all, my wife shall obey me, or it will be worse for her!'

Fairy remained wonderfully calm through this outburst on the part of her husband. I could see she was vexed that I was witness of it; but she bore it so patiently herself, that I felt sure it was of no uncommon occurrence.

When Stockdale had finished speaking, she said very quietly: 'You are quite mistaken, Robert. You know I wanted you to come with me, and you would not. And Tom overtook me quite accidentally as I was returning.' Then fearing, I think, that if she remained, her husband might display yet further his harshness towards herself and the cruel jealousy of his temper, she turned to me, and said: 'Good-bye, Tom.' One touch of her gentle hand, one kind look from those dark-gray eyes—the last—and my darling cousin had gone. And Stockdale and I remained upon the path.

He was the first to speak. 'Rivers,' he said, 'you have heard what I have said to my wife. Perhaps you think me wrong—perhaps you think me unjust. I don't mean to discuss the matter with you. But one thing you must understand is, that I won't endure—no, not for a moment—any interference of yours in my concerns. And it's as well that I should have this opportunity of asking you what you meant by that promise you made Mrs Pearson?'

I found some difficulty in replying to him. I had scarcely understood his question, filled as my mind was with the thought of his treachery towards myself, and his cruelty to one whom I loved better than my life, and who, but for his business, it might have been my happiness to cherish and protect. As I hesitated, he continued, in his rough overbearing manner: 'Come, it is better that we should understand one another. What did you mean by that promise?'

'Well,' I replied, 'I have no objection to answer you. What I meant by that promise was this: that I should consider Annie as my sister, and that I should act a brother's part by her whenever she should stand in need of it.'

'Brother! sister!' exclaimed Stockdale with a sneer. 'It's but lately you thought of such a relationship. I know more about the matter than you imagine.'

'Stockdale,' I replied, 'in one thing you are right, and it's better, as you said, that we should clearly understand one another. I understand you, what you mean, and what you are. And now you shall understand me. You think I have for my cousin a love greater than a brother's for his sister. Perhaps that is true. When we were children together, and I was her constant companion, and when to please her used to be my chief delight, I loved her with more than a brother's love, and every year that has passed over our heads since was added to the strength of my affection. In childhood, in boyhood, I loved her as only one who had known her so long and so well could. And when I became a man, then it was the dearest hope of my life that one day I might be able to ask her to become my wife. It was this hope that made separation from her tolerable; it was this hope that nerved me to work as few have done; it was this hope that

enabled me to win the position which I now hold; and then, after years of patience and of toil, when the time came that I had a right to ask her to be my wife, and I wrote to her—for I could not come to see her—you basely stole my letter!—Yes,' I said, for his lips moved as if he was going to speak; 'I know it all, and it's useless for you to deny it—you basely read and kept back more than one letter of mine to her. It is you who have robbed me of my hope, and made life for me a ruin! I know what your love for her is—a feeling unworthy of that holy name—for I have heard you speak to her. Learn now what my love for her is. When I can see the man before me who has spoken to her as you have spoken, and has done me the injury that you have done, and yet leave him unpunished, it is because I love her.—And now, mark me, Stockdale!' I continued. 'You wished to know the meaning of my promise to Mrs Pearson. Well, I believe you treat my cousin cruelly. If so, let me warn you of this, that her love for you is your protection—keep that protection if you can; for take my solemn warning that if you lose it, I shall fulfil my promise to her mother in a way that only one you have so injured can!'

Stockdale made no reply. He stood before me pale and motionless, and I turned to leave him. As I did so, he asked me in a low voice whether I intended to come and see his wife. I answered: 'No; not unless she asks me to do so.'

'That,' I heard him say, 'she will never do while she lives.'

And we parted. I had nothing to keep me in Rathminster—my staying there could do no good, would only increase the unreasoning jealousy of Stockdale, and make Fairy's life more miserable; so I returned to England.

#### STORY OF QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

THERE may be some Englishmen, or even Englishwomen, who are not yet acquainted with the life and history of the great and noble Queen Louise of Prussia, mother of the present Emperor of Germany William I., and wife of King Frederick-William III. Therefore, when I heard of the celebration of the unveiling of the 'Louisen-monument' in the Tiergarten of Berlin, on the 10th of March 1890, I thought a slight sketch of her life, illustrated with a few of those touching little stories which keep her memory green in the hearts of her Prussian subjects, might perhaps be acceptable to English readers.

Louise, queen of Prussia, was born in Hanover on the 10th of March 1776. She was the daughter of Prince Karl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and of Princess Frederika Caroline Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt. Whilst but nine years of age, she suffered, in the death of her mother, the greatest misfortune that can befall a child. Her life had thus a sad beginning. Her father removed from town into a quiet country-place called Herrenhausen, and here Louise enjoyed for over two years a quiet and peaceful country-life. But soon her father discovered that the fond care and attention of a mother was necessary in his large family of children; and he resolved to marry their aunt, Princess Charlotte, sister of his first wife, which marriage took place in 1784. This occurrence brought our little Princess Louise from her



tranquil asylum of Herrenhausen, she having then removed along with her father and second mother to Hanover.

Louise was again doomed to sorrow and misfortune; for in little more than a year after the marriage, her second mother was also taken from her, again making her father's house the house of mourning. He therefore left Hanover once more with his family, in order to place them under the care of their grandmother, the Landgravine of Hesse-Darmstadt. Here the education of the little Princess Louise was intrusted to a Swiss lady, Mademoiselle de Gilieu, who proved herself at once a devoted teacher and kind friend to the motherless child. It was with this lady that Louise wandered about from cottage to cottage of the poor, appearing like a little angel in the abodes of sorrow and sickness. These few years passed with very few interruptions in her quiet studious life. When she was thirteen years old, one of her sisters was married to Prince Karl Alexander of Thurn and Taxis, and this event was the means of drawing Louise into a gayer sphere. Louise and her sister Frederika were invited by their new relatives to witness the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II. in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on which occasion she formed an intimacy with the mother of the great German poet Goethe, in whose house she and her sister spent many a happy hour.

It is related by a lady who was acquainted with Goethe's mother, that on one occasion the young Princesses were out in the yard amusing themselves, as other children would, by pumping water out of the well. Madame their attendant, a lady to whom etiquette was law, was engaged in conversation with Goethe's mother when this sport began. At length noticing how the two children were engaged, and that both were highly delighted with their occupation, she sprang up aghast, intending to call them in. Mrs Goethe tried to persuade her not to disturb them in their innocent amusement, especially as it could not do them any harm. But persuasion was of no avail. Madame thought it quite contrary to all dignity that Princesses should have their little skirts tucked up, and be thus pumping water like little peasants. She was bent upon calling them in; Mrs Goethe was equally bent upon leaving them alone. She would not have the children interfered with in their harmless amusement. Telling Madame, therefore, to make herself comfortable, she ran to the door and locked it, leaving Madame prisoner on the other side. 'I was so sorry for the poor children,' she said afterwards, in describing what happened; 'and would rather have taken any consequences on myself, than let them be interfered with in the few little games which they only could play at my house; and I was very glad to hear them say on leaving, that they had never amused themselves so much before.'

The French Revolution having thrown its brand of discord into Rhineland, Louise, with her grandmother and her sister Frederika, was obliged to leave Frankfort and go to Hildburghausen, where her eldest sister was the wife of the ruling Duke Frederick. Here she remained till the recapture of Frankfort from the French in December 1793; from which city, which had now become the headquarters of German attack, the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt wrote to Louise's grandmother, asking her to return with her grandchildren from Hild-

burghausen by way of Frankfort, at which place they were to be introduced to their high relative the king of Prussia, whose mother and Louise's mother were first-cousins. Louise therefore, with her sister Frederika, and accompanied by their grandmother, came to Frankfort, where, at the very first meeting, she won the heart of the Crown-Prince of Prussia. 'That is the one, or no one else on earth,' said he to himself. Her sister Frederika at the same time found a lover in Prince Ludwig, brother of the Crown-Prince; and ten months afterwards, two weddings took place, the one uniting Louise and the Crown-Prince, the other Frederika and Ludwig—an event which caused great joy throughout entire Germany. A story indicative of the Princess Louise's kindly nature, is told in connection with the marriage. A triumphal arch had been built in front of the Emperor William's palace; and forty young maidens, all the daughters of Berlin citizens, dressed in white, were in attendance to welcome the young Princess. A very pretty girl was chosen to hand a poem to the Princess Louise, welcoming her with a few appropriate verses. Louise, charmed with the sweetness of the little reciter, and yielding to the impulse of a free, unaffected, and loving nature, stooped down and warmly embraced and kissed the child.

Louise, whose grace and beauty had already taken the hearts of her future subjects by storm, became now the very pattern of a true and noble woman, an affectionate and devoted wife. She often regretted that her education had been so much more French than German. Such was a whim of the time. France at that period gave the tone to manners and education, German literature being only in its infancy, and the German language itself entirely neglected by the upper classes. It is well known, for instance, that Frederick the Great could not speak his own mother-tongue correctly. Louise therefore most zealously set about to remedy her deficiencies in this respect by persevering study, at the same time assisting and encouraging those scholars who had imposed it as a duty on themselves to banish all Gallicisms, and to elevate the standard of their own neglected literature. Especially did Louise's heart rebel against the rigid court etiquette, also a product of France, which then prevailed. She desired to act in her own free and natural way, and that others should have the same liberty. With a heart tender and impulsive, she disliked such excess of etiquette as interfered with her methods of doing good, and with her modest but happy family and country life.

Her first step towards a reformation of German customs was, that she and her husband should address each other without those formalities which had hitherto been enacted by the etiquette of the court. She also set aside the custom of the court that the illustrious spouse should only enter the private apartments of his wife after being first announced by the Mistress of the Ceremonies; asking whether it would please Her Royal Highness to grant His Royal Highness an interview. It was now the rule that Frederick-William saw Louise whenever he pleased, without any ceremony of announcement. These innovations in court manners and customs were not, however, effected without many remonstrances on the part of those who saw in such changes the end of all dignity, as

they conceived dignity to be. The Mistress of Ceremonies, for instance, was greatly perplexed when the Prince gave up the formality of being introduced by her to his wife's apartments, and spoke earnestly with His Highness on the subject, explaining to him the serious consequences that must ensue from so bad an example. His Highness listened respectfully, and seemed to take the matter in earnest, saying with a smile: 'Very well, Madame; I will follow your kind advice. Have the goodness, then, to go to her Royal Highness the Crown-Princess of Prussia and say, her humble husband would be greatly pleased if her Royal Highness would most graciously vouchsafe him an audience.'

Madame's face beamed with joy—she had at last saved the honour of the court—and she sailed majestically away to convey to her Royal Highness this high-toned message. But—could it be possible? On entering the room, she found his Royal Highness had got there before her, and was sitting side by side with Louise on a couch, his arm lovingly encircling her waist! He burst out laughing. Madame stood aghast, unable to speak.

'Well, dear Madame,' said the Prince, 'you now know that my Louise and I can always see each other whenever we please, and this without giving anybody trouble. You are a very good woman, and a very good Mistress of Ceremonies; but it is only fair and Christian-like that a man should be able to see his wife whenever he likes.'

Thus Louise came to be the prime restorer of some good old German customs which in course of time had been displaced by French manners—more refined possibly, but less natural and sincere.

Louise was in all respects a good and devoted wife, domesticated and economical in her habits, and a shining example to her sex. Besides, Nature had endowed her with much grace and beauty. She was tall and well formed; with a sweet and noble face, large blue eyes, and a head of lovely golden curls, that were simply combed back. She wanted no artificial adornment to make her look a queen. Her state robes, necessary to one in her position, seemed a burden to her; and when she returned from such court festivities as obliged her to appear in courtly apparel, she did not feel happy and at home until she had taken them off, and was again in her usual elegant yet simple attire, her favourite summer costume of white muslin. At home in a little family circle, surrounded by a few old friends, then Louise felt happy once more, and there Frederick-William felt again in possession of his pearl. Well might he have exclaimed, when finding themselves *tête-à-tête*: 'Now Louise, I am happy; now I know you are my wife.'

'But am I not always your wife?' said she.

'No,' he replied; 'you must too often be the Crown-Princess.'

Many a time they would be seen walking arm in arm Unter den Linden, or promenading in the Thiergarten, taking a lively interest in all that passed around them; now and then stopping and talking to some poor old man or woman, inquiring into their circumstances, rendering help if needed; and at all events leaving a pleasant remembrance behind them. But the happiest time of Frederick-William and his beloved Louise was spent at Paretz, a village about ten miles from Potsdam. There they enjoyed the blessings of a peaceful

country-life, and, as was most pleasing to the Prince, the rest and independence of a private gentleman. No luxury was found in this little Eden. All and everything was country-like, even to the very furniture. The Prince had this little retreat built specially for himself, because the beautiful and luxurious castle of Oranienburg, which the king presented to Louise on her first birthday as Crown-Princess of Prussia, was found too large and unhome-like to please the young couple, and the neighbourhood too noisy. When the little castle of Paretz was to be built, the Prince expressed distinctly the desire that all should be constructed and arranged as if it were only for a farmer. He was happy as the Squire of Paretz, and Louise as the Lady or Lady-Queen of Paretz, as the peasants sometimes called her. In the midst of happy country-folks, the royal couple were the most happy. At harvest-time Louise took part in her villagers' rural amusements. Once, it is related, her royal husband had promised them a ball for the next harvest-home. It was to take place just in front of the castle. Villagers in their own way are very fond of grandeur, and no doubt this harvest-home to which the noble Squire and his Lady had invited them was the subject of many plans and deliberations. In the evening, the promised ball came off, and was opened by the Squire-Prince and the Lady-Princess. The delighted villagers, young and old, followed suit of their beloved master. The first dance being over, it was the Lady's turn to dance, according to old German custom, with the head male servant; whilst the Squire had to choose the head maid-servant for his partner; and what was thus the custom, the Prince and Princess made their duty.

Here let us tell a little story which pictures Louise as an amiable hostess, mindful of the comforts of her guests. One of her frequent visitors, a special friend of her husband, was an old General, called Kückritz. This old soldier, after having dined with his royal friends, always manifested at a certain time a peculiar nervousness and restlessness, as if wishing to depart; whilst at other hours of the day he was only too glad to stay and have a friendly chat. But after dinner he always shewed this great anxiety to get home. Louise was puzzled at the old man's strange behaviour, and resolved to find out the cause. She made inquiries of his steward, who after a few questions explained that the old General had indulged for so many years in the habit of smoking a long pipe after dinner, that now he could not possibly do without it. The next time the old General came to dine, he exhibited after the repast the same nervous restlessness, and rose to 'take leave.' Whereupon Louise rose too, and said: 'Wait a little, General; I want to shew you something.' She went into the next room. On her return, she held a long pipe already filled, in one hand, and a burning wax-light and a 'spill,' in the other. Handing the pipe to the astonished old man, and lighting the spill, she said: 'There, my old General; make yourself comfortable; this time you shall not desert us.'

But those happy days of quiet 'living for each other' soon came to a close. On the 16th November 1797, the king died; and with the crown, the responsibilities, sorrows, and anxieties

of a monarch devolved upon Louise's husband, King Frederick-William III. The young king and queen took up their residence at Berlin, choosing for their abode not the King's, but the less luxurious Crown-Prince's Palace. The financial circumstances of Prussia being rather weak, the king and queen wisely refrained from extravagances. Moreover, Louise's great pleasure was to do good and make sad faces bright, often spending so much out of her own pin-money, that she had not enough left for her moderate personal needs. Her husband at one time becoming anxious on this account, gently remonstrated with her about this too extensive liberality. 'How hard it is,' said she, 'to hear of want and misery and not be able to give help.' He kissed her, and filled her purse.

As Louise was a liberal donor to all public benevolent undertakings and institutions, so she also sheaved a willing heart to help and encourage private individuals who wanted her notice. Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, and many others experienced this. But not to the great and accomplished alone was Louise the protecting genius; any one in trouble she was ever ready to help.

By-and-by, Napoleon's ambitious projects drew Germany into war, and state affairs began to monopolise the attention of the king and queen. Louise was at this time in very delicate health, partly caused through the loss of her youngest child, partly from the threatening advent of political disturbances. The king himself was deeply occupied with state affairs. The queen was absent for the sake of her health at the baths of Pyrmont, when the king resolved upon war and prepared for the outbreak. Anxious about her recovery, he had kept this step a secret from her until she returned to Charlottenburg, where he himself informed her of his preparations. When Louise heard of the declaration of war, she approved of it with heart and soul, as it was for a cause in which the honour of the king her husband and of his subjects was involved. As she always used to accompany the king at reviews and manoeuvres, so she was now his faithful companion during the war. She had shared with him the enjoyments of their happy days, and she was now willing to share with him the troubles, sorrows, and privations of darker times. This unhappy war, however, broke both the health and the heart of Louise. After the Peace of Tilsit, she returned to Berlin, but was no more the same. Her eyes, so full of life and spirit in her happy days, were now dim with weeping, and her cheeks were pale. She received a sad but still a joyful reception, and was once more made aware how much her people loved her. 'Nothing,' she wrote about this time, 'will dazzle me any more; my kingdom is not of this world.'

As if in presentiment of her early death, she devoted herself with redoubled care to the mental development of her children. 'Justice, faith, love,' was the legend on her favourite seal; and her motto was, 'God is my trust.' 'I do not complain,' she one time said, 'that the days of my life were cast in this unhappy epoch. Perhaps my existence gave life to children who may one day contribute to the welfare of mankind.' In a letter to her father, she says: 'Time and circumstances educate and form the character of man.

It may be good for our children that they experienced the dark phases of life in their youthful days. Had they grown up in abundance and comfort, they might have thought it perhaps all a matter of course.' 'Our William' [the present Emperor of Germany] 'will,' she wrote to her father, 'if I am not very mistaken, be entirely like his father, simple, upright, and sensible. Even in his appearance, he bears the greatest resemblance, only he will not be so handsome. You see, my dear father, I am still in love with my husband.'

She was not much longer to be spared to them. Whilst on a visit to her father, whom she had not seen for some years, she was taken ill. The king at the same time lay sick in bed in Charlottenburg, struck down with fever. As soon as he felt able to travel he rejoined his beloved Louise, but only in time to see her die, to close those eyes which were the light of his life. When the king arrived, Louise expressed her gratification at seeing him, and inquired with whom he came. 'Fritz and William,' said the king, and as he spoke he could not restrain his tears. 'I will go and fetch them,' he said, and left the room.

'Am I then so very ill?' Louise inquired of her sister Frederika. 'The king seems to bid me farewell. Oh, tell him,' said she, 'tell him he must not do so, or else I shall die on the spot.'

The king re-entered, leading the two Princes. They knelt down before their mother's bed; but another attack of cramp in the chest seized her. Some beef-tea was brought in for her, which the king endeavoured to persuade her to take. She could not; she was too weak. Once more he lost all composure, and left the room. 'Do,' said Louise to Frederika, 'drink it yourself; it will grieve him so to see that I could not take it.'

Dr Heim had followed the king, to inform him that the queen was near her end.

'Oh,' exclaimed the king, 'I am an unhappy man; if she were not mine, she would live; but since she is my wife, I must lose her!'

On re-entering, he found Louise struggling for breath.

'Air! air!' she gasped. 'Lord, make it short for me!' and sank back.

And so died this amiable and charming woman on the 19th of July 1810, at the early age of thirty-four.

#### THE UGLY DUCKLING THEORY.

ALL, of course, are well acquainted with the old story of the Ugly Duckling, which, flouted by its more gainly brothers and sisters, passed through a series of unpleasant adventures to emerge at length a graceful and majestic swan. Great, I don't hesitate to aver, was the chagrin of its former tormentors. The truth therein contained is one that comes home more strikingly to us just as we are entering the struggle of life, and are first trying the temper of the weapons with which the experience of older warriors has furnished us. Never, when rubbing shoulders with the unprosperous, to forget that success may await them in the future, is a golden rule, and one that I as a young man have of late had frequent cause to resolve to keep most strictly. It is not for

me to moralise, but to sketch a few instances in which I have, to my sorrow, played the Ugly Duckling's brother. I think it was Talleyrand who favoured the theory that no change in the national affairs was impossible or to be despaired of. That, I now feel, should be applied to all men's private fortunes; that is the way in which all of us who aspire to be men of the world, should regard the present status of brother men with whom we come in contact in daily life. With the prosperous, of course, the proper line of steering comes naturally to us, and should we err on the side of politeness, little or no harm is done. With the unprosperous, it is different; at the outset, we are apt to forget the future possibilities that lie in the way of those on whom, through peculiar circumstances, we may be led to look with feelings of superiority, and whom we are tempted to treat accordingly. So hear the words of a youthful philosopher, whose eyes are just being opened to the mistakes he has made in a short life, and who is naturally prone to give its full importance to the lesson he has learned.

There was firstly—this is a very strong case, and causes me great pain even now—there was Louty Larpent, who was at school with me some eight years ago. He was a Scotchman, and big and awkward, and that accounted for the alliterative nicknames by which we knew him. He was the biggest boy in the Lower School, above which he never rose save by the head and shoulders; and out of school, putting his easy good-nature aside, he had no virtues that we knew of. The name of Larpent was not written in the golden list of the Eleven or the Eight; he won no cups at the athletic sports; his hand was not cunning with the fives-bat or the racquet. Neither did the æsthetic clique who dressed neatly and read novels and had vague ideas of politics and furnished their rooms with brackets and pictures, own him as one of them. Positively, he had no virtues to earn our respect. Why, then, was Louty Larpent to be treated with anything but hauteur by the boys who divided among themselves these honourable distinctions? No reason appearing to the contrary to those select ones, Louty Larpent was treated with the disdain which in our eyes was his due. And verily this—I was one of them—had their reward. This inferior object disappeared from our sight.

We dispersed to various quarters, the above-mentioned select ones chiefly to the Varsity, where also we from time to time gathered that Larpent was leading an obscure career, unseen in our brilliant circles. In time, some of us came to London, and threw ourselves into professions with more or less zeal and ability. Now, it happened that at the last great levée at St James's, I with two others of the old school having, as was and is often the case, some time to spare, wandered in that direction to see the grandees arrive. A noble peer who, as a statesman, enjoyed our esteem, and was also popular with the multitude, shortly drove up in such state as befitted the occasion; and we all pressed round the carriage to get a good view of him. He walked in, leaning on the arm of his

private secretary, and the mob in their enthusiasm gave the latter a share in the ovation. We were swept close to them. Disentangling ourselves, we turned to one another with perplexed looks of inquiry. Our first thoughts were most certainly correct, odd as it seemed. It was Louty Larpent; Larpent, and no other, grown into a stalwart handsome man, dressed by a first-rate London tailor, success and confidence in every motion; the well-paid secretary and trusted friend of a Duke! Oh! how, when our surprise had subsided, we pined the Duke and the country, and wondered how he managed with such a doit at his elbow! And then we parted; and as we strolled our various ways, how we severally, like the snobs we were, blamed our own conceit, and wished we had shewn a little more fellow-feeling at school, and called at college a little more often on Louty Larpent—I beg his pardon—Augustus Larpent, Esq., of the Reform Club and Upperton Chambers, Jernyn Street. Yes; that was a very bad case—for us. I saw Larpent's name at the Duchess of Tiptop's dinner last evening. Ah!

Then there was Salter, who at school enjoyed a better position than Larpent, but yet was not quite admitted into the first circles. He was clever, and was also good in the playing-field; but some notion that he was of low birth, had found its way into and become fixed in the school mind, so that his many personal virtues were overlooked. It was not the thing to be too intimate with Salter. But when we went to the University, our goose rapidly became a swan. He had money, and as I have said, his own qualities were eminent, and of themselves sufficient to win his way anywhere. We who began by patronising him, ended by considering an invitation to his rooms as something to be mentioned in public. Who but Salter gave the best hot-breakfasts to the host of which he was himself the stroke, and was at the same time President of the Wine Club, and a member of the Athletic Committee! He took a fairly good degree, and was considered by the Dons as the most healthy specimen of the rich Undergraduate that had been seen at that College for some time. His name will there survive years after the men are forgotten who when they first came up to the Varsity, made a private man, not to have too much to do with that fellow Salter. The last I heard of him, he was yachting in the Mediterranean with some of the University Eight.

Again, it was at a country-house where they kept a pack of beagles, that I remember I met Muffleton. The house was full of girls, all wildly devoted to hare-hunting, &c.; and such men as were there were, with the exception of Muffleton, of one mind with them, men of muscle, whose talk was of leaping five-barred gates and running nine miles an hour across country. The place was entirely given up to sport, and nothing else was talked of. Muffleton, who knew nothing of the wiliness of the gentle hare, was completely 'out of it'; and in the evening, when the floor was cleared for a dance, none of his partners could do his step—the latest from Vienna, he asserted—and so they voted him a bad waltzer. The general verdict of all was that Muffleton was a failure, that there was nothing in him, and that he was a wet-blanket. Finally, this round man in a square hole was so much chafed, that he departed, and very little regret was even affected. A few

months later, the height of the London season: scene, Rotten Row, which we, who are new to town-life and have few acquaintances, find sufficiently dull. Suddenly in front of us, Muffleton, arrayed in the height of the fashion and attended by others of his kind. His hat is off half-a-dozen times before he reaches us, while every Bond Street loungeer owns him 'one of us' by nod or gesture. Instantly we acknowledge Muffleton's greatness. Now he is on his own ground, and we prepare to salute him warmly. We do so. How odd! Muffleton seems scarcely to recognise us, and barely returns our nod, so busy is he with his carriage acquaintances. Ah, we were very foolish not to make a point of conciliating a cock of such brilliant plumage, when he was on our dunghill. Such a small one as ours was too, we moralise, as the endless stream of people passes, and every face is the face of a stranger.

Then there was Jephson; his case was of the same kind. He came to visit some people in a small country-town where I was at that time staying; and the parsons and the lawyers and doctors refused to have anything to say to the young stranger, and even looked askance at his entertainers. True, they said, his father was enormously rich, and had a title of some sort, and was in parliament; and the young fellow himself was gentlemanly enough, and was reputed clever; but—he was a Jew. London people, they said, might overlook it; but it was there, and they would not. Short-sighted mortals! It was a bitter pill for Slowbridge when young Jephson appeared again a little later, this time as the guest of Lady Bridgeton, and they found that the county-folk were well inclined to be blind to his religion and his birth in view of certain countervailing circumstances. And, bitterest pill of all, his former host and hostess, though comparatively humble, were asked to dinner by Lady Bridgeton, and petted by the county magnates who knew not Slowbridge. And all in honour of Albert Jephson! The ancient race may feel quite sure of a warm if not sincere welcome in Lady Bridgeton's pocket borough, for the unlucky mistake has swept away that prejudice at least.

Who, again, would have expected old 'Auntie Patch,' as we used to call him, the butt of our set at school and college, to hold his own anywhere? He used to stammer, poor old man, and had over and above that, several curious though harmless tricks which had aroused alike our laughter and scorn. Then too he was given to more serious thoughts of religion than generally fall to boys; and yet the set among whom he was enabled to return my old careless contempt by very substantial support and countenance, was far from being a strait-laced one. I went as one of his staff to a very large army crammer in whose establishment moral, or in fact any discipline was by no means a strong point. I found it difficult to maintain even a position of equality surrounded by a set of pupils as old as myself or older, and possessed of more knowledge of the world. A more reckless set of fellows it has never been my lot to be amongst; they were, by all the efforts of our experienced head, hardly kept within the bounds of outward decency. Old Auntie Patch was curate of the parish, and in that capacity, though I do not know how, had won the thorough liking, ay, and the respect of

those four or five dozen reprobates who liked or respected little that was good. When they discovered that I had been a schoolfellow of Patch's, a friend too—so he was pleased to put it to them, for my benefit—I found my task lightened by one half. My position was already secured; and I was able to go through my time there with so much success, that I doubt not Patch's next friend would be received with no diminished honour. How he who had been despised as a mull by schoolboys and undergraduates, had gained such a hold over these youngsters, who were thoughtless, reckless, and unprincipled, was a mystery. But it was a fact also.

Then, how in the world was it that we thought so little of Redtapeson, when he was reading along with us in chambers? We were all idle enough, and consequently ignorant enough, but we all knew more than he did. Didn't we put ridiculous questions to him, the point of which he never saw, but would search his books for hours for what existed only in our mad brains? Did we not christen him the Lord Chancellor, and chaff him mightily about his chances of getting briefs? Yes; we did all this; and it is only two years since Redtapeson left us and was called to the Bar. *We* 've had no briefs, at least—well, one or two; while, whether it is his connection, or some virtue hidden from us, but revealed to solicitors, he has almost as much as he can do—a great deal more, some of us think—and bids fair to be a Queen's Counsel before he is five-and-forty. The laugh is all on his side now as he hurries into court with a bagful of briefs, and casts a smiling nod in the direction of us learned but idle expectants.

It is not for me to point the moral, or advise those on the upper rounds of the ladder to avoid treading on the fingers of those below them, lest if the position should be reversed, their own knuckles may suffer. Of illustrations I have cited sufficient; but there are many more in my mind and before my eyes. There was Doggett, who was ploughed three times for the army, but getting through at last, was sent on active service, was present at the capture of a king, and returned to England in a few months a war-worn hero, much to the discomfiture of certain fellow-pupils who derided his efforts.

#### A SCOTCH BANK-NOTE.

TATTERED and dirty, yet a welcome guest  
In bravest company and in stateliest hall,  
Nor scorned by most fastidious of them all;  
By daintiest jewelled finger kindly prest,  
Though soiled from grimy factory or stall:  
Purveyor of the banquet and the ball,  
And poor man's loaf; prince like a beggar drest!  
Meseems from thee some words of warning fall,  
Since sovereign worth can shew itself so small,  
To value not the virtue by the vest:  
A workman's garb may clothe a royal breast,  
A dim dull scabbard hide a weapon keen,  
The shrine may glow behind a curtain mean,  
And hands of horn disguise a king or queen.

J. H.

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## POOR FOLKS AS FUNDHOLDERS.

THE powers of the new Savings-bank Act are now in force; and he or she who has ten pounds, may stand in the proud position of a state creditor. Previously, it was difficult to buy less than one hundred pounds of Consols; and there were few proprietors of that amount, because those holding government securities were for the most part rich people. The extreme safety of money placed in the British Funds makes the various securities the most substantial investment in the world. Consols have long been the favourite depository for trustees, from their small liability to variation in value, from the facility of sale, and the ease in collecting the interest. Although three per cent. is a low return for capital in a great trading and commercial community like Britain, yet it satisfies a large number of wealthy people who can afford to take a small interest, and who are saved trouble in collecting it.

The stability of our empire is so unquestioned, that it satisfies the most timorous; for the utmost evil that can befall us is the commercial competition of progressive peoples. The storms of domestic politics never touch the financial basis of our society; and our conflicts with the outer world are limited to the savage and semi-savage races inhabiting the frontiers of our colonies. The throne is safe; the demands for wider liberties are satisfied as they rise; the national wealth is continually diffused among the toilers who show themselves worthy to participate in it; the future, in short, is bright with hope, and forecasts a richer, stronger, wiser England than that of to-day.

No wonder, then, that the British Funds are believed to be the most impregnable of strong-boxes in which to place money. He who has his store there may sleep in peace; no thieves can steal it, nor can moth or rust corrupt it. Another element of safety has also been afforded the bondholder by the endeavours which have been of late years made by successive governments to reduce the amount of our National Debt. The wonderful success which has attended the United States in its

resolution to abolish its enormous state obligations, has taught a lesson to British statesmen and financiers. Moreover, the opinions of thinking citizens respecting the Debt have undergone a profound change. A generation ago, it was supposed that a National Debt gave a solidity to the state, and that it would be dangerous to pay it off. Now, more rational views prevail. Public debt, like private debt, is considered a bad thing, and to be got rid of as soon and as judiciously as possible. Debt is dependence, and as such, dangerous. In the heyday of our great commercial prosperity, we should do all we can to liberate ourselves from the burden which we inherit from ruder and more reckless times. The Debt has to be paid, and while it remains, demands its immense annual interest. Every taxpayer would rejoice if his share of the twenty-eight million eight hundred thousand pounds which has to be raised this year to pay the dividends of the Fundholders, were not to be drawn from his pocket. And who does not wish that future generations may be free from the imposts the Debt necessitates! For our Fundholders must have their interest before the Queen can be fed, before the army and navy can be maintained and equipped, before each of us can have a mouthful or a home; and the Debt must be paid off, if needs be, though all we individually and collectively possess be brought to the hammer under a general warrant of distrain. Nor is that all. Should the liquidation not produce enough to pay the national creditors, we should have to toil for them until the uttermost farthing was wiped off; for the honour of Britain could never be tarnished by repudiation.

It is because the honesty of the British government is above suspicion, that its creditors flock from every part of the world, and is the reason that it can borrow money at three per cent. No other government pays so lightly for its loans; and no other national debt stands so steadily in price through the most trying vicissitudes. It is significant of the adamantine integrity of our government, that, when Ireland is a prey to agrarian disorder, when the Afghan war is still



smouldering, when South Africa is harassed by native wars, and when the Eastern Question fills commercial men with dread foreboding, Consols are quoted above *par*! If we compare the prices of other state securities with British at any time, we discover how lofty is the place this country holds in the opinion of the financial world.

The admission of humble investors into the goodly company of British Fundholders is a further proof of the strength of the empire. They are not invited to place their savings in the care of an embarrassed Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is no new loan issued to which they are requested to subscribe under the lure of high interest and a lottery ticket. The country is not suffering from any monetary malady of a wasting kind. It is true that dull trade has long prevailed; that agriculture is under a sombre cloud, and that the future seems menacing to many. But we must examine our standards of comparison, before we can come to right conclusions respecting our present position. Most people compare the exultant trade of 1871-5 with the recoil of 1877-80. But such are contrasts of quite dissimilar periods. It is as rational to compare high tides with low. The true basis of calculation lies between the *last* period of bad times and the present. Were the masses as well off in 1867-70 as they are now? Did Consols stand above *par* ten years ago?

The fact is, people were poorer than they now are by thirty per cent. It is owing to the immense increase in funded and capitalised wealth that Consols and all substantial investments are quoted so high. It is owing to this that poor folks have money to invest in State securities. Had the people been worse off, the new Savings-bank Act would have been an absurdity or, at least, an inutility. The grand determining cause of the Act was the wonderful growth of deposits in the savings-banks themselves. These had increased by twenty-six millions sterling in ten years. It had become imperative to find a new outlet for national thrift; hence the fractioning of one hundred pound Consols into ten-pound divisions. It is true that the funds of the savings-banks were placed in the hands of the Commissioners of the National Debt before; but in a manner that was unscientific, and which caused an annual loss to the Treasury. The state had placed a premium upon thrift; and the growth of it so exceeded the most sanguine expectations, that the savings-banks became a financial embarrassment to the government. The savings-banks were instituted to encourage the working classes in economy, and thus the state became the poor man's banker. The experiment proved that a great national want had been met; and then the Post-office with its marvellously capable machinery was attached. How much this added to the saving tendencies of the people, we know; and what further help it can render will be seen as the new Act proceeds to absorb the economies of the working classes. They are saving now more than fifty thousand pounds per week, bad as the times are; and there is reason to believe, with the improvement of trade, that the savings-banks will receive far greater sums than heretofore. For if there is any

characteristic of the people that has been rising into continually higher prominence, it is the habit of saving. The outcome of the trying years we are passing through will be found in a greater popular well-being than the most exaggerated prosperity could have produced. Poor people are like rich people; they are only taught through their errors, and they find the path of duty after traversing the road of adversity.

Among the great scientific verities brought to light in the present age is the transmission of parental traits to offspring. It is now known that we not only inherit the physical peculiarities of our fathers and mothers, but also their mental strengths and weaknesses. Thoughts and propensities become organised into conduct; and these become our heritage as much as the estates and other worldly belongings of our sires. Now, it is this growth of superior conduct which is beginning to be seen in the behaviour of the working classes. The propensity for saving became marked in the habits of their parents. It is further developed in themselves. It will be still stronger in their children; and finally, thrift will be as striking a characteristic of British people as it is of the French. Our economical neighbours did not attain to their admirable self-restraint by a sudden impulse. It was the sufferings of ages under merciless tyrannies of despotic kings and rapacious farmers-general, that taught their ancestors to utilise all edible things for food, and to conceal their money for supreme contingencies. What was a necessity for the peasant of the eighteenth century, has become a *habit* for the peasant of the nineteenth century. So it will be with the British people. Happily for us, the lessons of thrift, now bearing fruit, have not been enforced in the frightful fashion they were among the French. But the calamities which created the National Debt, during the forty years of revolutionary storms from 1776 to 1816, laid the foundations of the economical tendency which has now become so strong. Besides these, the masses have been won to saving habits by gentler social constraints, by the growth of a strong public opinion, and by the causes which have developed their intellectual and moral powers.

Rightly considered, the advance of temperance and teetotalism is the expression of a higher national understanding. Our fathers drank more than we do, because they did not comprehend the cost to mind, body and estate, which drink entails. A century ago, drunkenness was denounced by the moralists and clergy as loudly as it is now. Dr Johnson became a teetotaler, and used his great influence to stem the tide of debauchery, which threatened society with dissolution. Hogarth, by his pictures of Beer Street and Gin Lane, held up the vice to the execration and horror of mankind. But the intellectual protests were of the feeblest compared with the utterances of to-day. Now, it is Science which says to the tippler: 'Thou shalt not.' And the authoritative command is in a great measure obeyed. Why is this? Surely because the intelligence of the people has risen high enough to comprehend the reasons of the teacher! Science is now diffused through the whole population, and is producing a higher behaviour than obtained in the ignorant past. Morality is advantaged by this, and forbids drunkenness not only as harmful to the sinner himself and his family, but as noxious to

the good health and welfare of the body politic. It is not content, as of old, to condemn the drunkard as a sinner, but holds him an enemy to the state. This interaction of science and morality is most remarkable, and is certain to have an increasing influence upon the habits of the people. By it the workman's wages will gradually flow less and less into the publican's till, thus swelling the volume of thrifty investments. As the modes of national recreation improve, and amusements become dissociated from drink and adapted to a superior order of taste, still greater economy of money and time will result.

Among advantages of an indirect kind that must follow from the investment of poor folk's money in the Funds, will be an increase of knowledge among the people of the causes which made the National Debt necessary. Naturally, workmen in talking among themselves about it, will attain clear ideas as to its origin, its astonishing increase during the reign of George III, its decline during the forty years' peace from Waterloo to the Crimean War, and its further diminution to the present day. The history of the Debt is a record of the great facts of British, European, and American history during the period it has existed. It proves by its startling figures that war is as frightful in money-waste as it is in the destruction of life and the multiplication of human miseries. Working-men who, by dint of hard saving and stern resistance to temptation, are able to invest ten pounds in Consols, cannot fail to be amazed at the almost supernatural sums which have been borrowed by the British government. They will wonder where all the money came from that has flowed through the Treasury. For instance, how could the Britain of a hundred years ago, with its small population, its limited trade and commerce, unaided by steam-factories, railways, and steam-fleets, raise the one hundred and two million pounds that were spent in the fruitless attempt to bind the American colonies to the yoke of the mother-country? Ten pounds is an invisible speck in that ocean of millions, thus all lavished. It bewilders one to think that such a sum could be lent to any government for such an object.

Our unfortunate embroilments with the French people added the incredible sum of three hundred and twenty-seven million pounds to the National Debt from 1793 to 1801. And more than forty million pounds were added during the two years' peace which followed the triumph of the French revolutionists. All that immense treasure, the fruits of British industry and economy, was wasted in foreign wars, in which we had little concern. When in 1815, the temple of War was closed, the people of Britain found that the Debt amounted to eight hundred and sixty million pounds. Yet this did not represent the whole that had been spent; for the funded and unfunded Debt was nine hundred and forty-three million one hundred and ninety-five thousand nine hundred and fifty-one pounds on the 1st February 1813. Sinking-funds, a redeemed land-tax and life-annuities had wiped off two hundred and thirty-six million eight hundred and one thousand seven hundred and forty-two pounds. The French wars cost us something like eight hundred millions of money. The small fundholder may ask what was the condition of the country after such a

deadly drain of its material resources. He will find that it was a land of bankrupts and beggars, where despair was the grim guest in every household except in those where the profits of war had been flowing ever more hugely. Makers of weapons had thriven, so had army contractors of all sorts; all else had sunk into a state of poverty of which we have not any idea.

But Britons did not long permit despondency to reign over them. When they had taken breath and counsel with each other, they set to work to rebuild the shattered national fortunes, and to find the means to pay the interest upon their gigantic borrowings. Despair gave new energies to all; and in the desperation of his circumstances, the citizen found new courage and power to determine a better fate. How low the credit of the country was seen in the price of Consols. They were down to fifty-three and seven-eighths in 1816. The public Debt amounted to forty-three pounds per head of the population; its interest imposed an annual tax upon each individual of thirty-two shillings. At the present moment the Debt is not much more than twenty pounds per head, and the interest is about sixteen shillings per head. And the contrast between the two states, after allowing for the increase of population, is wholly the work of peace.

It was in the heroic determination to do their duty amid the wreck of trade and in the trance of commerce, that the seeds of the ten pounds now going into the shape of Consols germinated. The necessity of persistent economy was realised. The inventive genius of the nation grew with its difficulties; and a thousand new processes in manufactures and arts came into being. The spirit of the nineteenth century awoke, and has transformed us from an ignorant people into the most civilised in the world. Improvements began in every sphere of activity. The popular voice demanded a hearing in the counsels of the nation; and then came the Reform Bill. Since then, no political party could pursue the bellicose career of those who spent the incredible millions we have referred to. While continental states are arming their male population with every appliance for slaughter, and taxing them in money and liberty, until societies are almost reduced to a primitive barbarism, Britain is free from conscription, from militarism, and from the subjections they impose. There is nothing fortuitous in this. It is the outcome of the lessons which war has taught our race. It is the reaction against the system which made the peasant food for powder, and the National Debt the most monstrous burden ever placed on the backs of a free and intelligent people. The barrier of the sea truly gives us an immunity from some of the dangers which beset continental governments; but our surest safeguard lies in the popular conviction that war is bad for the commonwealth and must only be resorted to in extreme perils. The old combative spirit which animated our fathers has neither decayed nor died out. We refuse to give unnecessary tribute to the sword; but where anything worthy is to be gained by fighting, our people are still in the van. The courage, however, that once ran to carnage, is now spent in exploring the unknown regions of the earth, and in adding fresh realms to the empire of industry. From this comes the wealth that makes poor toilers creditors

of the state, and which sends plenty through the land.

Clearly, the toiling world has entered upon a new and marvellous career, whose end is beyond the ken of the most far-seeing.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER VI.—TAKING LEAVE.

WONDERFUL indeed, for a bright-witted, pure-hearted boy, at the very outset of manly life, was that change that had dawned so suddenly upon the fortunes of Bertram Oakley, since his transference from his dreary attic, from his quiet ward in St John's Hospital, to the shelter of the doctor's roof. Bertram was hardly less bewildered, at the first, than was his prototype of the *Arabian Nights*, that Bedreddin Hassan whose adventures children follow with such breathless interest, the young Prince magically snatched away from pomp and palace-life to lie at the gate of a strange city and become apprentice to a pitying pastrycook. True, Bertram's experience was in an inverse ratio to that of his Oriental predecessor; but then so complex is our social system as compared with that of the fatalist and unchanging Moslem, that he had probably more reason for reflection than had the turbaned young Emir whose mainstay in life was the priceless recipe for making cream tarts without pepper.

To say that Bertram had never entered a gentleman's house before the day on which he became an inmate of Dr Denham's, would be untrue. The threshold of his rich employer, Mr Burbridge, he had indeed never crossed. Masters and men in a manufacturing town have a great gulf between them, not to be socially bridged. But at Bow-castle, the Somersetshire fishing village in which the shipwrecked boy had spent his earlier years, Mr Marsh the meek curate, and the gruff Lieutenant at the coastguard station, had often invited the young waif within their humble doors, had lent him books, and taught him trifling accomplishments, or facts not to be picked up among the rough, well-meaning fishers who were his chief patrons; so that the stripling had acquired a refinement of manner unusual indeed among mill-workers.

But, at Dr Denham's house, all was on a scale modest indeed, but greatly surpassing anything on which Bertram's eyes had as yet rested. There were the signs of competence, and of the taste that does not always go with easy means, in the handsome rooms, with their mirrors and pictures and curtains—in the well-chosen furniture, the flowers and ferns, the freshness, brightness, and harmony of a well-arranged home. Home! to Bertram Oakley, the founding of a sea-beach, the stranger-child reared among rude playfellows by some fisherman's smoky hearth, the clever young mill-hand, and the late tenant of a desolate attic, had hitherto been as a vain word. Now he began to understand what it meant, and that order and family affection and education, and respect for the best and brightest side of human existence, are the very props and stays of home. To him,

weakened by his recent illness, it was a positive luxury to be able to feast his eyes on well-assorted colours, to gaze long upon the varied greens of the fernery, or to watch the light falling upon the semi-transparent leaves and rich-tinted flowers that filled the windows.

That the young guest was well received in the doctor's house was, with a family so united in heart, the merest matter of course. He had entered it, certainly, in an anomalous position. A toiler but yesterday for daily bread, to be earned amidst the jar and clangour of the whirling machinery of a woollen mill, it would have been difficult for the most nicely accurate Master of the Ceremonies to define his proper station in such a household. He had a pretty room assigned to him, with well-stored book-shelves in it, and from the windows of which he could catch a distant glimpse of the grand trees and lofty pile of that St John's Hospital that he had lately left. But by the kindness of Miss Denham and her sister, the young mistresses of the house, who vied with one another in generous feminine attentions towards the convalescent, Bertram was seldom alone. They made him welcome in the drawing-room, and tended him almost as though he had been a sick brother of their own.

'You will spoil that boy among you,' Dr Denham would sometimes say, laughingly, when Bertram was absent.

'I don't think it would be easy to do that, papa,' answered Louisa Denham, looking up from her work.

And indeed the lad's intrinsically noble nature seemed proof against being injured by prosperity, as it had resisted all the ills of poverty and solitude and bad company. He appeared to be one whom no indulgence could tempt to presume or to encroach. His manners, by some fine instinct of mingled frankness and delicacy, were such as even to satisfy so severe a critic as Uncle Walter, whose private opinion of the wisdom of the doctor's patronage of his young friend had not exactly coincided with his smiling acquiescence in the project.

Nobody and nothing among his new surroundings, novel as they were, presented such a standing puzzle to Bertram Oakley as Uncle Walter himself. The characters of the rest of the family group were patent and notable. There was a certain lusk of quaint originality incrusting that of Dr Denham, but the kernel of the nut was unquestionably of solid gold. Then there was Louisa Denham, with her plain, honest face, and sound mind and tender heart; one of those women who seem to give so much and to exact so little from the great sum of human happiness. And there was Rose, the sweet rosebud of a girl, not developed as yet, but of a glorious promise. But Uncle Walter—well, well! A more experienced student of mankind might have surveyed Uncle Walter as a flesh-and-blood hieroglyph hard to decipher.

Mr Walter Denham, the first surprise once over, was urbane, and even friendly, in his demeanour towards his elder brother's youthful guest. So much was this the case, that Bertram sometimes inwardly blamed himself for not being more drawn towards so affable and courteous a gentleman, himself a mine of anecdote and ready information. Uncle Walter really was kind, after

his fashion, to Bertram, telling him stories of strange lands and odd customs, more interesting from the lips of an eye-witness than in the pages of a printed book; showing him sketches of foreign costumes, of bits of Sarcenic or Greek architecture pencilled down in rarely explored nooks—here, a horseshoe arch, gorgeous with golden honey-comb, from a Moorish ruin in some Sicilian town, haunted by brigands and malaria; there, a single snow-white column of Paros marble, mournful but erect, in the midst of a wilderness of tall weeds and broken blocks and shattered fragments of carved stone.

Then it was Uncle Walter's caprice to sketch Bertram himself, in chalks, in crayons, and so forth, and to add his portrait to the many contained in his clasped scrap-book, to a page in which he had already transferred his niece Rose's golden head and innocent blooming face. 'A compliment, I assure you,' said the *virtuoso*, in his cool, bland way, as he plied his dexterous pencil; 'and a compliment, too, which I never before paid to a British face—a masculine one, that is, for our damsels often deserve it—except one sailor whom I met at Genoa, destitute indeed, but grandly picturesque.—A little more to the left.—Thank you. Now I catch the expression. When first I saw you, Master Bertram, I thought it was a pity you were not in rags and sitting on a sunny beach—pray, don't move—beside an old boat, trying to get a little music out of a broken guitar, like many a Neapolitan lad I have seen—or perhaps playing *morra* for *carlini* in the shade. But when you open those dark eyes of yours, there is a look of the lion in them, somehow, that would not suit with the picture.'

There were at this time frequent visitors, who came to express their regrets for the loss that the town was about to undergo in being deprived of its popular physician; and among these were the families of some of the mightiest magnates of Blackston. Nothing varies more capriciously than the social position of a doctor. That of Dr Denham, in the manufacturing town in which he had dwelt for years, was sufficiently good. He was respected not merely for his professional merits and his long connection with the famous old Hospital, which was the one local institution that deserved to be called romantic, but because of rumours of his learning and research, oozing out through the medium of scientific periodicals, and which had slowly made their way round to practical money-making Blackston. Among those who called was Bertram's former master, Mr Durbidge, whose name ranked second to none, wherever wool or woollen goods were bought and sold, in that West-country district. The mill-owner brought his heavy eyebrows to bear, like ponderous artillery, first on Louisa, then on Rose, and next on Uncle Walter, whom he eyed as though he had been a creature of some rare and newly discovered genus. 'Ah, well, young ladies,' he said, in his blunt way, 'I am told I ought to congratulate your papa—though we shall miss him here and at St John's—and I hope, for the doctor's sake and yours, I am sure, that it is so. And the doctor is too wise not to have thought of the proverb about a rolling stone, eh? Sorry not to have seen him—busy, as usual, and so am I—— Ah! here is my lad!' he added, as Bertram came half shyly in, just in time to receive a hard hand-shake from his old

employer as he departed, and to feel that a crumpled bit of paper, which turned out to be a bank-note, had been left in his palm. That note was destined to be of service earlier than giver or recipient thought.

### CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.

We often meet with persons who profess a loathing or dislike of some particular object, which forms an idiosyncrasy in their nature that we cannot account for; but it oftener turns out either that the supposed involuntary antipathy can be overcome by effort of will, or that it is a foolish affectation. In this paper we purpose, however, to give an account of some remarkable cases which are well authenticated. There are some relations of the Baron Munchsen kind, but it is easy to distinguish between these and *bona fide* cases. We do not, for instance, believe with the whimsical Mersenne, that the sound of a drum made of wolf's skin will break another of sheep's skin; or that hens will fly any faster at the sound of a harp of fox-gut string, than one strung with any other. We shall only deal with cases which, to the best of our belief, have attracted the attention of the curious, and puzzled the penetration of the psychologist.

It is well known that the vanity of King James I. never overcame his weakness of being unable to look on a naked sword. Sir Kenelm Digby was proud to relate that when he was knighted at Hinchinbrooke, near Huntingdon, the king turned his face away, and neatly wounded him. This may be accounted for, as his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, shortly before his birth, had a great shock given to her on seeing her favourite, David Rizzio, killed in her presence. We are told of Uladislus, king of Poland, that he could not bear to see apples. Pennant, the eminent traveller, had a great aversion to wigs, which was also transferred to their wearers for the time. Once, in the presence of the Mayor of Chester, who wore a powdered wig, he got very excited and nervous, and angrily made some strong remarks about the Mayor to a companion. At last losing all control over his feelings, he rushed at the Mayor, pulled off his wig, and ran with it out of the house and down the street, waving it aloft as he went. The Mayor followed, to the amusement of the populace; and this curious race was afterwards known as the 'Mayor and Mr Pennant's Tour through Chester.'

It is said of the Duke of Schomberg, that, soldier as he was, he could not sit in the same room with a cat; and we have heard of a person with so great a dislike to this harmless domestic animal, that he would not even pass under a sign-board with a cat painted on it! It will hardly be credited that though the valorous Peter the Great built a fleet, he yet from his sixth to his fourteenth year could not bear the sight of either still or running water, especially if he was alone. He did not walk in the palace gardens because they were watered by the river Moscovy; and he would not cross over the smallest brook, not even on a bridge, unless the windows of his carriage were shut close, and even then he had cold perspirations. La Mothe de Vayer could not endure any musical instrument, although he

delighted in thunder. Grebry the composer and Anne of Austria were identical in their dislike of the smell of roses.

The learned Dr Beattie tells us of healthy strong men who were always uneasy on touching velvet, or on seeing another person handle a cork; Zimmerman the naturalist, of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the velvety skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the pansy an abomination; and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses, and neither he nor Peter Abono could ever drink milk. It is said of Carlan that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant soldier fleeing without shame from a sprig of rue. The author of the *Turkish Spy* tells us that provided he had but a sword in his hand, he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark! William Matthews, son of the governor of Barbadoes, had, like the above, a great aversion to the harmless spider. One day the Duke of Athole, thinking his antipathy somewhat affected, left him and his friends in the room, and came back with a closed hand. Matthews thought he had a spider concealed there, and becoming furious, drew his sword, and would have done damage to the Duke or himself, had not his friends interposed.

We hear from the philosophic Boyle, that the sharpening of a knife or the tearing of brown paper never failed to make the gums bleed of a servant he once had. Chesne, Secretary to Francis I., always bled at the nose on seeing apples; a gentleman also in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand had the same indisposition on hearing a cat mew. In the *Universal Magazine* for October 1762, we read of a woman who on handling iron of any kind was immediately bathed in perspiration, though never otherwise affected in this way. M. Fehr relates in *The Academy of the Curious*, an account of a young woman at Schelestat, Germany, who for sixteen years had such an aversion to wine, that she could not touch anything of its nature without perspiring profusely, though she had previously been accustomed to drink it. John Pechmann, a learned divine, never heard the floor swept without being immediately uneasy, and feeling as though he were suffocated. He would run away or jump out of a window at the sight of a brush, the association with it and the noise was so intolerable. In King's *Ten Thousand Wonderful Things*, we read of a young man who was known to faint whenever he heard the servant sweeping. Mr E. Wigglesworth, in *The Lamp*—a Roman Catholic magazine—tells us of a monk being served with a dish of crayfish, at which he changed colour, grew pale, stared prodigiously, while the perspiration poured down his face, and he appeared in so languid a state that he seemed inclined to fall from his seat. He afterwards declared that he had no idea of anything that had happened; but at the same time related that as he was one day preaching, he observed a boy at the church-door with a crayfish in his hand; on which he instantly felt the strongest emotion, and that he should have become speechless, if he had not quickly turned his eyes from the object. M. de Lanore gives an account of a brave officer so frightened at the sight of a mouse, that he dare

not look at one without a sword in his hand. We read of another case of an officer who was only troubled with fear in the presence of a smothered rabbit. Another man, was subdued by a cold shoulder of mutton!

Burton, the traveller, tells us that a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell ill if he but looked upon a woman, and that another anchorite was seized with a cold palsy under similar circumstances. Here is a case of a lady having an aversion to the opposite sex; it appeared in the obituary of a newspaper some fifty years ago: 'Lately, at Gray's Almshouses, Taunton, aged eighty-two, Hannah Murton, a maiden lady. She vowed several years ago that no he-fellow should ever touch her living or dead. In pursuance of this resolution, about ten years since she purchased a coffin, in which whenever she felt serious illness, she immediately deposited herself, thus securing the gratification of her peculiar sensibility.' There are many cases similar to this lady's on record, though they are manifested in a more imperfect way. In Hone's *Table Book*, we find an account of a gentleman in Alcantera, named John Roll, who would swoon on hearing the word *lama*, wool, although his cloak was made of the same material. Again, in the *Universal Magazine*, we read of a young woman of Namur who fainted whenever she heard a bell ring. The medical pioneer, Hippocrates, mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell when that flower was in bloom. Scaliger mentions one of his relations who experienced a similar horror on seeing a lily. Henry III. of France fainted whenever he saw a cat. The Duke d'Epemon swooned on beholding a leveret, though a hare had no effect upon him. Tycho Brahe, the superstitious astronomer, was similarly affected on seeing a fox, and Marshal d'Albert at the sight of a pig. We hear of a French lady who swooned on seeing boiled lobsters; while Ambrose Paré, a celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentleman afflicted with the same weakness when he saw an eel. M. Vaugheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, felt dizzy and fainted, or, if he had time, he would run away, when he saw a roasted pig.

The credulous Dr Mather records an account of a young lady who fainted if any person cut his nails with a knife in her presence; but if done with scissors, she was indifferent. Boyle, the philosopher, himself tells us that he never conquered his uneasiness at the sound of water running and splashing through a pipe, and that he sometimes even fainted. We are told of French people particularly partial to the odour of jonquils or tube-roses, who will swoon at the smell of ordinary roses. Orfila, the distinguished French physician, furnishes an account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo and swooned when there were roses in the room.

Very extraordinary is a case that the eccentric Jean Jacques Rousseau tells us, of a Parisian lady who was seized with an involuntary and violent fit of laughter whenever she heard any kind of music. John Keller, an ancient rector of Wiek, a small village of Silesia, was alarmingly afflicted in the same manner when he saw a pasty of smoked hog served up, which is a favourite dish in that country. M. de Lanore, again, gives us



a marvellous account of a man so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by one. It is said of Lord Landerdale that he preferred the mewing of a cat to the sweetest music, while to the lute and bagpipes he had a great aversion.

Boyle, who seems to have paid some attention to antipathy, records the case of a man who felt a natural repugnance to honey. Without his knowledge, some honey was introduced in a plaster applied to his foot, and the accidents that resulted compelled his attendants to withdraw it. He has a similar case of a lady with the same aversion; her physician mixed some with a plaster without her cognisance; which caused the most dangerous effects until the plaster was removed.

The foregoing are mostly cases of eminent persons; and to what extent these strange affections exist unrecorded in social life, we shall never know. An old poet says:

Nature and the common laws of sense,  
Forbidden to reconcile antipathies.

We now, however, close our extraordinary list, knowing no other reason for many of the instances, than did Shakespeare when he makes Shylock say in *The Merchant of Venice*:

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,  
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain themselves; for affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes or loathes.  
As there's no reason to be rendered  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a swollen bagpipe;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodged hate, a certain loathing  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him.

## A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

### CHAPTER V.—TOO LATE.

Two or three years now passed by, during which I heard nothing of the Stockdales. It was, I well remember, the last day of the year 1842. I had just returned to Liverpool with the *Miranda* from Trinidad, had left the vessel in dock, and had made my way as usual to the *Neptune Hotel*. On asking for letters, the waiter—a new one; the old waiter had left, I found, some four or five months before—placed a bundle of them in my hand. But in looking over the addresses, I saw at once that there was none from Rathminster. I thrust them into my pocket; I would read them at my leisure. The letter which I had been so long expecting, which I dreaded to receive, was not there. 'It has not come yet,' I said to myself with a feeling of relief. After dinner, I retired, as was customary with me, to my room. I had some writing to do. When that was finished, I drew my chair to the fireside and took up a book, which I soon, however, laid aside, finding that I was reading the sentences mechanically without taking in the meaning, my mind being occupied with other things. So I sat thinking—thinking of the old times, of my disappointment, of Fairy, of my last meeting with her. I had no reason for expecting a letter from

her. After what her husband had said, it was improbable that she would ask me to go to see her—improbable even that she would write to me. 'How, then,' I asked myself, 'am I to learn anything of her at all, unless I go to Rathminster?' I felt uncertain what to do. On the one hand, there was the harm a visit might do; but on the other, there was my promise to Mrs Pearson. There might be nothing amiss; and yet I felt uneasy in my mind; and I have since remembered that, as I sat by the fireside on that night—the last night of the year—I actually wished that I possessed the power one reads of in fairy tales, of seeing what was happening in some far-off place. At length, as my eyes rested upon the oak cabinet opposite, I recollected the order I had given to the former waiter about my letters. 'I may as well,' I thought, 'just look into that drawer!' I walked over to the cabinet, and pulled the drawer open; and there it was, the very letter I was dreading to receive, lying where it had been for months! I knew Fairy's handwriting in a moment. I opened the letter and read it. It was very short.

MY DEAR TOM—Perhaps I shall not see you again; and so I wish just to tell you how grateful I am to you for all your kindness to me ever since we were children together. You were very good to me that last day I saw you, and I know that you will remember what I said to you about the grave—Good-bye. Ever, as of old, your affectionate  
FAIRY.

My anxiety about Fairy was increased a hundredfold by this letter. She did not say she was in trouble. But why did she tell me nothing of herself? Why did she speak of not seeing me again? Why did she remind me of the promise about her grave? Why did she write at all? There was something wrong. She was ill perhaps, it might be dangerously; and the letter was five months old. Perhaps already it was too late. At any rate I could not endure the suspense. My mind was made up. I would go to Rathminster as soon as it should be in my power to do so.

It was the morning of the fourth of January, before I was able to leave Liverpool; and on the afternoon of the fifth I reached Rathminster. On driving into the town, I noticed that many of the shop windows were closed—a token that some one was dead; and seeing an acquaintance as I stepped off the car, I asked him who it was.

'Have you not heard?' he exclaimed. 'That is very strange. I thought it was on account of it that you were here! Then a great fear came upon me. 'Who is it?'

I demanded.  
He did not tell me, but I knew, for he said: 'You had better come with me, I think. Dr Burton is at home, and he was there, and can tell you.'

I went with him to the doctor's house—a kind old man, though never a very able practitioner, and for many years inefficient through age. He told me all. It was more dreadful than I had even imagined. Fairy was dead. There had been an inquest, at which Dr Burton was examined. She had been found on the morning of New-year's Day lying dead in the little wood, under one of the silver fir at the side of Stockdale's cottage. There was no doubt what had happened, for one



of her husband's razors was found in her hand. The jury, being resident in the locality, and knowing all the circumstances, did not think it necessary, said Dr Burton, to go into any minute or painful investigation. It was clearly a case of temporary insanity.

'You know,' he said, 'her manner was very strange of late—great and unreasonable depression of spirits, and a desire to be alone. I saw her a week before, and found her in an extremely nervous condition, and thought it right to warn her husband that she should not be left by herself. It was while he was asleep, she did it.' The funeral, the doctor told me, was to be the next day.

I left Dr Burton's house, and chose the way that would bring me soonest out of the town, for I was in haste to be alone. Then, as I got into the country, the desire became irresistible to walk along the path where last I had walked with her—to stand upon the spot where last I had stood with her—to feel again, in thought at least, the parting pressure of the hand that I should never clasp again—to see, in memory at least, the dark-gray eyes, now closed for ever; and so I took the pathway through the churchyard. Then, as I was passing through it, I remembered Fairy's request, the last she ever made of me, and I turned aside to see the spot where she was to rest. I found Mrs Pearson's grave. I had almost dreaded to see a fresh opening in the turf; but there was none; the green sod had not been disturbed. Could the intention be to bury her in some other part of the churchyard? I determined to inquire. On finding the sexton, he told me that she was to be buried, he understood, in the old churchyard of Gortfern; 'which,' he said, 'is much wondered at, as it's four long miles away; and both the Stockdales and the Pearsons have been buried here for generations.'

On hearing this, I felt that I must at once speak to Stockdale on the subject, however painful it might be to me. My promise to my cousin left me no alternative; so I left the churchyard, and walked quickly along the path through the fields, till I came out upon the high-road opposite Stockdale's house. I crossed the garden, and knocked. Presently, a woman came, an old servant of the Stockdales, called Dorothy Brien. She did not seem to know me, and asked me what I wanted. I said I wished to see Mr Stockdale. She inquired if my business could not be put off, as there was a death in the house; and on my replying in the negative, she left me. I had not long to wait before Stockdale appeared. When he saw me, he turned deadly pale, took a step backwards, and seemed about to close the door.

I spoke to him at once. 'I have come here,' I said, 'merely on account of a wish your wife once expressed to me, and of which perhaps you are ignorant. I have heard that she is to be buried in Gortfern churchyard; and I think it my duty to tell you that it was her earnest desire to be laid after death beside her mother.'

'I have made my arrangements,' he replied, 'and it is too late to change them now.'

'But remember it is the last opportunity you or I shall have of doing anything she wished. It's not too late. I can speak to the sexton as I return. Now, Stockdale,' I continued; 'you know the injury you have done me. Well, I'll forgive

it, here and now, if you will have this one thing done that my cousin wished.'

But no; he would not. The more I urged my request, the more determined he seemed to become in refusing; so I left him. Madman that he was, there came a time when he would have given all that he possessed to have done what I so earnestly entreated him to do that evening! But already the hand of Fate—I should give it another name—was resting on him!

Gortfern churchyard was, as I have said, about five miles from Rathminster. The road, a bad one, little used, led up among the hills, and came out upon the level moorland above, and was now principally employed for carting the peat into the town. It was out on this moorland, near a little lake, and surrounded by rushy fields and heather, that Gortfern churchyard was situated. Whether there had ever been a church there, I know not; and now it was only the few families living in the neighbourhood that ever used the place as a burying-ground. There poor Fairy's grave was made, deep down in the black peat; and there, as the cold winter wind moaned and sighed around us, the funeral service was read, and then we left the churchyard. But few persons accompanied us the whole way to Gortfern; and of these, Stockdale and I alone had remained to see the grave filled up. I was a little way in advance of him as we walked down the lane leading to the road; there was no one near us, and as I had something to say to him, I turned round and stopped him.

'What's this for? What are you going to do?' he stammered, and thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat.

'You need not be frightened,' I replied; 'and you may leave that pistol where it is. I am not going to hurt you. It may even be a relief to you to hear what I am about to say.'

'I don't wish,' he answered, 'to hear anything from you.'

'But you shall!' I said, placing myself directly before him, so that he could not pass without pushing me aside. 'You know,' I continued, 'the wrong you have done me, and what you deserve at my hands. Well, it is impossible to alter what is past; and I have come to see that to punish you for it would bring me no satisfaction. With regard to *her*, I hold you answerable for her death.' He was going to speak; but I went on: 'Yes; it was your cruelty that brought her to it. I told you once that your safety lay in her love for you. Well, that is at an end now, and my hand is free to strike. But she is gone—gone where she needs no more the love or the protection I could give her—where no hand can assail, and no hand is needed to defend. I do not say I forgive you; your great sin is not against me, and it is not mine to pardon it. But mark me well! Do not flatter yourself, because you have escaped human vengeance' [as I spoke, the man became ashy pale]; 'you know best what you have done, and what you deserve; and I tell you that now, as I stand before you, the conviction is strong upon me, that for the wrong you have done my cousin, the punishment will yet overtake you, and that I shall live to see it!' As I turned to go, he exclaimed: 'Stop! Stay a moment. What do you mean? You had better take care how you invent'—He hesitated.

'You need not fear me, Stockdale,' I said. 'I shall leave this place to-day. I wish never to return to it or to see you again. If I should, it will not be my doing, but the work of a Hand from which no human creature can escape!'

### WHAT IS A COLD?

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

To enjoy life, one must be in good health; and to remain free from disease is the desire of all. Yet there are some ailments which do not interfere very much with the pleasures of life, and therefore are not dreaded in consequence—nay more, they are frequently treated with neglect, although in many instances they are the precursors of more serious disorders which may in not a few cases have a fatal termination. How often to the usual greetings which one friend exchanges with another is the reply given: 'Very well, thank you, except a little cold.' A little cold; and yet how significant this may be. In how many cases do we find a 'little cold' resemble a little seed which may sooner or later develop into a mighty tree. A little cold neglected may and frequently does prove itself to be a thing not to be trifled with. Let me then pray my readers to remember that small beginnings in not a few instances have big endings, and this especially where disease exists. Let us then consider what is a common cold.

In the first place, we must be paradoxical, and affirm that it is not a cold at all. It is rather a heat, if I might so express myself—that is, it is a form of fever, but of course of a very mild type, when it is uncomplicated by other diseases. It is certainly in the majority of instances due to the effects of cold playing upon some portion of the body, and reaching upon the mucous membrane through the intervention of the nervous apparatus. What is called a cold, then, is in reality a fever; and though in the majority of instances it is of such a trivial nature as to necessitate few precautions being taken during its attack, yet in some cases it runs a most acute course, and may be followed by great prostration. Even when the premonitory symptoms of a cold are developing themselves—when, for example, what a medical man calls a rigor, or as it is popularly designated, a shivering is felt, when we would naturally suppose that the animal temperature is below par, it is at that very moment higher than the normal; thus showing the onset of fever.

Before going at once into the symptoms and nature of the disease under discussion, it will be advisable to dip a little into that most interesting department of medical science—physiology, and indeed, without doing so, it would be quite impossible for the majority of my readers to understand the manner in which cold acts in producing the inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the nose, or as it is called, the Schneiderian membrane—which inflamed condition constitutes a cold in the head. It will be necessary to understand what a mucous membrane is, what its duties are, and how these duties are performed, before entering upon a description of a disease attacking it. To take the mucous membrane of the nose as

an example. We find that it is a membrane spread out over a very large area, lining as it does a great many undulations caused by the arrangement of the bones composing the walls of the nostrils, so that a very much greater surface is required to be traversed by the air entering the lungs through the nose—the natural passage—than is required by the actual length of the canal. The object of this is obvious, when we take into account the fact that the temperature of the air is usually either below or above that of the human body, and that it is almost invariably loaded with particles of matter which would irritate the lungs did they find access to them.

The tortuous passage of the nose thus tends in the first place to equalise in some measure the temperature of the atmosphere inhaled, with that of the lungs; and in the second place, the mucus which is secreted by the Schneiderian membrane being of a tenacious nature, tends to attract and ensnare the impurities which the air may contain. We thus see that the nostrils act as a filter to the air taken in by inhalation. If we observe any mucous surface we cannot help remarking its deep-red colour, this being due to the close network of blood-vessels ramifying on its surface. In consequence of this accumulation of minute arteries and veins through which warm blood is constantly flowing, a pretty high temperature is constantly maintained in any cavity lined by mucous membrane. There is therefore little difficulty in understanding how important a part the nostrils play in preparing the air for its entrance into the sensitive structure of the lungs. But the nostrils do not only temper the air—they also yield to it an amount of moisture which renders it still more bland and less irritating. We see, then, that the functions of the nostrils as regards the atmosphere inhaled are threefold—(1) in equalising its temperature, (2) in moistening, and (3) in filtering it. The latter function is materially aided by quite a forest of minute hairs which guard the entrance to the passages.

Having noticed how distended the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane naturally are, it will not be difficult to understand how slight a disturbance of the balance of blood-supply will be necessary to produce congestion or inflammation of the structure, and such is really the case; and it is because of this that people who have what is called an irritable mucous membrane are so susceptible of cold. They have, in fact, a chronically congested mucous membrane, which, however, is usually associated with and dependent upon a disordered digestion. Yet notwithstanding these facts, a cold is not produced by cold air acting upon the surface which suffers. It is quite true that there are individuals with peculiar idiosyncrasies who take catarrh when they smell certain substances. For instance, many cannot go into a room where powdered ipecac is exposed without immediately catching catarrh in the nasal passages; and there is reported the case of a man who could not smell a rose without being affected in a similar way.

We must now go a step further before we can understand the *modus operandi* by which a cold in the head, or in any other region, is produced. It has been shown that one of the functions of a mucous membrane is to secrete mucus. But what is it

that makes the secretion vary in quantity? Well, an irritant applied directly to the surface may produce an excessive flow, and this superabundance of mucus is thrown out by an effort of Nature in its endeavour to shield the delicate membrane and remove the irritant; this may happen also when there is an excessive amount of blood in the vessels, which is the case when congestion exists, the distension of the blood-vessels acting as an irritant, and supplying in greater amount the fluid from which the mucus is extracted, thus tending to excite the secreting power to greater effort. Thus we have an explanation of the excessive discharge in catarrh of the nose. But when the direct irritant is removed, the unnaturally abundant discharge ceases. Not so, however, when the superabundance is due to the effects of cold; for in the latter case a diseased condition is set up, which will only disappear when the effects of the exposure upon the nervous system have passed away.

Having demonstrated that cold is not produced by the action of cold air playing upon the part affected, but that, on the contrary, it is an effect of cold acting upon a distant part of the body, it will be necessary to explain how this is brought about. If a person sits in a draught of cold air, and this draught is directed upon the back of his head, the chances are that a catarrh of the nasal passages will result, and this is produced by what is called reflex action of the nerves. Here it will be necessary to diverge a little and explain what reflex action is. It must be understood, then, that there are numerous nervous centres connected with the spinal cord. These nervous centres send filaments of their nerves to various portions of the body. For example, a nerve centre may be placed alongside the spine in the neck, and from this point nerves may be distributed to the back of the head and the mucous membrane of the nose. One important function of these little bodies is to control the supply of blood to different surfaces and tissues and organs. This is done by a system of minute nerves which are distributed on the arteries, by which the vessels are kept in a state of contraction. Now, if these nerves are severed from the main trunk, the blood-vessels immediately expand to the full extent of their calibre, and congestion is the result; or if these nerves are paralysed, the same effect is produced. Sometimes a very slight shock produces a temporary paralysis of these minute nerves when a rush of blood takes place into the arteries, of which blushing is a good example; but the nerves soon recover their control over the blood-supply, and the blush passes away. Then again, the shock may produce quite the opposite effect; this may be so severe as to cause such extreme contraction of the blood-vessels, that a deadly pallor pervades the face, as for instance in severe shock from fear. This, however, is caused more by the effect of shock acting upon the nerve centres which supply the heart with motor power.

But let us suppose that one extremity of a nerve arising from a particular nerve centre, is irritated; this is communicated to that centre, which is affected thereby, it may be slightly or more severely. The irritation may be so great as to prostrate for the time being the nerve centre, and in consequence all the nerves arising from it are thrown into a state of inaction. This is called the

reflex action of that nerve centre, because the effects of the irritant applied to one part of the body are thereby reflected to other parts. Instances of reflex action may be seen frequently in every-day life. Take, for example, the action of the eyelid when an object threatens to enter the eye. The retina perceives the object advancing; this is telegraphed to the nervous centre supplying the muscles which open and shut the eyelids, and immediately a message is sent back to the eyelids to shut and exclude the particle of matter that threatens to enter the eye. All this is done so quickly, that it is hardly possible to realise that there is time for reflex nervous action being brought into play.

Another instance of reflex action, but this time influencing the secretions, may be cited. Who is not familiar with the effect of a savory smell or the sight of some luxury upon the salivary secretion, so that, to use a common expression, 'the mouth waters.' In the first, the olfactory nerve is the means by which the impression is conveyed to the nerve centre; in the other, it is the optic nerve which is the transmitting agent; but in each case the impression is reflected to that nerve controlling the salivary secretion, with the effect of producing an increased flow of saliva. We thus see that the secretions can be influenced by one nerve conveying its impression to another whose filaments take origin in a common centre.

Now, to come to the subject more directly under consideration in this paper, we must comprehend how cold acting on one part of the body produces catarrh of the nasal mucous membrane. Exposure to the most intense cold for a lengthened period will not produce this effect. Indeed, we find it invariably the case that severe frost in winter is, so far as catarrh is concerned, the healthiest weather we can have. During the prevalence of frost, as a rule, colds are at a minimum. The system here shows its power of accommodating itself to the circumstances surrounding it, and actually benefits by the prevailing low temperature. Let us, however, suppose a person to be sitting in a room the temperature of which is, say, seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and that a current of cold air is rushing in at an open door or window and playing upon the back of his head, or it may be on his legs or feet, and the probability is that he will 'catch cold,' and in nine cases out of ten this cold will be a catarrh in the head, and what may appear more remarkable still, only one nostril will at first be affected. Now, if the catarrh was due to the inhalation of cold air, both nostrils would suffer; but it is not so, for as each side of the body is supplied by its distinct set of nerves, so only that side is affected through which the reflex disturbance has been transmitted. The *modus operandi* is the following: The draught of cold air acting, we will suppose, on the back of the head, conveys through the sympathetic nerve, which ramifies on the scalp, a shock to the nervous centre from which these nerve fibres proceed; but we must understand that this nerve centre sends its filaments to other portions of the body, and so the shock which this centre receives by one set of nerves, is reflected by another set to some surface quite remote from that primarily acted upon; and in this way a temporary paralysis of the nerves supplying the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane of the nose is brought about. In consequence these vessels become dilated and engorged,

and the shock which has brought about this congestion continuing, disturbs the equilibrium of the blood-supply, and so an inflammatory condition is set up. When this exists, the blood-vessels are excessively distended; consequently an excess of blood passes through the part, the little cells which secrete the mucus being thus excited and working much more rapidly than when in health. In this way the enormous discharge of mucus which accompanies a cold in the head, is accounted for.

Another effect of this irritation of the mucous membrane is sneezing, which is an effort of Nature to restore the equilibrium of the nervous centre by another kind of reflex action. Sneezing in catarrh is a method Nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous centre, and thus enable it to reassert its proper control over the blood-supply to the part; indeed, it will be found that the effects of being exposed to a draught of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course Nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts; but when she does not, the shock from which the nervous centre suffers gradually passes away, and the blood-vessels again come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their calibre, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous centre is of such severity, that the consequent inflammation is intense enough to check the secretion of mucus altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dry as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified.

So far, we have only glanced at a cold in the head which passes away in a few hours, but this is not always the happy termination. There is a peculiar tendency which inflammation possesses of not leaving off where it commenced, but of invading the tissues in its immediate neighbourhood, and more especially when the tissue is continuous with that primarily attacked, as is the case with the mucous membrane of the air passages. A cold may commence in the head and rapidly spread by what is technically termed continuity of tissue into the chest; and so what at the first promised to be only cold in the head may terminate in an attack of bronchitis, or even inflammation of the lungs.

#### THE SUBSIDENCE OF LAND IN THE SALT DISTRICTS OF CHESHIRE.

UNDER this title, in our issue for April 26, 1879, we endeavoured to give an account of the peculiar sinkings of land in the great Cheshire salt district, and also the causes of these sinkings. Underneath the towns of Northwich and Winsford, and for a long distance around each, there are immense beds of rock-salt, varying from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty feet in thickness. In the manufacture of salt, therefore, these two towns have some natural advantages, derived from their situation. The rocks in Cheshire have a peculiar formation, dipping on all sides inwards to a common centre, which gathers into it what may be called the underground drainage of the whole area. That is, the water that falls on the

surface of the earth for many miles around, sinks down and percolates through the substrata till it reaches the centre. The beds of rock-salt lie in this centre, and the fresh water as soon as it reaches them commences to dissolve the salt, and soon forms a fully saturated brine. This brine exists over nearly the whole of the district under which the beds of rock-salt lie, and above these beds the towns of Northwich and Winsford are built. Here the salt manufacturers sink shafts to enable them to reach this underground collection of brine, and when they have done so it is pumped up to the surface and evaporated—one hundred gallons of brine yielding twenty-seven gallons of salt. Others of them sink mines, and quarry out the rock-salt itself, thousands of tons being in this manner brought to the surface every year, and exported for manufacture into salt. In the mines, pillars are left to support the roof; but in the process of brine-pumping, the surface of the rock-salt is eaten away by the fresh water, and the superincumbent strata follow the wasting face of the rock-salt. In this way the surface of the country is rendered irregular and broken, and the residents are constantly put to the necessity of removing tottering and sinking houses. Many of the hollows which are in this manner formed upon the surface of the ground, are of great extent; and as they soon fill with water, they cover the face of the country as with a series of lakelets. Some of these are many acres in area, and from thirty to forty feet in depth. This subsidence of the soil is a serious cause of danger and anxiety to the residents at all times; and more especially has it been so within these few years past, when the enormous quantity of brine withdrawn from the ground for the manufacture of salt has greatly accelerated these sinkings and depressions.

One of the most extraordinary of the subsidences that have yet happened, took place at Northwich on Monday, 6th December 1880. About six o'clock on the morning of that day, a rumbling noise was heard in a district on the outskirts of Northwich known by the name of Dunkirk, which is completely honeycombed with abandoned rock-salt mines. Immediately the ground seemed to be heaving as if from an earthquake, and the lakelets in the neighbourhood, varying from half an acre to nearly two acres in area, and thirty or forty feet in depth, commenced to boil and bubble all over, the water being forced up violently some feet above the surface. The whole area of these lakelets was in a furious state of commotion, and the noise of the bubbling water could be heard three hundred yards off. All round, for a space of two thousand feet in diameter, at every weak spot in the ground, air and foul gas were being expelled; and where in its course the gas met with water, it forced it up in jets, usually accompanied with mud and sand. For a space of at least one-fourth of the circumference of the largest lakelet, called Ashton's Old Rock Pit Hole, which covers nearly two acres, there were

at intervals regular mud geysers, spouting intermittently to a height of about twelve feet. In one space of about thirty yards in extent, there were at least twenty of these playing at one time. The more violent ebullitions subsided after three or four hours; though in two cases the bubbling and gurgling mud craters continued in action for two days; and the ebullition in the various pits continued on a smaller scale for three days. The whole of this bubbling and boiling was evidently caused by the air that filled the old mines being violently driven out by the inrush of the descending water and earth.

The cause of this great disturbance could not at first be discovered, although, by those acquainted with the district, it was at once believed that it had originated either in a fall of earth or an inrush of water into the mines below. It soon, however, became apparent that a large rift had opened directly across the course of the Wincham Brook. This is by no means a small brook, being from fifteen to twenty feet in width. The rift occurred at a spot where the brook passed through a shallow lake of small size, caused by the subsidence of the land, about one thousand feet from where it enters the large piece of water called the Top of the Brook. This piece of water is about one hundred acres in extent and of great depth, being in one spot more than one hundred and fifty feet deep. Connected with this lake is the river Weaver, which between Barrow's Lock and Saltersford Lock has an area of at least sixty acres. We mention these particulars, as having an important bearing on our narrative.

From six o'clock till nearly nine, there was a steady downpour of water into the rift; but beyond a gentle flow on the surface, not much was perceptible. At nine o'clock, another more extensive rift occurred, and pulled in a portion of the ground belonging to the salt-works of Messrs Ashton and Sons. A quantity of timber and an engine and boiler were in close proximity, also a large iron salt-pan some twenty-six feet long by twenty-four wide. For the next few hours, there was a scene of great excitement, all the men being busily engaged in removing the materials, &c. This they succeeded in doing, but not one moment too soon, as a portion of the land sank directly afterwards. All eyes were now turned to a fine massive chimney-stalk about ninety feet high and nine feet square at the base. This was seen to be perceptibly leaning towards the sinking spot. Up to twelve o'clock, the sinking proceeded gradually, there being a perceptible return current from the large lake, the lower portion of the brook having evidently changed its course, and begun to run backwards. From twelve o'clock to three, the velocity of the backward flow increased; the huge cavity now formed swallowing up the waters of the Wincham Brook itself, and draining a neighbouring lakelet three-quarters of an acre in area, and at least ten feet in depth, besides receiving a rapid stream, ever increasing in velocity, from the Weaver and Top of the Brook. From three o'clock to four the scene was grand, but terrible; the velocity of the backward flow of water tore away the bottom of the brook from the edge of the huge crater-like cavity for some three hundred feet in length to a depth of ten feet, the brook being previously only about two feet deep. At this time, the banks on both sides were

torn down and carried with headlong velocity into the vortex of the crater. Notwithstanding this huge inflowing current, the surface of the eddy waters at the centre of subsidence fell at least twelve feet.

About four o'clock, a sudden explosion in the neighbouring pool, and a geyser of mud and water thrown up to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, told of another subsidence. The effect of this upon the hundreds of spectators was very alarming, and there was a sudden rush from the immediate neighbourhood. Fortunately, instead of increasing the mischief, this subsidence seemed to choke the original cavity, and the waters gradually flowed in more slowly, till at six o'clock the face of the pool, of more than two hundred feet in diameter, was perfectly calm, and to the onlooker there was no sign of the terrible strife of the previous portion of the day. Shortly before five o'clock, the tall chimney, which had rapidly become more out of the perpendicular, fell with a terrible crash to the ground.

Scarcely had the original subsidence ceased, when an enormous sinking of the whole of Ashton's Old Rock Pit Hole and the surrounding land for an area of over five hundred feet in diameter, took place, leaving two very deep holes. The land was riven and cracked all round, and fell in steps of two feet. Over ten thousand tons of water went down into the subterranean cavities. A huge brine cistern was riven in two, and the brine all lost; and two large brick kilns out completely in halves, and the bricks scattered about. The whole surface of the Weaver and the Top of the Brook was lowered fully a foot over one hundred and sixty acres in about four hours; and if to this we add the whole of the water of the Wincham Brook for twelve hours, we shall find, on a careful computation, that not less than six hundred thousand tons of water rushed below.

The question may be asked: 'Where did it all go to?' In immediate proximity to the first rift that occurred, was a rock-salt mine called Platt's Hill Pit. This was being worked by Messrs Thompson and Son; and twice during the past twenty years, in working along the Dunkirk side, they had pricked into the old abandoned mines full of brine that abound in that locality. Although these fractured places had been barricaded off, yet they were not perfectly tight. For some time past, the brine in the Dunkirk excavations had been very low, so that when—probably owing to the eating away of the roof of the mine by fresh water—the brook found its way down the rift into the old mine, it forced the weakest of the barriers, and rushed into the Platt's Hill Mine. The fresh water widening the hole formed in the dividing wall of rock-salt, every minute caused a greater rush of water downwards; and when we mention that the mine covers an area of fifteen acres, not worked, like a coal-mine, in drifts and passages, but in huge chambers from fifteen to twenty feet in height, supported here and there by enormous pillars, varying from twenty-four to thirty feet square, it will at once be seen that the cavity to be filled was enormous. The whole of this cavity being one hundred yards below the ground, the rush of the descending water into it was fearful.

Fortunately, no lives were lost. The men on reaching the pit shortly after six o'clock, perceived



a violent draught of air up both shafts, making a whistling, hissing noise. The foreman, Thomas Moore, and his nephew, both daring and experienced men, especially the former, went down the pit, and found water nearly up to the knees. They had proceeded with lighted candles in the direction whence they heard the noise of the rushing water, till they were about three hundred yards from the shaft, when Moore fell, and extinguished his candle. By the light of the remaining candle, however, they waded through the rapidly rising water, and reached the shaft in safety, the water by this time being almost breast-high. Moore has performed more daring deeds in the salt-mines and brine-shafts than perhaps any man living, and like many more mining heroes, he is modest, and rarely mentions what he has done.

Many hundreds of tons of rock-salt that had been 'got,' as well as the tramways, wagons, tubs, tools, and all materials, were totally lost, and the mine, as a mine, permanently destroyed. The fresh water in this mine will eat away ninety thousand tons of the pillars and walls of the pit before it becomes 'saturated' brine; and the great fear is that it may so weaken the pillars as to cause the surface to collapse. This is a constant danger, and one that causes much uneasiness in the districts likely to be affected thereby. The sudden collapse of the ground in the neighbourhood of Ashton's Old Rock Pit fractured the pipes conveying the brine to five sets of salt-works, as well as destroyed the road leading to the brine pumping stations. Thus, there were a large number of men thrown out of employment for a time.

On the Friday, four days after the first sinking, a large hole some forty or fifty feet deep fell in, carrying away the whole of Dunkirk road for a length of fifty feet; and at intervals during the week, minor subsidences occurred, showing that the whole neighbourhood is in a precarious position. Numerous rents and fissures occur on all sides, and indicate a state of great instability.

Though the damage caused by the subsidence is due to a variety of causes, the greatest sufferers are Messrs Ashton and Sons, salt manufacturers; and here it may be stated that perfectly innocent persons, who are in no way connected with the pumping of brine or the manufacture of salt, suffer very serious loss of property and enormous damage; but owing to the difficulty of saying which individual pumper of brine causes any particular damage, they can get no compensation. So serious has this evil become, that an attempt is about to be made in parliament to obtain a Compensation Bill. The justice of the case is perfectly clear. Within the past month, a church and a chapel have been condemned as unsafe, owing to subsidence, and the damage increases in the direct ratio of the progress of the trade.

It may be interesting to know that the crater-like hole formed by the subsidence above described is fully two hundred feet in diameter; and though now choked with earth and filled up with water, showed a depth, two days afterwards, varying from nine to twenty-four feet at the sides to seventy-eight feet in the centre, sloping rapidly down in a funnel-like form. Some forty thousand tons of earth must have disappeared in this cavity. These phenomena of the salt districts of Cheshire

are worthy of more attention than they have received hitherto, as by them the face of nature is being rapidly changed—a change brought about by the industrial operations of man.

#### MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FUNERAL.

There is not much mock-solenity about the poor Irishman's funeral. The hearse, mourning-coaches, and other usual paraphernalia give place to a train of open carts, on the foremost of which is laid the coffin; the length of the whole procession varying with the popularity of the deceased. But there is no want of feeling in the simplicity; and such a procession usually possesses a natural solemnity of its own, as it slowly passes, for miles perhaps, by mountain and moor until it reaches its destination, in some lonely but too often neglected burial-ground.

But if the generality of funerals among the poor Irish are not remarkable for an appearance of mock-misery, that of Michael O'Shaughnessy the cattle-dealer had none of any kind. It went to the other extreme; it was a very chapter of accidents—a very joke at death, though not altogether an unavailing way for so merry a fellow to go to his grave. Mike was dead, waked, and lay in his coffin on a cart at his cabin door, whence his funeral was about to start. The widow O'Shaughnessy was very sad; for Mike, for five-and-twenty years, had been a good husband to her; but most of her groaning and wailing had been exhausted at the wake; and it was with a respectable subdued grief, a sense of proud proprietorship and conscious dignity, that she took her seat in the cart on the top of Mike's coffin. Every face she saw round her, she knew; every eye looked sympathy; and the widow's frame of mind was more complacent than it had been since Mike's death. It was a fine winter morning; and the procession, which was nearly a quarter of a mile long, started early, as there were five miles to be passed at a walking pace between the village and the burial-ground. The cart bearing the body of Mike was drawn by his own horse Shoneen, and driven by Daveen, the youngest, but only son then left at home; and Daveen could not suppress a smile of triumph at the dignity of his post.

The procession started, and passed safely and steadily out of the village; and steadily and solemnly it continued for something like a mile; but it was the calm that comes before a storm. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, one of the race of improvers, had established on his farm a steam-plough, a contrivance hitherto unknown in that part of the world; and it so happened with him that he was making a first trial of it on this particular morning. It was therefore hardly to be wondered at that, when our mourners came to the field in which the engine was at work, Shoneen should show his disapproval of such a foreign institution by shying at it. Daveen did his best to 'soother' his astonished and indignant steed; but his efforts were in vain; Shoneen took fright, broke into an uneasy trot, and from that into a runaway gallop. Daveen stood up on the coffin, to get more command over him, and pulled with all his might; but it was of no use. The widow screamed, but kept to her post, clinging on to the sides of the cart. Shoneen was



tearing along like the wind. The whole train of carts behind followed—a quarter of a mile of them—at the top of their speed, in chase of the runaway. The hunt continued, growing keener and more exciting every minute. Those behind were striving who should come up first. The whip was laid on unsparingly. They shouted, gesticulated, and encouraged each other and the horses. Ragged urchins, beggars brandishing sticks, boys on donkeys, every one they came up with joined in the pursuit, and all enjoyed it.

'The hounds are out to-day,' cried one; 'but 'twill be a good fox that'll give them such a run as Mike O'Shaughnessy's giving us this day.'

'Faith, 'tis more like a dhrag-hunt,' cried another.

'Hurry on, boys,' from a third; 'let's be in at the death.'

'Arrah,' from another, 'tis Micky himself would have liked to have been out of his coffin this day—'twould just please him.'

And so on, as field and common and hill were left behind in turn; Daveen doing his best, as he could not pull in, to guide his horse, as he dashed over the rough roads, over steep bridges, and through the brooks that ran across their path, a hundred times narrowly escaping an upset. The widow in terror would fling her arms about wildly, which those behind took for signals of encouragement, and redoubled their efforts to come up with them. The joking continued all the while. 'I often heard tell of a runaway weddin,' said one; 'but bedad, who ever heard tell of a runaway funeral before!'

It did not last much longer, though, for the cavalcade came up with a drove of pigs, which it could not pass, and then Shoneen suddenly halted, nearly jerking the widow and her deceased lord into their midst. With the recovery of her breath, the widow turned to Daveen. 'Ah, Daveen!—very reproachfully!—'was that any way at all to be dhiving your poor misfortunate *dada* to the grave? Shame, Daveen! If it had been an excise-man now, or a Protestant itself—but your own *dada*!'

'Not a step farther,' replied Daveen, much crestfallen, 'will I dhrove Shoneen this day. The devil himself is in him—so he is.'

They were waiting in the road for the stragglers, some having been left behind in the chase; and even the presence of the widow could not now check the fun among the people.

'Well done, Daveen!' said one; 'you dhruv your *dada* in great style. 'Tis this very way he'd choose to go to glory himself; he always had a great mind for a hunt.'

'Tis the way,' said another. 'Shoneen knew 'twas the last time he'd be carrying the ould mather; he was jist showing how willing he was to the work.'

'He knew we were late,' said a third; 'and he wouldn't be kaping his Riverance's dinner waiting.'

'O Micky, Micky!' cried the widow, apostrophising her deceased lord, 'you were an onaise creature in your life, and you can't go to the grave—God bless you!—like a decent Christian.—Here, James Barry, come and dhrove Mike to the grave; I won't thrust Daveen again with the reins.'

Again they fell into order, and got under-way, travelling slowly, to make up for the dignity

lost by their late speed. But the fates were against the widow; and Mike was not to be buried without yet another mishap. They were about a mile and a half now from their destination, passing along a lane with high banks on each side, as quiet as they had previously been boisterous; but the merriment, though subdued, was ready to break out again on the least provocation. The widow had resumed her seat on the coffin, and James Barry, a middle-aged man, had taken Daveen's post. As they slowly and peacefully passed down the long lane, a shrewder woman than Mrs O'Shaughnessy would not have pictured any near misadventure; but it so happened that the foxhounds were out that day, and that a certain Major, a dark and fierce-looking man, was riding a black horse, and riding hard, at a little distance from the rest of the 'field.' The land on one side of the lane along which the funeral was passing was above the level of the lane, there being a high bank on the side next the lane, and only a moderate fence towards the field. Over this land came the Major, riding hard; and coming to its end, saw what he thought an easy fence, little dreaming that, between, was a lower level—a road—a funeral. Over he went—over, and alighted on the top of the first cart, sending the widow and the coffin flying into the ditch. Oh, the confusion of that moment! The widow in the ditch had flung her arms round the coffin, and shrieked in terror. 'Mareiful saints!' she cried, 'tis the devil himself come for Micky!' and the sudden appearance of the stranger on a black horse certainly looked suspicious. 'But I won't lave you, Mike O'Shaughnessy; I'll stand by you to the last!'

The widow was not the only frightened one—an awful whisper went from end to end of the procession that his Salanic majesty had appeared on a black horse, and was to take part in the ceremony! But in another minute, seeing the unfortunate Major trying to pick up himself and his horse, their momentary fright was gone, and gave place to shouts of laughter. The widow, all the while hugging the coffin in the ditch, kept glancing in terror at the Major, who, covered with mud from head to foot, began to look human.

'Tisn't the devil at all, Biddy,' cried one; 'tis only an army Capt'n.'

'Faith, and that's a'most the same,' exclaimed another.

Biddy started up; her fear and grief were lost in indignation. 'Arrah, bad seran to you!' she cried, shaking her fist at the Major, 'you thaft o' the world—you ould black-garred! Oughtn't you be ashamed of yourself, to be destroying a poor widdy woman going peaceably with her husband to be buried! What barrum did Mike ever do you, that you should dhrove his corp and his widdy into a dyke? May yourself fare worse, when 'tis your own turn to be buried! Oh, wirra, wirra! you've destroyed us both!'

'My good woman,' said the Major, choking with laughter, 'I hadn't the least idea that—'

'You hadn't the laste idee! I know well you did it for the purpose. 'Tis a purty thing for a fine gentleman like you to be coming over from England to play off your jokes on the widdy and the fatherless, lepping unknownst on top o' them, and skatterin' a decent funeral into a ditch.'

'Be aisy, Biddy,' said a bystander. 'Twasn't

done for the purpose at all. I know his Honour well, and often see him go to the barracks. He's a good gentleman, and I'll go bail he's as vexed as yourself about it.'

'Maybe,' said another, with a grin, 'his Honour will shand the price of a new coffin.'

'What would be the good of a new coffin?' said the Major. 'You couldn't take him out of the old one and put him into it.'

'I didn't say to shand a new coffin, your Honour, but the price of one.'

The Major took the hint, and gave the widow a sovereign, which restored peace.

'Long life to you, sorr! and may it be many a day before your Honour's coffin has to travel, and may it never lie graceful in the bottom of a ditch!' said one.

'And may the fox lade in the opposite direction from your road to the cimiti'ry,' cried another.

And so on until the coffin was safely replaced in the cart, the mud scraped off, and the widow reseated on it; and with many a blessing on the Major, the procession set off again. There was no further accident. Mike was buried at last; and a merrier day, his friends said, they had never spent. Requiescat!

## THE PUZZLE OF THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

A CURIOUS mechanical enigma known as the 15 *Puzzle*, imported from the other side of the Atlantic, is found to be a veritable poser to many persons in our own country. But it is not really a greater puzzle to others of us than the *Chiltern Hundreds*, which again and again spring up into note in connection with contested seats in the House of Commons. A multitude of questions on the subject present themselves. What are these Hundreds, and how many in number? Where are they situated? Why have they a Steward, and has he any duties to fulfil? Is he paid, whether for duties or no? Why do members of parliament so frequently ask for and obtain the Stewardship? Let no one be ashamed of ignorance on these points; he has plenty of intelligent and generally well-informed men to bear him company and keep him in countenance.

Just a few words concerning locality. The Chiltern Hills extend in a diagonal line across many counties, including Berks, Bucks, Herts, and Bedford, and present different characteristics in different parts. That portion which traverses the county of Buckingham was in old times nearly covered with forests of beech-trees, grand and magnificent, but infested with robbers who had nothing of the romance of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in them. The Crown, as a means of protection to the neighbouring inhabitants, appointed a Steward or Bailiff for the three Chiltern Hundreds of Stoke, Desborough, and Bodenham or Bokenham. He had a business office, duties to perform, and a salary for performing them. A sweeping change has long ago taken place; forest, robbers, place of business, duties, salary, all have vanished. But—and this is the singular part of it—the nominal office is still kept up; because it lends itself to a very peculiar stratagem or manœuvre adopted to

extricate members of the House of Commons from an occasional dilemma. If the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds happens not to be vacant at a time when some one member wants it, that of the manors of East Hendred, Northstead, and Help-holme will answer the same purpose.

A very remarkable usage of parliament is the main cause to which all this is due. Sir Erskine May, Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, and the leading living authority on all matters relating to the laws, rules, orders, and proceedings of that branch of the legislature, tells us that a member after due election cannot resign his seat; whatever else he may do, he cannot do this. If he ceases to hold his membership, it is because in effect it is taken away from him, willingly or unwillingly on his part. Hence arise certain manœuvres which are in reality shams. If he wish for any reason to resign his seat in the House of Commons, he asks for and obtains a post or office under the Crown, that of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. Now there is a law in force which enacts that for any office created or founded since the beginning of the last century, if a member accepts it, he thereby at once forfeits his seat and the House knows him not. If he holds no such office, but nevertheless wishes to resign his seat, he applies for the Stewardship. The Prime Minister for the time being represents the Crown on this occasion. As a matter *pro forma* he nearly always assents; and the recipient may and often does surrender the honour on the very next day, when it has answered his purpose. The office, as we have said, is merely nominal—no place of business or of meeting, no responsibilities, no duties, no powers, no salary or fees.

It might perhaps be supposed that the absence of emolument would place this office outside the general rule; but the warrant of appointment, it appears, grants the Stewardship 'together with all wages, fees, allowances, &c.' This is the hard nut to crack; seeing that it retains the form of a place of profit whether with the substance or not.

Once now and then the Crown, through the chief responsible minister, refuses to make the grant. Just about a hundred years ago, one Mr Bayly wished to become member for Abingdon instead of member for another borough which he really represented in the House of Commons. He applied for the Chiltern Hundreds as the only available means of resigning one seat and presenting himself as a candidate for election by another constituency. Lord North, the Prime Minister at that time, refused him, saying: 'I have made it my constant rule to resist every appointment of this kind where any gentleman entitled to my friendship would be prejudiced by my compliance'—a politely veiled but unmistakable example of party favouritism; for Lord North wished to secure Abingdon for some reliable supporter of the government. Such matters were regarded with more leniency in the days when 'Farmer George' was king than they would be now. This Mr Bayly was aware of the rule that a member for one constituency cannot exchange for another except by vacating his seat through the medium of the Chiltern Hundreds. An eminent judge lately on the bench, when a member of parliament thirty years ago, availed himself of the Stewardship to obtain a seat which he desired instead of the one he really held.

Without direct mention of the names of members of the legislature at the present time, we may state, in regard to current and recent events, that the Prime Minister lately gave an explanation of the puzzle of the Chiltern Hundreds which left many persons still unenlightened. He stated in the House of Commons, in reply to a question put to him, that the President or Chairman of one of the government departments had accepted the coveted Stewardship, in despite of his holding office. In a further attempt to throw light on a misty subject, the Prime Minister said: 'I did not advise the Crown with reference to the grant of the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, but at once made a grant of the office on a printed form. The office was to be held during her Majesty's pleasure, and was on that account, I suppose, held to be an office under the Crown.' The words we have italicised, especially 'I suppose,' show that even our greatest statesman is not quite certain on the matter. The official whose case came prominently forward had been unseated in a particular borough, on account of some irregularities committed by his agents without his sanction or cognisance. A new writ was issued, and a second election placed him at the head of the poll. Learning, however, that doubts had been expressed touching the legality of his actual position, and wishing to avoid all complications and demurs, he applied for and obtained the famous Chiltern Hundreds. Not strictly so in fact; for the grant was to the Stewardship of the manor of Northstead; but the effect was just the same in answering the intended purpose. He offered himself to and was accepted by the constituency of another borough, for which he now sits, retaining his office in the government.

One thing is satisfactory in this otherwise curious meddle-muddle. The Prime Minister by no means prizes the right of grant vested in him. He stated: 'It must not be supposed that I am in any way enamoured of the power placed in my hands. It is one of the curious anomalies of our system that the only ordinary method by which a member of parliament can vacate his seat should be left within the discretion of the Prime Minister of the day. I am decidedly of opinion that some better method of proceeding in such matters might be devised.'

The beginning of the end is visible. When an authority such as the Prime Minister expresses so unequivocal an opinion, it is not rash to predict that we shall ere long see the end of the

#### PUZZLE OF THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

#### ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS.

I AM pleased you see the traces  
In these sweet 'Sir Joshua' faces,  
Of my features, and my eyes;  
Fair they are, that girl and brother,  
With their young and smiling mother,  
Beautiful beyond disguise.

For observe their dress how simple,  
Muslin with embroidered wimple,  
Yet I think the effect is good;  
Scarce perchance, yet freely flowing;  
Nothing to impede the growing  
Into graceful womanhood.

And their houses were not cumbered  
With the rarities unnumbered,  
Wherewith now we deck our rooms;  
Wainscot walls, and plainly tinted;  
Nothing vivid, save where glinted  
Sunshine on a bowl of blooms.

And their gardens differed greatly  
From all those we have seen lately,  
Where the flowers in strange device  
Grow as in a brodered cushion,  
Holding all that art can push in,  
Without leave to spread or rise.

Their flowers grew in natural order,  
In the wide old-fashioned border,  
Bright with pink and peony;  
With tall hollyhocks in posies,  
Stocks, and lavender, and roses,  
Purple larkspur, and sweet pea.

And I liked their yew-cut alleys,  
Framing vistas of the valleys,  
And the church-tower, and the lca,  
And the stately trees whose shadow  
Fell at eve o'er park and meadow,  
Century after century.

Their amusements—well, for certain,  
If on them I lift the curtain,  
You'll pronounce them tame and few;  
And a yellow page you're turning—  
You would scrutinise their learning;  
Ah, it would seem small to you

Who have sat for hours in classes,  
Making notes of all that passes;  
But you see their sphere was home;  
There they reigned supreme and thrifty,  
And the matron long past fifty,  
Kept her dignity and bloom.

And they had their Christmas dances,  
Summer junketings and fancies,  
And the daintiest, choicest teas;  
Sometimes too a little scandal;  
But a strain from Boyce or Haudol  
Cleared the air like summer breeze.

And although they might work blindly,  
Yet their aims were good and kindly;  
In their quiet neighbourhood  
Not a child but knew and loved them,  
Old and middle-aged approved them,  
And took pattern as they could.

So they lived, my ancestresses,  
Simple, unperplexed by guesses  
At God's secrets veiled for aye:  
Books were fewer, knowledge rarer;  
But none nobler, sweeter, fairer,  
Grace the England of to-day.

M. L.

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## LITERARY BEGINNERS.

Among the many graces to which cultivated minds aspire, there is none which is perhaps so much the object of general ambition as the grace of literary excellence. Almost every educated person, at some period of life, makes certain advances in this direction. These attempts are generally begun in the earlier years, and as a rule they end there. Now and again cases are met with where the pursuit is persisted in long after it is apparent to every one but the man himself that he is not qualified to excel in this particular branch of culture; but these cases are happily exceptional. That they are not more numerous, is due to the fact that good writing, like good acting, cannot be simulated. A man may earn the character of a scholar, even if he have but little Latin and less Greek, so long as he does not openly put his acquisitions to too severe a strain. But he cannot hoodwink people as to his real merits if he attempt to play the part of Hamlet with a supply of histrionic power which is barely sufficient for that of Polonius; neither may he by any possibility pass as a great writer unless he can actually write well. The virtue of good writing is one which it is not in the power of a man to 'assume,' if he have it not.

At the same time, it is within the capacity of a large number of persons to attain to a very fair and marketable degree of literary excellence, as is evidenced by the thousands who in this country earn a livelihood, or eke out an otherwise insufficient income, by the use of the pen. And this army of writers is one that is growing, and likely to grow; the demand for literary workmanship of various degrees of excellence being increasingly maintained by the great number of magazines, journals, newspapers, and other kinds of periodical literature, that afford to these writers at once a medium of publication and a source of income. Those persons therefore who have but newly engaged, or who meditate engaging in this work, will find some encouragement and a good deal of instruction in a book entitled

*Journals and Journalism* (London: Field and Tuer), written by an author who adopts the pseudonym of 'John Oldcastle.'

This book does not profess to treat of Journals or Journalism beyond what is necessary to constitute a fair claim to its sub-title of 'A Guide to Literary Beginners.' And to this class it will be useful. They here receive instruction, presumably based upon a considerable experience, as to how to prepare and despatch their manuscripts; how to correct their proofs—should their productions reach that happy stage; and in what spirit to receive their manuscripts back, should these, as is at first not unlikely, be returned to them 'with the editor's thanks.' This latter is to most young writers a bitter experience, and the bitterness is intensified if the writer never gets a manuscript accepted at all, and is at last driven to try some other channel than literature for the utilisation of his, or her, intellectual vigour. Even writers who are in the end accepted, and whose productions may afterwards become of some esteem in the world of letters, are not exempted from renewals of this experience. Editors and publishers are dainty creatures, and will not bite indiscriminately at any lure; and the author never lived who did not fail sometimes.

For the consolation of those to whom this experience has been perhaps more familiar than they probably thought either desirable or wholesome, our author has gathered together many encouraging examples of men ultimately successful, and eminently so, who were for years persistently 'rejected' at the publishing and editorial portals. For instance, there is our greatest living man of letters, Thomas Carlyle, who could not get any publisher to accept his *Sartor Resartus*, and was glad in the end to have it appear piecemeal in the pages of a magazine, greatly to the disgust of some of its readers. Mrs Henry Wood, before she produced *East Lynne*, had a drawerful of tales which had been 'returned with thanks' from all directions. Even Macaulay, all-knowing and immaculate as he appears in his printed works, is said to have written not a little

which came back to him from publishers 'declined with thanks.' Anthony Trollope was frequently rejected; so was that once-formidable personage, Henry Brongham; and so was that distinguished novelist, the late George Eliot.

We are, however, afraid that 'John Oldcastle' somewhat errs on the side of encouragement, and that his book may induce a rush of young competitors for literary distinction whose capability is not at all commensurate with their ambition. It is one of the traditions of *Chambers's Journal* that it has ever given fair and full consideration to young writers, and has been the means of introducing not a few successful authors to the world of letters; yet it would be a source of regret were the instances given in this book, of perseverance ultimately rewarded, to lead aspirants to go away with the idea that it is an easy thing to scale the higher citadels of literature. And in giving this caution, it may not be amiss to point out one or two of the misconceptions by which many literary beginners are led astray at the very outset of their career. In doing so, we assume that the persons so advised possess the literary faculty in some degree; otherwise, no advice is of any use.

The first and most prevalent misconception of tyros is, that an article or a poem, to be brilliant, must be 'dashed off.' They have heard, of course, that Johnson wrote *Rasselas* in a week; that Byron was only thirteen days over *The Corsair*; that Scott was scarcely double that time in writing a volume of *Waverley*; and that Burns composed *Tam o' Shanter* between dinner and tea. But they forget that before these tasks were accomplished, Johnson had composed and published what would fill volumes; Byron had already spent the best of his years in the constant practice of his pen; Scott had edited the Border ballads, the works of Swift and Dryden, and written the greatest of his poems; and that Burns was as expert and practised in verse-making as a long experience in the art could possibly make even him. Apart altogether from the question of the super-eminent genius of all these men, they did not attain to this degree of literary celerity all at once. They did not jump into it as a man may get into a suit of new clothes. It was in each case the result of the unwearying practice of their art. There have been instances, such as that of the poet Campbell, where the genius ripened early, and where the first work was the best; but this is very rare even in the ranks of genius. The rule in these ranks has rather been on the side of unmitigated labour in correcting and perfecting their compositions. Many of them, such as Gibbon, wrote and rewrote the first of their productions three or four times over; and after all, when they saw their work in print, have been known to declare that they thought they could still improve it were they to write it over yet again! It may be taken therefore as a fundamental rule in the attainment of literary excellence, to spare no labour in perfecting and polishing, and to leave no word, or

sentence, or passage unimproved that still seems to admit of improvement. Attention to this would save many a young writer some of his bitterest disappointments.

Another fertile source of literary shipwreck to young writers is their aversion to submit their compositions to the amending hands of experienced and therefore competent persons. They are naturally partial to their own productions. They have resolved to set up at once for a genius, and have they not read that every word of genius is a treasure not to be touched by the hands of the prosaically profane? If the privilege of the hero in the fairy tale were theirs, and they had only to wish, in order to possess the thing wished for, no doubt we would have genius in plenty; but it so happens that the exquisite combination of intellectual faculties so named is a very rare possession among men. It is safer to begin life with a humble idea of our genius. If genius be ours, it will not be long in showing itself. We do not mean by this to disenchant altogether the young writer: this would be cruelty, as half his incentive and the most of his pleasure may lie in this same pleasing delusion; but we would have him trust rather to industry than to impulse for the success of his earlier efforts.

There are few even among the most talented writers who have not at some time or other been subject to supervision, and this not unfrequently at the hands of men much less gifted than themselves, but richer in experience. The mechanical part of the art can only be perfected by practice. We may not all be capable of running a mile in five minutes and jumping as many hurdles by the way; but even the racer who does this must first have learned to walk before he could so run. It is the same with the generality of writers. Nor have the acknowledged sons of genius disdained such helps. 'Addison,' says Pope, 'wrote very fluently; but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends; and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong.' Burns was not beyond taking a hint from Johnson the Edinburgh music-editor as to the phraseology and rhythmical structure of his songs. Scott submitted his earlier ballads to the correcting hand of that very small man Mat Lewis, and sad work the Monk made of them. On the other hand, some of the best of his novels were considerably improved in point of composition by the verbal criticisms of his publisher James Ballantyne. Byron, even in his best days, did not hesitate to rewrite a whole act of *Manfred* because his publisher's 'taster' did not like it in its first form; Dickens publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to the printers' reader for saving him from many serious blunders; and Thomas Carlyle was content to have his first articles hacked and cut at by Jeffrey till he scarcely knew his own when he saw it in print. If great and experienced writers, therefore, were not averse to such supervision, why should small ones—at least, let us say young ones—be so? The truth is, one of the most hopeful signs in a



young writer is his ability to submit to the correcting hand of those who, even though he may think them of less brilliant parts, are possessed of more cultured tastes than himself. It is within our own experience that those young writers who receive correction least graciously are as a rule the least capable.

Still another source of failure to the literary aspirant, is his inability or unwillingness to accommodate the style of his contribution to that of the magazine or journal to which he proposes to send it. Many declinatures are traceable, not so much to defective composition or literary poverty, as to the inappropriateness of the subject, or the objectionable manner in which it is treated. It is a hopeful indication of success when a contributor can grasp the spirit and purpose of the publication in which he is emulous of appearing, and at once writes up to it. Without the necessary literary insight to discriminate in this matter, it would be impossible for those who make a profession of journalism, or who earn a livelihood by miscellaneous contributions to magazines, to frame their productions in conformity with this the first and foremost of editorial requirements. It is clear that when an editor opens a manuscript and finds that the heading of it indicates a subject obviously inappropriate for his purposes, he will go no further into it. On the other hand, if the subject be such as comes within the scope or design of his publication, the young writer has at least made one step in his progress good, for his paper—unless the editor has previously accepted a similar article from another hand—will then be considered on its merits. Of course, when a writer has been sufficiently tested and approved, and has reached the honour of a place on the staff of contributors which most magazines in course of time gather round them, this difficulty is less felt, as then he has his work frequently allocated to him by the editor, subject and all. But young writers cannot get into this position in a day or a year, if even; and meantime therefore they must set down this question of fitness as among the considerations that are necessary on their part if they would hope to appear in print in the quarter towards which their ambition points.

The conditions of literary effort are in these days very different from what they formerly were. Within the present century, journalism has risen from something like a pastime into the dignity of a profession. Out of the unregulated amorphism of its incipient stages, it has developed into a highly organised existence. From an incongruous horde of literary nomads, whose movements tended nowhere and everywhere, it has been concentrated into the drilled and disciplined order of an army, with companies and regiments each under its own colours, and trained to the use of its own peculiar weapons. And the individual has changed with the organisation. Every man does not now set up for a captain, though any private with the necessary ability may hope to be one. As was said of the proverbial French soldier, so may every private in the regiments of literature carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack. In this army, also, there can be in the nature of things be no promotion by purchase; nothing is to be hoped for under any system of exchange; promotion by merit is here the only admissible tenet of law and practice. Literary labour is now more than ever

in the position of earning its money's worth; and although the reward may not always be proportioned to the effort, that is a contingency which is not incidental to this department of labour only, but holds equally of all branches of human industry and application.

To one, therefore, who possesses any fair degree of literary skill, there are in our day many avenues open, if not to distinction or affluence, at least to a respectable competency. But like all other attainments, it can only be acquired by hard work and persistent effort. Byron's story about his waking one morning and finding himself famous, is apt to take unprofitable possession of too many young heads, of whom it is no more likely to be true than it was of Byron himself. With all his undoubted genius, united to the advantages of his birth and station, he did not burst like a meteor at once into distinction; but worked on for long with no more encouragement than Brougham awarded him for his *Hours of Idleness*. And even after he had risen to the summit of poetical fame in his day, any one who compares his drafts with his finished productions, will see what a patient, plodding craftsman he was, scrupulously fastidious as to his phraseology, in the amending and correcting of which he spared no pains. In these corrections, moreover, he exhibited what is always a distinct proof of literary skill and cultured taste, in so far as he seldom made a change which was not also an improvement. To the young literary aspirant, therefore, we would say, Write carefully, and at leisure; do not fall into the stupid conceit of 'dashing things off;' have no aversion to your faults being pointed out, but beware, on the other hand, of the exuberant praise bestowed upon your manuscript by interested relatives; and once your work is honestly done, and neatly written out, do your best to find a likely channel of publication for it. If not at first successful, you may be in the long-run; and if not with one piece, lay it aside, and try another.

An Editor is frequently blamed if he do not immediately return an illegible paper, and is regarded as unkind or even harsh if he fails to point out the faults of the unfortunate manuscript; but a little reflection will show how unreasonable it is to expect that that hard-worked personage can have time to criticise, for the benefit of any tyro who may ask, the imperfections of that tyro's work. Nor can an Editor possibly peruse and judge of the merits or otherwise of a multiplicity of manuscripts immediately upon their reception. Days—even a week or two may elapse before he can give them the necessary attention.

Contributors would be more patient regarding their papers if they only knew how earnestly a conscientious Editor labours to throw into shape an imperfectly written article or tale; nor would they wonder at their offerings being so frequently abridged, if they knew how many papers were constantly struggling for a place. 'Deal small and serve all,' is one of the Editor's necessary maxims.

There are various minor, but nevertheless important points, which it would be well for literary aspirants to observe, but which we regret to say are too often neglected. The calligraphy should be clear, and the page should not be crowded with lines; otherwise, a manuscript which may contain really meritorious matter runs the risk of



being returned unread. Manuscript should be written on one side of the leaf only, and at the end or at the beginning the author's full Christian name, surname, and address should be given. The neglect of this latter precaution, as well as the omitting to include stamps for re-postage of illegible material, occasions the loss, or necessitates the consignment to the waste-basket, of many a manuscript.

Letters of recommendation from the tyro's friends, or even from men of eminence in the literary world, are of no use whatever if the matter offered fails to commend itself to the Editor. His duty is to cater for a public who must be satisfied that what is periodically offered to it, suits its taste. Nor can the Editor who would hold together his *clientèle* of readers, admit the offerings of even the widow or orphan, unless they pass the tribunal of his judgment—a cruel duty doubtless, but one which the stern exigencies of his position necessitate.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER VII.—LAUNCHED IN LONDON.

IT is with some pain, ever and always, that we tear ourselves away from a place where we have lived long enough to allow the tenacious home associations to take root. Even a prison can to some exceptional natures become dear by long usage; and although a ship has been not inaptly compared to a floating jail, many a tough old naval officer has been known to lament the joyous years when he was cabined, cribbed, confined in some contracted den on board a space-saving corvette or pinched gunboat. Of the Denham family, the one who left Blackston with the most regret was certainly Louisa, the doctor's eldest daughter. Pretty Rose, her young sister, was of an age at which change and bustle and novelty are welcome for their own sake, and when Fancy paints in glowing hues the radiant to-morrow that Hope keeps in store. And the doctor, his mind once made up, felt as sanguine as the veriest schoolboy as to the ultimate results of his fresh start in life.

To Bertram Oakley the change was a glad one. He was not, as many of his former fellow-workers had been prone, with local vanity, to boast themselves, 'Blackston born,' and had few pleasant memories of the hard, grinding, unlovely Woolopolis of the West. He was now about to make his first real upward step in the world, of which he had read so much and seen so little; and never, in the old semi-mythical days of chivalry, did a young knight buckle on the golden spurs and knightly baldric with a purer and more steadfast resolve to do his best to deserve them, than that which swelled the beating heart of this young civil engineer expectant. The days of 'derring-do' are done. Slowly but surely, wealth, science, and the invention of gunpowder—the Grave of Valour, as old Germanic champions called it at the first—have turned the grim game of War into an elaborate match of patient calculation, the victory in which is to the longest head and the longest purse. Such lads as Bertram might once have seen few rewards to aim at but such as fell to the best lance of the old spear-breaking times. Now, our best triumphs are gained over the bridled forces of Nature.

The migration to London was accomplished with the smooth swiftness which the magician Steam puts at the command of us all, and which makes us half incredulous of the hardships of that time—not so very long ago—when Royal Anne and her drowsy consort Prince George of Denmark spent six hours in their beggled coach, during the painful transit along five clayey miles of stubborn Sussex road. Indeed, there seems now to be something ludicrously disproportionate between the thought, the hesitation, the doubts and fears, which a change of residence entails, and the rapid ease with which the actual flitting is conducted. Bertram, for one, eyed with but scanty interest the leagues of green country through which the train hurried on, rich as it was in storied nooks where memorable lives had been led or great deeds done, so eager was he to catch the first glimpse of the mighty city that lay beyond. Had his reading been more extensive and his hopes less high, he might have looked more lingeringly on this or that small red-roofed town, topped by a gray stern Norman belfry that had seen cruel civil strife, and flaunting pageants and pitiless executions, since the day when the masons completed their work. Or the shattered ruins of a chancel standing drear and lone, the broken pillars of a roofless aisle, a great rose-window showing its glassless tracery of stone, might have told him tales of a stately Abbey in its picturesque decay. As it was, he longed for London.

London reached at last! There it was, the canopy of smoke and winter-fog and shapeless blackness, overhanging the world's greatest of great cities. There it was, with its surging roar of mingled sounds, its disheartening immensity, and the unreasonable feeling of loneliness which is apt to be forced upon a sensitive stranger by his very neighbourhood to such a multitudinous anthill of busy beings as that to which he has come to bring his poor tribute of aspirations, and a life. Bertram could not help being a little disappointed, a little discouraged too, during the first hour or so in London. It seemed to him as if his were so small a venture among the many argosies afloat on such a sea, as if his brighter faculties were benumbed by the very heedlessness of the units who composed those great streams of life that poured like the very lifeblood of stirring civilisation through the echoing streets, each atom of the heaving mass intent upon his or her small gain of profit, pleasure, duty, all sublimely careless of the terrors and the longings, the eagerness, despair, stricken woe, that jostled against them in human presentment on the flagstones.

Once in London—once beside the platform on which deft corduroy-clad porters—skilled physiognomists in that branch of Lavater's science which consists in discriminating between the fee-giving and non-fee-giving varieties of modern travellers—were wheeling empty trucks; and beyond which Hansoms and four-wheeled 'crawlers' were drawn up in line, expectant of their human prey—the caravan of West-country passengers that the panting steam-horse had swept so swiftly on along the sleepered road, broke up rapidly into its component parts. Even the Denham family, using the word in its amplest signification, separated on that railway platform, which has witnessed partings almost as painful, and often as final, as those which the scaffold itself has seen—husband

and wife, mother and son, brother and sister, saying the fearful words that should never be again uttered on this side of the grave. Off then drove the doctor, with his daughters and the boy he had taken by the hand, to their new abode in Harley Street; while a hired brougham, duly bespoken—for Mr Walter Denham was careful of his health, and never risked a draught—conveyed the *virtuoso* home.

Uncle Walter had a pretty house in the royal suburb of Kensington; but there are Kensingtons and Kensingtons, just as Belgravia is an elastic term that covers many a slack-baked street of insolvent stucco; and the shrewd *virtuoso* had contrived to establish his artistic Lares and Penates in the sunniest and most central nook between the angle of the Park and that great permanent Exhibition, that tantalises Londoners by being so near and yet so far, and where some of the choicest gems of our national treasury lie hid. It was in Prince's Terrace that Uncle Walter's mellow red-brick house, with the white stone mullions of its Queen Anne windows, showed its tempting front, like a ripe peach in the sunshine; while within were rare marbles and bronzes, marvellous intaglios and fragments of ancient mosaic, pictures, urns, arms, medallions, all the *bric-a-brac* that can be picked up by an indefatigable explorer of the darkling curiosity-shops of decaying towns abroad. Here, among his statues, his Greuzes and Hobbins, his blue china and antique chaises, and sword-blades from Damascus and Toledo, dwelt Uncle Walter; and thither the hired brougham in due course conveyed him.

The Harley Street house wherein Sir Samuel Jeffs had dwelt was large and roomy, larger by far than that provincial dwelling in Regent Square, Blackston, which had been 'home' even yesterday; but it seemed cold, gloomy, and sepulchral, and with its big rooms and grand staircase and dimly lighted windows, exercised rather a depressing effect at the first upon its new inhabitants. It had been the abode of generations of wealthy people; and on some of the ceilings, florid mythology displayed the most garish colours and clumsiest attitudes of an eighteenth century Olympus. The stone staircase was more like that of an Italian house than a London one. There were yet, on each side of the wide front-door, the quaint extinguishers of rusty iron wherewith the running footmen of past ages quenched the not unnecessary flambeaux with which they lighted their masters through the muddy and ill-kept streets. Before those steps, many a grand carriage had set down its living load. Into that hall, many a sedan-chair had been carried, freighted with beauties in paint and patches, with impossible headgear and high-heeled shoes. Dean Swift himself may have trudged, sootily, and Laurence Sterne tripped, smirking, up that stair.

"We shall shake into our places, and soon—all of us, feel at home," was Dr Denham's cheery dictum, as he clapped his hand encouragingly on Bertram Oakley's shoulder; while the latter busied himself with the supervision of the luggage, as it was brought in, piecemeal, through the fog and waning light, from without. Dr Denham was in excellent spirits, in wilfully good spirits, if it be permissible to use such a word. He knew the practice he had bought to be a good one. Sir Samuel's name was one which was never breathed

but with respect, and the field lay open for a successor of his recommending. The fashion of Harley Street is as dead as the Druids, but there is much of substantial wealth yet in the district. Altogether, the honest doctor felt as though he were proprietor of a gold mine, and had but to work as his wont was, to secure the precious ore beneath.

(To be continued.)

## A NOVEL PET.

WHAT English homestead would be complete without its Pet? an epithet applicable alike to bird, cat, dog, or baby. Most have some kind of pet. It is human, it is natural to have something on which to lavish our best affection. At home we had a diversity of pets; but the one I wish to speak of was, I consider, a Novel Pet, in so far as it is not customary to keep an animal of its *genus* as an inmate of a domestic circle. Our pet was a kangaroo. She—one of the gentler sex, and well deserving was she of that honour—was a splendid specimen of her kind. I have seen many both since and before at the Zoo, and elsewhere; but never have I met with such a one as ours. Had she been reinstated amongst her own kin, doubtless she would have been considered a beauty, if somewhat dainty and precise. Standing erect upon her hind-limbs, she looked the perfection of dignity, and would measure at least five feet. But her usual attitude was a graceful curve of the spine, which considerably diminished the height, but lent ease and rapidity to her motions. Her skin was soft and glossy; her head small, with long sharp-pointed ears that evidenced delicate breed, and large soft hazel eyes; a long, strong tail, which served both as a vehicle by which she was wont to express any intense emotion, and a weapon wherewith to resent insult or ungenerosity; and two fore-limbs or short arms, which were of the same use and value to her as are those of her higher evolved sisters of the human species (*vide* Mr Darwin). With these fore-paws she would, monkey-wise, grasp and retain anything offered to her. Her food she preferred to take from the dish, and in this wise transfer to her mouth, in contrast to the ruder manner of her fellow-diners—three fat and—must it be told?—greedy cats. They invariably assembled at meal-times—this quartet—and great was the angry growling of the feline brethren should Kanny be first to extract from the dish a morsel of the edibles. She was a bit of an epicure in her way. Her *bonne-bouche* was a rabbit-bone—the more fleshy the better—which she would take in her right paw and pick cleanly, and with infinite relish.

The cats were rather awed by her at first. They set their backs up and their ears down; their tails grew thick and stiff. But they soon came to be accustomed to their new companion. No doubt they thought her odd; but that thought was chased away in the more practical occupation of staying the pangs of animal appetite. Likewise, we children, and indeed our elders also, were more than a trifle scared at first. Kanny was a formidable creature to meet unexpectedly, as I did one day when returning with nurse from a walk. She came bounding down the stairs, taking a whole flight at a time, and the length of the hall in about four leaps. She was not such a fine

animal at that time. Most probably, she had not had the same care and kindness bestowed upon her on board the vessel that brought her from her southern home, as she had subsequently. Of tea she was exceedingly fond, and she deemed it a grievous slight if we omitted to insert a full complement of sugar. Had we served it without milk, she would have lashed her tail, then drawn up her tall figure in angry indignation, and with a bound or two of extra magnitude, occasioned by the force of exasperation, permit distance to separate the offended and the offender. But each and all loved her, and looked to her comforts too well for that. Not a luxury but Kanny must share; not a 'penn'orth o' sweets' but Kanny must partake of—her particular fancy in this line leaning to sugared almonds. Kanny had a very sweet tooth.

By-and-by we children developed a vague consciousness of something in the shape of mystery going on, or about to take place. This we gleaned from side-looks and whispers, and our inquisitive young minds were sorely perplexed. But in course of time this dim expectancy was rendered more substantial, more real. Kanny had a baby—a baby kangaroo! Oh, how our childish hearts did expand to take in every iota of that wondrous phenomenon! A baby kangaroo born beneath our own roof—the roof of an outhouse made cosy and comfortable upon the arrival of the mother. Well, it was all the same! No real baby could have been a greater prodigy—a greater beauty, notwithstanding its lean, lank body, long disproportionate limbs, and the general looseness of its physical proportions. Nevertheless, baby kanny was a treasure. Though it was our dearest delight to seek to entice the interesting bantling from her abode of warmth and safety in her mother's pouch, no human mother could have tended her infant more constantly than did our Kanny. But, alas! it was not for long. Ere many weeks had passed, the autumn winds blew bleak—too bleak for the child of the south. Our pet's baby, always weakly, timid, fragile, sickened and died.

No longer were our childish hearts excited at the vision of a pair of dark eyes and two little skinny paws peeping out of the mother's pouch. We missed our little pet much, and we mourned her in a way. But as for the mother, if she grieved, we were delighted that she survived her grief, and—selfish mortals that we are—we were amply recompensed for our loss by the attention she could again bestow upon us.

Our garden was a good length, and surrounded by brick walls of some seven feet or more. To take these walls at a leap was an easy feat to Kanny; and highly amusing was it to see her help herself without invitation to the bunches of currants or cherries—taking wise precaution as to the stones—from the bushes and trees, which fruit we children were cautioned not to pluck without permission. It was hard; it was tantalising perhaps; but it was amusing—and pardonable, as the delinquent was our pet Kanny.

Another amusing incident occurred when some workmen were engaged in a neighbour's garden. A long lane ran parallel with the ends of the gardens of our terrace, and from each garden a door led into this lane. Our neighbour's door having fallen into dilapidation, they were getting a new one in its place—the carpenter and others

being busy at it. When strangers were about, it was our custom to keep Kanny confined to her own domestic quarters; but somehow or other it happened that this particular day, shortly before noon, some considerate friend had released her from her temporary imprisonment, and she was free to go whithersoever she desired. After reveling in the freedom which the garden afforded, possibly her long-pent energies provoked an ardent yearning for a wider range, now that that sweetest of all sweet boons was her own. Be that as it may, she was pleased to 'take' the wall; and then, with her habitual light step, she bounded along the lane in the direction whence sounds of knocking alternating with human voices fell upon her keenly sensitive ear. In this way she gained the doorway where the men were going on with their work. Then, gracefully and with becoming dignity, drawing herself up to her full height, she confronted the men with an intelligent and unabashed stare. The men were at first amazed—then terrified almost out of their wits. One by one dropped his tools and ran as fast as his legs would carry him. In less time than it takes to tell, all had fled, leaving their work and their beer behind them; and Kanny became mistress of the situation. In nowise discomposed or seemingly discouraged by this most precipitate retreat, Kanny was not slow to improve the opportunity. The pewter pots remained; some were still little less than half emptied. Kanny had tasted beer before, though, not often. But one sniff was sufficient—it was good! Kanny tasted it—it was better. Pot after pot was emptied until not a drop remained; and the lawful imbibers had the satisfaction of beholding from a window a formidable and unknown animal placidly yet surely making smaller 'by degrees and beautifully less the delectable contents of those pewter pots! Many there have been, and still are, who would without ceremony 'rob a poor man of his beer'; but upon no previous occasion, probably, has the British workman been rendered beerless by a kangaroo.

Truly, these big and doubtless proportionately brave fellows were terribly scared, and little wonder, seeing that it was the first time they had encountered such an animal under such circumstances. It required all the persuasive eloquence of our cook, who stood in the background an amused spectator, to prevail upon them to leave their refuge in order to resume work, which could only be achieved upon the repeated and solemn assurance that the creature—and according to the workmen, the something infinitely worse—was in safe custody elsewhere.

Winter was approaching, and the cold, spite of all our efforts to the contrary, affected poor Kanny much. She became subject to fainting-fits, preceded by shiverings, when she would turn up her big brown eyes so soft, so full of beseeching pity, that our hearts were touched to the core. It was pitiable to see her. Her sufferings, alas, increased! We provided as well as we could for her comfort and relief; but it availed not, and day by day we watched her grow less active, less inclined to frolic and play, as she became weaker and more subject to these attacks. She would lie down now, content to have a caressing hand at intervals laid upon her, when, in answer, she would endeavour to raise her pretty,

symmetrical head, and rub the hand in token of her gratitude and love. This was all she could do; and there came a time when even this was too much.

One raw December day, she was carried in from her house and placed on the rug before the kitchen-fire, panting and gasping for breath; and in a short time thereafter our pet was dead! We made her a grave in the garden, wherein rest the remains of many other but not more dearly cherished pets; and for years that spot, to my childish understanding at least, was consecrated by the memory of one who had been our dear and faithful friend. Even now I love all recollections of our Kanny.

## A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE PROMISE KEPT.

YEARS again passed by, during which I had neither heard of Stockdale, nor revisited my old home. Time, which softens all sorrows, had taken away the sharpness of mine. I had not indeed forgotten Fairy, and I had remained unmarried. But of Stockdale I hardly ever had a thought now. Twenty years had passed since the events mentioned in the last chapter, and almost as many since I had been in Liverpool. It was an evening in the month of May when, after so long an absence, I once more found myself in that busy town. I supposed that I should certainly be forgotten at the *Neptune*, if indeed that hotel should still be in existence; but I wished to see the place again, and so made my way towards my old quarters. It was with some curiosity that I turned into the little court where the inn used to be. It was there still, apparently unchanged, and I entered. Of course, I was not recognised; but when I mentioned my name, and said that I used to be well known at the *Neptune*, I found that the name at least was remembered, and that there was an apartment still called Captain Rivers' Room. To a wanderer such as I had been, without relative or home, this was some satisfaction; and I asked to be allowed again to occupy my own room.

And so that night I found myself sitting by the fireside, as I had done nearly a quarter of a century before. Everything in the room was just as I had last seen it. There was no change in the furniture. The same massive mahogany bedstead with its crimson curtains was there; the same table at which I had written my letter to poor Fairy. The arm-chair I was sitting in was the very one in which I had so often sat and thought of her. Opposite me was the old oak cabinet; and I am half-ashamed to confess that I actually went over to it and opened the right-hand drawer, and looked in with a kind of feeling that I should find a letter for me in it. There was none of course. But as I sat in the old place by the fireside that night, memories of the past crowded thick upon me, incidents long forgotten returned vividly to my mind. I thought of my old home; of Mrs Pearson, and my promise to her; of Fairy—of my last interview with her; of the lonely grave on the wild moorland; until I observed that the fire had gone out, and that it was far on in the night. Then I went to bed, and fell asleep. But still my thoughts were busy with

the past. I seemed in my dreams to pass again through the scenes of my childhood and youth. But one strange feature was present in them all. I was a boy playing with Fairy. We were full of mirth, the garden ringing with our laughter, when suddenly a servant appeared calling us in. It was Dorothy Brien, the old servant of the Stockdales. The scene changed. I was returning to Rathminster after my first voyage, anxious to see Fairy again, and feeling a pleasure in coming home—never perhaps so sweet and unmixed as in youth, and after a first absence. I knocked at the door. 'Fairy will surely open it,' I thought. But no. It was Dorothy. 'There is sickness in this house,' she said; 'you cannot enter.' So my dream went on, one scene succeeding another, and with each this old servant was strangely mixed up. I thought I was returning from my poor darling's funeral. At a turn of the road, the same woman suddenly met me. 'Stop!' she said. 'I have a message for you from Mrs Stockdale. Listen to what I tell you;' and she seemed to speak eagerly. '*You are to remember your promise.*'

Then I awakened. The morning sun was pouring in its light through the window. I got up and dressed myself. At first I thought my dream was simply the effect of circumstances. The familiar room, and my meditations the night before, had awakened in me former trains of thought. Even in sleep, my imagination was busy with the past; for impressions once made upon the mind, though forgotten, remain hidden away as it were in the storehouse of the memory, and may rise up before us again at the most unexpected moments.

But I must confess that this dream, fantastic as it was, strangely affected me. Old wounds will open afresh after they have been healed for years, and the vividness of my dream seemed to have stirred to their depths the feelings which time had calmed. I began to think of my promise to Fairy, and to ask myself, had I done all I might have done to keep it; and a vague impression began to take possession of me that I must visit Rathminster once more. I reasoned with myself that it would be useless, as painful to me to do so; but the feeling grew stronger, and I could not shake it off. At length, therefore, my time being at my disposal, I determined to yield to it; and so the fourth day after my arrival in Liverpool, found me again on my way to Rathminster.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the town. I noticed but few changes in the place itself—the great change was in the people—a change that twenty years is sure to work. The young were middle-aged; the middle-aged were old; the old were dead. I saw scarcely a face that I recognised. Scarce a soul remembered me. I was not known at the hotel, where even my name had been forgotten. I was not sorry at this. I had come to-day; I should be gone to-morrow. I scarcely wished to be recognised or remembered. After having had some refreshment, I strolled out along the streets. I gazed at the house where we had lived. I sauntered past the school-gates, and saw a few of the boarders playing in the old ball-court. I then walked slowly along the road past the castle; the rooks were busy with their nests in the fine old trees, and flocks of jackdaws were circling as they used to do round the ivy-covered

walls of the old ruin. I had almost unconsciously taken the road which passed Rathminster churchyard, and before I knew, I found myself at the gate. Then I thought that I would once more walk along the path, and once more gaze upon the spot where I had parted from her. In bitterness of spirit I followed the path through the fields on and on, till at last I came out upon the high-road. On finding myself so near Stockdale's house, I walked on a hundred yards or so until I came opposite it. I deemed that there was little danger of meeting Stockdale, and doubted whether even passing me casually he would recognise me. It was a lovely evening, and there was a delicious spring-like odour in the air. The hedgerows were all out in leaf, and the green on them and on the trees was still in its first delicate freshness. The little birds were fully engaged in their domestic concerns; and the busy chatter of the distant rookery was just audible in the moments when all other sounds were hushed.

There was no one in Stockdale's garden, nor indeed about the cottage, so far as I could see. The door was closed, and the blinds were down in the lower windows. As no one seemed near, I sat down upon the parapet of the little bridge. The moment I had seen the house, I had been struck by its changed aspect. Formerly, everything about it had been so neat and well kept; now, there was everywhere an air of neglect and desolation. The garden was a mass of weeds; the box borders of the flowerbeds had grown up almost into shrubs, and were the only tokens of where the walks had been. In the centre of the garden, from the little gate that opened on the road, to the door of the house, there was an ungravelled pathway trodden amongst the weeds. The house too seemed utterly uncared for. The rustic porch was in a tottering condition. The creepers which had covered the front of the house were gone; here and there, a portion of the decaying trellis-work remained hanging to the wall; and cracked and broken panes were to be seen in almost every window. I began to wonder what had become of Stockdale. Was he dead, or had he left the country, or sold his farm? Although it was so long since I had seen or heard of him, yet I had come to Rathminster expecting somehow to find things just as I had left them; and it had not even occurred to me to make any inquiries in the town. Had I then come back after twenty years just to see the house falling into ruin, and to hear, perhaps, that the owner had been long dead?

Still, my thoughts were not so wholly engrossed with suppositions as to Stockdale and his misfortunes, as to make me forget that I had come to Rathminster determined to do one thing, if it were possible to be done—and that was, *to keep my promise to Fairy*. So powerfully had my recent dream impressed this duty upon my mind, that I could not help upbraiding myself for so long delaying its execution. But now, sitting on the parapet of the bridge in view of the cottage where she had lived, I made a firm resolve with myself that the duty should be postponed no longer. I felt impelled towards it by a mysterious something within me which I am not yet able to explain, even to myself.

Seeing that the long-forgotten figure of Dorothy Brien had played so conspicuous a part in my

dream, I naturally made some inquiries with regard to her. It appeared that shortly after Mrs Stockdale's death, she had left the service of young Stockdale—though for many years she had served him and his family before him—and gone away, it was believed to America. At all events, she had not since been heard of, and must long ago be dead. This information further excited my curiosity as to how it came that she filled so large a place in my dream—a dream which had led me after so many years to seek to make up for my previous neglect of Fairy's last wish.

It would weary the reader were I to detail the various steps I took in order to get the sanction of the necessary authorities for the removal of her body from that solitary grave in Gortfern churchyard, where it had lain undisturbed all these years. Fortunately, Dr Burton, who had succeeded to the practice of our old medical attendant, his father, had not forgotten me, or who I was; and when I had stated to him the sacred purpose of my visit, he used every endeavour to enable me to carry out my wishes. From him, also, I learned that Stockdale a few weeks before had disappeared from the village, in order to escape the consequences of some action on the part of an exasperated creditor, and when he might return was not known. At all events, he was not in a position to raise any serious obstacle to my proposal, even if he were now so minded, for his life during many years had been a continued sinking from bad to worse. Poor in means, and degraded in character, he had gradually lost the respect of his neighbours—a silent, dark-minded man, who moved about like one who has the burden of some great crime lying heavy upon him.

At length we had completed our arrangements for the transference of the body of Mrs Stockdale to the Rathminster churchyard; and for this purpose Dr Burton and I set out one morning armed with the necessary authority, to be followed in an hour by a hearse that was to convey the body from Gortfern.

I shall never forget that morning. The air was mild and humid, with a soft mist veiling the distant landscape; and as we passed along that solitary road, which I had traversed with such bitter feelings twenty years before, the whole circumstances of that mournful period rose up before me in a kind of dreadful phantasmagoria. I saw in imagination my cousin Fairy—the woman I had loved so long and so deeply—lying dead under the silver fir on that New Year's morning; her removal to the cottage; my visit there, with Dorothy Brien once more telling me that there was death in the house; my useless expostulations with Stockdale; the funeral procession to Gortfern churchyard, and the consignment of Fairy's remains to the cold recesses of that moorland grave. Ah me! that sorrow should so print its impress upon our hearts!

When we arrived at Gortfern, we found the sexton and his assistant in readiness for their work, as also two representatives of the local trust that had the management of this old burying-place. We soon found the grave—though no tombstone marked the spot—and the melancholy work of disinterment began. I watched then, as the men worked downwards foot by foot through that soft, black, peaty mould, till I heard their implements



strike upon the lid, on which I had heard, as it were but yesterday, the dull echo of 'earth to earth' twenty years ago. The men worked with care; but somehow in the course of their operations, the lid of the coffin had been split from top to bottom; and when the chest was raised out of the grave, and set down upon the turf of the churchyard, to my horror the one half of the cover fell entirely away, partly revealing the remains which it inclosed.

I cannot express the mingled grief and consternation that filled my mind at this, which appeared to me to be nothing less than a violation of the sanctity of death. Had I been allowed to follow my first impulse, it would have been to order the immediate replacement of the lid, that no rude gaze should reach those dear remains. But Dr Burton gently took me by the arm, and stooping down, slightly raised the dank cloth that covered the face of the dead. What was my surprise to find that the countenance was almost unchanged! I still could trace the well-remembered features—it was 'as if she had not been dead a day.' I knelt down by her side, and for a short while gave way to the grief I could no longer suppress.

It was afterwards explained to me by Dr Burton, that this apparently miraculous preservation of the body was due to the strongly antiseptic properties of the peaty soil in which it had been interred; although he had never in his experience seen a case in which the preservation had been so marvellously complete.

After allowing me for a few minutes to expend my grief, the worthy doctor was approaching as if to raise me, when we heard a voice behind us exclaim in tones of violent passion: 'Who has done this? By whose orders was this grave opened?'

I started to my feet, and there within a few yards of me stood Robert Stockdale! His eyes were gleaming like those of a fiend. He seemed like a man under the influence of strong drink; but it may only have been the wild excitement of his passionate nature. Since I had seen him last, he was more changed than she who had all these years been in her grave. Haggard and ghastly, with bloodshot eyes and deeply wrinkled forehead, he stood before me the very impersonation of an evil life.

I was about to advance and speak, when we observed the sexton, who had been busying himself in replacing the broken lid, lift a small packet out of the coffin, which he handed to Dr Burton. The packet was done up in several thick folds of cloth; and as he carefully unrolled these, all eyes were riveted upon him—even those of Stockdale, who had now approached, and stood looking on as if horror-stricken. The removal of the last fold of the cloth discovered a small volume—a pocket Testament—Fairly's Testament! I had given it to her as a keepsake, on my first visit to Rathminster, after I left home. As Dr Burton unclasped it, there fell from between the leaves a scrap of paper, which he instantly took up, and read aloud. I shall never forget the words it contained: they sounded in my ears like what they were—a message from the dead.

'I, Dorothy Brien, write this paper. I have promised to Mr Stockdale, my master, for the sake

of his good father and mother I so long served, never to tell what I know of this dreadful crime. But I will place this in my dear mistress's coffin when there is no one to see me, and God may reveal the truth some day. My mistress did not take away her own life—she was murdered by her husband. In the middle of the night, he strangled her with a blow; and I saw him carry the senseless body down-stairs. God and his own conscience only can tell what happened then. But she is as innocent of self-destruction as the babe unborn. I do not know how I shall live under the burden of what I know. But heaven may bring it to light some day, when I pray God pardon me for this great crime of concealment. But I cannot disgrace the son of parents who were so kind to me. God forgive me for my great sin.

DOROTHY BRIEN.'

As Dr Burton concluded the reading of this awful revelation—the revelation of a secret which the grave had kept so long—Stockdale turned as if to rush from our presence; but with a deep groan he staggered, and fell to the ground, where he lay for a time like a dead man. The doctor at once ordered the parish authorities present to see to his safe custody; and that night he was consigned on a charge of murder to Rathminster jail. For some hours, as I afterwards learned, he remained in a kind of stupor, out of which condition he gradually passed into a state bordering on frenzy, so much so, that he had to be closely watched by those in charge of him. A little after midnight, his excitement subsided, and he was left apparently sunk in slumber. In the morning, when his cell-door was opened, it was found that the wretched man had passed from the power of human justice to that which is beyond.

I need not prolong my story. The body of Fairy was reverently conveyed from Gortien to Rathminster, and laid beside that of her mother. *I had kept my promise.*

#### A PLAY UPON SURNAMES.

A CRY directory, however useful for business purposes and in its own special sphere, is hardly likely to be regarded by the general reader as a particularly lively or attractive volume. Yet to the curious, who will take the pains to analyse its contents, such a compendium is capable of yielding an astonishing amount of information and amusement. The study of names, whether of persons, places, or things, even in a superficial and unscientific manner, can scarcely fail to afford some measure of interest; while, with a little whimsical fancy, it may be rendered much more entertaining than one might readily suppose. From the directory of any large town, one may easily collect an array of the oddest, most fantastic, and seemingly most inexplicable names, many of which, probably, he has never heard of before; and if these be skillfully marshalled and reviewed, with the object of bringing into stronger relief their peculiarities and relationships, the effect is at once striking, grotesque and instructive. Without going farther afield than the Scottish capital, we may extract from the Edinburgh Directory a collection of



such curiosities as will amply serve our present purpose.

Let it be observed, in the outset, how many familiar surnames have been borrowed from the elements, the geographical features and products of the earth, the animal and vegetable kingdom; from the names of places, the various occupations of mankind, our conditions and characteristics, and even from our handiwork. Numerous experiments, such as the following, might be made to illustrate these peculiarities of our nomenclature. Let us try, for example, to compose a landscape by using a few of such surnames as have been derived from the geographical features of the country. There is no lack of material, and we may at once conjure up a scene of the most extensive and variegated description. Before us lie Hill and Dale, Wood and Forrest, Lake, Loch, Shore and Isles; Burns, Brooks and Firths; Glen, Garden, Grove, Corrie and Plain, Park and Ford; while the prospect may be further diversified by a House, an Abbey, a Church or Kirk, Greenfields, Bridges, Dykes, Gates, and, if you like, Fountains and even Cairns. To introduce a few more curiosities in connection with our picture, it may be observed that the scene will be all the more beautiful if viewed in Fairweather and not in Rainy, when the Waters would probably be in Flood, overflowing their Banks, and making Pooles in the Field by the Burnside; and it is better seen on a Summers day than in Winter, when its charms might be shrouded in Frost and Snow or obscured in Fog.

From inanimate nature we also obtain such surnames as Slate, Flint, Brass, Steel, Irons (with their concomitant Rust), Silver and Diamond. The vegetable world also contributes. Among trees there are Rowan, Myrtle and Oakes, from which we have a Bough, a Twigg, and even the Shade they afford. From the kitchen-garden we get Beet and Leek; while among flowers we have the Rose, the Lillie, the Gowan, the Primrose and the Hyacinthe. Of fruits there are the Peach, the Berry; and, what must be interesting to botanists, a Newberry. In close connection with the foregoing are the Bird, the Bee, and the Grubb. Of surnames identified with the names of places, there is an almost endless variety. The following may be enumerated: Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Brittain, Fife, Cromarty, Dingwall, Cornwall, Annandale, Paris, Glasgow, Carlisle, Paisley, Leith, Carstairs, Brechin, Coldstream, Kelso, Selkirk, Melrose, Gallo way, Lockerbie, Dunse, Corstorphine, Berwick, Bathgate, Beith. There are also Townsend, Street, Lane, and Cross.

The trades and professions are hardly less numerously represented. To select only a few of the more uncommon, we may mention Bishop, Frencher and Teacher; Sheriff, Judge and Constable; Farmer, Carter and Harrower; Joiner and Sawyer; Capper, Barber and Cutler; Piper and Fidler, the latter with his Bow; the Drover with his Herd; the Shepherd with his Crooke;

the Hunter with his Horn; the Player, for whom there is a Stage; the Officer on the March, with his Armour, Shields, Spears, Sword and Gun, and in front of him the Cannon; the Cook, who is of course provided with a Kitchen and an abundant supply of Potts, Kettles, and Ovens; the Diver with his Bell; the Painter with his stock-in-trade of colours—Black, White, Green, Brown, Gray, Dun and Blues, and many other worthies who will doubtless occur to the Reader. It is interesting to find that the names and professions of individuals occasionally harmonise. You may find a Taylor who is a member of the sartorial brotherhood, a Wright who wields the saw and hammer, a Slater who is a slater, and a Mercer who is a mercer; and if there be anything in a name, what could be more suitable than Manners for a draper, or Gentle for a dentist? For a dairy-keeper, however, Brooks may be thought rather suggestive, and Frost may appear somewhat frigid and repelling for a landlady.

Beasts and birds have lent their names to a numerous section of the human family. In our streets we may see Lyon and Lamb, Bullock, Cowe and Hog, Hart, Kidd and Fawns, Cob and Collie, Fox and Hare. But the feathered tribe comes much more prominently to the front. There are Eagle, Swan, Heron, Peacock, Drake, Woodcock, Crow (whose Claw is not denied us), Dove, Parrot, Starling, Martin, Swallow, Nightingale, Finch, Robin and Wren. Of Fish, for which there is a Pond, we have Salmon, Pike, Eeles, Roach and Crabb, some of which a Fisher is attempting to Hook, using a Cackle for bait. He has, however, to Wade, and has long to Waite for a bite.

Coming to names obviously derived from men's own conditions, relationships and characteristics, we find such surnames as Child, Suckling, Bairnes, Fairbairns, Boys, Girdle, Batchelor, Mann, Gentleman, Husband, Bairnsfather, Cousin and Friend. Royalty and aristocracy are represented by King, Duke, Earl, Noble and Knight. Then we have Laird and Tenant, and another who is Landless. And if names afford any criterion of personal appearance, constitution, or temperament, we can have our tastes admirably suited in the choice of companions. There are Young and Old, High and Low, Long and Short, Stout, Thin, Slight, Large, Small and Little; Strong and Doughty, Smart, Sharp, Tough and Rough; Wise and Simple, Gentle and Meek, Good and Best. What a happy time we should have in the company of Messrs Jolly, Blyth, Merry and Gay! Goodfellow, Playfair, Wiseman, Virtue, Peace and Cautious would also be desirable guests; but Gaudy, Pryde, Gossip, Cross, and Craven should not be admitted. Messrs Glass and Chrystal should be easily seen through, and Mr Helm should be a useful man for steering one out of a difficulty. We should of course expect Dear, Darling, and Love to be very affectionate people; and Swift, Speed, Trotter, Hurry, and Hastie should make excellent messengers. There are also a few names applying to different parts of the human body, as Bone, Legg, Shanks, Foot, Hair, Cruikshanks, Armstrong, Broadfoot, and Proudfoot.

Another class of curious surnames are those

called after more or less familiar articles, as household utensils and domestic necessities or luxuries. Some of these have already been mentioned in connection with the trades, but a large number remain, among which are Box, Broom, Fender, Buckle, Lock, Bolt, Barr, Comb and Key. The currency is represented by Cash, Money, Coyne, Crown, Dollar, Groat, Ducat and Penny; and in this group Cheape, Price, and Dearness may be alluded to. Of measures there are Gill, Gallon, Peck and Bushel. Talking of measures suggests that Mr Dry would be much safer in the neighbourhood of Wells than within reach of Sherry or Porter; Mr Drinkwater, however, would not Touch a Beverage that would Hurtle him. In another department of measurements we have Miles, Furlong, Inch, and Inches.

These curiosities do not by any means exhaust our List. We have still More. We have Moon and Stars, the former on the Wane. We have East and West, the undiscovered Pole, and the very Air we breathe. Mythology gives us Griffin, and Fairie, whose exploits enliven the Page of many a Story which we have Read or Heard. It is pleasant to have the Smiles of Fortune, which engender Hope and encourage us to Work with a Will, in which case we can hardly Fail. We not unaturally look askance at people who Crunch in a Corner, Mutter and Ogle, are Given to Howling, or behave in other Strangeways; and it seems Hard to believe that we have really in sober seriousness to call respectable neighbours by such names as Pagan, Lawless, Conquerwood, Loose, and Cram, or by such extraordinary appellatives as Gamgee, Inskip, Shirtsinger, Spinks, Tutting, Caskey, Dishington, Dott, Groundwater, Dowdy, Twatt, and Grummett. None of these are Common, but there are many equally remarkable which time and space compel us to Omit. To bring this somewhat rambling medley to a close, we may state, that as we must Early on the Morrow resume our Daily task—not being so Luckie as to enjoy the Boom of a Holiday—we shall now lay Down our Penn and retire to Sleep, trusting that if we Dream, it shall be in our own humble Chambers.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A HIGHLAND CENSUS.

My father was a well-to-do farmer in a Highland parish; and in the winter evenings, Peter McLauchlin used to be often at our house. Peter was a kind of local monarch in his way, and our parish was the kingdom over which he reigned with undisputed sovereignty. He combined in his particular person a variety of offices—approximately, indeed, to Mrs Malaprop's Cerberus, 'ten gentlemen rolled into one'; for he was school-master, session-clerk, inspector of poor, land-measurer; was present at all sales, marriages, and funerals; and indeed on all important occasions Peter was chief man. This was thirty years ago; but I remember him well; and the approaching census of 1881 brings one or two of his stories to my recollection.

When the census came to be taken in 1851, Peter, of course, was intrusted with the work to be done in our parish. Although its inhabitants were widely scattered, many families living in lonely glens and far apart, Peter knew them all, and therefore he was the fittest man possible

in the circumstances for the office. On the evening of that memorable day, as I can still remember, Peter paid us a visit. He knew my mother was hospitable, and he was fond of a chat with my father, and he liked his supper at our fireside. He was full of stories about the census papers; and having got a hearty supper, he began by telling us the story of what he called 'Old Ronaldson's Madness.' He began:

The first difficulty I experienced to-day was with Old Ronaldson. He was always a little queer, as old bachelors often are. Yesterday, as I left his census paper with him, he held the door in one hand while he took the paper from me with the other. I said I would call again for the paper. 'Ye needn't trouble yourself!' said he in a very ill-natured tone. 'I'll not be bothered with your papers.' However, I did not mind him much; for I thought when he discovered that the paper had nothing to do with taxes, he would feel more comfortable, and that he would fill it up properly.

The only person whom Old Ronaldson allows near him is Mrs Birnie; she goes and puts his house in order and arranges his washing; for Ronaldson, you know, is an old soldier; and although he has a temper, he is perfect in his dress, and most orderly in all his household arrangements. When Mrs Birnie went in her usual way to his house this morning, the old gentleman was up and dressed; but he was in a terrible temper, flurried and greatly agitated.

'Good-morning, sir,' said Mrs Birnie—I had the particular words from her own lips—'Good-morning,' said she; but Old Ronaldson, who was as a rule extremely polite to her, did not on this occasion reply. His agitation increased. He fumbled in his pockets; pulled out and in all the drawers of his desk; turned the contents of an old chest out on the floor—all the time accompanying his search with muttered imprecations, which at length broke out into a perfect storm.

Mrs Birnie had often seen Mr Ronaldson excited before, but she had never seen him in a state like this. At length he approached an old bookcase, and after looking earnestly about and behind it, he suddenly seized and pulled it towards him, when a lot of old papers fell on the floor, and a perfect cloud of dust filled the room. Mrs Birnie stood dumfounded. At length the old gentleman, covered with dust, and perspiring with his violent exertions, sat down on the corner of his bed, and in a most wretched tone of voice said: 'Oh, Mrs Birnie, don't be alarmed, but I've lost my senses!'

'I was just thinking as much myself,' said Mrs Birnie; and off she ran to my house at the top of her speed. 'Oh, Mr McLauchlin,' said she, 'come immediately—come this very minute; for Old Ronaldson's clean mind. He's tearing his hair, and cursing in a manner most awful to hear; and worse than that—he's begun to tear down the house about himself. O sir, come immediately, and get him put in a strait-jacket.'

Of course I at once sent for old Dr Macnab, and asked him to fetch a certificate for an insane person with him. Now, old Dr Macnab is a cautious and sensible man. His bald head and silvery hairs, his beautiful white neckcloth and shiny black coat, not to speak of his silver-headed cane and dignified manner, all combine to make

our doctor an authority in the parish. 'Ay, ay,' said the good doctor, when he met me; 'I always feared the worst about Mr Ronaldson. Not good for man to be alone. Sir, I always advised him to take a wife. Never would take my advice. You see the result, Mr McLauchlin. However, we must see the poor man.'

When we arrived, we found all as Mrs Birnie had said; indeed by this time matters had become worse and worse, and a goodly number of the neighbours were gathered. One old lady recommended that the barber should be sent for to shave Ronaldson's head. This was the less necessary, as his head, poor fellow, was already as bald and smooth as a ball of ivory. Another kind neighbour had brought in some brandy, and Old Ronaldson had taken several glasses, and pronounced it capital; which everybody said was a sure sign that 'he was coming to himself.' One of his tender-hearted neighbours, who had helped herself to a breakfast-cupful of this medicine, was shedding tears profusely; and as she kept rocking from side to side, nursing her elbows, she cried bitterly: 'Poor Mr Ronaldson's lost his senses, poor man—lost his senses!'

The instant Dr Macnab appeared, Old Ronaldson stepped forward, shook him warmly by the hand, and said: 'I'm truly glad to see you, doctor. You will soon put it all right. I have only lost my senses—that's all! That's what these women are making all this confounded row about.'

'Let me feel your pulse,' said the doctor gently.

'Oh, nonsense, doctor,' cried Ronaldson—'nonsense; I've only lost my senses.' And made as if he would fly at the heap of drawers, dust, and rubbish which lay in the centre of the floor, and have it all raked out again.

'Oh, lost your senses, have you?' said the doctor with a bland smile. 'You'll soon get over that—that's a trifle.' But he deliberately pulled out his big gold repeater and held Ronaldson by the wrist. 'Just as I feared,' whispered the doctor to me, with much solemnity—'just as I feared. Pulse ninety-five, eye troubled, face flushed, much excitement,' &c. So there and then, Old Ronaldson was doomed.

I did not wish a painful scene; so, when I got my certificate signed by the doctor, I quietly slipped out, got a pair of horses and a close carriage, and asked Mr Ronaldson to meet me, if he felt able, at the inn in half an hour, as I felt sure a walk in the open air would do him good. He gladly fell in with this plan, and promised to be with me at noon certain.

As I have said, he is an old soldier, was an officer's servant in fact, and is a most tidy and punctual person. But old Mrs Birnie, careful soul, in her anxiety to keep matters right, made bad worse. Ronaldson, before going out, insisted on shaving; and Mrs Birnie had, with much thoughtfulness, the moment he began to make preparations for this, put his razors out of the way. Hereupon, he got worse and worse, stamped and stormed, and at last worked himself up into a terrible passion.

I grew tired waiting at the inn, and so returned, and found him in a sad state. When he saw me, he cried: 'Oh, Mr McLauchlin, the devil's in this house this day.'

'Very true,' said Mrs Birnie to me in an aside. 'You see, sir, he speaks sense—wiles.'

'Everything,' he went on, 'has gone against me this day; but, said he, 'I'll get out of this if my beard never comes off.—Hand me my Wellington boots, Mrs Birnie. I hope you have not swallowed them too!'

The moment Ronaldson began to draw on his boots, affairs changed as if by magic. 'There!' cried he triumphantly—'there is that confounded paper of yours which has made all this row!—See, Mrs Birnie,' he exclaimed, flourishing his census paper in his hand; 'I've found my senses!'

'Oh,' cried the much affected widow, 'I am glad to hear it;' and in her ecstatic joy she rushed upon the old soldier, took his head to her bosom, and wept for very joy. I seized the opportune moment to beat a hasty retreat, and left the pair to congratulate each other upon the happy finding of Old Ronaldson's senses.

In the afternoon, I called up at Whinny Knowes, to get their schedule; and Mrs Cameron invited me to stay tea, telling me what a day they had had at the 'Whins' with the census papers.

'First of all,' said she, 'the master there'—pointing to her husband—'said seriously that every one must tell their ages, whether they were married or not, and whether they intended to be married, and the age and occupation of their sweethearts—in fact that every particular was to be mentioned. Now, Mr McLauchlin, our two servant-lasses are real nice girls; but save me! what a fluster this census has put them in. Janet has been ten years with us, and is a most superior woman, with good sense; but at this time she is the most distressed of the two. After family worship last night, she said she would like "a word o' the master himself." "All right," says John, with a slight twinkle in his eye.

'When they were by themselves, Janet stood with her Bible in her hand, and her eyes fixed on the point of her shoe. "Sir," said she, "I was three-an'-thirty last birthday, though my neighbour Mary thinks I'm only eight-an'-twenty. And as for Alexander"—this was the miller, Janet's reputed sweetheart—"he's never asked my age exactly; and so, if it's all the same, I would like you just to keep your thumb upon that. And then, as to whether he's to marry me or no, that depends on whether the factor gives him another lease of the mill. He says he'll take me at Martinmas coming if he gets the lease; but at the farthest, next Martinmas, whether or no!"

'Janet,' said my husband, 'you've stated the matter fairly; there is nothing more required.'

'And John there,' continued Mrs Cameron, 'has made good use of Janet's census return. This very forenoon, Lady Menzies called to see us, as she often does. Said John to her Ladyship, says he: "He's a very good fellow, Alexander Christie the miller—a superior man. I'm sorry we are like to lose him for a neighbour!"

'I never heard of that," said her Ladyship. "He is a steady, honest man, and a good miller, I believe. I should be sorry to lose him on the estate. What is the cause of this?"

'Oh," replied my husband, "it seems the factor is not very willing to erect a house; and Alexander is not willing to have a new lease of the mill without one being built. Your Ladyship," added John, "can see, I daresay, what Alexander is after,"

"O yes, I understand," said she, laughing. "I will try and keep the miller;" and off she set without another word. Down the burn-side she goes, and meets Alexander, with a bag of corn on his back, at the mill-door. When he had set it down, and was wiping the perspiration off his brow with the back of his hand, Lady Menzies said: "You are busy to-day, miller."

"Yes, my Lady," said he; "this is a busy time."

"I wonder," said her Ladyship, coming to the point at once, "that a fine young fellow like you does not settle down now and take a wife, and let me have the pleasure of seeing you as a tenant always with us."

"You wouldn't, my Lady," said the miller, "have me bring a bird before I had a cage to put it in. The factor grudges to build me a house; therefore I fear I must remove."

"Well, Christie," said her Ladyship with great glee, "you'll look out for the bird, and leave it to me to find the cage."

"It's a bargain, my Lady," said Alexander. "My father and my grandfather were millers here for many a long year before me; and to tell the truth, I was reluctant to leave the mill place."

In the course of the forenoon, the miller made an errand up the burn to the Whins, for some empty bags; and as we had already got an inkling of what had passed between him and Lady Menzies, I sent Janet to the barn to help him to look them out. When Janet returned, I saw she was a little flurried, and looked as if there was something she wished to say. In a little while—"Ma'am," says she to me, "I'm no to stop after Martinmas."

"No, Janet?" says I. "I am sorry to hear that. I'm sure I've no fault to find with you, and you have been a long time with us."

"I'm not going far away," said Janet with some pride; "the bairns will aye get a handful of groats when they come to see us!"

"So you see, Mr M'Lauchlin, what a change this census paper of yours has brought about."

"Ay, ay, good wife," said Whinny Knowles, laughing; "although you have lost a good servant, you must admit that I've managed to keep the miller!"

But I had a worse job with the Miss M'Farlanes, than Mrs Cameron had with Janet. They are three maiden ladies—sisters. It seems the one would not trust the other to see the census paper filled up; so they agreed to bring it to me to fill it in.

"Would you kindly fill in this census paper for us?" said Miss M'Farlane. "My sisters will look over, and give you their particulars by-and-by."

Now, Miss M'Farlane is a very nice lady; though Mrs Cameron tells me she has been calling very often at the manse since the minister lost his wife. Be that as it may, I said to her that I would be happy to fill up the paper; and asked her in the meantime to give me her own particulars. When it came to the age column, she played with her foot on the carpet, and drew the black ribbons of her silk bag through her fingers, and whispered: "You can say four-and-thirty, Mr M'Lauchlin!" All right, ma'am, says I; for I knew she was four-and-thirty at any rate. Then Miss Susan came—that's the second sister—really a handsome young creature, with fine ringlets and curls, though she is a little tender-

eyed and wears spectacles. Well, when we came to the age column, Miss Susan played with one of her ringlets, and looked in my face sweetly, and said: "Mr M'Lauchlin, what did Miss M'Farlane say? My sister, you know, is considerably older than I am—there was a brother between us."

"Quite so, my dear Miss Susan," said I; "but you see the bargain was that each of you was to state your own age."

"Well," said Miss Susan, still playing with her ringlets, "you can say—age, thirty-four years, Mr M'Lauchlin."

In a little while the youngest sister came in. "Miss M'Farlane," said she, "sent me over for the census paper."

"O no, my dear," says I; "I cannot part with the paper."

"Well, then," said she, "just enter my name too, Mr M'Lauchlin."

"Quite so. But tell me, Miss Robina, why did Miss M'Farlane not fill up the paper herself?"—for Miss Robina and I were always on very confidential terms.

"Oh," she replied, "there was a dispute over particulars; and Miss M'Farlane would not let my other sister see how old she was; and Miss Susan refused to state her age to Miss M'Farlane; and so, to end the quarrel, we agreed to ask you to be so kind as fill in the paper."

"Yes, yes, Miss Robina," said I; "that's quite satisfactory; and so, I'll fill in your name now, if you please."

"Yes," she uttered with a sigh. "When we came to the age column—'Is it absolutely necessary,'" said she, "to fill in the age? Don't you think it is a most impertinent question to ask, Mr M'Lauchlin?"

"Tuts, it may be so to some folk; but to a sweet young creature like you, it cannot matter a button."

"Well," said Miss Robina—"But now, Mr M'Lauchlin, I'm to tell you a great secret;" and she blushed as she slowly continued: "The minister comes sometimes to see us."

"I have noticed him rather more attentive in his visitations in your quarter of late, than usual, Miss Robina."

"Very well, Mr M'Lauchlin; but you must not tease me just now. You know Miss M'Farlane is of opinion that he is in love with her; while Miss Susan thinks her taste for literature and her knowledge of geology, especially her pamphlet on the Old Red Sandstone and its fossils as confirming the Mosaic record, are all matters of great interest to Mr Fraser, and she fancies that he comes so frequently for the privilege of conversing with her. But," exclaims Miss Robina with a look of triumph, "look at that!" and she held in her hand a beautiful gold ring. "I have got that from the minister this very day!"

I congratulated her. She had been a favourite pupil of mine, and I was rather pleased with what happened. "But what," I asked her, "has all this to do with the census?"

"Oh, just this," continued Miss Robina. "I had no reason to conceal my age, as Mr Fraser knows it exactly, since he baptised me! He was a young creature then, only three-and-twenty; so that's just the difference between us."

"Nothing at all, Miss Robina," said I—"nothing at all; not worth mentioning."

'In this changeful and passing world,' said Miss Robina, 'three-and-twenty years are not much after all, Mr M'Lauchlin?'

'Much!' said I. 'Tuts, my dear, it's nothing—just indeed what should be.'

'I was just thirty-four last birthday, Mr M'Lauchlin,' said Miss Robina; 'and the minister said the last time he called that no young lady should take the cares and responsibilities of a household upon herself till she was—well, eight-and-twenty; and he added that thirty-four was late enough.'

'The minister, my dear,' said I, 'is a man of sense.'

So thus were the Miss M'Farlanes' census schedules filled up; and if ever some one in search of the Curiosities of the Census should come across it, he may think it strange enough, for he will find that the three sisters M'Farlane are all *ae year's bairns*!

### THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE have before alluded to the invention by Professor Graham Bell of the Photophone, an instrument by which sound is carried from one place to another by the action of a beam of light. Since our remarks were published, the inventor has, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, fully described the instrument, and has also detailed experiments of a very curious nature which were made during the researches connected with it.

The commercial success which has attended the undertaking of several railway Companies to supply Londoners with sea-water for their morning baths, has been instrumental in reviving the long-talked of scheme for carrying the same prized liquid to the Metropolis by means of pipes. A Bill is to be shortly brought before parliament to obtain powers to erect the necessary works for the purpose between London and Lancing, at which latter place the ocean is to be tapped.

Some experiments were lately carried out at Woolwich with the object of ascertaining the causes which lead to the accidental explosion of blasting charges in quarries and mines, from which such lamentable consequences so often ensue. Various charges of gunpowder were submitted to the most violent mechanical treatment without in any case leading to ignition. It is curious to learn that while these experiments were proceeding with such negative results, that which could not be accomplished by art, was produced by accident in the rocket factory hard by. A rocket in course of loading under pressure suddenly exploded without any visible cause. Further experiments may possibly lead to some elucidation of these apparently spontaneous explosions, but at present they are wrapped in mystery.

The diving system of Mr H. A. Fleuss, to which we directed attention some time ago, was, last December, put to a severe test at the Severn tunnel works. These works had for some time been flooded, owing to the occurrence of local springs which it was found impossible to check. In a subway or heading which was driven beneath the river, an iron door had been placed at a distance of ten hundred and twenty feet from the main shaft on the river-bank. By some oversight this door had—before the flooding occurred—been left open; and it was found impossible, with the

most powerful pumps, to gain upon the water unless this door could by some means be shut. The ordinary diving apparatus failed to achieve this, on account of the great length of air-pipe the diver was obliged to drag behind him. Mr Fleuss was then called upon to employ his apparatus, which it will be remembered is quite independent of any air-tube or other connection with *terra firma*. The door was by this means closed; and the water was speedily reduced several feet.

It may be mentioned that the Fleuss apparatus has undergone several modifications since our account of it was published. It now differs outwardly from the ordinary diving-dress only in the addition of a knapsack, which contains both the filtering arrangement and the supply of compressed oxygen. This alteration at once reduces the bulk of the dress, and what is more important, renders the system easy of application to any ordinary diving-costume. By the use of a mask to protect the eyes and to furnish a connection by means of flexible tubes between the mouth and the knapsack, the arrangement at once becomes applicable for use in mines or other places where noxious gases abound. For the rescue of persons from fires, or of miners after an explosion, this modification of the apparatus has been devised; and it, and the lamp which accompanies it, formed the subject of a paper read by Mr Huxham before the South Wales Institute of Engineers. The lamp is a limelight, and is fed by a supply of compressed oxygen contained in a receptacle at its base. It will give a brilliant light for many hours either under water or in the most polluted atmosphere. Detailed particulars concerning the apparatus may be had by applying to Messrs Fleuss, 110 Cannon Street, London, or St Ann's Works, Bridgeton, Glasgow.

Perhaps no atmosphere which is breathable is more polluted than that of the metropolis when a real London fog is hanging its pall over the streets of the great city. And although Mr Fleuss does not offer his help in this direction, it is satisfactory to note that many people are endeavouring to find means, and are offering suggestions, to remedy the evil. The matter is not only of interest to dwellers in London, but must affect in time the inhabitants of all large cities which are rapidly increasing their area with their population. Even bright and beautiful Paris is beginning to cultivate fogs of the London type, which fogs are attributed to the gradual substitution of coal as domestic fuel, since the wood-supply has commenced to fail.

A few centuries ago, the citizens of London petitioned parliament to forbid the use of coal 'on account of its stench'; but as time went on, the available wood was all consumed, and the people were glad enough to fall back upon coal with all its inconveniences. The lieges might now with much greater insistence urge that coal is the parent of worse evils than those which affect the olfactory sense; for they could point to the death returns, and prove that these are greatly augmented by the occurrence of those smoke-fogs directly due to the fuel which we burn. The remedies proposed are many in number, and amongst the most worthy of consideration are those which recommend the employment of gas or coke fires, or of smokeless coal. Dr Siemens



—whose name is better known in connection with electrical science—has proposed the use of a special form of stove which burns coke, or anthracite, aided by the application of gas-jets beneath the fuel. This form of stove has the appearance of an open coal-fire, and gives out more heat than that emblem of English comfort. It may be described briefly as a stove with a bottom plate of copper, riveted to a plate of the same metal which forms the back of the grate. A gas-pipe pierced with holes is fitted behind the lowest bar of the grate, and the upper part is filled with lumps of fuel. By an ingenious arrangement, a current of hot air is urged upon the gas-flames, and their heating properties are thereby much increased. Dr Siemens has not patented his ideas, but has published them *pro bono publica*. The figures which he gives representing the results of continued trials, in which gas and fuel were rigorously measured, prove at once that the new stove is economical as well as efficient. It is to be feared, however, that these ingenious devices will be, as we pointed out in a recent article on the subject, in a great measure rendered useless so long as manufacturers refrain from consuming their own smoke.

A namesake of Dr Siemens, at Vienna, has invented a new form of gas-lamp, in which the products of combustion are made to heat the air subsequently supplied to the burner. The ultimate products are said to be free from all vitiating properties, and the light given to be double or triple that of the best existing burners.

Our readers are probably aware that a rule exists that our criminals must have their photographs taken by the authorities, as a means of future identification. This plan has been further extended by an order from the Home Office, that the hands that commit the mischief should also become models for the photographer, in order that the marks of different kinds of employment may furnish additional evidence of identity. By a curious oversight, however, the prisoners are to be submitted to the camera with their hands crossed on the breast, by which means the palms of the hands are hidden. Mr Woodbury, the eminent photographer, has pointed out that if the palm of the hand were photographed in a strong side-light, so that its ridges and furrows were clearly defined, such a picture would form a map by which any hand could be at once recognised—it being certain that no two people agree in the configuration of these manual surface-markings.

It is said that the Chinese have for many years been alive to the foregoing fact; and in the absence of photography, have obtained impressions in a much more simple manner, by requiring their criminals to smear their fingers with greasy ink, and then to impress them upon paper. It is stated that twenty years of life make no sensible difference in the character of these skin furrows. A correspondent in *Nature* points to some experiences of their efficacy in detecting evil-doers which have come under his observation. In one case, the mark of a sooty finger on a white wall was sufficient to indicate a trespasser; whilst a greasy finger-mark on a bottle pointed to the last person who had illicitly quenched his thirst. This writer remarks that the Tichborne case would never have assumed the dimensions which it did if the real Roger had left behind him a

signature or thumb-mark of this nature. We may mention that in the East, illiterate persons often subscribe documents by dipping their finger in the inkpot and then marking the paper; but such an impress leaves no such permanent record of the skin furrows as that which is secured under the Chinese system.

A suggestion has been made to light mines by means of an endless band covered with Balmain's luminous paint. This band would pass from the top to the bottom of the shaft, and every part of it would in turn be submitted to daylight, which it would absorb and carry down to the depths of the mine. The proposal is ingenious, but hardly practicable. In connection with this subject, we may mention that a London photographer has found that when one of the constituents of this paint is incorporated with a sensitive emulsion for the preparation of dry plates, the rapidity of such plates is much enhanced. But a difficulty occurs in protecting them from the effects of their own luminosity.

The *Phylloxera*—that dreaded insect which has been such an enemy to the vineyards of France—has at length been met with an antidote which is likely to reduce its depredations to very narrow limits, if not to stamp it out entirely. In Great Britain, where vineries are only possible under glass, we give little heed to the ravages of this insect pest, although it may be noted that it is by no means unknown here. But in France—where thousands of acres are devoted to wine-producing, and where the revenue is greatly dependent upon that species of industry—the *Phylloxera* is a scourge as dreaded as the cattle-plague is by us. Its ravages have increased year by year from one department to another, until it has become evident that something must be done. The French government, after the manner of governing bodies, were negligent in their grants towards the scientific solution of the problem, and what has been done seems to be principally due to private enterprise. A prize of three hundred thousand francs was offered some years ago for an insecticide which would destroy the parasite; and this offer led, as might be expected, to the trial of nearly every substance which can be found in a chemist's shop. Later on, Commissions and Vigilance Committees were appointed in the different departments to watch the progress of the pest and the effect of the remedies applied. The most effectual of these remedies seemed to be carbon disulphide; but its danger to human life counteracted the advantages otherwise gained. M. Dumas suggested its use in combination with potash, by which addition it not only represents a valuable manure, but also an effectual check on the *Phylloxera*. By the use of this new agent, the wholesome light wines of France will, it is hoped, be no longer subject to the plague which threatened their extinction.

Electricity as a light-producer seems at last to have passed from the experimental to the practical stage. We daily hear of fresh applications which have been found for it. In London, in addition to the brilliant display on the Thames Embankment and in many of the railway stations, three large districts are to be lighted by three different systems, so that their respective merits may be gauged. One of the faces of the huge clock at Westminster has recently been illuminated by the light, and its brilliance affords a great contrast to



its yellow gas-lit fellows. In the House of Commons itself, the Brush system of electric lighting is to be put upon its trial. Perhaps this system has been chosen because the lamps will burn without attention for twenty hours or so—a necessary provision in the case of debates of unusual length.

Mr Edison's celebrated cardboard lamp—which some time ago had such a depressing effect upon gas shares—has lately been put into the shade by the experiments of Mr Swan of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who claims to have gone twenty years ago over the same ground as that which has lately been traversed by the American inventor. It is in the direction of these experiments that public attention will now be concentrated, for they deal with the question of carrying the illuminating agent into our private houses. Mr Swan's lamp resembles Edison's in that it is worked upon what is popularly known as the incandescent system. This system is based upon the fact, that certain bodies offer resistance to the passage of the electric current, a resistance which is manifested by their attaining a white-heat. Carbon represents one of these bodies; and if it assumes the incandescent state in the presence of air, it naturally combines with the oxygen, as in the case of any other combustible, and will speedily fall to pieces. Schemes for inclosing such an incandescent body in a glass globe exhausted of air, have been suggested and patented in past years by the dozen. But they have all failed, not from any flaw in theory, but because the means of securing any approach to a perfect vacuum were not known until quite recently.

The invention of the Sprengel air-pump has altered the condition of affairs, and the vacuum globe inclosing a carbon filament promises, in Mr Swan's hands, to become a successful means of finding us an efficient electric lamp for domestic purposes. The lamp itself consists of a glass vessel somewhat like an inverted Florence oil-flask. In the centre of the bulb is a filament of carbon supported between two platinum wires, which, carried to the lower part of the lamp, form conductors of the electric current. This carbon filament, which is little thicker than a hair, is made by some secret process which embodies the gist of Mr Swan's patent. It is about three inches long, and weighs less than a grain, and is so dense that it resembles an attenuated steel wire more than the cardboard cinder of which it is really composed. Each lamp gives out a light of from thirty to fifty standard candles; and on a recent occasion, the inventor showed three dozen of them in action; the energy absorbed in driving the dynamo machine from which the current was derived being four-horse power. It has been further proved that, by means of a gas-engine to give the necessary motion to the machine feeding the lamps, a room can be lighted with double the brilliance and half the expenditure of gas used in the ordinary way. Such facts entitle us to hope that the day when our houses will be lighted by the aid of the new medium, cannot be far distant.

In the meantime, the holders of gas shares need not fear any immediate depreciation of their property. The introduction of gas did not stamp out the candle manufacture, and we need not fear any worse result as regards gas from the intro-

duction of electricity. In Dr Siemens' stove we see a new and extensive use for gas; and the general advantages of cleanliness and economy in the use of gas-engines where a small amount of power is required, cause these motors to be in constant demand. In these and many other ways, the gas Companies will hold their own; but we trust, in common with everybody else, that when they acknowledge that their monopoly is no longer threatened, they will see their way to reduce their prices.

The curious arabesques produced on window-panes by frost have suggested to a French inventor a system of obtaining designs for printed stuffs by crystallisation. He has made experiments with solutions of the sulphates of zinc, copper, iron, alumina, and magnesia, with which plates of glass were covered, and then allowed to dry slowly at different temperatures. The crystals thus deposited form a great variety of fanciful figures, flowers, feathers, stars, &c. These may be fixed by the addition of albumen or gelatine. If copper plates are used, the designs thus obtained may also be made permanent by electrolytting. The great difficulty is to obtain continuous patterns to be reproduced on the cylinders used for printing; but that may be overcome by using cylindrical plates of copper, and turning them on their axes while the evaporation is going on. The crystallisation is, however, frequently irregular, and leaves blank spaces, which spoil the harmony of the design; but that defect will probably be overcome by experience. It is not certain that the method has yet been practically employed; but the idea is ingenious, and will no doubt be eventually turned to account.

#### A LOVE-SONG.

In the night-time, O beloved,  
When the wind is in the pines,  
And the corn-fields lie in darkness,  
While one lonely planet shines,  
In the pulsing of my heart's blood  
There is music, for I hear,  
Through the dark, Time's broad wings beating  
Slowly, with the falling year.  
Fall the leaf, and rise the tempest,  
It is ever Spring with thee;  
And the Winter of our wedding  
Will be Summer-time to me.

When the leaf is sere and golden,  
And the branches bare and white  
With the rime of Winter, falling  
In the low-lit Autumn night,  
I am glad, as though the Spring-time  
Shone o'er all the golden sky;  
And I watch the light sand running  
Through the hour-glass, merrily.

O beloved, when, above us,  
Rise dark clouds of gathering snow,  
And the keen, chill winds of Winter  
From the whitening uplands blow,  
All the long night, on my window,  
Will the fairy fingers move,  
Building for us bowers and grottoes,  
Lit with morning lights of love.  
Fall the leaf, and rise the tempest,  
It is ever Spring with thee;  
And the Winter of our wedding  
Will be Summer-time to me.

D. J. M.

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## BEACHCOMBERS.

THE progress of civilisation in the countless islands of the Pacific has been comparatively slow—a fact due in great measure to the extraordinary ignorance which prevails among even well-informed people as to the dimensions of these islands, the extent of the groups, and the gigantic field they offer for commercial enterprise of all kinds. Some day or other, perhaps in our own time—for the area of commerce is getting wider every year—the wealth of the archipelagoes which stud the Pacific will be appreciated by those holding the money-bags of Britain. At present, a preference is decidedly shown for localities which, if better known, do not in proportion to their size compare in riches for an instant with the coral-gemmed groups to which I allude.

If the average British colonist and capitalist has not since his boyhood's days, when he may have dipped into Cook's *Voyages*, given a thought to the islands of the great South Sea, other white men have; and these pioneers of the Pacific are chiefly of their own stock—English or American. From some personal experience, I know a good deal about these people; and as in great measure their doom as a class will be sealed the moment systematic trading is introduced, it may be as well, now that a gleam of hope brightens the future of Polynesia owing to the cession of Fiji, to let the world know at least a little of perhaps as strange a class as the trading propensities of the Anglo-Saxon have ever produced.

From the Tuamotus in the east to the Carolines in the west extend those vast clusters of islands which we call Polynesia—the mountain-peaks of a submerged continent, or the atolls of coralline structure. To most people the very names of the groups are unknown, and the general idea in England is, that they are inhabited principally by a bloodthirsty race of inveterate cannibals, ready, nay anxious to kill and devour the adventurous traveller directly he reaches their inhospitable shores. Yet on these islands, and surrounded by their dusky inhabitants, are the

homes of the white 'beachcomber,' who as a rule would not barter the romance of his lotus-life existence for a ducal palace in Mayfair. Beachcomber is a word of American coinage. Primarily, it is applied to a long wave rolling in from the ocean, and from this it has come to be applied to those whose occupation it is to pick up, as pirates or wreckers, whatever these long waves wash in to them. Nothing comes amiss to the so-called beachcomber; he is outside of civilisation—is indeed a waif and stray not only on the ocean of life, but on the broad South Pacific, and he is certainly not above picking up those chance crumbs of the world around him which may be washed within the circle of his operations.

In the majority of cases, the beachcomber has been a seafaring man, who has become weary of a life of hard work, with but scant remuneration, on board of whalers or trading craft; and having landed from his vessel on one of the Pacific islands, and becoming domesticated among the natives, he engages their services in some of the many Polynesian industries which are so little known to the world, but which I have no space to describe here. The beachcomber is in the main a wild rough fellow, but hospitable and generous, as men must be who have to do with the Savaiori—or brown-coloured—race of Polynesians; for these people abhor a mean man, and will not tolerate his society. Their motto is: 'Disburse, divide; let your good fortune boil over in the direction of your friends; we are brothers—why should we not share with one another?'

Consequently, these men are usually poor, yet of great power among the savage tribes with whom they choose to spend their days. They dictate terms to traders in dealing with the natives for whatever they produce; they are great advisers of the chiefs; they act as interpreters, and receive a commission for their trouble in the shape of 'chain-lightning square gin'—a ghastly compound usually manufactured at Hamburg—the sale of which Sir Arthur Gordon did his utmost to put a stop to while Lord High Commissioner of Western Polynesia. It must not be supposed

that because the homes of the beachcomber are in the tropics, that they are anything like the emaciated relics of Anglo-Indian humanity that one sees occasionally in Bath-chairs at Bath or Bournemouth. The glorious south-east trade-winds of the Pacific Ocean so moderate the sun's rays as to make one doubt the reading of the thermometer. The beachcomber is therefore stalwart, smart, and lively; and some of them can lift a kedge-anchor and carry two hundred coconuts or more upon their shoulders. As a rule, they can climb trees like apes, and dive for fish to feed their families. They rarely, or never, wear shoes, but go barefooted at all times on beaches of sharp gravel and reefs of prickliest coral. Beachcombers generally marry native women and as a rule have large families. Their sons are often like bronze statues; and their daughters are models of beauty and strength. While it is true that their intellect is of a low order, and that they know little or nothing of ordinary morality, as we understand it, it yet must be borne in mind that the race of half-castes thus produced is likely to form a prominent factor in the future civilisation of Polynesia.

In certain spots to the north of the equator, there is now springing up a race which will unquestionably exercise in time a very powerful influence on the destinies of the Pacific. This race is especially remarkable for superior intelligence; for energy, patience and skill in navigation, and for a faculty of acquiring all the mechanical arts. These people are the progeny of European and American sailors by Japanese mothers, and in them are to be found combined the leading elements of human success—that is to say, all the courage and adventurous spirit which distinguished their wild and roving fathers, mingled at the same time with the acuteness, ingenuity, and concentration of purpose which are so eminently Mongolian and more particularly Japanese.

The earliest Anglo-Saxons who approached to the modern beachcombers were escaped convicts from the penal settlements of New South Wales. Thus the brig *Elisa* was wrecked off the Fiji group about the year 1808, and the ex-convict passengers managing to reach the mainland, soon came to amicable terms with the cannibals they found there. The *Elisa's* people had with them gunpowder, musket-balls, and muskets, and a plentiful supply of each article; and having advanced the Fijians a considerable stage in the 'noble art of war,' they were soon regarded as superior beings, and invariably led the tribes among whom they resided in the ceaseless internecine wars of Fiji in the days of man-eating. One Charley Savage particularly distinguished himself in these affrays; but, as might be expected, he came at length to a violent and not undeserved death. In fact, the record of the English pioneers of the Pacific, and especially in Fiji, is not calculated to make one fond

of one's race; for it is to the hideous crimes of this abundant convict class, and the very fair imitation of these crimes by successive generations of natives, that we owe the deaths—murders, if you will—of such men as Bishop Patteson and Commodore Goodenough. The white man sowed the seed of bad faith, licentiousness, and murder and white men have reaped the awful harvest.

The British ship *Antelope* was wrecked in the year 1793 on the Palao, or Pelew Islands, and the islanders treated our shipwrecked fellow-countrymen with every possible kindness and hospitality for a period of over four months; but so effectual was the white man's example during even this short time, that these islanders are now regarded as simply so many piratical miscreants of the most infamous type. And not without reason; for they have been known to attack European vessels that have become entangled among their shoals and mercilessly massacre their crews. In some cases this wickedness of certain of the beachcombers has arisen from ill-treatment which they have experienced at the hands of strangers; but in most cases it is the result of the evil example of the worst variety of the modern Pacific adventurers—the strolling scoundrels of the great South Sea, who make themselves at home among the simple-minded barbarians and instruct them in every kind of vice and depravity.

The average beachcomber as he exists at this hour cannot in common justice be classed with the men who have in their 'black-birding'—or man-stealing—cruises considered cold-blooded murder one of the branches of their business; nor even with the presumably more respectable 'trader' who so often disgraces the colour of his skin. The better class of beachcombers are a unique set of men—

Who have burst all bonds of habit,  
And have wandered far away,  
On from island unto island,  
At the gateways of the day.

At anyrate, that is the romantic side of their character, but one upon which, from my Pacific experience, I am not disposed to dwell too long. This is a practical age, and however theoretically interesting the beachcomber and the pirate may be regarded at a distance, if he interferes with the progress of civilisation and commerce, the sooner we see his services legitimately utilised, or his vocation gone, the better for the world at large.

Just north of the equator we find the Gilbert or Kingsmill group, inhabited by the Tarapon race of Polynesians. These poor barbarous Kingsmill islanders lived in a condition of comparative respectability previous to their knowledge of Europeans. Though savage, they were at least sober, and they had a sort of code of laws; but since runaway sailors from whale-ships have taught them that fearful art of making toddy from the cocoa-nut tree, they are incessantly drunk and perpetually fighting. These people are naturally of a good disposition, affectionate to one another,

grateful to those who are kind to them, tractable, ingenious, and industrious; yet owing to the bad example of Europeans, it would be difficult to find in any part of the world a more perfect Pandemonium than the Kingsmills presented not more than three years ago, and I fear no miracle in morals has since transpired.

A poor friend of mine, whose bones now rest not far from where the dome of the Mission Dolores marks the era of Spanish dominion in fair California, asked an aged beachcomber on one of the Kingsmills how he could live among so degraded a race. 'Ah, sir,' was the reply, 'you do not know these natives. When we came among them, they were different altogether from what they are now; and even now there is a great deal of good in them, more than strangers can understand.' What share in the demoralisation of the Kingsmill islanders the aged beachcomber admitted to, I do not know; but in common fairness it must be said that the permanent white residents never approach in bad example the infamous adventurers who literally roam all over the wide Pacific, seeking not only what they can devour, but what people they can demoralise. Some of the beachcombers get so thoroughly acclimatised and so deeply indoctrinated with the ideas of the savage races among whom they dwell, as to be sometimes apparently in doubt as to whether they had ever lived in the civilised world. Once in the Kingsmill group I heard of a trader asking one of these white beachcombers as to the best way of cooking crayfish. 'We,' said he, 'are in the habit of cooking them in an oven of hot stones; but white men mostly like them boiled in a pot.'

Of stories about beachcombers there is positively no end. Perhaps one of the best is that of Paunchy Billy of Samoa, who was born in the same village as John Paul Jones, and who was in the habit of declaring: 'Sir, I wouldn't go back to Britain now, if you were to give me a thousand a year; and yet I will say that when I came here first, more than thirty years ago, I had a fashion of sitting on the stones by the sea-side of a night, and crying to myself for the home and friends I should never see again. But I know better now, and I have done with this wailing a year.' Billy used to relate how when Commodore Wilkes' exploring expedition visited Samoa, he went on board the United States ship *Porpoise* dressed in savage mats, and begged the Captain to take him away.

'I don't want any men; but what countryman are you?'

'A Scotchman,' said the beachcomber.

'Well, then,' said the American, 'I guess I pity you more than a little. I cannot take you away; but here's a sheath-knife and a plug of James River Cavendish, of which I make you a present. Had you been an American, I would have had you tied up to the gangway, and have given you a dozen with the cat-o'-nine tails.'

Billy asked the Captain to explain.

'Because,' retorted the Commander, 'had you been a citizen of the United States, I should have counted you a disgrace to humanity, for letting yourself run wild among a lot of scalping savages. But seeing you are a Britisher, and there is not room enough for you all in your overcrowded country, I pity you from the bottom of my heart—I dew!'

When any systematic effort is made in the interests of humanity and commerce to turn the vast resources of Polynesia to profitable account, the beachcombers and their descendants will be invaluable in their way as guides and interpreters, and in their knowledge of islands which in themselves are surpassingly rich, but of which the world in general knows nothing. At present the beachcombers may not be exactly an unmixed evil, but they certainly cumber the ground, and must sooner or later give way before well-organised efforts of capital judiciously directed, and thus leave a free-way for European civilisation.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER VIII.—GROBY, SLEATHER, AND STUDGE.

MESSRS Groby, Sleather, and Studge had imposing offices in Westminster—Stratford Place, S.W.—not too remote from that sad window in Whitehall Palace whence Charles I., with the strange passive courage which seems the heirloom of kings, stepped forth to die. And let us hasten to say, that wherever contracts were made, or concessions granted, or some flaming prospectus sent abroad, from Paris or Peking to Peru, the names of those very eminent civil engineers were likely to be respectfully mentioned. They were widely known, largely advertised, had innumerable homes, at various degrees of temperature, in the commercial fire, and were reported to be enormously rich, and on the high-road to the condition of colossal plutocrats. The head of the firm, Sir Joshua Groby, M.P., was seldom seen. Those who are lucky enough, or self-sacrificing enough, to be Members of Parliament, were of course familiar with the sight of his bald head and grizzled whiskers at Bellamy's, or knew his queer old bell-crowned hat as he slumbered peacefully on the back benches while hot debate went on, and before he was roused up to walk into the lobby and register his vote. Those who were so fortunate as to dine with him at his palatial mansion in Belgravia, or to be present at Lady Groby's charming garden-parties at the Twickenham villa, of course saw something of the pompous old man, snubbed by his daughters, lectured by his wife, timorously fond of snuff, proud of his money, and leaving the affairs of the firm to his junior partners, Sleather and Studge.

The offices of Groby, Sleather, and Studge have repeatedly been mistaken for those of some department of Government. Deputations, or bewildered wretches with appointments to talk over a grievance with some Deputy Chief Clerk of the Property Tax, have blundered into that big hall, and refused to go out, so sure were they that the State alone could have paid for all those flaring terra-cotta tiles without and encaustic pavements within—that Munich glass in the windows—that labyrinth of rooms, and profusion of call-pipes. Yet was it a private place of business, as private as a place can be where half-a-dozen languages are being jabbered redundantly in the vestibule, and crowds are intriguing, imploring, persisting in craving for an interview—boon hard to get—with one of the partners. Amidst this crowd, on a certain day of that uncertain season—the raw, early

spring, when Nature seems not as yet to have determined whether to push on the coy vegetation of the hardy plants that herald the joyous year, or to go back to the cold death of winter—were Bertram Oakley and his patron. There they were, jostled by Jews, corpulent, oleaginous, with bulky pocket-books bursting out of the breast-pockets of their tight coats; elbowed by wiry Greeks, who at first sight might have been taken for Hebrews of a leaner growth; and mixed up with eager German and cynical French capitalists; men of Manchester; wiry, lank-haired Americans; and thick-set, bullet-headed men who looked as if they knew what the inside of a deep cutting or half-made tunnel might resemble.

There were not wanting functionaries of some sort, porters, clerks, and the like, of higher or lower degree, to keep some sort of order among the motley mass of applicants for admission, and to winnow the handful of good grain from the never-ending chaff. Some importunate persons got out, and even rude answers. Others were patiently hearkened to, and recommended to put their statements into written form. There were those who were advised or permitted to wait; and some—much envied by the fretting outer herd—who got immediate attention, and whose claims for prompt audience were shouted out through the brass mouth-pieces of india-rubber tubes, and hoarsely acknowledged through the medium of the same serpentine apparatus. Among these last was Doctor Denham.

'Mr Sleather will be disengaged directly,' a clerk had said; and after twenty minutes' waiting, a belaboured page came bustling up, like an impatient little tug-steamer about to take a becalmed Australian clipper-ship in tow.

'Mr Sleather is at liberty, sir—this way!' cried the panting page, hurrying off Bertram and his benefactor at a great pace, as though there were a risk that Mr Sleather's liberty should come to an end before they should reach him, and the great high-pressure engine be at hot work again.

On they went, up the wide stairs, crimson carpeted, along a corridor draped with monstrous maps, and into a small room, softly carpeted, luxuriously furnished, but the walls of which were hung with maps and charts; and shelves and brackets heavy with geological specimens, and sections of submarine cables, and odd little models that looked like toys for children, but were miniatures of bridge and viaduct and dock and cathedral, adapted to every taste.

'Be seated, Dr Denham,' said Mr Sleather, standing up for a moment, with the painful effort of an imperfectly trained bear that tries to prop himself upon his hind-legs, and then sinking back into his deep arm-chair. 'I have got you here—let me see,' and the civil engineer rustled in his hand and glanced at a letter which he had selected from a pile of docketed letters. 'Yes; here is your proposal. You come on behalf of—not your son, hey?'

'No; a young friend in whose prospects I take an interest,' answered the doctor, with a kindly smile directed towards Bertram. 'Here he is, and his name is Bertram Oakley.'

'And you couldn't do better for his prospects, sir, than you are doing; troth, ye couldn't,' said Mr Sleather, whose rich Milesian accent would assert itself, as with a heavily-ringed hand he

stroked his brick-red whiskers. 'The premium, doctor, has been named to ye?'

'It has,' returned the doctor. 'It is a high one; but—'

'But think of the advantages,' interrupted Mr Sleather. 'We have a finger'—he shook one of his as he spoke; and neither Bertram nor the doctor could help observing that it was, strictly speaking, coarse, long-nailed, and of dubious cleanliness—in every pie from Tipperary to Tibet. Our youngsters see the world, they do. It's as good, or better than to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth, to be articulated to Groby, Sleather, and Studge.'

'I can fully believe it, and will not cavil at the cost,' answered the doctor cheerily. 'In two months, your letter mentioned, I think, Mr Sleather, a vacancy may probably occur?'

'Let me see,' said the Hibernian partner, consulting a memorandum-book that lay at his elbow. 'Vaughan, Graham, Stoddart, Wilkins. Yes; Wilkins leaves us twenty-ninth proximo. Your young friend, if ye like, sir, may sign articles and fill his place. The cheque, I conclude, will be—'

'The cheque shall be ready, and the lad,' said the doctor, in his genial way. 'And allow me to tell you, Mr Sleather, that you will find the latter, when you come to know him, the better of the two.' And as he spoke, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Bertram, whose handsome face flashed crimson at the implied praise.

'Then we'll be grateful to ye for both benefits,' rejoined Mr Sleather, in his rich Limerick brogue; and at that moment there was a peremptory, if respectful, tap-tapping of eager knuckles at the door, and an anxious-eyed clerk came in with a pile of papers awaiting signature. It was clearly time for Bertram and his benefactor to go.

'Twenty-ninth prox. we'll expect ye,' said Mr Sleather as he gave three fingers to the doctor, and a nod to Bertram; and then called the next case, leaving his late visitors to thread their way through the labyrinth of passages, and to struggle with the upward flowing tide of fellow-creatures that encumbered the stairs.

'Signs of plenty of business, anyhow,' said the doctor blithely, as they gained the hall; and then no other word was spoken till both were seated in the doctor's brougham and speeding homewards. Even at Blackston, Dr Denham had paid outlying visits in such a vehicle; but this was a smart new carriage, drawn by a fine young horse, a dark chestnut, of immense power, and not too dear to buy. 'He'll do your work, doctor, and do it well, this many a year to come,' the honest horse-dealer had said, after the veterinary surgeon had given his favourable report and the bargain was struck. 'Fact is'—this was confidentially said—'he wants work. And if I could but have found a match for him, it would have been another fifty on to his price.'

On the way homeward then, Bertram caught hold of the doctor's hand and clasped it between both of his. 'Where shall I find words to thank you, sir!' he said with a gulp. 'Do not believe, if I am silent and awkward, that I forget what I owe you.'

'If you owe me anything, pay it to my girls, when I am not here to look after them,' returned the doctor, in that semi-serious tone in which he



so often spoke. 'But, Bertram, lad, what say you to your new place of business, eh, and your new employer?'

'The place is a stirring one, full of life and occupation to a degree beyond my hopes, and my deserts too, I fear,' said Bertram, with a sort of modest enthusiasm that became him well. 'But, as to Mr Sletcher—'

'Well, my boy,' said his patron good-naturedly, as he noticed Bertram's hesitation, 'I daresay he impressed you very much in the same manner that he did me. And I daresay that an oily humbug is necessary in some of these great firms. Mr Studge, I have heard, is the working-partner, and with him, I suspect, you will have most to do. You can be happy, I hope, Bertram, with these people!'

'Happy and, I hope, useful too—thanks to you, dear sir,' said Bertram; and for an English strippling, there was a good deal of grace, all unconscious, as well as a very genuine sincerity, in the saying of it. We Britons can scarcely bear to thank or be thanked. The more effusive mecs on the other side of the Channel beat us hollow in both; yet, if their gratitude be more genuine or their bounty more spontaneous, contemporary history must be sadly at fault.

'There, there!' said the doctor. 'We must see about a lodging for you near your work.—And Bertram, would you mind pulling the cheek-string, and cautioning Thomas not to rattle on at so tremendous a pace? Going round the corner, he shaved the lamp-post, and just now, nearly upset an old Irishman's apple-stall. Peaceable doings must not disorder themselves in London streets after the manner of young Lord Tomnoddy in the *Unpleasant Legends*.'

'Couldn't hold the young horse,' growled Thomas, over his beer, that evening.—'couldn't, if my neck depended on it. And the governor wouldn't have bought him if he'd not been green in London ways.'

#### A WORD OR TWO ABOUT BIBLIOMANIA.

Of all the forms which the passion for collecting assumes, surely that of Bibliomania or book-hunting is the most innocent, most elevating in its tendencies, and—though the true Bibliomane would spurn the thought—in the end one of the best investments to which money may be put. Compared with the many ways in which gold is spent, it is even economical; and this is only one of many points which the book-collector can urge in its favour. If a piece of china, lace, or carved oak be valuable for its antiquity, much more so is a book which contains the compressed essence of the thought and opinion of the age in which it was produced.

Good society is, according to their different lights, the aim of every rank; and in one little room a man may surround himself with the noblest minds of those who have taken kingly rank in the empire of intellect. For him Shakespeare wrote, Milton sung, and Bacon and Newton toiled. The results of their labours lie close to his hand, and he has but to resign himself to their influence, and earthly trouble and care will be soothed by their siren voices.

Many of our largest public libraries owe their birth to private individuals, not a few of whom, like

Richard Heber, began with a single volume. He worked and, it must be confessed, spent so indefatigably that, as we are told, 'the new library at Hodnet, which he built only a few years before his death, was found to be full of books. His residence in London, when he died, was filled like Magliabechi's at Florence, with books from top to bottom—every chair, every table containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street laden from ground-floor to attic with curious books. He had a library in High Street, Oxford; an immense one in Paris; another at Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany.' Mr Heber was most liberal in lending his books to poor scholars; but was so enthusiastically a collector that he had frequently ten or twelve copies of the same work. Some idea of the extent of his libraries may be given by the fact, that at the sale after his death, the catalogues formed five thick octavo volumes.

The nucleus of the British Museum, fifty thousand volumes, was collected and presented to the nation by Sir Hans Sloane. As the wisest china-manics confine themselves to one style, whether it be Wedgwood dragon or old blue, and thereby increase the value of their collections, so too the Bibliomaniacs may be divided into several distinct classes. According to Dibdin, 'there are the black-letter men, tall copyists, uncut men, rough-edge men, early English dramatists, Elzevirian broadsiders, pasquinaders, old brown-calf men, rubricists, Grangerites, and those who go in for vellum, old ballads, and play-bills.' There is also a lower class, called inch-rulers, innocent of knowing the contents of a volume, but to whom the breadth of the margin and the external expence of binding are most significant, and who by these means could instantly detect a renewed book.

The art of renewing books is a most delicate one, and employs all the skill of experienced workmen. When used in a legitimate way, to preserve and enrich some valuable treasure-trove discovered in a tattered condition, a skilled workman applies with tender care a bituminous solvent to its ragged edges, and literally incorporates—by a paper-making process—each mouldering page into a broad leaf of fine strong paper. This is termed 'enlarging,' and is a lofty department in the art of binding. Then the once ragged fragment goes through the process of binding in Russia or calf, gilding, tooling, marbling, and takes its place as the pride of the book-shelf. When part of the Cottonian Library was burned in 1731, some valuable manuscripts were by the influence of the fire drawn into almost a solid ball. Some of those rescued were given over to the enlarger, and may be considered the brightest triumphs of the art. They may now be seen at the British Museum.

But there are other processes of renewing which are scarcely so honourable, namely, the manufacture of rare or early editions of old authors. This is done by staining the paper, imitating closely the decorated capitals, and reprinting accurately all defects. The production of First Folio Shakespeares has been a profitable piece of business. Paris is the centre of the renewing trade, though it is also practised to a small extent in England. Apropos of renewing, many collectors scorn its



aid, and will only purchase imperfect copies. At a large book-sale where many mutilated volumes had sold very well, one lot found very languid bidders; on which the auctioneer exclaimed: 'Only thirty pounds offered for this valuable book, gentlemen, a most curious book, and quite imperfect.' At another auction at the beginning of the century, an original edition of Boccaccio, printed in Venice, and of which there were only known to be two copies in existence, was sold for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds; and a Didot Horace brought one hundred and forty pounds.

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become a merchant in Batavia, and had there died, leaving a widow and this one daughter.

At the time of which I write, English ships in California were sold very frequently at extremely low prices. Deserted by their crews, and not unfrequently by their captains also, the ships were sacrificed often for less than one-fourth of their value, when sold at sheriff's sale, to defray the indebtedness incurred since their arrival. Availing himself of these circumstances, Harley desired to make something out of his trip to Batavia, the more so as there was no other way of getting thither without tedious and trying delay. After our inspection, therefore, he purchased the ship at the auction for a sum equivalent to about one thousand pounds.

A more thorough examination of the *Albert Allen* than time had permitted, proved that he, with his usual good fortune, had made an excellent bargain. It was fortunate that a clear week of fine weather followed the south-easter of the day of her purchase. In that week we got her topsides and decks calked, bought two or three necessary sails and running-gear, and took in stores, ballast, and other requisites. Indeed, no time was lost, for Harley was most anxious to get off. Using every expedition, and shipping a scant crew of Lascars, which economy as to numbers was justified by the almost certainty of a fair wind the whole way, with first the north-east trade, and then the north-east monsoon, we left San Francisco early in December; two mates, three passengers, Harley and myself, being the only white men on board. Harley's intention was to go first to Singapore in ballast, and then either freight the ship, or even sell her if a good market could be found there for a vessel of her class.

Of our passage, as being without any noteworthy incident, it is enough to say that, with remarkably fine weather, it was pleasant till almost the last day; that it was rapid, from favourable winds and a fast vessel in excellent sailing trim, and that on the thirty-ninth day we anchored in Singapore Roads. We missed our Christmas Day by dropping one day on crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude, so that we skipped from the twenty-fourth of December to the twenty-sixth. On the latter day, we ate our plumpudding and mince-pies, and drank the health of those dear ones in North and South Britain, who were doubtless fast asleep in their beds as we sat at table. Nor did we forget old friends on the last day of the year; but talked of and lang syne till past midnight, and with our one solitary bell rang the new year in with an expenditure of a dozen blue-lights.

Within two days of our arrival at Singapore, a tolerably good charter was obtained for the *Albert Allen* to proceed to Java, and return, which would probably take about two months. Our charterer, a shrewd Portuguese trader there, put a supercargo on board to look after his interests; and as he was urgent for our departure, and as Harley was not less so, on the sixth day from our dropping our anchor, we again weighed and sailed for Batavia, where, after a somewhat prolonged passage, we safely arrived.

The anchor had hardly reached the bottom, ere Harley would have shoved off in a shore-boat for the landing, but that I had to check him till the usual port regulations had been complied with; a breach of which would have involved him in great

trouble and expense. A full hour and a half was he fuming and fretting before, all the forms having been gone through, he left us, waving his hat, and urging the boatmen to renewed exertions, in his haste to get to Mr Van Dusen's offices.

Everything seemed so far to favour Harley's hopes. Mr Van Dusen took him home with him some miles from the town; and the same evening he was made acquainted with Miss Susette Van Dusen's mother. This was on the Monday; and on the Thursday I was to sail for Surabaya in the *Albert Allen*, to get her cargo, and would touch at Batavia on my return voyage to Singapore. In view of my speedy departure, the next morning I received an invitation to dine with Mr Van Dusen on the following day, together with an apology for the consequent shortness of the invitation, which was of course sent out of compliment to Harley, who had mentioned me as a most intimate friend.

At Mr Van Dusen's I met his sister-in-law Mrs Van Dusen, and her daughter; and certainly a more charming girl I had seldom seen my lot to see. Harley informed me that the letters and references as to his standing and character, which had been forwarded to him by his father, to Singapore, together with introductory letters to gentlemen in Batavia, had been perfectly satisfactory to both Miss Van Dusen's uncle and mother; that the consent of the latter had been given, and the marriage he hoped would take place in about a month.

On the 12th day of March, I returned from Surabaya to Batavia with a full cargo for Singapore; and as Harley was to be married the next morning, I would be able to attend as best-man to my friend, and sail the same evening for my destination.

Very beautifully looked Susette in her bridal dress; and supremely happy was Harley as they stood before the clergyman and were joined in the bonds of matrimony. A most tasteful *déjeuner* was laid out at Mrs Van Dusen's pretty country residence; and at two o'clock I took my leave, having some ship's business to transact before sailing. The newly married pair were to leave in the cool of the evening for another house of Mrs Van Dusen's, on a plantation fourteen miles distant, there to pass the first few days of the honeymoon.

It was nearly sunset before I had concluded all the ship's business and returned on board. Everything was in readiness for sailing, so that as soon as I got on board, I gave orders to get under-weigh. Just as the windlass was manned, a note from Harley was brought off in a shore-boat. I opened it, and was completely astounded at its contents:

'Don't trip your anchor till I come. I am going with you. Take my traps on board.'

J. S. HARLEY.

The scrawl was hardly legible, but it was still unquestionably Harley's handwriting. For an instant the wild idea flashed across me that it was possibly a practical joke. But then I knew that he was not the man to play any such; and even if he were, a few hours after marriage would hardly be the time even the most practical joker would choose to indulge in such a propensity.

I looked into the boat; and there were trunks, bags, and desks in the greatest disorder, evidently



hurried off without packing or care. The man in charge only knew that they came down in a wagon and were sent off in his boat, and that I was to grant a receipt for them.

For some little time I racked my brain in a vain attempt to guess at some clue to this extraordinary circumstance. I then took the spyglass, and looking towards the shore, saw Harley coming off to the ship in another boat. In a few minutes more he sprang over the side, looking like a man bereft of his senses. Throwing a number of small silver coins into the boat, he just looked at me wildly for an instant, saying: 'Get under-weight as soon as you can, Ingram;' and hurried down the companion stairway.

I followed, to tell him to go into my cabin, as the one he had occupied was filled with cargo; but he had already gone into mine and bolted the door; and in answer to my knock only replied: 'Come down after you have got a good offing.'

As soon as I had got the ship well outside, which was quite two hours, during which time I could not leave the deck, I went down again; and after knocking two or three times, Harley unbolted the door. He was pacing up and down just three steps each way. His face was deadly pale, with an occasional flushing over for a minute or so, as he clenched his hands and seemed almost in a convulsion. I did not speak. I knew not what to say. I took his hand for an instant, and pressed it. He drew his away hastily, and continued his walk to and fro. Then he spoke. 'They tell us there is a God. How could He in mercy allow this?' He struck his forehead, and sank on to the little sofa.

Again I took his hand. 'Calm yourself, Harley. Whatever may have happened, bear it like a man—like the man I know you to be.'

'Ingram,' he said, 'I came out of the house with you to see you off to-day, when you left Mrs Van Dusen; and you off to-night, after you bid Susette good-bye, she went up-stairs. I have not seen her since. I shall never see her again—I never can see her again!'

He paused; and it flashed across me that he had made some discovery as to his wife's conduct or character which had at once made him determine to leave her. Possibly the expression of my tell-tale countenance indicated something of this, for he looked up at me suddenly.

'Poor, poor Susette! how can she bear this! She will think me a scoundrel; and oh! that is hard to bear. But better even that, than that she should know what I know; that which her mother dare not, cannot tell her.—Ingram!' said he, starting up; 'I have married my sister—my own mother's child!'

'Good heavens! Harley; do not say that. It cannot be. Some misconception of something you have heard.'

'There is no misconception. I made the discovery ten minutes after you quitted Mrs Van Dusen's. I am her son; though she knew it not, till I showed her a miniature of my father when he was young.'

'Thank God for his mercy, Harley, that you were not later in making the discovery.'

He paused for some seconds, and then replied: 'That is true. It was wicked to doubt His mercy.'

He seemed calmer now; and gradually I gathered

from him all the attendant circumstances. Intimate as I had been with Harley, I merely knew from him that he did not remember his mother, as she had died when he was an infant; and that he had been brought up by another lady till he went to school. On his family matters, he had always been somewhat reticent. 'I had a letter from my father,' or, 'I must write to my father by this mail,' was generally all the reference he made to the subject of his home belongings; so that I was as totally unprepared for the information he gave me now of his antecedents, as I had been for that connected with the unhappy, miserable events of the day.

## SPIDER-SHOWERS.

IN 1835—if my memory be not at fault—there was a remarkably fine annular eclipse of the sun visible in England, which I, then a very small boy, was, among others, watching with some fear and much wonder. When the obscuring moon had begun to pass from the sun's disc, and the partial darkness was disappearing, one of the older spectators remarked: 'Now, after this there should be a shower of feathers.' Why he had such an expectation, he did not say; but as 'showers of feathers' are as proverbial as showers of frogs and fish, and may, when really understood, have as much foundation in fact as the best authenticated of these other atmospheric wonders, I propose to describe a shower of feathers which it was once my luck to witness; only the shower was not really a shower of feathers—though the falling material closely resembled these light bodies—nor a shower of snow, but a shower of gossamer spiders. But first let me refer to a few notable spider-showers of the past; also to some of the questionable inferences that have been drawn in regard to these spiders.

All who have read White's *History of Selborne* will recollect his description of the gossamer-showers which he had observed, one of which continued for nearly a whole day, and where the gossamer was descending from a surprising height; for when one gentleman ascended a hill near at hand, some three hundred feet high, he found that the gossamers were descending from a region in the atmosphere that was still beyond the reach of his gaze. These gossamer-showers are great mysteries, and once seen cannot be forgotten; for the air on these occasions becomes literally crowded with tiny parachutes, composed of a few threads of almost invisible gossamer, each of the parachutes being occupied by a Lilliputian aéronaut, in the shape of a very small but active spider. Whence these aerial creatures come, or whither they go, remains so far to be discovered; but it seems clear that somehow they have learned the navigation of the trackless region overhead which we call our atmosphere. Dr Martin Lister named this aerial spider 'the bird,' from the facility with which it can traverse the air; and upon one occasion, when he observed a shower of them in York city, he ascended to the top of the Minster, and found that even there they were descending from some region above that elevated stand-point. Mr Darwin, another observer of spider-showers, describes one which he saw in 1832, when on board the *Beagle*, at the mouth of the La Plata River, when the vessel was some sixty miles from

land; and he possibly was the first to notice that each parachute of gossamer carried a spider aéronaut; for he noticed them not only arrive on board the ship, but he also saw them reproduce a new parachute, and on this frail bark launch forth again 'on the bosom of the palpitating air.'

It is a common notion, when a spider-web crosses one's face in a summer evening, that it is the web of the gossamer spider; but this wants correction. Some of these threads may be the gossamer spider's work, but most of them are the cables of other species. Almost all spiders leave a cable behind as they travel from point to point, or swing themselves from branch to branch. The common geometric spider (*Epeira diadema*) generally, I might almost say invariably, leaves a thread in its track; and it is more frequently the threads of this and kindred spiders which haunt trees, hedges, &c., and so frequently tickle our noses in shady lanes. The *epeira* too can shoot out lines with as much facility as the gossamer spider. One day, when holding an *epeira* suspended to my finger by its cable, it disappeared as if by magic. To discover its *modus operandi*, I tried another in bright sunlight, and observed that while it was hanging thus suspended, and perfectly motionless, it was shooting out threads in various directions. These threads floated on, spreading out into three or four radii, and covering about sixty degrees, but all in a common direction. At length one came in contact with a post, and adhered to it. As soon as the spider found that one of the cables had found an anchorage, it cut the one by which I held it captive, ran up this cable of hope, and regained its liberty.

The *epeira* spreads its beautiful spirals from twig to twig on the outside. Beneath these snares, those of the common house-spider (*Aranea domestica*) may be found, where possibly this species is taking its summer's outing; and deeper among the branches still, another small spider can be seen in greater numbers than either of these two kinds. I have not been able to identify its species, though it is probably the same as that which Leigh Hunt observed at play, for I have seen it playing with its young ones as a cat plays with her kittens. The peculiarity of this spider is its family of fifty or sixty young ones, which it carefully rears, provides for, and educates. Its house, not unlike that of the 'old lady who lived in a shoe,' may be called Gothic, and is roofed generally with a sloping waterproof leaf of holly or kindred evergreen. In this mansion are lodged several score of young ones; while from its front an irregular web extends for several inches around. This web is not a snare which fastens, but a maze which confuses the prey. When a fly falls in, and is rapidly buzzing its way through it, the spider, directed by the vibrations of the web, rushes upon the confused insect, and paralyses its wings and limbs by smearing them over with a glutinous secretion. As soon as the captive is securely manacled, the wily spider ventures to give it the *coup de grâce* with its poison-fangs. While all this is proceeding, the young family come running out of their domicile to watch the contest; and as soon as the fly is powerless to harm them with blow from wings or limbs, they cluster round its body so closely, seizing upon every point of vantage, that a large

blue-bottle becomes completely hidden as they swarm over it. When the family is thus dining, so still and quiet are they, that they give the observer, at first sight, the impression that he is looking upon an unripe raspberry which has dropped into the web, the small globular bodies, packed closely together, so exactly resemble the unripe seeds of this fruit.

Then there are wandering or wolf-spiders enough in our fields to account for the network of webs that a dewy morning reveals. The webs are there, dew or no dew; but when covered with dew or hoar-frost, they are revealed to every eye. The female wolf-spider (*Aranea viatica*) may be found about the end of June carrying a spherical bag as big as herself, which is full of young wolf-spider eggs. These are hatched about July; and when we consider that each individual spider begins to travel on its own behalf, and invariably leaves a thread in its track, it is not very remarkable that every dewy morning in autumn should reveal pastures covered with sparkling spider-silk; and it may be these wanderers, and not the gossamer spider, which give our fields this appearance. I have seen, when looking across a pasture towards the declining sun, a streak of sunlight reflected from these webs, which reminded me of a rainbow, and this prismatic streak moved on as I walked along. This convinced me that our meadows are covered in autumn with a silken sheen which is revealed in prismatic colours by the evening sun, and as frosted silver by the hoar-frost or morning dew.

Since, then, it is unsafe to conclude that the dew-revealed webs of the autumn mornings are those of the gossamer spider, let us turn to the latter, which so rarely appears amongst us, in showers at least, to ascertain what is clearly known of its ways, and if any idea of its native haunts is attainable. These gossamer spiders have been seen descending from a considerable altitude in the atmosphere, and shortly afterwards individual spiders have been observed one after another to reascend, as if they were returning to their native place; and may not their peculiar 'happy hunting-ground' be in the atmosphere?

So far back as Chaucer, we find 'gossamer' amongst the mysteries of natural phenomena; and in the old nursery rhyme—

'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' quoth I,  
'O whither, O whither, O whither so high?'  
'To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky,'

we may have a fair proof that gossamer-spider showers had been noted long ago, and a possible proof that these tiny walls were then suspected to be inhabitants of the atmosphere.

The first and densest spider-shower ever observed by me occurred in September 1875, and the second—where I saw them reascending only—in September 1880. (Gilbert White of Selborne observed one of these showers in 1741.) On the morning of the shower in 1875, there had been some electrical disturbance. There had been one loud peal of thunder, but no rain. About ten a.m. I noticed small spiders running over my coat-sleeves, and had to brush off several trails of gossamer-web. Looking round, I found that brick-walls, houses, branches, of trees, &c. had these webs dangling from them, and that other gossamer-webs were continually falling from above, and adding to the

accumulation. By mid-day, a long fence was festooned from point to point of its triangular rail-tops with a ribbon-like ladder of gossamer; and this was growing broader and broader as the tiny creatures kept running along this ladder, each increasing the breadth by adding its own contribution of another silken thread.

On examining next an iron palisading near, I found it in a similar condition, with the tops of the iron spikes connected by a vibrating silken ladder of gossamer, in some places nearly an inch broad. All along this ladder the little strangers were running in an excited and hurried manner, as if they had lost their way, and had got into a strange country. Some, in travelling over their improvised road, made mistakes, and got into bordering webs of the Garden spider, where they were speedily devoured. About one P.M. the clouds cleared off, the sun shone out, and I noticed that some of the spiders had begun to reascend into the atmosphere. They might have commenced this reascension earlier; but on observing that some were reascending, all my attention was devoted to single spiders; and this is what I saw. Fixing my eyes upon one of them, I observed that as it left the gossamer pathway, it selected a clean spot on the iron railing, and gathering its limbs closely together, it projected from its spinnerets several threads which expanded outwards, and stretched upwards from nine to twelve inches. Then this parachute seemed to show a buoyant tendency, and suddenly the tiny creature left hold of the iron rail, or was lifted off it, and quickly 'vanished into thin air.' One after another I closely watched, with the same general result; though once or twice when the spider left the rail, it floated for a few seconds in an almost horizontal direction, prior to changing it for an approximately vertical one. They, however, disappeared from sight so quickly, that the angle of ascent could only be guessed at. This, however, may be set down, as the rule, at from ninety to one hundred and twenty degrees.

The second spider-shower I saw was not so interesting, as I did not observe the descent, but only the reascend of some odd ones. This, however, was effected in exactly the same manner as has been already described; and the few I saw were again ascending from an iron palisading, fully a mile away from that on which I observed them in 1875.

Now, after having watched these clever little aeronauts manufacture, in a few seconds, a fairy balloon capable of carrying them into the upper regions, and pondering over these singular facts, it occurred to me that possibly the real home of gossamer spiders may be in the blue ether, where, in the wonderful economy of nature, they may have their appointed work to do. Or, it may be that these Lilliputian roamers through space, like the migratory birds, have their appointed periods for going in one direction and returning in another. If so, they will naturally collect together for their migrations, and may occasionally have to rest on their journey, as swallows do on the rigging of ships at sea; hence, probably, these mysterious spider-showers. The migratory birds are evidently actuated by weather-influences; and may not these gossamer spiders be under somewhat similar laws, and be under the necessity, every autumn, of flying away

to more genial regions? Who knows? He only who made them and us, and Whose ordained ministers are, humanly speaking, infinite in their number and variety.

## NEARLY STARVED IN THE MIDST OF ABUNDANCE.

'ANY letters for the name of Maidland?' I inquired of the clerk of the *Erie Hotel*, in Buffalo, New York state.

'Name of Maidland, sir? Well, yes; I think I recollect the name,' replied the clerk, as he looked over a large packet of letters which he took from one of the pigeon-holes in front of his desk. 'Ay; here it is. From Montreal, Canada East. Been here a week.' And he handed me the letter in question.

I tore off the envelope, and found it to be a letter from Stanwell, a friend with whom I had sailed from England, and who was now about to return thither. He wished me to come to Kingston to spend a few days with him and see him off. The letter having been delayed, only a week now remained of the time within which he was to sail.

Stanwell's letter took me completely by surprise, as I had not the least notion that he would so soon return to England; but I at once made up my mind to see him before he left America. Indeed I would have suffered any inconvenience rather than have disappointed him. But suddenly it occurred to me that there was a slight obstacle in my way. I had been absent on my tour longer than I had expected to be when I set out from Montreal, and my expenses had exceeded my original estimate. In fact, on my arrival at Buffalo I found it necessary to change my last ten-dollar bill. However, I rung the bell, and on the appearance of the waiter, requested him to bring my hotel-bill. The man stared at me, but made no reply, and in a few minutes the proprietor of the hotel entered the room with the account in his hand.

'Going to leave us so soon, sir?' he said.

'No,' I replied, glancing at the account which he had placed on the table before me, and which amounted to three dollars sixty cents. 'I am going away, but only for a few days. I have to meet a friend at Kingston, who is about to embark for England. I shall return in the course of eight or ten days, and shall remain for a fortnight. Meanwhile, I will leave the bulk of my luggage in your charge, and will take with me only a single portmanteau.—Your bill seems rather heavy for the short time I have been here?' I added.

'O dear, no, sir—quite contrary,' replied the hotel-keeper. 'I have charged you only two dollars for supper, bed, and breakfast; when the usual thing is to charge travellers the full three dollars a day, no matter how short a time they stay. Then there's one dollar sixty cents coach-hire, which I'm sure is reasonable enough.'

'I don't dispute your charges,' I replied, hoping that the landlord would say: 'Well, sir, as you are coming back, and are going to leave your luggage behind, it will be as well to wait till your return before making any payment.' But he said nothing of the kind.

'I will pay your bill,' I said, counting out the money; 'and if while I am absent, a letter should arrive from Montreal, directed to me, you will take good care of it. I have written to my banker for a remittance.'

'Very good, sir,' replied the landlord. 'Should such a letter arrive, I will take all possible care of it, you may depend upon that.' But this allusion to my banker at Montreal, so far from increasing his respect, led him, I fancied from the keen glance he gave me, to regard me with increased distrust.

Glancing at a newspaper after he was gone, I found that a boat—the *Jefferson*—left the wharf at twelve o'clock, so that I had only half an hour to spare. I counted over the money that remained to me. There was just four dollars fifteen cents; or sixteen shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, from which my fare to Kingston—three dollars—had to be deducted; which would leave me but one dollar fifteen cents. In addition to the passage-money, there is a charge on board all American river-steamers for beds and meals and stewards' fees. But as the passage from Buffalo to Kingston was but two hundred miles in length—though the voyage was necessarily prolonged by the tedious passage through the Erie Canal, from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario—I thought I could very easily dispense with regular meals and bed for twenty-four hours, and be content with such food as I intended to supply myself with, on my way down to the wharf. Accordingly, on my way thither I expended seventy-five cents in the purchase of biscuits and cheese, and thus left myself with only thirty-seven cents, or about eighteenpence English, in my possession—with the exception of the three-dollar bill I required wherewith to pay my passage. The steam-boat bell was already ringing when I reached the wharf. There was not a moment to lose, and I hurried down to the purser's box on the quay.

'The *Jefferson* goes on to Kingston?' I said to that functionary, who was seated inside the box.

'To Kingston anyhow, and maybe farther down the river,' he replied, 'But if you're going on board, you'll best hurry up. She'll be off in half a minute.'

'The passage is three dollars?'

'Yes, Mister. Three dollars is the regular fare; but—'

'Here, then,' and I placed my three-dollar bill before him, and was starting off, when he cried: 'Stay! Wait a moment, Mister.'

'The bill is a good one,' said I.

'Yes, Mister; there isn't nothing to say ag'in

the bill, and three dollars is the regular fare. But if you're agoin' aboard the *Jefferson*—'

'I shall have to hurry, or be left behind,' I interrupted; for the moorings were cast loose, and the boat was already beginning to move from her berth alongside the wharf. I thought the purser was going to explain to me that meals, bed, and attendance were extras, and as I was well aware of that, I wouldn't wait to listen to him, and in a few moments I stood on the steamer's deck.

A beautiful boat was the *Jefferson*, apparently quite new, for everything on board of her was as clean and spruce as possible. There were not a great many passengers; but those who were on board moved about in groups, audibly expressing their admiration of the vessel.

Almost as soon as the boat started, feasting began. 'Any lady or gen'man wot wishes for lunch, 'I'll find it spread out in the fore-cabin,' said the Negro steward, ringing his bell as he passed along the decks. 'Dinner 'I'll be at four o'clock, tea at six, supper at nine,' he went on to say; 'and ladies and gen'men 'I please choose their own beds, 'ceptin' the state-rooms, wot is reserved, and 'I'll go to bed just when they please.'

Every passenger, I believe, with the exception of myself, descended to the cabin to partake of lunch, with a promptitude that gave me the impression that they had purposely refrained from gratifying their appetites until they should come on board; and my persecution at once began.

'Lunch in the fore-cabin, sar; best go down. Capital lunch, sar,' said the steward when he saw me standing alone on the saloon-deck.

'No; thank you, steward,' I replied, 'I never take luncheon on board the boats. It doesn't agree with me.'

'Glass o' champagne can't do you no harm, sar, anyhow,' said the steward; and I was quite of his opinion. Indeed, when I heard the corks popping, I thought I could enjoy a glass of champagne very much; but wine was not to be indulged in by a passenger with but eighteenpence in his pocket, and I remained obdurate to all the steward's persuasions.

The tedious passage through the Erie Canal was commenced soon after we left Buffalo; but it was enlivened by a capital band of music, and by impromptu dances got up, both on deck and in the saloon, by the passengers, who seemed bent upon enjoying themselves to the utmost. At dinner-time the bell again rang, and there was a general rush into the cabin, from which most appetising fumes arose and pervaded the deck. I felt it hard to be obliged to content myself with the biscuits and cheese with which I had provided myself, while all my fellow-travellers were feasting themselves with dainty viands; but there was no help for it, and I was fain to be content.

Again the steward invited and even urged me to go to the cabin, but I declined, giving the same excuse as before, namely, that I had no appetite when on the water, and preferred to remain upon deck. I thought I heard some muttered exclamations of surprise as to what, in the name of wonder, had brought me on board, escape from the steward's lips; but I took no heed of what he said.

At eleven o'clock the bell rang for bedtime. The saloon was to be closed for the night; but

those who did not care to retire to bed so early, could return to the saloon-deck. However, the passengers, I presume, had eaten and drunk so heartily that they all felt sleepy, for in a quarter of an hour I found myself alone upon the deck.

'You not go for choose a bed, sar?' said the steward in amusement. 'Dat ar nebbor do. No eat, no drink, no sleep, by-'m-by you be sick.'

'I prefer to remain in the open air when I'm upon the water, steward,' I replied. 'I daresay I shall doze off where I sit, by-and-by.'

'Den you catch cold, sar,' said the darkey.

He left me upon the deck, but I fancy he went to the captain, and acquainted him with the fact that there was a passenger on board who had not eaten a meal since the boat left Buffalo, and who now declined to go to bed; for in a few minutes the captain made his appearance by my side, and expressed his great regret that I could not enjoy myself better.

'I do enjoy myself well enough,' I replied; 'but I can't sit at table nor sleep in a bed when I'm upon the water.'

'Then, my dear sir, let the steward bring you anything you fancy, upon deck,' said the captain; 'and if you can't sleep below, in the cabin, I'll tell him to bring up a mattress and some blankets. You can spread them on the deck and lie down. That will be better than sitting up all night!'

But I reflected that food and bed and blankets brought to me upon deck, would have to be paid for, and that the steward would probably expect a handsome gratuity for his extra trouble. I therefore declined the captain's kind offers; and told him that I had provided myself with a few biscuits, which I preferred to anything else when on board a steamboat, and that I could sleep very comfortably sitting up upon deck.

Perceiving that I would not be persuaded, the captain left me to myself; and I passed the night where I sat—not very comfortably—for a drizzling rain fell for an hour or two during the night; and towards morning, though it was midsummer, the wind blew chill across the water.

We had passed through the Erie Canal during the night; and about eight a.m. I found that the steamer was drawing up alongside the wharf of some small lake-port, that the steam was blowing off, and that several artisans were waiting evidently to come on board.

'Why—what is the meaning of this? Where are we now?' I inquired of a passenger who stood by my side.

'Waal, Mister,' was the reply, 'I reckon how it means that something hev g'n way about the paddle-wheels, and these men is coming on board to put things to rights ag'in. As to whar we air, I know no more than you do. In some creek on the lake, I reckon.'

'We are not yet near Kingston?' said I.

'Nigh Kingston!' exclaimed the Yankee. 'No; I guess we beart more than thirty miles at most from Buffler. These here new boats travels slow till they get into working order.'

'Is this a new boat?' I asked.

'Waal, yes. Seein' as this is her first trial-trip, Mister, I reckon she be. I thought everybody on board knew that,' was the reply.

'Heaven knows then, when we shall get to Kingston, at this rate!' said I.

'It may take some time to make the v'yage,'

replied the passenger. 'But what matters so long as they g'n us good food and plenty on't, and moosic and everything comfortable!'

'It matters to me, I said; 'because I am in haste to reach Kingston.'

'Then you orter hev waited for the next boat, Mister. She'll be in Kingston afore we shall, I reckon.'

'How on earth was I to know that?' I asked.

'Anyhow, it ain't no use grumblin'!' said the passenger. 'I'm content, and so I b'lieve is most everybody else aboard the boat. I reckon there'll be time enough to take a look round ashore, afore we're off ag'in, seein' how the passengers is most on 'em going on shore.'

This was the fact, and as I could not help myself, and as I had already consumed nearly all the biscuits and cheese with which I had provided myself, I also strolled on shore, and expended the few cents that remained to me in purchasing a fresh supply.

It was near mid-day before the repairs were completed and the vessel was again under steam; and late in the afternoon we ran towards shore, and very soon I saw the houses of what appeared to be a considerable town.

'Surely this cannot be Kingston?' said I to the steward.

'Dis yere, Kingston, sar!' the Negro replied with a grin. 'No, sar; I guess dis not be Kingston. Dis Picton, Prince Edward's, sar; Kingston long way off yet. Nebber see Kingston dis night, sar.'

'Then, in the name of goodness, why are we going in here?'

'Cos, sar, dem dur fellers wot make de repairs in de morning, no do dem work proper, and de wheel am broke down ag'in, sar.'

This was too much. I could not reply for very vexation, and it increased my vexation to perceive that my fellow-passengers, so far from complaining of the delay, seemed to be delighted at the idea of visiting the flourishing little town of Picton. Moreover, my second supply of provision was nearly exhausted, for I had no money enough to make an extensive purchase, even of biscuits and cheese, and if the passage were to be much longer delayed, I foresaw that starvation would stare me in the face.

With me the captain appeared to sympathise sincerely. 'It must be very disagreeable to you, sir,' he said, 'to meet with these delays; but they are to be expected on a trial-trip, and I do really wonder that you, knowing that you are unable to enjoy yourself upon the water, should have ventured to take passage in this boat. However, I trust we shall be snug in Kingston harbour to-morrow night.'

To-morrow night! Twenty-four hours longer, and half that time without food! I did not know what reply to make, so I remained silent; but I made a secret, solemn vow that never again would I take passage on board a steamboat, were she the handsomest vessel that ever floated, until I had fully satisfied myself that she was not going on a trial-trip.

I took a stroll through the town—a pretty town enough, where everybody appeared to be cheerful and thriving; but an earthly paradise would possess few beauties in the eyes of a stranger who knows nobody in the place, and is without a farthing in his pocket; so I very soon came on



board again, lounged about the saloon until it was closed at midnight, and then took my station, well wrapped up in my cloak, beneath the awning on the saloon-deck. It seemed to me to be an age since I had partaken of a decent, or a full meal, or had drank anything stronger than water; while, despite my protestations that I never felt hungry when upon the water, the pure fresh air that blows across Lake Ontario, had—combined with the scant, unsavoury food upon which I had subsisted for two days—given me a tremendous appetite. If I had had the face to sit down to the dinner-table—and I *was* almost driven by sheer hunger to do so, in spite of all I had said—I fancy I should have astonished my fellow-travellers. More than once I was strongly inclined to confess everything to the captain, as I now felt that I ought to have done when I first came on board. But I could not bring myself to face the jeers and suspicions of my fellow-travellers, if I were to take my place amongst them. At six o'clock A.M., the *Jefferson* again got up steam, and once more we resumed our passage.

No one on board the steamer would have enjoyed the scenery of Lake Ontario more than I, had I beheld it under more pleasing circumstances; but I had furtively eaten the last morsel of my second scant supply of provision at daylight that morning.

'Do, my dear sir, just try,' urged the captain. 'It is probably a mere fancy on your part. Begin to eat, and you will find your appetite increase with every mouthful you swallow. I've seen many such cases before now. It really distresses me to see you—as it were—starving in the midst of abundance!'

I know that it distressed *me* to starve in the midst of abundance! Wouldn't my appetite have increased, if I had once begun to eat? I rather think it would! But I shook my head dolefully in reply, as I had done before. And still the music played merrily, and the passengers all vowed that they had never before in their lives had 'such a good time' as they had had since they left Buffalo.

At length, just after nightfall, the city of Kingston 'hove in sight,' as sailors say, its lamps glittering as we drew nearer, like a galaxy of bright stars rising in the horizon, and in another half-hour the *Jefferson* lay moored alongside the wharf, and the passengers—I among the rest—shook hands with the jovial and free-hearted captain, and stepped on shore. It was near ten o'clock P.M., and the house at which my friend was staying was a mile or thereabout beyond the city. It was too late to think of hunting him up that night, and besides I felt that I could not possibly remain any longer without food. I therefore determined to go to some respectable hotel, and ask for supper and a bed, knowing perfectly well that I could easily borrow money from my friend on the morrow, wherewith to pay my bill. As I walked through the streets, looking out for the *King's Arms*—a hotel at which I had stopped on the occasion of a former visit to Kingston—I was overtaken by one of my late fellow-passengers on board the steamer. 'I'm sure, sir,' said he, 'you must be rejoiced to set foot on shore again. I think I should have been starved to death had I been in your position on board the *Jefferson*.'

'I am well-nigh starved to death,' I replied;

'and I'm now looking for a hotel where I can get a good supper and a comfortable bed, before I seek out the friend whom I have come to meet, though I am now a day later than I expected to be when I left Buffalo.'

'I wonder,' said my companion, 'why, if you were in haste to reach Kingston, you took passage on board a vessel that was going to make her first trial-trip. Had you waited some few hours longer at Buffalo, you would have arrived here a day sooner!'

'How was I to know that the *Jefferson* was going to make a trial-trip?' I inquired, somewhat testily.

'How! You didn't know? Do tell! Now that is strange!' exclaimed my companion. 'Didn't they tell you? Didn't you see on the card?' he went on.

'They told me nothing about it,' I replied. 'And as to the card'—thinking he alluded to the placard notifying the time of sailing of the different steamers, pasted up on the wharf—'I hardly glanced at it.'

'Wa'll, now, do tell! That is moosical' [amusing], said my companion, as if he were speaking to himself. Presently he went on again: 'Anyhow, we'd a real good time aboard, and so you'd say, if you could have enjoyed yourself better.'

'I daresay it was pleasant enough,' I replied; 'though I marvel how the passengers put up so contentedly with the delays. There was music and dancing and good feeding—nothing to complain of in that way. But all these things cost money.'

'Exactly!' said my companion; 'but when folks do go in for enjoyment, what matters a little delay? It serves to prolong the enjoyment; and then again, what matters if things do cost money, when folks ain't called upon for to pay for 'em? It must have cost the owners a few dollars, though—this trial-trip! I wonder how many *invites* they sent out. There was a good lot of folks on board, anyhow. Did you count 'em? I tried to, once; but, somehow or other, my count got mixed up, and I didn't try to count 'em again.'

A light suddenly broke upon me! I saw everything clear enough now. The passengers—with the exception of myself—were all invited guests of the owners of the *Jefferson*. I understood now the cause of the purser's hesitation when I handed him my three-dollar bill, and the reason why he called upon me to stay a bit, when I was hurrying on board! I had paid away three dollars that I need not have paid, had moped and grumbled when I might have enjoyed myself to my heart's content, free of cost, and had half starved myself in the midst of abundance!

I was too much vexed with myself for my stupidity, and too much ashamed of the part I had played, to confess my mistake to my companion. But as I had now reached the hotel I was seeking, I bade him farewell, entered the hotel, and left him to go on his own way.

The next morning I met Stanwell on the quay, whither he had come on the arrival of every steamboat from Buffalo for several days past, hoping to meet me. To him and his friends I related the story of my foolish mistake, and laughed over it with them, though they laughed at me—as well they might—for my silly pride,

or shamefacedness, which had prevented me from making known my awkward position to the captain when I first set foot on board the steamboat.

### EASY HELPS TO THE SPREAD OF POPULAR SCIENCE.

MORE and more is being done every day in this country to popularise and simplify the teaching of science, to strip it of much of its forbidding technicalities and terminology, and to render it possible of acquisition by any person possessed of an ordinary elementary education. That this is so, should augur well for the future of our arts and industries; for the prosperity and progress of these must depend largely upon the science-teaching and science-knowledge of the next fifty years. The rule of thumb, which was long sufficient for the British artist and artisan, is every day becoming more antiquated and less trustworthy; and if these would be in a position to compete with their continental rivals, they must avail themselves of all the means which science places within their reach.

But there are branches of science which do not immediately concern our arts and industries—which may indeed be of no practical, that is pecuniary, advantage to any one; but which may by their acquisition add very much to the happiness of life, and to that intellectual pleasure which arises from the contemplation of the natural objects and organisms that we see around us. This pleasure is similar in kind to that which a lover of books derives from the use of his library, and a lover of art from the study of his gallery. Neither of these classes may seek, or desire to seek, other than purely mental enjoyment from their particular studies; and as, whatever it may be with art, the use of books is now open to the poorest and meanest among us, none who is able to read but may taste of the intellectual pleasure to be derived from reading. In like manner, the book of Nature is open to all, in a wider and more comprehensive sense than can be said of any other branch of study; but unfortunately, a great many persons are unable to read it. This inability may arise either from utter neglect and inattention, or it may—as in many cases it does—arise from the absence of suitable means of tuition. One may admire a wild-flower without being able to name it, or be interested in an insect without knowing its species and family; but if any one nowadays has a desire to be able not only to admire but to know, it is neither the fault of our scientific educationists nor of our publishers of books, if that desire be not satisfied. Books on science, popularly conceived and popularly expounded, and at a price which renders them easily accessible, form one of the striking features of our present-day literature.

We have three of those books before us now. The first is by the late Professor Ansted, of King's College, London, and is entitled *In Search of Minerals* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Written in a pleasant and intelligible way, it deals with minerals, including gems or precious stones, quartz gems, the softer gems, and other valuable stones; the minerals derived from the vegetable and animal kingdoms, such as jet, amber, pearl,

coral; the non-metallic minerals, and the ores or minerals that yield metals more or less valuable. Its expositions are clear and readily understood. For instance, on the subject of organic and inorganic substances, the writer says: 'Minerals belong to the inorganic world. They are formed frequently, and they increase rapidly; but they cannot be said to be born or to grow, in the sense in which we make use of these terms in reference to organic beings. The difference between organic growth and mineral aggregation is not always easily determined; but we may recognise it by considering that the simplest forms of organic existence increase by the addition of cells already living, whereas the mineral can only increase by the addition of inorganic atoms, whether simple or compound. This does not teach us what life is, nor even where life begins; but it shows why the animal or the plant and the mineral, though consisting of the same elementary substances in the same proportion, must develop differently from the very commencement.'

That which the book chiefly deals with—the study of minerals—is serviceable for many reasons. Some minerals are of value intrinsically, as natural objects used for ornamentation. Others, such as coal and ironstone, whose continued supply lies in the very root of our national prosperity, are of great value for industrial purposes. Some, again, are curious in themselves and their relations, and form subjects of study to those who can admire what is beautiful apart from any question of utility. To the many whose worldly interest it is to have a knowledge of minerals, how we may know them, and where they may be found, this little work of Professor Ansted's will be useful.

Rising from inorganic substances to the lower order of living or organic matters, we have another book from the same publishers on *Ponds and Ditches*, by M. C. Cooke, LL.D. This little volume appeals to a wider section of readers than the former. For one person who is interested in minemological appearances, there are a hundred who, as they take their walks abroad, wonder at the thousand little living things which they see in the air around them and on the earth at their feet. They have stood and watched curious small creatures inhabiting the stagnant pool by the wayside, and have naturally desired to be able to know something about them—their name, their nature, the process of their birth and growth, the changes or metamorphoses which they undergo, their different appearances in the larval and in the perfect state, and a hundred other questions that occur to intelligent observers of what they admire but do not understand. We are apt, in thinking of life as we see it in the animal world, to connect that life with the higher forms only. And yet, 'between the elephant, as representing the largest land animal known, on the one hand, and the most minute living creature yet discovered on the other, the middle position, as regards bulk, between the largest and the smallest would be that of an insect the size of the common house-fly.' In this way, one can understand, even without going down to living things smaller than can be seen by a pocket lens, what a great field of study there is in the region of the lower forms of animal life, as they are to be found in their habitats, the 'ponds and ditches.'

Many persons, in the course of a summer

morning's walk, must have observed in the puddles by the roadside, or in the standing-places of the ditches, that the water glistened as if some oily substance had been dropped into it, and had spread itself out on the surface—only the glitter is that of a hard metallic substance, rather than of oil, and is of a rich bronze or golden-brown colour. Now, that which you thus see on the top of the water is a collection of minute organisms termed diatoms. For a long time it was a disputed point whether diatoms should be placed in the vegetable or the animal kingdom; as, when they are observed through the microscope, their skeleton is found to consist of a pair of transparent plates, of the same substance as glass, and as indestructible as flint. It is now, however, finally settled that, notwithstanding this shell-like formation, they belong to the vegetable kingdom—that they are indeed microscopic aquatic plants. Then there is another class of objects to be found in ponds and ditches, of great interest—the rotifers, so called because they have a motion resembling that of a wheel. In length they are about the fifteenth part of an inch, and form beautiful objects in water under the microscope. They are marvelously tenacious of life. You may dry them to a powder, and keep them a year, or even two years in your cabinet, and when again put into the water, they will in the course of an hour or two revive, and be found whirling about with their accustomed vigour. Of these and numerous other creatures that inhabit our ponds and ditches, Dr Cooke's little volume tells much that is worth knowing.

We have still another volume on nature and natural science, namely *Nature's Byeways*, by J. E. Taylor, the editor of *Science Gossip* (London: David Bogue). This interesting manual covers a much larger field than either of the two volumes above noticed, and treats the various subjects under consideration in a way that is quite intelligible to ordinary readers, yet not unsuited at the same time for the initiated. The chapters, 'A Naturalist on the Tramp,' are especially entertaining, as they enable us to go along with the lecturer, and note his remarks on the geological, botanical, zoological, or other features of the country through which he passes. On the subject of the Colorado Beetle he has some important suggestions. He is of opinion that if we do not too far disturb the 'balance of life,' by killing the birds that kill the insects, we need not fear for an invasion of that dreaded beetle, as it is the disturbing of this balance of life that lays us open to external invasions. This is a most important principle, and one which, we fear, is too often forgotten by agriculturists and others anxious to exterminate every creature that is supposed to be what is called 'destructive.' Indeed, we consider it one of the most important subjects that can occupy the attention of all who have the welfare of their country at heart. So long as the proportion of creatures that live and feed on other species is kept in a fair condition, there is no room for invaders. Again, he thinks our damp, rainy climate would, in the case of the Colorado Beetle, serve us in good stead. At least, they could not breed here as they do in the United States, where four broods are common in the year.

There are many other subjects of practical importance discussed in Dr Taylor's little work;

all of which, while ministering to the advance of scientific knowledge, are of importance also as showing how that knowledge can be brought to bear with good results on many of the questions that are continually cropping up in the various departments of trade and agriculture.

#### LINES UPON A CAGED LARK.

A CRUEL deed

It is, sweet bird, to cage thee up

Prisoner for life, with just a cup

And box of seed,

And so! to move on barely one foot square,  
Hung o'er dark street, midst foul and murky air.

From freedom brought,

And robbed of every chance of wing,

Thou couldst have had no heart to sing,

One would have thought.

But though thy song is sung, men little know  
The yearning source from which those sweet notes flow.

Poor little bird!

As often as I think of thee,

And how thou longest to be free,

My heart is stirred,

And, were my strength but equal to my rage,  
Methinks thy cage would be in his cage.

The selfish man!

To take thee from thy broader sphere,

Where thousands heard thy music clear,

On Nature's plan;

And where the listening landscape far and wide  
Had joy, and thou thy liberty beside.

A singing slave

Made now; with no return but food;

No mate to love, nor little brood

To feel and save;

No cool and leafy haunts: the cruel wires  
Chafe thy young life and check thy just desires.

Brave little bird!

Still striving, with thy sweetest song,

To melt the hearts that do thee wrong,

I give my word

To stand with those who for thy freedom fight,  
Who claim for thee that freedom as thy right.

A. B.

#### CHANGE OF TITLE.

Owing to the title of *A STRANGE RETRIBUTION* having been used on a former occasion by another Journal, we have to inform our readers that our story so styled, and published in the January part of this magazine, will in future editions appear as

#### FAIRY.

It is almost needless to add that we were unaware of the existence of another story bearing a title similar to that which we adopted.—Ed.

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## GRAFFITI OR WALL-SCRIBELINGS.

DESPITE his withering touch, Time, the destroying angel, has here and there permitted some of the most fragile and evanescent things to remain, as silent memorials of long-past generations. Not least among these relics of ancient life and thought, are the *graffiti* or wall-scribbings, mostly scratched by some pointed instrument, or made with red chalk or charcoal. They are found upon the colossal mausoleums and temples of Egypt, and in association with the mysterious inscriptions upon the rocks of Sinai, upon the tombs of Jerusalem, and within and around the chambers of ghostly Pompeii; while others have been brought to light within the area of the Eternal City. Plautus, Pliny, and Aristophanes each refer to the practice of wall-scribbling. Lucian mentions that, in his time, inscriptions covered the western gate of Athens; and Plutarch informs us that Tiberius Gracchus was chiefly aided in his agrarian scheme by proclamations of this sort upon the monuments, pillars, and houses of the city.

These scrawls, which are of all ages, are of no little interest to the antiquary and the student of human nature. Those of Egypt range from an extremely early time to that of the Khedive; but as the *graffiti* of Italy are far more worthy of consideration, we purpose to bring some of the most curious of these before our readers. Those of Pompeii claim the first attention; they are of three classes, Oscan, Greek, and Roman. Though nearly twenty centuries old, the thoughtless school-boy's scrawls, the lovesick gallant's doggerel, or the caricature of some friend, foe, or popular favourite, are still as clear as though executed by an idler of yesterday. Although many of these inscriptions are not strictly of importance, yet still they are very suggestive of the humours, vulgarities, and vices of old Italian life. Some are memoranda of domestic transactions; one telling us, for instance, how many tunics were sent to the wash; another, when a donkey was born; while a third informs the reader that 'on the 25th of July, two hundred pounds of

hog's-lard and two hundred bunches of garlic were either bought or sold. On the interior wall of a tavern may be read the words, *Sodales, Aveo* (Welcome, comrades). The coat of whitewash having peeled off in some places, disclosed *graffiti* of much older date with archaic forms of spelling, mostly in the Oscan tongue. These supply evidence that Pompeii must have been an old Oscan or Samnite city, because this language was certainly in use during the second century before the Christian era, particularly in Campania; for not only at that time, but during the Social War (91 B.C.), the coins of the allies bore Oscan inscriptions. A few of these writings, moreover, clearly have a date very near to that on which the city was enshrouded by the falling ashes. In a few cases, the Latin language is used, but written in Oscan characters.

The walls of Pompeii bear some inscriptions which are simply names; but sometimes there is an epithet attached, which is either complimentary or the reverse. We select a few: *Oppi Embolati, Fur Furunculo* (Oppius, ballet-dancer, thief and pilferer!). One speaks of 'sheep-faced Lygnus, strutting about like a peacock, and giving himself airs on the strength of his good looks.' Another exclaims: *Epaphra, glaber es* (O Epaphras, thou art bald); *Itusticus est Corydon* (Corydon is a clown, or country bumpkin); *Epaphra, Pilierepus non es* (O Epaphras, thou art no tennis-player). Possibly this last *graffito* may refer to the same person before mentioned; a friendly hand has, however, drawn a line through the offensive remark; but it is none the less legible. Others appear to be no more than the alphabetical exercises of school-children, for they are evidently the work of juvenile hands. But a large number of the *graffiti* are of an amorous character. The tender passion, and the protean changes to which it has ever been liable, here stand revealed as vividly as though the idlers who were the subjects of it were still in 'this breathing world.' One is very touching in its simplicity and suggestiveness. Within the conventional outline of a heart, is the word *Psyche* (My life); while another exclaims:

*Suavis Amor* (Love is sweet); in a third, a disappointed lover thus expresses himself: *Vale, mea Sava; fac me ames* (Farewell, my Sava; try to love me); while one of the gentler sex is said to love 'Casutius.' On the other hand, devout and affectionate 'Methe, the slave of Cominia, loves Chrestus with all her heart;' and the wish is expressed that 'Pompeian Venus may be propitious to both, and that they may always live happily together!' Furthermore, 'Ange loves Arabienus;' and 'Nonia salutes her Pagurus.' The following is a singular expression of sentiment: *Quisquis amat valeat; pereat qui parcat amare* (Whoever loves, let him succeed; may he perish who spares to love). Another runs thus: *Nemo est belvis nisi qui amavit* (No one is handsome [or agreeable] except him who has loved).

But the most striking, and indeed almost tragic, of all the *graffiti* in this city of the dead is unquestionably the following: *Tenemus, tenemus; res certa; Romula heic cum Scelerato moratur* (We have it! we have it! the thing is certain; Romula is living here with the miscreant). With regard to this inscription, it has been remarked that it might furnish materials for a sensational three-volume novel; suggestive as it is of beauty and frailty under the malign influence of some seductive lover.

The virtues and vices of certain individuals are here and there lightly revealed. The two following may suffice:

*Semper M. Tenentius Eudoxus  
Unus sustentet Amicos et tenet  
Et tutus sustentet omni modo.*

Which is to this effect:

M. Tenentius Eudoxus, even alone, always  
Upholds his friends and keeps them,  
And defends and upholds them in every way.

Another, evidently not wishing the household gods (Lares) to witness his deeds, thus invokes them: *Ite, Lares, dormite* (Begone to sleep, Lares!).

The tavern *graffiti* are also curious, and somewhat amusing. A sufferer from internal drought thus earnestly appeals: *Suavis vinaria, sicut; valde rogo, sicut* (Dear landlady, he is thirsty; I earnestly entreat you, he is thirsty). Another asks for more drink: *Adde calicem setinum* (Give one cup more of wine). On a jar, the words *Liquamen optimum* (First-rate liquor) have been found. In one case, customers are invited by the following notice affixed to a street corner, somewhat after the manner of modern advertising: *Adeas tabernam Liani; ad dexteram* (Visit the inn of Lianus; turn to the right). Here also is the advertisement of one Varius:

*Urina vinaria perit de taberna;  
Set, cum quis resierit, dantur h.c.  
tax; set furem qui abducat, dabitur  
Duplum a Vario.*

The rendering of which is: 'A wine-jar is lost from the inn; if any one bring it back, there shall be given to him sixty-five sesterces; if any one bring the thief who took it, double that sum will be given.'

On the wall of a tavern there is a rude sketch of a customer holding out his cup and asking: *Da fridum* (or *frigidum*) *pusillum* (Give a little ice-water).

A few poetical quotations and paraphrases have also been found among the *graffiti* of Pompeii. In the back-room of a *thermopolium*, a *graffito* was discovered, which proved to be part of the first line of the *Æneid*; but strangely enough, in each word in which the letter *r* occurred, *l* was substituted for it, thus:

*Alma vilamque cano Tlo.*

One disappointed of a dinner at another's expense, thus vents his feelings:

*L. Istacidus, ad quem non cenno, barbarus ille mihi est.*

Which being translated means:

*L. Istacidus, at whose house I do not sup, he is a barbarian to me.*

Another, equally unfortunate, pours out his complaint in this way:

*Quoi (oui) perna cocta est, si convivæ apponitur,  
Non gustat pernam, lingit ollam aut caccabum.*

Equivalent to:

For whom the gammon is cooked, if it is set before a fellow-diner, he does not taste the gammon—he licks the pot.

But the following is decidedly serio-comic:

*Pyrrus C. Heio conlega salutem. Molestè fero quia audivi te mortuom: itaque vale.*

That is:

Pyrrus C. to his comrade Heius wishes health. I am sorry to have heard that you are dead: and so farewell!

A line of Propertius has been rather ingeniously paraphrased; the original words—

*Cynthia me docuit odisse puellas;*

that is:

*Cynthia has taught me to hate the damsels*

—are changed to:

*Candida me docuit nigras odisse puellas.*

Or:

*Candida [i.e. the fair] has taught me to hate dark girls.*

It is a singular fact that not a line of Horace has been found among these inscriptions. Of Virgil, but one complete verse appears; the rest are only fragmentary lines. In another place, there is a strange rendering of Ovid's

*Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius undâ?*

*Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aqua.*

That is:

What is harder than a rock, what softer than water? Nevertheless, hard rocks are hollowed by soft water.

Scrawled in this form:

*Quid pote tam durum saxo, aut quid mollius undâ?  
Dura tamen, &c.*

There is one couplet, however, which appears to be quite original. It is of such excellence, that we cannot forbear quoting it:

*Alliget hic auras si quis obliurgat amantes,  
Et vetet assiduas currere fontis aquas.*

Which may be rendered thus:

If any one can restrain the lover, he may also bind the breezes,  
And forbid the perennial spring to flow.



The following is a good specimen of a lover's appeal:

Scribendi mi dictat Amor, monstratque Cupido;  
Ah, peream, sine te si deus esse velim!

Translated into:

Love teaches me the art of writing, and Cupid shows me;  
Ah, may I perish, if I wish to be a god without thee!

Others of a metrical type might here be mentioned, but for the exigencies of space; we pass on, therefore, to a brief review of another type of graffiti—the caricatures. Many of these are cleverly drawn, and, as might be expected, the comic element predominates. In connection with his valuable work, *Graffiti di Pompeii*, Garrucci admirably reproduces in fac-simile these caricatures, together with the various inscriptions before mentioned. One of these represents an ass engaged in turning a mill, accompanied by the words:

Labora, aselle, quomodo ego laboravi,  
Et proderit tibi.

That is:

Labour, O ass, as I have laboured,  
And it will profit thee.

Some of these scrawls are, however, of peculiar interest, not only to the general reader, but to the antiquary, as throwing light upon several disputed questions. Those to which we here especially refer represent gladiatorial combats after a rude fashion. They are rather numerous, and are drawn with much spirit. In one case, a figure is represented as about to cast a net over his adversary; while another caricature appears to be a fight between a Mirmillo (a kind of gladiator) and a Samnite. A third is evidently a Samnite with a large helmet and shield; at his side the number of his victories (xxii.) may be seen inclosed between a palm-branch and a chaplet. Under one of these sketches we learn that Spiculus Neronianus, 'a tiro,' engaged in mortal combat with the freedman Aptometus, who had been victor in sixteen such encounters; but tyro as he was, he slew his opponent. A few full-length figures wearing the toga, probably represent the dandies of the period, or possibly patrician magnates. Others are profiles of heads; one with the name Peregrinus attached, has a decidedly abnormal development of the nose; while in another that organ is almost absent, and the little *Nasus Fedatus* is affixed. There is doubtless a pun here intended. The practice of attaching the name of an intended occupant to a seat in a public place, as among ourselves, was usual with those who patronised the amphitheatre, as many *graffiti* testify. Again, the electioneering inscriptions of Pompeii would not unfavourably compare with like placards of modern times. They are very terse (in abbreviated Latin) and to the point; thus, one appeals to the Pilicrepi or ball-players to 'elect as ædile Aulus Vettius Firmus, a man worthy of the republic;' while another is to this effect: 'Philipppus beseeches you to create M. Holconius Priscus a decemvir of justice (that is, a justice of the peace). A third runs thus: 'The scribe Issus requests you to support M. Cerrinius Vatia as ædile. He is worthy.' Those of a domestic character are few. On the wall of a corner-house in the Street of Fortune is a record, seemingly traced by some

thrifty housewife, of the spinning tasks assigned to each of the female slaves. The quality and weight of the wool are likewise portioned out. Doris and Heracle prepare thread for the warp, and Januaria and Lalagia (or Lalage) for the woof. The other names are Vitalis, Florentia, Amaryllis, Mária, Cerursa, and Damalis.

In concluding this sketch of the Pompeian *graffiti*, there are two more which can scarcely be passed over in silence. One who had evidently heard of the fate of the neighbouring city, wrote the simple but impressive ejaculation: *Herculanæum, Herculanæum* (O Herculanæum! O Herculanæum!). Little thought the scribbler that a like fate was soon to overtake his own city of pleasure. The other expresses a kindly hope for many happy new-years: *Januarias nobis felices multis annis*.

The *graffiti* of Rome and its vicinity are, with but one exception, not of such interest as the above mentioned. They are found in tombs on the Via Latina, among the remains of Nero's Golden House, and in the substructures of the palace of the Cæsars. But in the Catacombs they are most numerous, especially in those of St Agnese and St Callixtus. The words *Cave, viator* (Beware, traveller) were frequently attached to the epitaphs on the Roman tombs by the wayside; the object being to warn scribblers and those who would pollute or injure these resting-places of the dead. To these cautions was added sometimes an imprecation on any who should injure or dishonour the monument. One silent appeal is thus worded: 'Scribbler, I pray you pass by this monument.' And another: *Scripitor, parce hoc opus* (Scribbler, spare this work).

The inscriptions in the Catacombs are of three classes: first, mere names of persons, with the occasional addition of their titles; second, pious wishes, prayers, greetings or acclamations for, or to, friends and relations, living or dead; and lastly, invocations of the martyrs upon whose graves they are written. As may be supposed, these *graffiti* are of all ages. Those which mostly contain only names, testify to the multitudes of all countries who, as is still the practice, came to visit these shrines of the martyrs; and strangely enough, some of these names are scrawled in rather inaccessible places. The plaster walls of the vestibule of the cemetery of St Callixtus, one of the chief catacombs, are covered with *graffiti* of this class.

*Graffiti* of much later centuries are of course numerous enough in Rome, as elsewhere. In one place there is a record of a Bishop of Pisa and his companions who visited the catacombs early in the fourteenth century. Another gives the names of three persons and the date 1321 A.D. It reads thus: 'Gather together, O Christians in these caverns, to read the holy books, to sing hymns in honour of the saints and martyrs, who having died in the Lord, lie buried here; to sing psalms for those who are now dying in the faith. There is light in this darkness. There is music in these tombs.' In another, there are six German names, written in a Latinised form, with the figure of a cross and the date 1397 A.D. beneath.

The reputed tomb of Cornelius contains inscriptions of ecclesiastical names, and titles of persons who went there to present sacred offerings. Elsewhere, one *graffito* records that Brother Lawrence

of Sicily came with twenty others to visit the holy place, January 17, 1451. Some Scotch pilgrims also record their visit in 1467.

In conclusion, there can be no doubt that as archaeological investigations progress in and around Rome, and as soon as the work of clearing out Pompeii is accomplished, which at the present rate of progress will require many years, we may then hope for additional *graffiti*, and possibly some of even far greater interest than any at present known.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER IX.—THE BAD NEWS.

BERTRAM's lodgings or, more correctly, chambers, were in a big house in that row of big houses, Stark's Place, Westminster, and were high up, small, and frugally furnished, but still palatial by contrast with the bleak attic he had left behind him in unforgettably Blackston. The accommodation was such as was fit for educated gentlemen leading an active life, not for selfish Sybarites; and there was as little of the Sybarite in Bertram Oakley as well might be. Even the grim porter—even the starched housekeeper, a sour-faced woman, whose name of Mrs Crabb seemed at first like a nickname not to be gravely pronounced, and who had seen the gradual deterioration of a good many young fellows who had come up to London animated with the best intentions, and confident that the world was their oyster, which at their leisure they would open—even these unsympathetic functionaries of Cambridge Chambers, Stark's Place, augured well for Bertram.

'A good sort, that young chap,' was all the porter said, as Bertram returned his gruff good-morrow and passed on.

'He'll do, I reckon—though the handsome ones mostly come to grief,' remarked Mrs Crabb to a subordinate with a mop and pail; and indeed Bertram deserved the favourable verdict of his self-appointed censors, so single-minded was his desire to merit the good opinion of his patron. He worked hard, as hard as the doctor would let him work. His fine constitution, thanks to timely rest and judicious nursing, had enabled him to be up and active earlier than would have been the case with many; and he was doing his best to prepare himself for the life that lay before him. The five weeks that intervened between his first visit to the offices of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, were by no means destined to be spent in idleness or in visits to the show-places and sights of the metropolis.

Bertram had now books, plenty and well selected; but books, valuable tools as they are in every line of life, are not all-sufficient. They need to be supplemented sometimes by that oral teaching that is older than pen and paper, and that 'showing how to do it,' which an adroit mechanic vaunts as superior to all the 'telling how to do it' in creation. And the London of to-day, like some other of our great cities, has facilities now to offer to the young and the inquisitive for which the pale student of Chatterton's time, and of a much later epoch, might have sighed in vain. Cavendish and Priestley, Trevithick and Arkwright, never saw such a series of brilliant scientific experiments as the outlay of a few shillings brought before the

eyes of Bertram Oakley; while exhaustive lectures, museums and galleries rich in models, and libraries brimming over with information, stored his memory and braced his mind, while encroaching on his time.

It was all that the lad could do to find leisure for a daily visit to his kind friends in Harley Street. They were as glad to see him and as interested in his prospects, as when, at Blackston, he had been a guest beneath their roof. Louisa Denham's pale cheeks would acquire a tinge of colour as Bertram was brought to speak of what he had done, read, thought, and seen since last they met; and Rose had always a bright smile to greet him. There was, to the girls' fancy, something strangely winning and chivalric in the unusual character of this orphan boy, a mere mill-worker but yesterday, a storm-tossed waif in childhood, who had yet the charm of manner which only an honest purpose united to a keen intelligence can confer. Every evening he came for a short time, and was always welcome.

'Good-night, my boy,' the doctor would say at parting; 'and mind! no sitting up—no burning of the "midnight oil" our predecessors used to write about, and which often meant the lifeblood and marrow of the student. Lads, and lasses too, want sleep. At any time of life, it is a different affair. But Bertram, the period of probation is growing short now. On the twenty-ninth, remember, you belong to Groby, Sleather, and Studge; and I'm afraid these pleasant visits will cease, for they'll send you to Timbuctoo, my boy, as likely as not, for your novitiate.'

It was all one to Bertram Oakley whether he was to be ordered off, on first joining, to win his spurs as C.E. by industrial expatriation to Timbuctoo or elsewhere, or more soberly to learn the theoretical duties of his profession at a clerk's desk. Perhaps on the whole, as became his years, he would have preferred the more adventurous portion. For science, whether pure or mingled with commercial motives, is potent enough now to send our young men where, six or seven centuries ago, no motive feebler than the Crusading passion could have urged them to penetrate. And Bertram had made acquaintance with two youths, slightly his seniors, who lodged in Cambridge Chambers, and were covenanted pupils of Groby, Sleather, and Studge. These two spoke of the illustrious firm much as the groaning Britons of Boadicea's time might have discussed a Roman Prætor or Proconsul.

'They're terrible Tartars!' Davis would say in confidence; while his comrade Brooks shook his head in sincere assent. 'But if they take a fancy to you, of course it's all right then. There's Henniker, only four months longer in the shop than Brooks and self, and he's somewhere in the Bombay Presidency, drawing no end of rupees monthly. But there's Thompson, chained to the desk, and working like a galley-slave, this year and a half past. Studge says he's a fool. Studge is very sharp with us—very. But they'll send you foreign, Oakley, never fear. They always do pick out the smartest fellows. Brooks and I must wait a bit longer.'

There is something almost touching in the honest candour and complete sincerity of self-abnegation which, to the credit of human nature, so many of our young men display. These two,

Messrs Brooks and Davis, were, according to social tradition, higher placed in the world than Bertram Oakley. They were young gentlemen. Their sisters, their cousins, their partners in a Christmas dance, were young ladies. Comfort, warmth, leisure, clean shirts, and a decent dinner, with other adjuncts of civilised life, all things for which a working man has to struggle, had been theirs without effort from their nursery days. And yet they were clear-sighted enough to perceive, and generous and manly enough to confess, that in meeting with Bertram they had met with their superior. The lighter metal acknowledged at the first contact that the heavier metal must be, and would be, preferred to it. Brooks was sure, and Davis was sure, that when the terrible Studge—who appeared to them in much the same light that Necessity or Fate appeared to the Greeks of heathen Hellas—should look into the pupils' room, hungering for brain and muscle to do the firm's behests at some risk of sunstroke and jungle-fever, Oakley would be first favourite, *vice* Davis and Brooks and two or three more of equal pretensions, passed over. And it is creditable to the lads that they liked Bertram all the better, with a curious sort of respectful liking, because they were so sure that he would outstrip them in the race of life.

One evening, when Bertram set out for his walk to Harley Street, the London fog, comparable to no known vapour short of the dense mists of Newfoundland, was at its densest. Thick, heavy, and fuliginous, the weighty mantle hung around the house parapets and chimney-stacks, full of impossible lights and shades; here tawny as the Newmean lion's horrent mane, there gray as cold North-country marble; and elsewhere of a mottled black and yellow, grimly fantastic, and fading off to pale pink or to lurid red across the river, where the flues of Lambeth furnaces yet threw a ruddy tinge upon the lowering horizon. The greasy pavement was slippery to the tread; there was a murky halo round the street lamps; at every corner and at every crossing might be heard hoarse cries of oblongation or warning, and there were private links and lanterns to supplement the gas of the Companies that illuminate London to their own satisfaction. Through this maze of blinding fog, of coarse glaring light, and of ugly sights and sounds, Bertram threaded his way as deftly as if he had been a born subject of the kingdom of Cockney, as old provincial nobles were wont to call their kings of cities of London and Westminster.

What chronologists used to describe as the organ of Locality is very unevenly distributed among the sons and daughters of Adam. Some of us, dropped at random in a strange city, make out the right road with the unerring instinct of the homing pigeon, are never at fault about the points of the compass; and in the course of an hour's ramble construct a mental map of the town, its parallel streets, short-cuts, and central starting-points, neatly adjusted, and henceforth need no native to give counsel or guidance. Others, once away from the familiar surroundings, fall into a state of flurried bewilderment, flounder hopelessly among slimy lanes and tortuous by-streets, and are ignominiously fetched back under convoy of a stray cab or sharp-witted street boy. Bertram belonged to the first category, not to the second. New as he was to London, he pushed on without

blunder or doubt through the swaying crowd and the darkling air. Once in Harley Street, he became conscious of the fact that a good many idle people—it takes but a trifle in London to attract a mob—were gathered together near Dr Denham's door. Before the door itself stood a brougham, its lamps burning yellow through the seething fog. A little way off stood a second brougham. Both of them were such as doctors use; but neither was that of Dr Denham. The one before the door had indeed a gray horse in the shafts. The other was drawn by a pair of bays. When Bertram came up to the door, he found it, to his surprise, ajar. Inside the house might be heard hurried movements, the low hum of voices, and the sound of sobbing. Bertram stood hesitating. As he stood there, one of the women-servants who knew him, came to the door, her apron to her eyes.

'Is that you, Mr Bertram?' she said. 'Oh, it's a dreadful business! My heart bleeds for the poor young ladies. Dr Denham has been upset in his carriage, and brought home stone-dead, not an hour ago!'

#### CHAPTER X.—IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

There is something merciful in the stunning shock which very direful tidings produce. The very hopelessness of the grief benumbs the nerves and blunts the agony. David is not the only one on whom the world, 'The child is dead,' have fallen with a lighter and less effect than that which the bystanders dread. And as with the child, so where the parent, the lover, the friend, lay on the treacherous brink of Death's bitter waters. Somehow, a kind of relief sometimes succeeds to long and cruel care, to months of watching and weeks of hoping against hope. The worst is known now; and Fear is banished, though Regret may remain with us. But the blow, though somewhat mitigated, is still hard to bear; and so Bertram felt as, dizzy, half-blind, sick at heart, he found himself sitting on a chair in the dimly lighted dining-room, with two of the servants hovering about him, uttering, but in suppressed tones, exclamations of pity.

'Tell me,' said Bertram hoarsely—'tell me how he—how it happened?'

The two women were ready enough to communicate what they knew. The origin of the mischief was the late purchase, the fiery young chestnut horse; 'which ought never to have been sold, nor yet harnessed for a gentleman like master.' It is easy to be wise after the event, in other matters than horse-flesh. The hot-tempered and half-broken young animal had taken fright, had run away, the bit between his teeth, dashing, in his mad terror, the light carriage to splinters against a heavily laden wall. The doctor had been taken up dead, while Thomas, the coachman, with broken collar-bone and fractured arm and ribs, had been conveyed to the accident-ward of the nearest hospital.

Twice Bertram patiently listened, though with but a dulled attention, to the sad story. It must be true; but he could hardly realise at first that the dreadful thing had indeed happened—that his best friend was gone, and that he should never hear the accents of that kindly voice again. To the lonely boy, who had never known a parent's care, it seemed as though his own father

were dead; just at the moment when the world, which had seemed to him but a hard stern place, had begun to appear in a softened light, and Hope wore for him her sunniest smile. He had learned to look upon his lost friend with such a sense of grateful affection, with so zealous a resolve to prove worthy of his confidence, that the heavy stroke of Fate seemed to beat down and crush all his half-formed aspirations for the future. He felt as though there were nothing for which to live, now that the kind hand that had been stretched out to lift him from the dust was passive and for ever cold. And Bertram sat half-stupefied, and, as it were, sadly acquiescent in the blight that had fallen on his dearest hopes.

'Poor young things—up-stairs there!' The words were commonplace words of honest but somewhat shallow sympathy, and they were uttered by one of the two women-servants from whose lips Bertram had learned the sad tidings of his benefactor's death. The women had left him to himself and his silent grief, and went their way, after the manner of their tribe, peering, peeping, listening, at the foot of the staircase for the doctors to come down. The doctors could do nothing. *Æsculapins* would have been useless there. But still they were doctors, and as such, to uneducated minds the Oracles of Destiny, even when their function was but to note and record with accuracy the immediate cause of death.

'Poor young things—up-stairs there!' The words acted on Bertram's sensitive nature as the spur, in some moment of need and danger, acts on a gallant horse that puts out all its strength and speed in answer to the touch. 'Poor young things—up-stairs there!'—and he had forgotten their greater grief, their mightier loss, under the selfish burden of his own sorrow! He knew how the good man snatched away had loved these two, his children. A hundred little speeches of the doctor's concerning his girls, dear Louisa, darling Rose, came crowding upon Bertram's memory. And he had forgotten them! What must be their anguish, motherless and alone, with no warning before the sharp stab fell upon each guileless loving heart, and the fond father, whose every effort had been for them, their wise and gentle guardian, was gone for ever! How had he himself felt it, he who was a stranger in blood, a stranger, wholly, but some few weeks or months ago! It was painful to him to think of their woe; but timidly, bashfully, he ventured to question the servants as they flitted to and fro, concerning it. Bertram got scanty information for his pains. The women were good-natured, and full of sympathy for a pleasant-spoken master; but they had not depth enough of heart to gauge the suffering of others. Miss Rose, they said, 'took on,' sobbing wildly from the first; but Miss Louisa, with the tears streaming, do what she would, had been steady, quiet, helpful, comforting her young sister as no one else could do, giving orders, doing her best to bear on her own shoulders the cruel weight that had fallen upon both. Then the two surgeons who had been up-stairs for so long, came down one by one, and Bertram spoke to each. The first was a taciturn man, grim of look and morose in manner, and replied coldly and shortly; but the second paused a moment, at the sight of Bertram's grief, to say: 'He died, poor man, without any pain—of that you may be sure. And the daughters,

though their sorrow is bitter to bear, put their trust in God, poor girls, and— There, there! my young friend, you must try to bear it bravely too. A sad thing, I know.' And he was gone.

But Bertram lingered long in the vague hope that he might see Miss Denham—that he might be useful somehow—that he might do something, he knew not what, to alleviate, in never so slight a degree, the misery of those to whose fostering care he owed so much. But it grew late, and later still. The noises in the street had died out; and within the house there were few sounds save the rustling and whispering on the upper stairs, and now and then the soft closing of a door.

'It's of no use, Mr Bertram,' said the more sympathetic of the two housemaids, at last divining his motive for thus lingering. 'Miss Louisa she can't leave her sister, not one minute. And I daren't so much as tell her you're here. You'll see neither of them, poor young ladies, to-night.'

So Bertram went. He scarcely knew how he got home to his chambers in Westminster, in the midst of the clinging fog and the sullen, never-ending noises of the great streets of a great city, when by some cause the fretting tide of traffic is delayed. But he did get home, and never had Cambridge Chambers seemed so cheerless—never had the prospect before him seemed so blank as on that sad night. Yet, as at last he sank into a feverish sleep, it was with a firm though vague resolve to be early up and doing on the morrow.

## FEATHERED FRIENDS AT SEA.

BY CAPTAIN PARKER SNOW.

IN the month of July 1853, I was on board a small vessel that was owned and commanded by myself. We were about two hundred miles off the east coast of Australia, and bound northward among the *Polynesian* Islands. But for two weeks we had encountered such tempestuous weather, and had received so much damage, that the little craft was now but a mere wreck upon the water. Her decks had been swept by heavy seas, washing everything overboard. Not only had the boat been carried away, but all the bulwarks, so that we were without protection of any kind, until, at great risk, ridge-ropes were run along in the best manner we could. Adding to our trouble, we had sprung a leak; and despite all efforts in pumping, the water gained so much, that it began to appear above our cabin floor every roll the vessel gave. It was the Antarctic winter; and besides having my *all* embarked in the venture I was making, my wife also was with me. She was, however, a good sailor, and bore up bravely. My small crew had likewise behaved manfully, until on this especial day, or rather evening, symptoms of discontent began to appear. As for myself, I had been nearly the whole time on deck, and was now covered with sores from the chafing of wet garments, though I had changed my attire several times. Good waterproofs were of no avail when it was almost literally standing in the ocean most of the time.

No wonder that I was both physically and mentally prostrated, as on this particular evening, before sunset, I looked around, almost against hope, for any signs of a change. True, a change had occurred, as many might have thought greatly for the better; but to my eye it was deceitful. The

wind had too suddenly fallen to a calm, and as I reclined against the companion-hatch aft, the green sickly looking sky boded us no good. Consequently, I still kept the vessel under small storm canvas, indeed only enough set to try and ease the fearful rolling that was occasioned by the mountainous seas tumbling about us. Truly, it was a terrible, though otherwise a grand sight. We were only sixteen tons register and thirty-four feet long, no larger than a war pinnace; yet, for the duty I was on, suitable enough, could we have reached the islands. And now before me, amidst these giant waves, lay the little craft, floundering about like a human being suddenly struck with some terrible blow and deprived of reason. There too lay the destruction of all my hopes, and the loss of all I possessed in the world, should my fears prove true as to the coming night. I had made some storm calculations, and though keeping the result to myself, felt convinced we had drifted into the treacherous calm centre of a cyclone. Three months afterwards, when I got to Sydney and compared observations with official registers, my calculations were found correct.

Added to other prognostications was the ominous sign of sea-birds narrowing their circles of flight around us. These at length came so near that one was caught by my wife's hand as she sat on the deck with a rope around her, and life-buoy attached, in case the ship broke up. This bird had, to our surprise, a small piece of yellow ribbon tied round its neck; but, on examination, I could find no writing or indication of its being sent off, as is occasionally done, by others perhaps as badly situated as ourselves. We concluded, therefore, that as it appeared different from ordinary sea-birds, it had been blown from the land. Accordingly, I marked the ribbon with our name, stating we were not expecting to survive another night, gave the bird a good feed, which it partook of after the first few moments; and when, a little later, a breeze sprung up which blew on to the shore, we released it, and watched its flight to the westward. Two hours afterwards, the hurricane again burst upon us, and, as I had calculated, from the exactly opposite quarter whence it had previously come. Hope now all but left us. Leaving one man on deck, fastened to the pump, and relieved every hour by all of us, even my wife also, in turn, and lashing the helm alee, we kept below, awaiting our fate. Suitable prayers were read; and then each man sought to lie on the cabin floor as best he could, water, as I have said, being all about even there.

My wife had gone to her berth and lain down, still with the life-buoy loosely attached to her. I was seated on a chest by her side, and in open view of the men. We had all shaken hands, and now expected each moment to be our last, as seas rolled over us, and the leak gained, though the pump was bravely kept going. Now, I must state that my wife had a very fine canary hanging over the head of her sleeping-beth. The bird had come with us a few years before from America, and had already made two or three voyages in our company; and all of us considered the little creature as the ship's pet. Indeed, previously at Melbourne, when we had camped in 'Canvastown'—so well described in Dickens's *Household Words*, 1853—scores of persons used to come out on Sundays to have a look at the sweet songster that

reminded them of the far-off home; and I was offered on several occasions up to ten pounds for it. Its loud and enlivening notes could be heard all over the camping-ground. So, as it charmed us and many of our own race, in like manner did it afterwards delight and surprise numbers of the wild Australian aborigines when we were thrown for weeks among them, as also, still later, the uncivilised natives of Tierra del Fuego. On the present occasion, this bird was, as I have said, hanging over a wife's head, and, doubtless from long use to a ship's motion, was fast asleep, as, with my wife's hand in mine, I drowsily watched her lying in a sort of dreamy stupor.

One hour, two hours, three hours passed away, unrelieved by anything approaching life, except the change of one of us to the pump, the keeping of which going, was our only faintest hope. How the vessel rolled and jumped and tossed about! How the seas came lashing over her! And how terrible our condition was, may be conceived! But a strange death-like calmness—the resignation of despair—had now come over all of us. Personally, I determined to abide by hope, and a confiding trust in the All-wise, though often mysterious One, Who would do as seemeth Him best; and now that I am very old, I can confidently say I was never more calm and ready for whatever might happen than then. I had endeavoured to do my duty; my conscience was clear; my brave wife was by my side; my men had listened manfully to the few words I had uttered in prayer and mutual farewell; and I had now reclined my head, dozing at intervals as best I could. Suddenly somewhat before midnight, the canary burst out into splendid song. My wife aroused, turned to me, and in a semi-unconscious state, said: 'Hark! hark! The angels are speaking to us! Hear them! hear them!' Then becoming more conscious, though still mentally wandering, she added: 'Up! up! we shall be saved, saved! The angels are telling us so.'

I roused myself again. The tired-out men were yet asleep amidst all the noise of creaking timbers and the splash of water about them, for sailors will sleep sound through the greatest accustomed noises, though awakening instantly when these cease. So I stepped cautiously over their forms, and crept on deck. It was still fearful. I could not stand erect, but had to crawl along, holding by whatever my hands could find yet secure amidships, till I reached the man at the pump. Him I relieved, casting his lashings off and putting them round myself; then bidding him crawl below, making sure to secure well the stout tarpaulin which covered the small opening that admitted one at a time to the cabin. And there I stood, working hard at the pump for dear life, and thoughts rushing through my brain the remembrance of which now seem to conjure up only a something so weird and maniacal, accompanied as it were by a sort of defiance of all the wild elements of destruction, that I fancy myself looking at a picture instead of a past reality.

As I was then, as I now can see myself on that night, so let others picture me. At that pump, alone on the deck of a men-of-war, only the low-mast standing with a reefed storm-stayl to steady her, though the sail often flapped when we fell, literally fell, into the hollow of a sea, to rise again suddenly and meet the full blast, which came like



thunderbolts upon the stout little bit of canvas displayed; the rushing and tumbling about of the tiny craft; the night, black as jet—there I stood alone! Many similar have I seen since that night, but never one that more impressed me with the consciousness of what was a death by foundering at sea.

Soon I detected symptoms of a break in the gale; and when my turn came to be relieved, I was able to go below and give assurances of hope, even as my barometer indicated. The burst of the storm had ceased; and three days afterwards we made the land, got our wrecked craft into a shelter, and were saved!

Our little canary went other voyages with us, until, after being our companion for several years, it died quietly here at home.

Birds at sea, whether wild in the air or tame on board, are of far more value to man than too many care to think. For myself, apart from all feeling against unnecessarily destroying anything that has God's life in it, I have ever arrested mere wanton sport at sea. If, however, for any usefulness, the case is different. But the mere killing for killing's sake, or from thoughtless or reckless whim, is to me distasteful. The pleasure of watching birds at sea, whether in the air or skimming the ocean wave's crest, is to many minds very keen. And there is something more too to be considered. Mariners can often tell their way by these birds, especially when nearing a coast. I well remember how I used to watch for them on approaching certain coasts, such as parts of Patagonia, too low to be seen at the ordinary distance. Once, when coming from Monte Video, with a mail and important government despatches on board for the Falkland Islands, I was able to run on my course in safety owing to a particular bird having joined company with us. On the occasion I refer to, we were approaching the land in thick misty weather with a strong fair breeze. It had been clouded over for a day or two, so that my solar observations were somewhat doubtful. I was anxious, for it was drawing towards evening, and I wished to get in to Port Stanley with the mail that night. It was, however, so thick that we could not see a mile ahead. Presently, a shrill noise was heard, a flapping of wings made us look round and above; and soon we saw what we called the 'pilot' bird. I knew my distance now, for these birds never fly beyond so many miles from land. Therefore, we cautiously ran on till I caught a glimpse of a bluff cape, then steered more easterly, till after dark, with a clearer night, I sighted Cape Pembroke Light, and knowing the passages well, worked my vessel up Port-William, then shot through the 'Narrows,' and anchored in Port Stanley nearly opposite Government House, about one o'clock in the morning. Next day, I was thanked by His Excellency the Governor—himself a high naval officer—for the quick trip made, and the despatches, besides long-wished-for private correspondence, we had brought. But to this day, I thank God's feathered pilots, who had then and often shown me the way.

On another occasion, years before that, indeed in April 1836, I was in a vessel homeward-bound from Australia. It was a delightful calm afternoon, and we were in sight of Cape Horn, when a beautiful white bird flew off to us, and settled on

our spars and rigging. After resting awhile, it sped away again towards the distant shore. At that time I had a messmate who had joined us at Sydney. Who or what he was, except that he hailed from the United States, I never knew. He suddenly left us at Pernambuco, where we had put in for water, when he and I one day were sent on shore with a boat and crew to get supplies. He was highly educated, and rarely gifted, and composed with equal ease verse as well as prose. Some lines relating to this bird, I here append. It may interest some one, and will serve to give an idea of what pleasure a land-bird sometimes gives to voyagers at sea.

#### TO A LAND-BIRD OFF CAPE HORN, APRIL 2, 1836.

Pretty Bird! the sight of thee  
Brings pleasure o'er the lonely sea.  
Thou hast flown from the dull bleak shore,  
To welcome us, our dangers o'er.  
From thy billow-girdled nest  
On thy wings that rarely rest,  
Floating on the southern gale,  
Thou hast sought the distant sail,  
And seemed to know thy presence gave  
Visions of hope upon the wave.  
If, as Pythagoreans tell,  
The soul released is doomed to dwell  
In form of bird or beast or fish,  
Almighty power! my earnest wish  
Is, that I may have wings to fly,  
And be a bird beneath the sky,  
With instinct just enough to shun  
The fatal aim of fowler's gun,  
Or tempting bait with hook to lure  
Me from the air, where poised secure,  
Amazed, I hear the mirth and noise  
Of sailors 'midst their boisterous joys.  
Or view them toast the sparkling glass  
To wife at home, or favorite lass:  
Or in the mid-watch, long and dark,  
List to a tale of the Phantom Bark,  
Whose yards were brace'd, whose sails were  
furled  
By ghosts of tars of other world!  
Then leave the weary crew to rest,  
And bare to the western breeze my breast;  
Spread my pinions to the wind,  
And leave the less'ning ship behind.  
So bring bright beams of hope again,  
To other wanderers o'er the main;  
And bless the Power whose Mighty Will  
Released me from all human ill;  
And kindly destined me to be  
A Bird upon the wide blue Sea!

#### JOHN HARLEY'S MARRIAGE.

##### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IMMEDIATELY after I had left Mrs Van Dusen's, the rest of the company had also departed, with the exception of one or two bosom-friends of Susette's, who intended remaining with her till the newly married pair started in the evening. Harley was then in the room alone with Mrs Van Dusen, and turning over the contents of a desk which he had forgotten in his hurry in leaving the ship, and which I had sent on shore after him, he took out a miniature of his father, taken some twenty-five years before. This he handed to Mrs Van Dusen, saying: 'There is my father at the age of twenty.'

'Why, this is a likeness of Charles Smith, not

of your father! Where did you get it?' exclaimed Mrs Van Dusen excitedly.

'I got it from my father himself. He was Charles Smith when it was painted; but some three or four years afterwards, he unexpectedly inherited a large estate, and with it took the name of Harley. But how strange all this is! Did you know him, that you recognise the miniature?'

'Oh, do not ask me,' cried Mrs Van Dusen with much agitation; 'I can hardly bear the thought of it. But speak—speak truly. Have you always been called John Harley?'

'No. Till I was nearly ten years old, I was called Johnny Harrison.'

'Fasten the door! Call nobody. Water, water!' gasped Mrs Van Dusen in a hoarse whisper as she dropped on to the sofa close to which she was standing. In a few minutes she burst into sobs; and as he was pressing the tumbler of water to her lips, she clasped him round the neck, crying: 'My boy, my boy! My son, my son!'

'Yes; dear mother, your son now; and I hope to be a loving one. But why does the fact of your having known my father, excite you so terribly?' replied Harley gently, as he returned her caress.

'My son—my own son, I tell you! And I am indeed and truly your mother. Your father's father wrote to me that you had died when six months old; and some months before that, that your father—my husband—had died in India of sunstroke.—O wicked, wicked thus to deceive me, as he must also have deceived your father.'

It was Harley now, according to the poor fellow's piteous narrative, that was the most overcome. He stood over his mother in speechless amazement, while the horror of his position gradually unfolded itself to him.

At this moment Susette came to the door; and finding it bolted, knocked and called him by name. Harley could not speak. But now Mrs Van Dusen showed for the time the stronger nerve of the two. Controlling her feelings wonderfully, she rose, went to the door and calmly said: 'John and I, dear, have some business to arrange connected with your marriage. Leave us an hour or two, for we have much to do.—Now, do go when I ask you, for our time is but short.'

Answered, but far from satisfied, the young bride went reluctantly from the door; and Mrs Van Dusen returned to the sofa, and asked Harley to give an account of his early youth.

He told her that his first recollection was when, about five years old, he was at the seaside with a lady, a Mrs Jones, with whom he remained till put to a boarding-school. She was very kind to him, and loved him exceedingly, and often spoke to him of her own little boy, who was dead, and would appear vexed that he did not remember him, which he could not say he did. At seven years of age he was sent to a day-school; and two years later, a gentleman who had often come to see him, took him away, and put him to another school, at the same time telling him that he was his father, and that his proper name was John Smith Harley.

Further explanations between Mrs Van Dusen and Harley only served to confirm the astounding intelligence, that he was her son, whom she had hitherto believed to have died in infancy. Harley

had also been informed that his mother had died while he was quite young.

'And your father—my husband,' asked Mrs Van Dusen, 'is he still alive?'

Harley answered in the affirmative.

'Oh, what a wretched woman I am,' she cried; 'to have my first husband living, and yet to have been the wife, and now the widow, of another!'

Her distress of mind was truly painful to witness, and in the sight of it Harley almost forgot his own bewildering position. How at once to separate from Susette, was now the momentous question.

'She must be told everything, and I will go to her now,' said Mrs Van Dusen, as she rose and tremblingly went towards the door.

But the generous heart of Harley refused to subject her to so sudden a trial. In an instant he decided how to act. Gently drawing her back to the sofa, and kissing her tenderly, he, by a strong effort, spoke quietly and calmly: 'Dear mother, I must not—not be the means of causing you the further trial of communicating these circumstances to Susette. It would only add, and I think needlessly, to the bitterness of our inevitable parting. The knowledge of the unfortunate events of your early life would only be a source of sad reflection, which we can surely for the present spare her; and after she has somewhat recovered from the shock of our separation, you can communicate them to her in your own way. I will now write a letter to her, telling her that sudden and unforeseen news of great importance compels me to leave for Singapore, in the *Albert Allen*, immediately—that I cannot bear the trial of a parting scene, but that I will write to her as soon as I arrive there. Though she will suffer much, yet I think she will do so less this way than any other. Trying to save both her and you as much as possible, will perhaps extenuate the deception put upon her.'

Harley having persuaded Mrs Van Dusen to consent to his plan, and having written the letter to be delivered to Susette soon after his departure, took an affectionate leave of his unhappy mother, and left the house unseen.

The explanations which had passed between Mrs Van Dusen and Harley were these. Mr Charles Smith, his grandfather, had by a wealthy marriage been enabled to move in a much higher sphere in society than that in which he had been born; and like many others similarly situated, formed the most extravagant ideas as to the future of his son Charles, named after him, and of his twin-sister Ellen. For the first of these he got a commission in a 'crack' regiment; and on the final return of his daughter from school, he engaged for her a companion, Miss Harrison, a sweet amiable girl, and an orphan. Between Charles and her, a warm attachment was soon formed, which ripened into love. Charles persuaded her, on some pretence, to visit London for a short time, where she stayed with her old schoolmistress. During this time, the banns of marriage were published in the two churches of the respective parishes they stayed in, after which they were united.

When Charles's father came to learn what had taken place, he gave way to the most violent passion, and vowed that the woman who had thus entrapped his son would never be allowed to bear his name. He went up to London, and compelled

Charles to exchange at once into a cavalry regiment serving in India. The youth pled to be allowed to take his wife with him, or to remain at home. But his father was inexorable; and Charles being under age, and entirely dependent upon his father for support, was unable to resist the mandate.

Thus, after but a few weeks of married life, they were torn from each other; and the most Charles could obtain from his unrelenting parent was a promise that his wife—or Miss Harrison, as his father chose still to call her—should be well cared for. To do him justice, Mr Smith faithfully performed this, but it was after exacting a promise from the poor girl that she should never make known the marriage with his son. She was indeed well provided for; and a son, who was afterwards born to her, was taken from the mother and given in charge of Mrs Jones, the widow of a curate lately deceased, and in poor circumstances, and who had been left with an infant of her own; Mr Smith paying liberally for her care of the boy.

After the young mother's recovery, she obtained, through Mr Smith's influence, indirectly applied, a situation as a governess in Amsterdam. She had received several letters from Charles, in which he told her that, as soon as he was of age, he would come home and make their marriage public; and he had also written to his father to the same effect. Determined, however, to break off the connection, Mr Smith, as soon as he obtained the situation for the poor young wife in Amsterdam, wrote to his son that she had died of typhoid fever; and at the same time he wrote to her, that his son had died in India very suddenly. This she fully believed, but came to England once to see her child. Fearful that, if this visit were frequently repeated, she would find out the deception he had practised as to his son's death, Mr Smith further again deceived her by sending her intelligence of the death of the child itself a few months later! All connection between them was thus terminated; and some years later, in entire ignorance or suspicion of the deception that had been practised upon her, she married Captain Van Dusen, the commander of a Dutch East Indiaman.

When Charles Harley, in India, received the false intelligence of his wife's death, he wrote to his father begging him to see that everything possible should be done for the child's health and welfare; and this Mr Smith faithfully did.

On his father's death, two years after, Charles sold his commission, and came home from India; when, succeeding to large estates from his maternal grand-uncle, he assumed the name of Harley. Thereupon he formally acknowledged John as his son; and pensioning off Mrs Jones, put the lad to school, and after he came of age, settled on him a most liberal allowance.

It was very fortunate that we had an unusually quick passage to Singapore, for the next morning after sailing from Batavia, on going into the cabin where Harley was, I found him in a raging fever and quite delirious. I did the best I could to allay his sufferings; but up to our arrival at Singapore he remained in the same state, and was carried on shore to the hotel, where the best medical assistance was procured. It was more than a fortnight before he was considered out of danger, though still terribly prostrated by weakness. Of course, he had been unable to write to Susette as

he had purposed, and was still incapable of doing so; but he requested me to pen a few lines to Mrs Van Dusen, intimating that he had been very ill, and though now recovering, was too weak to write. This I did; and two days more passed, the symptoms continuing favourable.

Then came a letter by a steamer from Batavia, from Mrs Van Dusen, full of anxiety, our arrival at Singapore having been reported there. With it came some English letters, which had gone to Batavia from Singapore, and were now returned by Mrs Van Dusen. One of these, I could not help observing, was a somewhat bulky packet, edged with black. I did not, however, choose to notice the circumstance when I handed Harley the letters, but left him for a while to read them. I lounged about for some time on the veranda, until a Chinese waiter came to say that Mr Harley wanted me immediately. As I entered his room, I saw that he had raised himself up in the bed. His face was flushed, and he was clearly in a state of great excitement. 'Joy and sorrow, Ingram,' he cried; 'joy and sorrow; I scarcely know whether I should laugh or weep. Here, take this letter, and read for yourself,' and he fell back on the pillow with the packet I had before observed, grasped in his hand.

I took it from him, and was just commencing to examine it, when he again stopped me. 'Does not the government steamer sail to-day for Batavia?'

'Yes; at twelve o'clock,' said I; 'and it is now past eleven.'

'Go off, and get some money, and take passage to Batavia. Take the letter—read it—and give it to Mrs Van Dusen. Come back with the steamer, or I shall go mad with expectation.'

I feared his delirium was returning.

He guessed my thoughts. 'I'm all right, Ingram,' he said. 'I shall soon be well. The letter will explain all. But be off, or you shall miss the steamer.'

I saw it was much past eleven, shook him by the hand, and with a 'God bless you!' left the room abruptly, for I saw that that was the best course.

In half an hour I was on board, just as the paddles commenced to revolve; and then I sat down to read the letter which till then I had not had time to look at.

It was a letter from the family solicitor at home, announcing in the first place the death of Harley's father, which had occurred somewhat suddenly, and of which more particulars were to be sent by the following mail. In the meantime, the writer stated that he hastened, in accordance with a promise which he had made to the dying man, to send Harley the sealed packet inclosed, which was to be opened by him only. I turned to the packet, now unsealed, and read its contents. It was dated more than a year before this time. I will give the part of it which had so excited Harley.

'Poor Mrs Jones is dead; and on her deathbed she sent for me, and made a confession of a most singular kind; to me a most distressing revelation. You are *not* my son, as I have so long fondly supposed. You are Mrs Jones's son. To me, this is a great sorrow; for though I love you, dear John, the same as ever, still the fact remains that I, who was so proud of my boy, am childless. Mrs Jones's confession is this. My father allowed her one hundred pounds a year for taking charge of my son.

When I heard of my father's death, I wrote to her from India, that as the boy was growing older, I would make it one hundred and fifty pounds. Soon after this, she went with her own child and mine to Broadstairs for a week or two. There both children were taken ill with scarlet fever. My boy died—*you* lived. As she sat looking at him after he was laid out, she remembered that with him her income died too; for what little money she had at her husband's death was all gone. Then the idea of giving out that her own child had died, occurred to her. She was a stranger there, where none knew her. At this moment the landlady looked in, and asked her the full name of the child, saying kindly, that her husband would get the certificate of death from the surgeon, and call with it at the Registrar's office, which would save her trouble. On the impulse of the moment, she replied: "John William Jones." The landlady wrote it down; and when she had gone, Mrs Jones would have given worlds to recall her words. But she had committed herself to the false representation, and it was too late.

'The child was buried; and then the fear of discovery preventing her from returning home, she determined to go and settle in some place where she was entirely unknown. She had previously lived in Cheshire; and choosing a distant point, she removed to Hastings, writing to her friends that I had made her residence there a condition of her retaining charge of my child. There was a certain similarity both in feature and in complexion between my boy and you, which favoured the deception. I had never seen either of you; and after a year or two, if any of her acquaintances—whom in the meantime she would avoid—should see you, there would be but little chance of their discovering the difference.

'My dear John, notwithstanding what has happened, I feel that you are still *mine*—my son in all but the name; and to enable you to keep your surname legally, I have executed a deed making you a gift of the Perton estate, on condition that you retain the name of Huxley.

'I have been aware of this changed relationship for a few months; and as I could not bear the thought of severing the ties that had so long bound us together as father and son, I came to the resolution—a weak one, perhaps, but yet such as you will readily pardon—to keep this secret from you till after my death, which I knew, from the state of my health, could not be far distant, and would probably be sudden. When you receive this, therefore, it will be after I am gone, and when you can only think of me, I hope, as one who, if not your father after the flesh, has been a father to you in spirit, in act, and in affection.

CHARLES S. HARLEY.'

I read the letter with strange feelings, in which I scarcely knew whether surprise or pleasure was predominant. I could also now understand John's agitation; for if he had thus lost one who had been to him as a father, he had been at the same time delivered from a sorrow which would have been lifelong in its effects both on him and the woman he loved.

On my arrival at Batavia, I hastened to Mrs Van Dusen's, and asked to see her alone. She was, as the reader may imagine, quite overcome at my unexpected intelligence. I found that she had

confessed the whole circumstances to her daughter. 'My conscience told me it was the right course to pursue, though dear John meant kindly; but I could not be contented while deceiving my child.'

In a day or two, the steamer was to return to Singapore; and brief as the time for preparation was, both Susette and Mrs Van Dusen accompanied me in her. With their care and nursing, Harley soon recovered health and strength; and then, after again going to Batavia to settle Mrs Van Dusen's affairs, previous to her bidding a final farewell to Java, they all three sailed for England.

## ANECDOTES OF SIGN-PAINTING ARTISTS.

WHEN Opie was asked how he acquired his village reputation, he replied: 'I ha' painted Duke William for the signs, and stars and such-like for the boys' kites.' Greater painters than the Cornish boy, in tin mines bred, have plied their pencils upon traders' boards; Correggio's Mule and Muleteer in the Stafford Gallery once served as a tavern sign; and the Easel Museum boasts the possession of two pictures painted by Holbein at the age of fourteen, which once did duty over a schoolmaster's door.

It is not easy to imagine Sir Joshua Reynolds condescending to furnish a tavern-keeper with a sign; but we can fancy Hogarth doing such a thing once in a way. Inside the oddly named *Mischief* in Oxford Street, hard by Soho Square, may be seen the painted representation of a man carrying a woman, a parrot, and a monkey. This, the old sign of the house, is said to be Hogarth's handiwork, specified to be so in the lease of the house. Hogarth's or no, this, in all likelihood, was the picture copied, in the early part of the present century, by Wilson, a Birmingham portrait-painter, for the landlord of an inn in that town known as *The Man Loaded with Mischief*; a sign answering its end of drawing the public so effectually, that the magistrates ordered it to be removed; and upon its owner bluntly refusing, threatened him with divers pains and penalties—which he escaped by selling the too attractive work of art to a local connoisseur, and altering the name of his house to *The Stag's Head*.

Calton, one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and Wale, its first Professor of Perspective, worked occasionally for the London innkeepers; the most notable of their performances being a whole length of Shakspeare, about five feet high, executed by Wale for a publican dwelling at the north-west corner of Little Russell Street, Drury Lane—in front of whose house the counterfeited presentment of the bard courted popular admiration until the passing of an Act of Parliament, soon after George III.'s accession, for the removal of signs and other street obstructions. It was then taken down and sold for a trifling sum to a broker, who exhibited it at his shop door for several years, until it succumbed to the exposure.

Richard Wilson, 'by Britain left in poverty to pine,' who bartered away his Ceyx and Aloyone

for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese, gave a new name to a Welsh village by painting a sign for its little inn. A traveller in North Wales, on approaching Llanverris, inquired its name of a countryman, and was surprised at his answering, 'Loggerheads;' by which singular appellation he found the village was best known, owing to the popularity of the sign painted by Wilson for its alehouse, exhibiting the heads of two very jovial fellows grinning at the spectator as he read the legend: 'We three, loggerheads be.'

Norwich once rejoiced in a very spirited representation of the fleetest of dogs, painted by Cooper—'the eminent animal painter of the Eastern Counties'—as a sign for *The Greyhound Inn* in Surrey Street. After the death of the artist, this was removed, in order to be exhibited with his less publicly known works, and disappeared altogether upon the name of the inn being changed; but its memory was preserved by a copy set up by the proprietor of another *Greyhound*. The elder Crome, who commenced life as a house-painter, painted a sign for *The Sawyers* in the same city, which, after doing duty for some years, was taken down by the owner of the house, Peter Finch, Esq., and carefully preserved by him until his death in 1850, when his personality was dispersed, and Crome's signboard removed to parts unknown.

Says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*: 'At that part of the Great North Road between Stilton and Wansford, called Kate's Cabin, with Chesterton on the one hand, and Alwalton on the other, stood a well-known public-house called *The Dryden's Head*, where dwelt his honoured kinsman, John Dryden, Esq., of Chesterton, in the county of Huntingdon; and the poet's head was painted by no less an artist than Sir William Beechey. Sir William was at that time a journeyman house-painter, and was employed on the decoration of Alwalton Hall, a very fanciful erection, now demolished.'

Probably George Morland painted more tavern-signs than any other artist of note. He who delighted in the companionship of hostlers, pot-boys, pugilists and horse-jockeys, was not likely to think it derogatory to his dignity to oblige the dealers in the liquor he loved so well and so unwisely. When things were so flourishing with Morland that he was the proud owner of eight saddle-horses, he stabled them at *The White Lion*, Paddington; and that the place might be worthy of an artist's stud, he painted the sign of the inn with his own hand; an honour conferred for other reasons upon *The Plough*, at Kensal Green.

One day, Morland and Williams the engraver, tramping Londonwards from Deal, halted outside a small wayside alehouse. They were tired, hungry, and thirsty; but their empty pockets forbade the hope of obtaining rest and refreshment by ordinary means. Morland wistfully contemplated the house until the landlord appeared at the door; then he exclaimed: 'Upon my life, I scarcely knew it; but it must be *The Black Bull*!' 'To be sure it is, master; can't you see the sign?' said the landlord. 'Ay, the board is there,' answered Morland; 'but the Black Bull is gone. Come, I'll paint you a new one for a crown.' After thinking it over for a minute or two, the innkeeper closed with the offer; and set a dinner and drink before the wayfarers, to which they

did immediate justice. Then Morland asked his host to ride to Canterbury for paint and a good brush. Half-fearing his guests might depart in his absence, the landlord executed the behest in double-quick time, and the artist set to work; but by the time the Black Bull was fairly finished, the reckoning had risen to ten shillings, and, unwillingly enough, the sign-restorers were permitted to go with a promise to pay the balance at the first opportunity. On reaching town, Morland made for *The Hole-in-the-Wall*, Fleet Street, where he told of his adventure on the road. A gentleman present was much interested in the narration; and after hearing it to the end, took horse then and there, and riding into Kent, bought the black bull of the astonished bontiface for ten guineas.

Writing to the editor of *The Somerset House Gazette* in 1824, J. B. P. tells how, walking from Laleham to Chertsey Bridge, he took shelter from a passing shower in a small public-house at the foot of the bridge. Seating himself in the little parlour, his attention was caught by a 'Cricket Match' painted in a style familiar to him; and examining it a little closer, he recognised the hand of Morland. His curiosity was excited, and he questioned the landlord. From him he learned that, forty-five years before, the house was known as *The Walnut Inn*; that a famous painter lodged there for some time, and painted the papered walls of one of the rooms all over with landscapes, which had long since been destroyed by the damp; that he painted the sign too, which pleased the landlord so much by drawing cricketers to his house, that he altered the name of the inn to *The Cricketers*. Asked if he would sell the picture, host Try vowed he could not think of it; he always took it with him to Egham Races, Staines Races, cricket-matches and such-like. 'Should you have an offer of ten guineas for it, how then, my friend?' queried his strange customer. 'Ah! well,' said he, rubbing his hands, 'it should go, with all my heart!' It did go, and its purchaser thus describes his bargain: 'The painting, about a yard in length, and of a proportionate height, is done on canvas, strained upon something like an old shutter, which has two staples at the back, suited to hook for its occasional suspension on the booth front in the host's erratic business at fairs and races. The scene I found to be a portrait of the neighbouring cricket-green called Laleham Borough, and contains thirteen cricketers in full play, dressed in white, one arbiter in red and one in blue, besides four spectators, seated two by two on chairs. The picture is greatly cracked in the reticulated way of paint when much exposed to the sun; but the colours are pure, and the landscape in a very pleasing tone, and in perfect harmony. The figures are done as if with the greatest ease; and the mechanism of Morland's pencil and his process of painting is clearly obvious in its decided touches, and in the gradations of the white particularly. It cannot be supposed that this freak of the pencil is a work of high art; yet it certainly contains proof of Morland's extraordinary talent, and it should seem that he even took some pains with it, for there are marks of his having painted out and recomposed at least one figure.'

John Julius Ibbetson, one of Morland's boon-companions, found his way to Ambleside, and thence to the pretty village of Troutbeck, where he



took up his quarters at an inn kept by Thomas Burkett, who supplied a roasted hare, a trout, pastry, good ale, and healthful homely sheets for the modest sum of eighteen pence. The artist stayed so long that he ran up a score, upon the slate under the eek, of twenty-five pounds; yet neither host nor hostess was desirous of getting rid of him; he brought custom to the house, and would doubtless pay some day. Ibbetson proposed to paint them a sign; whether in gratitude or in liquidation of his debt, is uncertain. Be that as it may, the sign was painted; and was swinging in front of the inn some sixty years ago, when an appreciative visitor set down in his note-book: 'Two heads, very well painted—the one a slender, pale-faced, rather genteel subject; the other a jolly, ruby-faced, farmer-looking wight; beneath which was the following, contributed by the joint-stock company of wit of the village of Troutbeck:

Then mortal man, that liv'st by bread,  
What makes thy face to look so red?—  
Thou silly fop, that looks so pale,  
'This red with Tommy Burkett's ale.'

When the Burketts retired from business, they carried Ibbetson's sign away with them. Probably, the disappearance of Harlow's portrait of Queen Caroline, painted by him for *The Queen's Head*, New Inn Lane, Epsom, is to be accounted for in the same way.

When David Cox painted a sign for *The Royal Oak Inn* at Belsay, York, out of friendship for the then proprietor, he little imagined the value that would one day be put upon his work, and never dreamed it would figure in a court of law. The sign or picture was painted in 1847, retouched two years later, and restored in 1851. After being exposed to all weathers for nearly twenty years, it was taken down, covered with glass, and hung in the principal hall of the hotel. By-and-by came bad times for *The Royal Oak*; and things gradually became worse, until the landlady was compelled to have recourse to the process known as 'liquidation.' Somebody offered a thousand pounds for Cox's painting; and then the Bangor District Court of Bankruptcy was called upon to decide whether it was a picture that might be sold for the behoof of the creditors; or whether, as was maintained on behalf of the freeholder, Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, the signboard was merely a signboard, passing to the freeholder as part of the inheritance. The court came to the conclusion that the painting was a signboard; that the fact of it having been removed from its proper place to the inside of the house, could not affect its legal status, and that therefore it belonged to the owner of the inn, as part and parcel of it. This decision was challenged; and the case re-argued before Sir J. Bacon, who, in delivering judgment, said that David Cox made Mr Roberts a present of a picture of the Royal Oak, which the latter fastened over his old signboard, it being clearly his own property to do as he liked with. In 1866 the picture was taken down, and fastened up inside the hotel, where it became an object of interest to the visitors. The picture did not become a fixture because of the fastening by which it was secured, and belonged to Roberts as much as did the coat on his back; he might either have sold it or pawned it. Trade signs were emblems of the particular business carried on, nothing more;

and he was of opinion that this particular signboard was never a fixture with which the landlord had anything to do; consequently, the order of the county court judge, giving the signboard to the Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby, as the freeholder of the hotel, must be reversed.

Vernet and Gérard, in the days when their hearts and purses were equally light, went for an outing to Montmorency. After enjoying themselves to their utmost capacity that way, the thoughtless pair dined at the *Hôtel du Cheval Blanc*, and having no money wherewith to pay the bill, proposed to square the account by decorating each side of the hotel signboard with a white horse; Vernet taking one side, and Gérard the other. There being no prospect of any other settlement, the landlord accepted the offer; and acknowledged afterwards that he had never been so well paid for a dinner.

Rarely indeed have two such artists worked together on a signboard. We only know of one other instance. At Wargrave-on-Thames, a short distance from Henley, may still be seen a faded tavern-sign, ascribed to Leslie and Watts, on one side of which St George is fighting his sealy foe; while on the other, he has descended from his saddle to refresh himself with a draught of Wargrave ale. England's patron saint is fortunate in his delinquents. Twenty-eight years ago, his combat with the dragon was imitated by Mr Millets, for the adornment of *Fidler's Inn*, at Hayes, Kent; the painter, while staying there, having noted that the weather-worn sign was little better than a bare board, every trace of the design it once bore having disappeared.

## A CHAPTER IN REAL LIFE.

### STORY OF A MAD DOG.

A SUMMER seldom passes that the cry of 'Mad dog!' is not heard in some direction or another; and many and stringent are the police regulations put in force to guard against the perils of hydrophobia. More than one unhappy dog, innocent of anything except fright or thirst, panic at being hunted, or having lost his way or his master, has fallen a victim to mistaken zeal. One day during last summer, a pedlar woman walking along the road observed a dog belonging to the neighbourhood trotting calmly before her. She knew who was his owner and also that the animal was not far from home. A grassy bank was beside the footpath, and in this bank was a wasps' nest. The dog in passing it must have disturbed the insects, which flew out upon him, clustering round his head, and stinging him about the ears, eyes and nostrils. The poor animal, frightened and in pain, sprang forward, rushing on with wild contortions of agony. A policeman coming up at the moment, saw him fly past, his tongue hanging out, his eyes protruded. 'Mad dog!' he cried, and the poor beast was shot dead before the screaming woman, running breathlessly to the rescue, could explain what she had seen.

'And a sore pity it was,' she said. 'As honest and faithful and as handsome a dog as ever stepped before its own tail. Not so mad, indeed, as the man that was in such a hurry to shoot him. Of all the changes which modern and more enlightened times have brought about, there is

none happier than that affecting the treatment of sufferers attacked with hydrophobia. The writer of this is old enough to remember bygone tragedies connected with those victims, that make one shudder. There was no hope for the unfortunates. Death was the doom; and at the first symptoms, the hapless human victims were ruthlessly destroyed; suffocation between feather-beds the usual mode! An occurrence in humble Irish life, remembered still in the parish where it took place, and for the truth of which many can vouch, will illustrate painfully the above. The narrative will be best given in the words of one of the family present at the time.

Myself was in the house when it all happened, being first-cousin to Mrs Ryan, the mistress. A comfortable farm it was, and she well to do; with cows and other stock in plenty, and good land. Ryan had been dead some years, and she managed it all; a clever, brisk, stirring woman. She'd be up and out in her dairy at three o'clock in the summer mornings, to get the butter off the churn in the cool of the day; and then away with her across the fields to visit the cattle and oversee the labourers at their work. Many a smart young fellow would have been proud to help her, and right glad to step into Ryan's shoes if he was let. For she was pleasant to look at; as comely as she was industrious; tidy and trim, and wonderful at making and laying by money. But though she had a gay word for them all, and was blithe and cheery as the day, they soon found that coming courting to the winsome young widow was only wasting their time. She wouldn't listen to man or mortal. Her whole heart and life were bound up in her one child—a lovely boy. It was easy to see by the look that would come into her face, and the light and the love in her eyes as they followed him wherever he went, that she hadn't a thought to give to any besides. He was the entire world to her. Every penny she could make or save was for him; and late and early she worked to keep all things about the farm in the best order against he was old enough to take it up.

A fine handsome child he was; merry as a bird, full of spirits and fun. He doted on his mother, and maybe she wasn't proud of him! Every one loved him, even the dumb animals, he was so good-natured and kindly—joyous and bright like sunshine in the house. There's something in the young and their ways that the heart warms to, natural.

As time wore on, young Ryan grew to be handy and helpful about the place, and knowledgeable concerning farm business. He was rising sixteen years old, a good scholar, and a fine well-grown active lad, when there came a wonderful hot summer, and rumours were rife about mad dogs seen going through the country, and of the terrible mischief they did. Cows were bitten, and pigs; Christians were attacked, and a neighbouring farmer lost two valuable horses, that went mad after being bitten, and had to be destroyed. People were everywhere in dread and on the watch.

One morning just after the hay was gathered in and safe, herself and the boy were together in the yard, working away as busy as bees. They were seldom asunder now; for he had done with schooling, and they always kept one another company just like a pair of comrades. There was only

nineteen years' difference between the ages of the two. Talking merrily they were over their work, and laughing—he was full of his jokes—when a man came tearing into the yard, crying out that a mad dog was in the place, and was making straight for the field the cows were in. Quick as lightning the boy caught up a pitchfork and away with him like a shot to the field. His mother flew after him, shrieking out to him to stop, and shouting to the men to follow. But he was as light of foot and nimble as the deer; and before ever a one could overtake him, he had come up with the dog. The great animal faced savagely round upon the lad when he made at him with the pitchfork, and bit and tore with fury. But the brave boy grappled with him, and had him pinned to the ground by the time the men came up and gave the finishing stroke.

'Now, mother dear,' he cried in glee, 'the cows are safe! Another minute and the brute would have been into them!'

But the poor mother wasn't heeding the cows, when her darling son, for whom she'd have given all she was worth in the wide world, was there before her eyes all bloody and covered with foam from the beast's mouth. She washed and bathed the bites, the boy laughing at her the while, and saying they were nothing. And nothing there was for a time. But what all dreaded and were looking out for in trembling, came at last. He knew it himself, the poor fellow! It was pitiful to see how he strove and fought manful against it; and forced himself to drink, when even the sight of water or any liquid was unbearable. He'd try and try to swallow, though it strangled him. No use! he couldn't get down a drop; and the convulsions were dreadful. At length he grew violent, and went raving mad altogether; and hand and foot they had to tie him, to prevent his doing himself or others a mischief.

The doctor came; but what could he do? He was a good-natured man, and gave many a sixpence and shilling to those he knew needed nourishment more than drugs; but no one thought much of his physicking. People said he had but the one medicine, and that he gave it to all alike, no matter what ailed them. Not that there was any harm in that, for it stands to reason that what would do good to one Christian couldn't be bad for another. When any of the quality were sick, they sent right away off to the city for the grand doctor there; but our parish man was good enough for the poor.

Anyhow, not all the doctors in creation could be of any use to the dear young master. There was but the one thing for him—his doom was sealed. And now the question was, how it was to be done. Three ways were spoken of. To smother him between two feather-beds; or else carry him down to the river and drown him; or to open a vein and let him bleed away to death. The mother wouldn't hear of the smothering. When it was proposed to her, you'd think she'd go out of her senses. Indeed, for the matter of that, it was much the same whatever plan was talked of; they couldn't drag consent out of her to any of them. God help her! 'twas a cruel strait to be in. At long last and after much debate, it was settled that a vein should be opened; and when it was done, the poor fellow—laid upon a bed of straw in an outhouse in the yard—was left to die!

Oh, but that was the day of woe! The misery of it, and the despair of the distracted mother, if I was talking till doomsday I couldn't describe. Her neighbours and cousins and the lad's uncles flocked in, and were all gathered round her in the best parlour, striving to comfort her. They made strong tea, in hopes to get her to swallow some. They tried to raise her heart, telling her of the grand funeral he'd have—hundreds and hundreds coming to it from far and near—the handsomest coffin money could buy, real oak, with brass ornaments; and such a wake as was never seen in the county before; no expense spared! But you might as well talk to the dead in the day. She didn't hear a word, but sat there without tear or moan—only her mouth working with the agony within—just a froze-up, stony image of Despair! And you'd hardly know her, she was so changed. The bright smooth comely face all drawn and wrinkled like an old crone's, and ghastly pale. Sure it was no wonder, when all she loved upon earth was dripping out his young life within a stone's-throw of her.

When they saw it was of no use, they let the poor woman alone. A gloomy silence fell upon the sorrowful company as they sat there waiting—waiting for the end. The minutes seemed like hours. There was no stir except when now and then some one would whisper under his breath about the dying boy; how pleasant he was, and gay! how generous and open-handed he'd been.

But no matter how sorrowful the house, or what woe and misery are within the walls, the business of life outside must go on. So when milking-time came, Kitty McCabe the dairy-woman—though the heart in her body was breaking—slipped out to call the milk-girls and see to the cows. Coming back through the yard when the milking was done, she had to pass by the outhouse where they had laid the boy; and for the life of her, she couldn't help stopping to try and listen how it was with him, and whether he was in heaven yet. There was no sound. Strict orders had been given that no one was to go in; but the door was not locked, and she thought she'd just give it a small shove and take one look. It was an old crazy door, contrary and ill-fitting; and at the first push, it gave a great shriek and made so sharp a noise that she was frightened and tried to pull it back again. The sight too of the blood trickling upon the floor made her giddy and sick.

'Is that you, Kitty McCabe?' came in a weak faint whisper from the far end.

Her heart leaped up at the voice she never thought to hear again. 'Ay is it, my life! my darlin'! jewel of the world!' and she pushed in, never heeding the orders against it, or the trouble and disgrace she was bringing on herself.

'O Kitty, I'm lost with the thirst! Have you any milk?'

'To be sure I have, darlint—lashing!' and she ran and filled a jugful. He drained it every drop, and then he called for more.

'I'm better now, but weak as water. Untie me, Kitty, and I'll try to sit up. Don't be afraid. Some more milk now; it is doing me good.'

He struggled up, and leaned the poor white face against her shoulder while she put the jug to his lips. They were pale as a corpse's; as if every drop of his blood had run out. The milk seemed to revive him. She thought he'd never stop drink-

ing. After a while he said: 'Go now, Kitty, and tell my mother I'm well—quite well. Something has cured me. Or stop! I'll try and go myself if I'm able. She won't be frightened, will she, and think it's my ghost?'

'Heart's darlin'!—tis clean wild with the joy she'll be! But stay jewel, till I've bound me handkerchief tight over against the cruel cut. There now, mather dear.'

'Reach me over that big stick in the corner, and I'll lean down upon you, Kitty, and make shift somehow to creep along;' and supported by the woman, he began with feeble footsteps to totter across the yard.

Bossed by a cry from one of the company, his mother looked up, and caught sight of the boy helped past the window. Staggering blindly in, he fell into her outstretched arms; and as they closed convulsively round his half-fainting form, and she held him folded to her breast—fast locked and strained to her—all who were present and looked on knew that she would never part him more.

And she never did. From that day out, sign or symptom of the madness never appeared; though he was long in recovering his strength, and had to be nursed and tended like an infant. He had, you see, bled such a power, that it was the world's work to bring him to. When the doctor fixed up the cut, he was almost gone. A minute more, and 'twould have been too late. The doctor said that all the poison of the dog's bite had flowed away out of him with the blood; but what did he know? Anyhow, there wasn't a healthier or a handsomer or a finer man than himself in the whole barony when he came to his full age; over six feet in his stocking vamps, and broad-shouldered in proportion. But it was remarked by every one that his mother was never the same after that terrible day when he was laid in the outhouse to die.

### COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

This year 1880 will long remain a memorable one in the annals of that ancient city which rises crescent-wise on the left bank of the Rhine. In the autumn of that year, King and Kaiser, Princes and Prelates met to celebrate with pomp and pageantry the completion of the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture in Germany, the Cathedral Church of Cologne. After an interval of six hundred years, the original design of the nameless architect stands perfected in stone. No incomplete fragment now mars its beautiful proportions. The lofty choir built by Gerard de Riel, the delicate beauty of its double aisles, the lancet arches and forest of tall pillars, are now complete.

At that distant period, six centuries from our time, when Cologne ranked as a city of the first importance, Frederick Barbarossa presented to it the far-famed relics of the three Wise Kings, which were brought to Milan from the East by the Italians of the First Crusade, and which had been rescued when the Lombard capital was levelled with the dust. The Archbishop Conrad of Hochsteteln and the Municipal Council of Cologne determined to erect a shrine for this precious treasure which should surpass in grandeur every sacred edifice in Europe. Thus

it was at the period of the city's greatest prosperity, amid the splendid pageantry of medieval times, that the stones brought from the Drachenfels were first laid for this great Minister of St Peter, which, like those of Strasburg and Mayence, belonged to the black-robed order of St Augustine. During all the stormy vicissitudes of later times, in that age of war, corruption, and misery which marked the close of the fourteenth century, the half-built tower and crumbling walls of the church still followed the fortunes of the state. Abandoned, all but wrecked, the Cathedral for three hundred years was typical of those dark days which overshadowed the Fatherland. Now, however, their destinies are fulfilled together; and this stately edifice remains not only a monument of ancient art, but a type of German unity. Reaching above the town to a height of five hundred feet, the twin towers, high-crowned with the lace-like fabric of their spires, look over the red-tiled roofs to that noble river, which, rising amongst the gorges and glaciers of the Grisons, washes with its rapid waters the fortified walls of Cologne.

So far back as the fourth century Cologne was the seat of a bishopric; and in 800—the same year in which Charlemagne was crowned Emperor in Rome—it was raised by him to the dignity of an archbishopric. Indeed, the town is full of old-world memories. Tradition says that the same site was occupied by a handful of rude settlers of the tribe of Ubi, before the colonists who followed the Imperial Eagles established themselves on the banks of the Rhine. At that epoch, the city which gave birth to the mother of Nero, was called by her *Colonia Agrippina*. It saw the expulsion of the Roman legions; and when Attila—that terrible 'Scourge of God'—swept with his host like a devastating flood over the civilised countries of Europe, the tide of Hunnish invasion rolled up to the very gates of the city. The banks of the river were crowded with those savage heroes, who, hardened and indifferent to any extremity of cold and privation, never sought the shelter of houses. It was only after nineteen years of ravage and slaughter, that the remnant of this vast barbarian horde fled away across the plains to the Carpathian Mountains, leaving behind them, in some unknown resting-place, the body of their wild Turanian chief, who fell, slain by a woman's hand.

All kinds of legends and superstitions seem to have taken root under the shadow of the ancient fane. Amongst the quaint old German records, is the mythical history of the 'great design.' We are told that the Archbishop offered an almost unlimited reward for the plan of a Cathedral that should be worthy of the great treasure, a fitting shrine for the Kings. A year was given in which the architects, amongst whom were many from the large towns of Europe, were to complete their designs. An architect of Cologne determined to make his name famous for all time. He was haunted by a vision of a grand and beautiful Cathedral, vaulted and crowded with columns, perfect in style and ornament; but he laboured for many weary months in vain to give some visible form to this wondrous dream. At last, in disappointment and despair, he fled to the Siebengebirge, where, after wandering for

many hours in a fearful storm, he found himself near a majestic oak; and at that moment, amid the most appalling thunder, which seemed to shake the earth, a flash of lightning blazed upon the tree; and from beneath it came a figure clad in scarlet mantle and slouching hat, who saluted him with the title of Dom-architect. Approaching nearer, the stranger said: 'I know well the cause of your despair. Accept my conditions, and the dream shall be realised;' then unfolding a roll of parchment, on which was drawn the perfect plan of the visionary Cathedral in all its elaborate detail, he repeated: 'Sign my conditions with your blood; the scroll is yours, and your name shall live for ever.'

Wild with terror, and with desire for fame, the man signed away his soul, and thus became possessed of the wondrous plan, which was hailed with astonishment and delight by the authorities of Cologne. They fitted and carved the fortunate architect, and inscribed his name on a tablet which was inserted in the walls of the Church. But as time went on he became a prey to nameless melancholy; and at last, unable to support the misery that oppressed his soul, he fled for comfort to a hermit who dwelt in the Eiffel Mountains. This holy man promised him absolution, after prayer and penance; and conjured him to lead a penitential life, in order to save his soul. At last, the architect died; and on that night—so the legend runs—amidst thunder and lightning, the brazen tablet was torn from the unfinished tower.

Though the name of the inspired genius who designed Cologne Cathedral has been lost to the world, his mighty work now remains the wonder and admiration of all beholders.

#### BLIGHTED.

THE Maiden, smiling in a dream of bliss,  
Said: 'Gladsome days are coming; I shall be  
His best beloved—for his farewell kiss  
Spoke of a future full of love for me.'  
But ere the year was past, her hopes were flown;  
She mourned alone!

THE Linnet, twittering on the winter thorn,  
Said: 'When the Spring comes, all my song shall  
thrill  
The silent woods—and blossoms shall be born,  
And gladness all my little life shall fill.'  
But ere sweet Spring-blossoms o'er the earth were shed,  
The Bird was dead!

THE Floweret, pining for the Summer heat,  
Said: 'When the Sun comes, he will shine on me;  
And o'er my fragrant cup, with flying feet,  
Shall pass the butterfly and humming bee.'  
But long ere Summer came with heat and light,  
Fell the frost's blight!

O mournful Maiden, and poor blighted Flower,  
And little Bird that pined for sunny Spring,  
Why were ye born in home, or wood, or bowyer?  
Why thus was checked your harmless blossoming?  
Why are dear Hopes all o'er this sad earth chilled?  
And unfulfilled?

J. G. H.

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## KENNEDY IN INDIA.

The Kennedy family of Scottish vocalists, who have for the last twenty years been furnishing entertainment at home and abroad, and some time ago completed the musical feat of singing round the world, have in their latest effort done their best to amuse the English-speaking population of India. This Indian trip was performed at the close of 1879 and beginning of 1880. From the account before us, it seems to have been as successful professionally, and as full of adventure as any of the preceding expeditions. To make proper preparations, David Kennedy, Junior, one of the sons, started off by the most expeditious route to Bombay, and was able to receive the other members of the family on their arrival in Calcutta, a fortnight later. What we have always admired about the Kennedys is the prompt business-like way in which they go about things. They do not depend upon letters or any chance circumstances; but one of them, who may be called the factor and narrative writer of the family, goes off like a scout in advance, and has everything organised at the appointed time for the opening of the musical campaign. David managed matters so well, that he had everything arranged for the evening entertainments the very day they had fixed upon before leaving home.

The family refuge was, of course, a boarding-house; but to get to it, David required to cross from the right bank of the Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges. Hiring a 'gharry' or cab, he drove across the Hooghly. 'The broad river with its dense shipping resembled the Mersey. Every few hundred yards, however, there was a flight of steps, or "ghauts," massed thickly with Hindus going to or returning from their ablutions in the sacred stream, while the water was alive with the heads of washing worshippers. The cab rattled on through native slums, as crowded as London streets at dinner-hour, till at length it issued into the open European quarter, and landed me at a boarding-

house.' The scene of the family performances was the Dalhousie Institute, in the principal part of the town; here they sang for a month, the audiences being cultured and appreciative. The reserve seats were occupied by first-class Europeans; the back seats being usually filled by soldiers and sailors. 'Once a week the warmth of the audience would be sensibly raised by the influx of eighteen or twenty hearty Scotsmen from some of the jute-mills on the river. "Confound the Kennedys!" cried a gallant captain on the wharf; "they've made my life unbearable! Everybody says everywhere: 'Have you been to hear the Kennedys?' When I say to a friend: 'What's going on to-day?' he answers: 'O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad'; and if I ask: 'How are you keeping?' he says: 'My heart is sair for somebody!'" On one occasion, they were invited to attend a meeting in connection with the Young Men's Literary Society, which is seemingly established for the purpose of cultivating young Bengalis for the Civil Service. There were betwixt three and four hundred students present. In the course of the proceedings, Mr Kennedy was somewhat unexpectedly called on for a song. He gave them, with a vigour which would have commanded the approval of Robert Burns, that magnificent ode, 'A man's a man for a' that,' which considerably electrified the Bengalis; and, as he afterwards learned from one of the Professors, was not quite relished, on account of its invading the principle of caste.

The Kennedys were overwhelmed with the grandeur of Calcutta, its long well-built streets, the splendid architecture of many of the buildings. 'The shops stand back on broad pavements, and have no special display in their windows, as there are no European foot-passengers to be casually attracted. The whites are carriage-people. From the shop-door to the curb-stone stretches a covered-way, to shelter from the sun; or if this be wanting, a native servant stands with an immense wicker umbrella to escort the customers to and from their gharries.' The strangers were not less surprised at the profusion of people of different nationalities, castes, classes,



costumes, language, and manners; they were also struck with the number of birds of different kinds, mainly due to the Hindus' reverence for animal life. At dinner they were startled by the swoop of hungry hawks into the veranda; while outside skipped and croaked scores of crows—poor comic wretches, one eye on the vultures, another on the servants; now perched on the veranda ledge, now making a daring dash into the dining-room. At a picnic dinner in the country, two servants were employed to keep off the swarms of kites and crows that gathered above and around the party; but one hungry kite had the audacity to dart down and make away with a roast fowl which Kennedy *père* was in the act of carving. Nor was the building reserved for entertainments free from manifestations of animal life, but swarmed with ants, whilst along the walls darted lizards in pursuit of flies; and during the concert, some of the quiet pathetic songs would be spoiled by the wild cry of the jackals in the gardens. Their attention was drawn to another novelty—the punkahs, or large fans swinging from the roof, to temper the heated atmosphere. At church, the punkahs were in full swing—large punkahs for the mass of the congregation, and a smaller punkah waving over the pulpit, to cool the air for the preacher.

As railways are now pretty general in India, the Kennedys had little difficulty in migrating from place to place. The scenery in the plains, they observe, was not very attractive. 'First, there were stretches of jungle, with monkeys flitting through the trees; then sunny yellow fields of "paddy" or rice. In the midst of tracts of tall feathery grass could be seen green mango "topes" or small clumps of trees. Every few miles were miserable Hindu "clachans"—groups of mud-huts drenched in foliage, with natives perched on high thatched scaffoldings, keeping their crops clear of crows, whilst others were tilling the soil with their primitive ploughs. Over the land hung a heavy simmering heat, to escape which, the buffalo-cattle were submerged to the nostrils in the pools and lagoons.'

At Assensole, one hundred and thirty miles from Calcutta, the vocalists gave two concerts, and then proceeded to Jumnulpore; thence to Dinapore, a town with a military station. Here they gave a concert in the garrison theatre, and were well received by a large audience of officers and their ladies, backed by a solid phalanx of red-coats. After a journey of one hundred and thirty miles, they reached holy Benares. The train by which they travelled was filled with pilgrims, 'for the fikir, instead of crawling on his belly hundreds of miles, now travels third-class.'

One is glad to know, on the evidence of all writers, that the railway system of India has proved a success far beyond general expectation. Previously, there was an opinion among many wise people, who on trivial grounds always prophesied the ruin of important enterprises, that the

system of caste in India would of itself prevent the railways from being taken advantage of. This dreary prophecy, as it deserved to be, has proved a dead failure. Castes of all kinds crowd into the trains. The Kennedys found the trains consisted of about twenty-one carriages, divided into classes, to suit different tastes and pockets. They mention that the overwhelming native traffic made the railways the best paying speculations in the country, and that but for the natives, the Europeans would not enjoy such cheap travelling facilities. In railway travelling, the demand for water by the passengers appears to go beyond that of the United States, where water-drinking from cans goes on continually. We are told of the train in India that at each stoppage, 'a "theestie" came round crying "Pawnee!" [water], and that the crowded thirsty natives stretched out their hands for a drink.'

The Kennedys did not admire the police arrangements at Benares. It may be a very ancient, a very holy, and a profoundly interesting city, but sadly wants to be looked after by 'a cleaning committee.' According to the Kennedys, Benares is wholly given over to dirt and idolatry. A guide 'conducted them through sloppy winding lanes, past towering dirty buildings, down wet flights of steps strewn with damp flowers and leaves—the whole neighbourhood like the unswept floor of a vegetable market.' They found a byre containing thirty cows, which was considered an exceedingly sacred temple, though in many respects odious in the extreme. One of the cows, with a very month and one of its eyes out, insisted upon following the party about, a degree of attention which they would gladly have dispensed with. But the cow is too holy an object not to be allowed to do very much as it likes. Besides being dirty, Benares swarms with beggars, whose cry is continuous for *almas* or 'Baksheesh.' 'The cry of "Baksheesh" which assailed us all over Benares was peculiarly disgusting. The Brahmins at the shrine, the legless beggars in the gutter, all alike whined "Baksheesh." Hatful word! If you look at any man steadfastly for two or three seconds, he will rise slowly off his haunches and mysteriously whisper "Baksheesh." All around us were cries for "Baksheesh," people flocking from all directions, and one howling louder than another. Palms of all kinds, damp, dirty, and greasy, were shoved under our noses. Here, a broken-backed child of four years toddled and lisped "Baksheesh;" here a lad with paralysed legs swiftly paddling himself along with his hands amid a cloud of dust; here, a wretch with the stumps of both arms whittled to a point like a black-lead pencil; here, a naked fikir crawling along on his stomach, and characteristically pushing an *almas*-dish before him. The air hung heavy with "Baksheesh."

The government, it might be expected, should take steps to abate this crying nuisance here and elsewhere; but they are unwilling, if it can be avoided, to interfere with the usages of the teeming

population. In a few instances they have, it is well known, successfully suppressed the more hideous religious observances, such as the practice of suttee, or that of a wife burning herself with the body of her deceased husband; the commission of suicide under the crushing wheels of the car of Juggernaut; and the throwing of dead bodies into the Ganges to the general pollution of the river. This last reform has been effected by providing 'burning-ghauts' for the cremation of the bodies. Much sanitary good is said to have resulted therefrom, while the prejudices of the natives have been appeased.

From Benares the vocalists proceeded to Allahabad, a distance of ninety miles, and were met by a 'kindly Scotch merchant.' At this up-country town, they sang four nights in the Railway Theatre, a commodious building. One Sunday they visited a Mohammedan mausoleum of elegant architecture; 'the dome was so acoustically taunting,' that in a moment of enthusiasm they burst out with that grand old psalm, 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes'—the whole building ringing with the hearty and jubilant sound. A journey of ten hours brought them to Jabulpore, the finest native city they had seen. Here they gave some concerts. We have not space to follow their turnings and windings.

Among other places, they visited Bombay; here they met with a warm reception from the Parsee population, a number of whom kindly attended their entertainments, and what is more, had sufficient knowledge of the English language to enjoy the jocularities of the more humorous Scottish songs. From Bombay, they proceeded on their return journey by way of Lucknow, which is described as a city of palaces. They lived in one palace, gave their entertainments in another, and posted their letters in a third. At Cawnpore, they gave their entertainments in the Station Theatre, about a stone's-throw from the well-known Memorial Well. At Agra, they were overwhelmed by the magnificence and extent of the 'Taj' or sepulchre which had been built by one of the native Emperors of India in honour of his Queen. Going inside, they found themselves standing beneath a lofty dome of polished white marble, which possesses a remarkable echo. 'Ordinary conversation is reproduced high up in the dim vault as minute thunder. A vocal note soars overhead in a sound like the long-drawn note of a violin, so clear and prolonged is it, and dies away in a diminishing so gradual as to form an invaluable lesson to a vocalist. You cannot tell when the vibrations cease; they seem to diminish to an audible silence. We sang one full chord, and it hovered in the dome in sweetest harmony. The most tuneless voice would be transformed into angelic strains by the magic spell of the Taj. It is not an echo—it is a phenomenal resonance.' The Kennedys returned to have a look at this wonderful building again and again. The Taj is the architectural

wonder of India; there is nothing in the world like it. A traveller would make no sacrifice to journey ten thousand miles to see it.

Altogether, the Kennedys travelled four thousand four hundred and five miles, admitting India for its extent and varied importance as a British possession, as well as the thrilling remembrances which it suggested. The vocalists do not consider that India can be appreciated as a place of residence. It is grand to see, and to live a short period in, but cannot be styled a permanent home for Europeans. The drawback, to confine it to a single word, is the climate. As a rule, during their journey, the thermometer stood at one hundred and twenty degrees in the sun, eighty degrees in the shade. But in the hot month of May, the temperature rises in the shade to one hundred and six degrees. At this season of heat, the Government takes refuge at a high altitude in the hills; and it may be said, that without hill encampments for Europeans, life in India would be unendurable. After a series of farewell concerts at Calcutta, the family took shipping for Europe, 2d March 1880, and after a five weeks' voyage, arrived safely in England. w. c.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XI.—RUIN.

WHEN Bertram Oakley reached Harley Street early on the following morning, he had not to linger and wait, afraid to ask for an audience.

'Miss Louisa will see you, sir,' said the servant who received him at the door, with a look of gloom, if not of sorrow, on his stolid face. The man was neither better nor worse than the average of doctors' men-servants; but he was a new-comer, and thought himself hardly used in having to seek so soon for a fresh employer.

'I made bold to tell her, poor lady, last night, how you'd been here, Mr Bertram,' whispered the Blackston housemaid as she led the way up-stairs. 'And I said how you'd be sure to come again, first thing. Mr Walter—that Uncle of the young ladies—he came here last night, after you left; and again this morning—and early. His cab's only just driven off.'

'I am glad Mr Walter Denham came—it must have been a comfort,' answered Bertram almost mechanically.

'A comfort! precious cold comfort he!' returned the housemaid with a toss of the head, and a sniff fraught with indignant meaning, which was lost upon Bertram Oakley.

The complaint, that servants live for years and decades beneath our roof and yet are strangers to us, are literally the 'strangers within our gates'; is old and well warranted; but then how much, how very much, do servants know of us! Who could so well note down our tastes and likings, our faults and our foibles, our little love-affairs, jealousies, money-troubles, family jars? When interfaulias is pinched for ready-cash, the servants know it before the wife of his bosom is aware of it. They have the photograph of young Hopeful's flame, and are deeply versed in the circumstances of Miss Fanny's lover. When the lawyer calls so often, they shrewdly guess that a

mortgage is afoot, and that 'Madam's' signature—which she had forty thousand to her fortune!—is required for the evasion of settlements. Hannah, from Blackston, had scented out the evil to come, with the instinct of her caste.

Bertram was not long kept waiting in the pretty drawing-room that looked out upon half-forgotten Harley Street. Louisa Denham came to see him, the traces of tears yet upon her cheek, but with a pale, brave face, and steady eyes, that had known no sleep since it happened. She gave him her hand.

'So good of you; but I knew you would,' she said, keeping down the rebellious sobs that choked her voice. 'You, too, loved him.'

'I—would have died for him!' answered Bertram, with a burst of passionate grief that unmanned him for the moment; and then he turned away his face.

Louisa Denham wept too, but silently. She was the first to speak. 'You are our friend, Mr Oakley, and we have so few friends—real ones—left—now that'—Here it was her turn to sob; and Bertram made an effort to calm his own overwrought nerves.

'Indeed, dear Miss Louisa, I am your friend, since you honour me by the word. You never can tell—never know'—He ceased speaking.

But Miss Denham, with a sad smile, made answer. 'I can tell,' she said, 'Mr Bertram, what you meant to say. How great our loss has been, words are weak to explain. But, for Rose's sake, it is necessary that I should be very brave and steady, and keep my wits about me. And I feel so much alone—for my dear sister is but a child in heart as in age—so much alone, that'—She paused.

And Bertram eagerly made answer: 'Not alone, Miss Denham, if my poor help avails for anything. I wish I were your brother, that I might have the right to assist you or advise; but believe me that you can have no truer friend than Bertram Oakley. But surely your relation, Mr Walter Denham'—

Louisa shook her head sadly. 'He has left us—left me, I mean, for poor Rose sleeps, tired with much weeping—but half an hour ago. I fear, I very much fear, Mr Bertram, that he—Mr Walter Denham—Uncle Walter—is no friend to Rose or to me.'

'Not a friend!' exclaimed Bertram, aghast.

To this lonely stripling, a mere waif and stray, reared by the precarious charity of strangers, and cut off from the ordinary bonds of household love, the ties of family affection appeared as something sacred and inviolable. He may never have heard the old Scottish proverb which declares that blood is thicker than water; but he had full faith in the loyalty of near kinsfolk to one another. 'Not a friend!' repeated Bertram, doubting whether he had heard aright.

'Not a friend—not kind, just, generous,' answered Miss Denham steadily; 'not a good man, Mr Bertram. You are yourself so young, that treachery, egotism, fair, false seeming, appear to you as something monstrous and impossible, especially when practised against those of the same blood and name. But I have only too much reason to fear that Mr Walter Denham—Uncle, I will call him no more—is one of those who conceal a pitiless heart beneath a smooth and courtly

exterior; that he had got our poor father into his power, and will use that power now against us, left helpless, without ruth or mercy.—I astonish you, Mr Oakley. Sit down, then, and I will tell you more.

'There had been a wrong done,' Louisa Denham began, 'to our father long ago, according to the world's usages; but although Mr Walter Denham profited by this, it would be unfair to lay at his door the blame of another's caprice. Our grandfather, you must know, was a wealthy man; and he had always taught his eldest son, my father, to regard himself as heir to the bulk of the property. There were no other children than those two brothers—or half-brothers, rather, for my grandfather had been married twice—and between the two there was a great difference of age and, thank heaven, of disposition! Mr Walter Denham, the younger, had cost his father both money and trouble—had been idle, extravagant, and so forth; and had twice been banished from home, and twice forgiven at my father's entreaty. Then came the startling news that my grandfather was dead, suddenly; and that by his last will he gave almost all he had—the funded property, the houses, the old Bank in the country town where the name of Denham had been so long respected—to the younger son; to the elder, but a trifling legacy. Was not this strange, to say the least of it?'

Bertram bent his head in token of assent. His brain was on fire with quick and busy thoughts. He said nothing, but eagerly waited to hear more.

'It was a wild whim,' said Louisa, almost bitterly; 'it was a strange, mad caprice. The confidence and the esteem between old Mr Denham and his eldest son had been through life unclouded and complete. My grandfather had never made a mystery of his intentions. "There is no use," he used to say, "in putting a lump sum of money into poor Walter's pockets, full of holes. No, no! Let Watty have an annuity to keep him from coming to want; and you, Willie, can lend him a helping hand when both ends fail to meet." Then came this cruel, inexplicable change of plan. Walter, the scapegrace, was heir of all, and my father was very, very poor. My father was the poorer,' Louisa Denham went on to say, 'because he was not free, as so many are, to marry a wife with means to help in the family support. His troth was pledged to a penniless girl; and very bravely, patiently, and slowly did the good gentle doctor plod his way to a position which would enable him, though still very far from rich, to marry my dear mother. It was one of those long faithful engagements, that have something sad about them, so do youth and bright hope and the best of life go in the waiting—waiting! And yet it was better so. Well, well! not a sixpence, not a word of comfort, to lighten the rough up-hill road, did my poor father get from his brother—rich, now. There were those who advised my father to dispute the will, odd, unnatural as it was, and quite at variance with the contents of a letter written by the testator but a week or two before the will was signed. But he refused to go to law. "Against my brother!" he said, as I have been told, and in a tone—kindly man as he was—that would admit of no rejoinder. He owed his brother no grudge, never resented the unjust and sudden partiality which prompted the change. Their relations, on his side at any rate, were always

cordial. He has never spoken of his being disinherited with a shade of resentment or of anger. So Mr Walter Denham had all; and spent all, for aught I know. He sold the Bank and the landed property, and had much ready-money at command; but whether he is really poor or really rich, I have no idea. He has always pleaded poverty; but never does he speak seriously, never with precision, about the state of his affairs. That he has lost—perhaps heavily—by rash speculation, as he so often hints, is very possible. But there is a cunning twinkle in his eye that tells another tale. He lent my father money to purchase this grand Harley Street practice—this practice, which is—here Louisa sobbed, in spite of her resolution to be brave—“which is worthless, now that the wise brain and the keen eye are at rest for ever; and we two—Rose and I—for myself I should not care; but Rose, born when we were all comfortable and prosperous, never knew want—are beggars!”

“Beggars, Miss Denham—dear Miss Louisa—surely not that!” stammered Bertram.

“Uncle Walter—the word has escaped me again,” replied Louisa wearily—“exacts, as Shylock did, his pound of flesh. Only it is kindred flesh, not alien, this time. The policy of life-assurance, the little property my father had saved, the very furniture here, are all mortgaged to his younger brother—the brother whose life he saved, when a child—the prodigal, for whom he pleaded more than once—the smooth knave, who supplanted him in a father’s love. Uncle Walter was, as he said, a perfect child about business—for his own protection, all must be done by his lawyers, Sowerby and French. Well, Sowerby and French have proved sharp tools, and efficient ones, and have taken exemplary care of their client’s interests. Mr Walter Denham is master here to-day, as he was in the old Bank at Dulchester upon our grandfather’s death. The very lease of this Harley Street house, which it were a mockery to call “home,” is his. To-day, when he came early, the hard, gripping nature showed itself. The velvet paw betrayed the feline claws at last. He bids us shift for ourselves—declares himself injured, and a loser by my father’s death—and exacts the uttermost furthing.”

“The wretch!” said Bertram, with a dark frown and a dark flush of righteous wrath.

“The man is not worth anger,” answered Louisa gently, but with a sickly smile. “What I wanted was to explain to you, Mr Bertram, how we are situated. We shall be sadly poor, Rose and I. There is a little money in the bankers’ hands; but it will not do much more than pay for the funeral—her lip quivered here, but her eyes had no more tears to let fall, after the grief of the night. “There is also a tiny income—some fifty pounds a year—it was our mother’s pittance—settled on Rose and me—and—”

“Fifty pounds a year, Miss Louisa! Why, how can you two?” Bertram broke down, hardly knowing how to finish the sentence.

“How can we two live upon it?” said Louisa, calmly but sadly. “Well, it is a question hard to answer; but I shall have to answer it presently, when I have had time to think it out. You know there is an old adage, Mr Bertram, which says that “Beggars must not be choosers.”

Bertram’s tears blinded his eyes and choked his voice. He could not reply.

“What I wished to speak to you about, Mr Oakley,” said Miss Denham, after a pause, “was yourself—your own fortunes—your own prospects. All must suffer, I fear, in this terrible strait, under this bitter blow that has deprived you of a dear friend, and us of a dear, dear father!”

Bertram rose from his chair; he knelt at Miss Denham’s feet, and caught hold of her hand, and kissed it, while his tears fell upon it like rain. Never had, in the noblest days of mythic chivalry, the hand of a Princess been kissed with more perfect reverence of knightly faith. “Never mind me, Miss Louisa,” he said earnestly. “Think of yourself, and your dear young sister, not of a lad like me. I am strong, and can work. What I would wish is to be of use, if I could—to shield you and Miss Rose, if I could, from—from—” But again he could not complete the sentence. He was more overcome than was Louisa Denham, who had braced herself for this interview.

“Our friend, Mr Bertram—our dear friend—I hope you will always continue to be,” said Miss Denham in reply. “We shall be so poor and so solitary, in this great Babel of a city, that a friend’s face and kindly voice will be doubly valuable. But—excuse me—I am older than you, Mr Oakley—what can you do? All your plans, I fear, must be changed. You too will be poor. Rose and I, at the outset, can only spare a very few pounds, to—”

Bertram never quite remembered afterwards, in what exact way, or in what exact words, he had put aside the orphan’s timid offer of those “very few pounds” which, in ruin, represent so much. Somehow, he found himself shaking hands with Louisa Denham in the doorway, and promising earnestly to come again on the morrow—“My duty,” he said, “when she has time to hear it, to Miss Rose”—and then he was gone, and wended his way back to Westminster almost as a sleep-walker might have done. It was not until he began to climb the steep stairs of Cambridge Chambers that he thought of himself, and remembered, slowly, that the fair chalice before him was lost; that in losing his benefactor he had let slip his prospect of rising in life; and that he must begin the world again, a broken and baffled man, at the very foot of the ladder.

# MODERN DRESS.

THE rush and clatter of our busy age as it tears along, rubs out all sorts of social demarcations, or so modifies them that they become scarcely recognisable. Among others, grades of dress are effaced. Gone are the beaux, the dandies, the fops, and all who arrayed themselves in dazzling attire. The race of distinctly “dressed” men has but few survivors amongst us. With the departure of each goes out another of the picturesque lights that made British society once so variegated, and the sombre hue of habilitational similarity becomes deeper. In all grades of society there is a tendency to discard what is peculiar in clothing, and to adopt what in shape and colour is like that worn by the million. Wealth does not proclaim itself by gorgeous and grand apparel. Rank is

undiscoverable by its vesture; some of our richest and noblest citizens are as plainly dressed as their humble servants. Nor do the working members of society now bear any glaring badge of inferiority. Of all the modifications of national dress, theirs is the greatest. When silk, velvet, and lace were the principal materials worn by the rich, poor men were proclaimed by their coats. It is one of the most striking changes which this century has produced, that the high have declined and the low have risen, until now, in this matter of costume, they are almost on a level. The same is visible in all the progressive countries of Europe, and is, in fact, the tide-mark of progress. In the United States, the white, the black, the rich, the poor, are scarcely distinguishable by their clothes. We live indeed under a republic of Dress, and bold is he or she who will not accept its uniform.

In the days when the Dandy was a kind of social dictator, dressing as he pleased, he gave the laws of fashion to tailors. Now tailors and *modistes*, seeking the patronage of a multitudinous society, legislate for the whole, and plunge us into their wrappings with the indifference of autocrats thrusting their subjects into the livery of war. Titles, wealth, wisdom, avail not; each must submit to appear clad like his fellows. Fat or lean, long or short, we are bid to don coats of the same form, and trousers of the same style. When a gentleman is in evening costume he is dressed like a waiter or an undertaker; and the garb which serves for dinner serves alike for funeral or ball. Only in the matter of colour is any choice permitted, and that is becoming more limited every day. Gray, black, and brown are almost the only wear. It is true that a few occasionally demand something brighter and more conspicuous, by way of a change, and when in country quarters vary the monotony by donning their knickerbockers; but the persistency of the uniformists seems upon the whole to carry the day.

So far has intimidation gone, that there is scarcely a man who now dares to appear in green, though it was a favourite colour of the past generation, and is useful as well as pleasant to the eye. The clarets, the maroons, the sky-blues, the nankeens, the drabs, that even our grave and reverend elders wore, are now banished, and a crowd of British men look as much alike as a flock of wild-ducks or Spanish cattle.

However useless Dandies were in other respects, they saved us from this dead level. They were, in spite of certain traits of feminine weakness, really the most valiant men of their period. They dared to ornament themselves as gorgeously, as strikingly, as grotesquely as fancy suggested. They studied the adornment of birds and flowers, and some in sky-blue coats and yellow pantaloons imitated the most brilliant of the insects. Each detail of their dress was elaborated with a patience and a desire for æsthetic satisfaction of which we have no understanding. We lavish our emotions upon the gracefully dressed figures of Rubens, Van

Dyck, Lely, Watteau and the rest; the Dandy spent his upon the adornment of his own person. He lived a romance, of which himself was the daintily dressed hero; and he had such social success, as we poor neutral-tinted, tailored-for men cannot even sigh for.

Some of the most gifted were inspired artists in costume whose abilities it would be stupid to ignore. Beau Nash and Beau Brummell were something more than empty-headed fops, whose sole idea was to make mankind stare. They were men of refined taste, with acute perceptions of harmony in form and shade, and which found its expression in faultless attire. The contempt and reprobation they evoked were not due to their mode of dress, but to the fashionable follies and vices which they indulged in with the rest of the *beau monde*. They, as its leaders, roused the indignation of that hard, masterful, middle-class sense, which had made England what it is in manners, morals, and money. Dandyism and vice were conjoined; the outer man and not the inner virtues was esteemed; fine clothes and extravagance of living ran together. So Dandies fell under the ban of that resistless voice which never speaks in vain. And they were especially unfortunate in their imitators. Rich young blockheads would insist in mirroring themselves in the glass of fashion. Because Beau Nash had made Bath palpitate by a cherry-coloured coat and cerulean breeches, the crowd of wealthy idlers must have the same. He had made a picture of himself, perfect in every line, and charming as a whole. His figure, expression, individuality, were all accentuated by the elegance and beauty of his attire. His imitators were ridiculous and outrageous in proportion as they differed from their model. We have seen more than once in recent years how the aping of blundering copyists can ruin a fashion. Crinoline became impossible when inartistic cookmaids increased their redundant graces by its aid. The inflation which had mocked the assaults of the caricaturist, the grumbling of Paterfamilias, and the stern disapprovers among the ladies themselves, nay, which had gone on swelling contemptuously during the storm, collapsed into continuously meeker dimensions after the nymphs of the larder took it under their patronage. The Inverness wrapper, one of the most graceful, comfortable, and economical overalls that ever covered British back, after a long career of usefulness, fell greatly out of fashion when it became adopted by government as the topcoat for its postmen.

Second-hand beaux and uninventive dandies hastened uniformity in national dress and ruined their species. Yet it did not disappear abruptly. In its decadence it fell into several feebler forms, which are curious to note. Dandies gave place to Exquisites, a class of elegantly dressed young men, with irreproachably fitting garments. Their gloves were inimitable, and so was the fragrance of their perfumed handkerchiefs. The daintiness of their boots and the elegance of their walk made the onlooking world thrill with delight, with envy, with disdain. They were truly very fine fellows, whose shirts and collars are still remembered. But there was a lack of originality



in them. None struck out into the new and hazardous, like the beaux and dandies of former days. Moreover, their weakness gave strength to unclassical tailors, who finally made the Exquisite a mere penumbral exemplar of their notions of faultless dress. After the Exquisite, who did not live long in the land, and who was confined to the Metropolis and the University cities, there appeared another and still more degenerate class of fashionables called Gents. These belonged to a lower order than the august princes of clothes of the last century and the Exquisites of this. They were chiefly youngsters of the mercantile and professional classes, and were more remarkable for the extravagance of their snits and shirts, than for elegance. Their manners, too, had nothing of the suave, high-bred tone, which gave so great effect to the resplendent leaders of fashion in former days. They were fast young men, who dressed as noisily as they talked, and were all unlovely to eye and ear. They had a brief reign and few imitators. Then came the Swells, who were only weak successors to the Exquisites. These were quite under the sway of public opinion. Beyond a choice in cravats, canes and gloves, they were deprived of all initiative in fashion. What the awful conclave of costumiers, sitting in Paris, decreed should be the mode, had to be accepted by the Swells. And the conclave were but the draughtsmen for the million. No wonder the Swells did not long occupy a distinct place, but became confounded in the mass of social miscellanea. Now we are almost reduced to the indistinguishable; and beaux, dandies, and other artists in clothes have withdrawn their prismatic persons from the scene of our daily lives.

But that is not all. The equalisation of externals had done much more than banish the peacocks. It is effacing all who yet are differentiated. Not long ago our merchant seamen were dressed in a fashion quite their own. They wore peculiarly rough woolly jackets, Belcher neckcloths, tarpaulin hats, and often widely bulging white duck trousers. It would be difficult to find such figures among our sailors afloat or ashore now. Indeed, they are scarcely distinguishable from landmen of the same rank, and will soon be wholly dressed like the rest, when on *terra firma*. Clergymen were once as distinctly marked off from the laity by their garb, as they are by their sacred office. By degrees they have approached the common standard, and are now not so very far removed from their flocks in appearance. Some have discarded the white necktie, and some have taken to gray overcoats, and thus are unrecognisable by any outward sign of their profession. No doubt, in time they will all dress like the world about them. Quakers, too, have almost ceased to be the nonconformists of costume. The broad-brim, the up-turned collar, the gentle drabs, are being cast aside by the men; and the ladies are gradually giving up the poke-bonnets, the quaint mantles and gowns, which made their mothers so remarkable. And it is even contemplated to disserve the connection between Highland regiments and their several tartans, so that one tartan may serve for all!

Similar changes are also going on in the humblest walks of life. Country bumpkins are no longer invariably conspicuous by their smock-

frocks. Navvies do not always wear the once distinguishing 'slop.' Bricklayers are not necessarily swathed in leather aprons; and butchers are ceasing to be so many boys in blue. The women, too, of the working classes have greatly changed externally during the past forty years. They are dressed better than ladies were a hundred years ago. Such, indeed, is the skill of the manufacturers who provide for the masses, that no sooner does a certain material become the mode, than there are a dozen imitations of it all at cheaper rates flooding the drapers' windows. Some of the fabrics are so wonderfully like the costly things they simulate, that they deceive the eyes of experts at the first glance. The extraordinary growth of mechanical methods for clothing the people has brought down prices to an extent that would have been deemed impossible a few decades ago, and has in consequence had much to do with improvements in dress. The competition among manufacturers works successfully towards the same end, and he who succeeds in turning out attractive and durable articles cheaper than his fellows, wins at once so vast a patronage, that a 'lead' of a few seasons results in a fortune. Not only are expensive materials successfully imitated at a fourth of their cost, but the dress-makers, milliners, and the *modistes* of the working classes generally are nearly, if not quite as artistic as those serving the higher ranks. In short, so faithfully do the servant class nowadays study the costume of their superiors, and so powerfully are they assisted by manufacturers and *modistes*, that they are frequently within a week or two of the most rapid changes of fashion! Fashion-books for the humble world are now among our modern curiosities of literature, and these seem to be pondered with effect.

Public opinion and better education have undoubtedly been powerful factors in the improvement that has taken place in the appearance of the lower classes. Since railways and the greater diffusion of wealth have thrown all classes into such contact as never before obtained, a silent fiat seems to have gone forth that everybody shall be at least tolerably well dressed. Slovenly, slatternly, the untidy and unrepresentable are treated with a 'stand off' that is insupportable in these touchy times. It is often amusing to watch the shrinking and the shunting which go on even in third-class carriages when a soiled, shabby, or ill-attired person steps in. Poverty may be so sin; but except the honest and the most hopeless, all endeavour to hide any manifestation of it in their dress. Then, there is a continual breaking-down of the reserve that kept society formerly apart. If our fellow-passenger in the train or omnibus is respectably clothed, we have no hesitation to accept him as a welcome *compagnon de voyage*. Many of our greatest surprises come from the discovery of the real status of those we have journeyed with, pleasantly or otherwise. The lively, genial, unpretendingly dressed gentleman who made a long ride a brief delight, turns out to be a nobleman, whose place is high among men; while the stylish, solemn, haughty person who declined our conversation and amicable overtures, proves to be a self-important bagman travelling for an obscure horse. Dress in neither case gave any indication of the social position of the wearer.

In choosing domestics, mistresses are always

favourably impressed by those who are neatly and gracefully dressed. If two servants apply for a situation, one becomingly attired and the other a 'dowdy,' we know which will have the best chance. Masters and mistresses alike prefer to be waited upon by a 'neat-handed Phyllis,' and are annoyed by maids who are awkwardly or grotesquely attired. If we analyse our conduct, we shall find that the 'dressiness' of our household-helpers is largely due to our own demands. There is a correspondence, too, between inside and outside. Clean, smart, brightly decked servants are generally better workers, more skilful, better mannered and behaved than those lacking these qualities. Therefore, devotion to externals is of economic value. That indeed has decided the matter.

The changes that have marked the costume of the serving classes are certainly for the better, always provided that these changes do not run to undue extravagance and show. The reason why they are so well dressed and so comfortably dressed, is proof of ripening virtues and stronger self-government. Young artisans are vastly better clothed than their fathers were, and some of them on Sundays and holidays are equal in appearance to their employers. Moreover, many of them, after work-hours, cast off their toil-stained garments and enjoy the evening's leisure in a garb that is neat and refined. Those who act thus, generally spend their leisure to advantage. Indeed, the cost of two or three suits of clothes is only to be had at the sacrifice of lower pleasures. It will be found that the best dressed of our workmen are tectolers, or at anyrate not patrons of the public-house. They form the majority of the audiences at popular lectures; they crowd the free libraries; they frequent the excellent social clubs that are growing so numerous in most large towns, and in summer they join cricket and athletic clubs, which make our parks and waste fields so pleasantly animated.

Men and women who find gratification in tasteful attire, generally seek to embellish their dwelling-places. Delight in adornment is not limited to the person; it finds expression in the environment of the person also. Respectably dressed people do not live in slums and fetid alleys; nor do they huddle into rooms inadequate for convenience or decency. Taste must be manifested at home, and so the circle of refinement grows ever wider; and toiling folks become nobler and more in sympathy with the pure and the wise. Art is now a powerful civilising influence in sections of society where it was almost inoperative a generation ago, and the mass of British savagery is lessened; and thereby the drunkenness, improvidence, and turbulence associated with it. Further, the well-dressed workman is in the main the best at his craft, and the one who helps most at its improvement. Higher taste, deeper personal regard, wider ambition, when spent upon the processes of trade or business, never fail to advance the things acted upon.

When kept within the bounds of propriety, the changes which are taking place in modern dress amongst the humbler classes are cheering signs, and should make us hopeful of the age we live in. They proclaim more emphatically than any statistics, that Old England is doing well, that her people are more united than they were, and that

they are progressing in refinement, as well as in knowledge and wealth. As the humble rise from the lower into the higher levels of life, they develop the aesthetic sympathies, the gentler manners and the sociabilities of the better born.

### THE ART OF FIRESIDE STORY-TELLING.

Most small folks begin life under the delusion that big folks are by nature surpassingly clever—that they can do anything by setting their mind to it; that they know all about everything. In consequence of this delusion, it so happens that these little folks, these Lilliputians, often catch some larger mortal, and tie and peg him down, hand, foot, and head, with their silken threads, before he well knows where he is. They swarm upon him, and search his intellectual pockets for wonderful curiosities that are commonplace things to himself. They address him in their charming language, which is a very simple one, not too strict about grammatical rules; the outcome of all of which is, that a story might, could, and should be told. About the 'could,' the Lilliputians are always certain; but the captive is very uncertain indeed. Possibly he is one of those people who feel that to spin out a children's tale is equal in embarrassment to making an after-dinner speech, and of the two, more likely to collapse in failure. Others, of course, are of opinion that to tell a story to children is the easiest thing in the world; and that sense or nonsense can be strung together to any length, and will please the indiscriminating audience as long as the teller cares to be troubled with them.

Let those who have this opinion, put it to the test, and they will find that the audience is anything but indiscriminating; that nonsense cannot be strung together to any length; and that sense—which is less difficult—will prove a failure too if it be told above or below the level of the listeners. Moreover, strangers in the Lilliputian realms, unacquainted with the customs and language, make most lamentable and trying failures, even when they have taken the greatest pains to tell an excellent tale. This sort of story-telling is, in fact, an art in itself; and a more difficult art than the recounting of 'good stories' across a dining-table to old heads, who can fill up what is sketched in a few words. But whoever loves the little people, must at some time or other expect to be, perforce, put to trial in the story-telling art, and credited at the same time with that immense and varied knowledge and marvellous memory with which the chronicler of the *Arabian Nights* takes care to dower Scheherazade, in order to make her achievements possible.

Without being gifted like the vizier's daughter, some of us have had ere now to play the part of Scheherazade well-nigh a thousand-and-one times, sometimes amid a circle whose eager delight was enough to have given the spirit of an improvisatore to any one possessing eyes and tongue; sometimes, perhaps, at the bedside of some suffering child, listening with closed eyes, and depending on our poor efforts for rest and the relief of forgetting the pain that was wearing the young life low. Whoever has learned or used this

humble art at such an hour as that, must feel that the necessity of the Sultana herself was not greater; nor was there ever among our happier western realities a source of inspiration more pure and beautiful.

From an experience of taking Scheherazade's rôle perforce, and drawing inspiration both from the ruy faces and the pale ones, we may offer a few words to other Scheherazades in need, who perhaps have not got quite so far on in their thousand-and-one tales. Telling a story is quite a different thing from reading one; and the story that is told is utterly apart from the story that is written. But we shall have something to say of the books and of their spirit, in order to illustrate the art of story-telling; and on reflection it will appear that the whole region of children's tales may be divided naturally into six parts—true histories, personal experiences, fiction of child-life, tales of marvels, fairy tales, stories of animals and of inanimate things.

A true story always carries a peculiar charm with it, although an untrue story may be more attractive in other ways. Probably a philosopher's reason for the distinction would be, that the foundation of the craving for stories is the children's desire to acquire knowledge of things outside of their own little sphere, in order to satisfy the curiosity which is their natural and necessary gift, and to give scope to that imagination which is the birthright of every child, and which is often left unused and gradually lost in hard-working later years. A true narrative gives the child the desired knowledge of things in the concrete, and the small life touches other lives, and looks into them with all the zest of its hunger for experience. The tale of imagination develops the child's imagination in a corresponding degree; but it only affords a knowledge of things in the abstract, and there is not felt the electric touch against other lives of its own human kind. As to the class of true narrative, which we have called personal experiences, these depend much more upon the telling than upon the matter told. For instance, if Wellington in his child-loving age had done a boy the honour of relating that he won the battle of Waterloo, and that the French charged desperately, and the English fought in squares, the boy would have had a proper amount of admiration for the conqueror, but perhaps would have found his gamekeeper's animated account of the trapping of the fox better as a tale. Fiction of child-life is a class capable of boundless diversity, and in these days the taste of children seems almost entirely bent that way.

Miss Edgeworth's model race of wise and prudent young folks has been superseded by a vast multitude of boys and girls, as fictitious as they, but more humanly faulty. The children like the new race better, because they seem more alive and real, being more like their own imperfect selves. And in this matter, children have the very same discriminating instinct which prompts their elders to decelerate some human weakness in their heroines, and some cracks and dints and commonplace rust of the world on the armour of their heroes.

The other three classes—tales of marvels, fairy tales, and stories of animals and of inanimate things—will lead us to make reference to two great stores from which generations have drawn amusement and enjoyment. These are, the

German tales collected or composed by the Brothers Grimm; and the stories of Hans Andersen, the laureate of the child-world. The marvels presented to children's minds, the transformations and witcheries, the prodigious giants, and the unlimited supply of castles and palaces, and kings, princes and princesses of nowhere-in-particular—all are simply accepted, and pass as realities, though they are not believed to be real; and the hungry young mind that accepts them with avidity, finds a place for them with ease in its world of imagination. One of the German stories begins with the words, 'In olden times, when people could have all they wished for at once; and all the tales of marvel seem to belong to that wonderful prehistoric era. Children never ask when the kings reigned, nor what country it was in, nor where the princes got their titles; they ask no questions, but place all in 'the olden time,' accepting everything with delighted simplicity. In the same way, in the last class of tales it never occurs to them to inquire how dumb animals spoke or how lifeless things told their lives—at least they have none of these difficulties unless they be little Gradgrinds, debarred from fairy tales, and profoundly versed in all the "ologies."

But the reign of the giants is wearing towards an end. Our taste in these days has risen to better fancies than the old German tales of marvels, with their perpetual magic, their poetic killing and eating, and their triumph of cunning. The wonder is henceforth on hearing of the horrors perpetrated by witches, hunters, wolves, and 'wicked stepmothers.' Even our old friend *Red Riding Hood* is a shocking narrative when one looks at it near. The wolf eats the grandmother—evidently swallows her whole—and then devours *Red Riding Hood*—also at a bite; a hunter afterwards dissects the greedy brute, and liberates the old lady and her smiling grand-daughter—all of which is related in Grimm's version with the greatest *sans-froid* and in plainest Saxon. The second part of the tale, wherein another wolf receives poetic(?) justice, is almost equally shocking. The youthful reader is expected to admire the artifice of the grandmother, and to rejoice with *Red Riding Hood*, when the wolf, watching on the roof, is lured to fall off and drown in the stone trough in which the large sausage was boiled yesterday.

The killing and dissecting of animals, even a fawn; the liberation of manikins who have found a dark lodging in the body of a cow or a wolf; the chopping off a maiden's hands—which certainly did not affect her health—and the serpentine lengthening of noses and ears—all abound in a little Grimm stories, yet without ever causing a little reader to shudder or frown. All the marvels in the stories are not so strange to them as this marvel alone is to their elders. The atrocities of these stories are doubtless the mark of their antiquity; some of them come down from the days when brute-force and artfulness were heroic qualities, while the people were slowly fighting their way out of barbarism. The adventures of the *Brave Little Tailor* either come from a lax of the source directly, or indirectly, by rising out of the inspirations of such a beginning. The flies settling on his bread and jam, while he is finishing the waistcoat, are not a more familiar sight to that

despicable little hero, than is the 'enormous giant' whom he found as soon as he went out to walk. The manner in which he outwits the giants is a thin distorted little shadow of Ulysses outwitting Polyphemus; and all through the tailor's history until he becomes a king, his cunning is expected to do duty for humour.

Though little people are most decidedly interested in all this, they nevertheless appreciate what is better, and they have discernment enough to prefer the refinement and tenderness of such tales as Hans Andersen's. The contrast between the two styles can be seen in a moment by comparing the manner in which both have treated the same subject—the adventures of a miniature human being only the size of a thumb. Little Thumb is longed for, and born to a peasant and his wife. He is fed on the most nourishing food; but he does not increase in size. He is a wily little creature, anxious to be useful and to see the world. His achievements are: that he drives a horse, on the ear of which he sits; is sold, and escapes off the buyer's hat down into the hole of a field-mouse; saves a house from robbery; and is swallowed first by a cow and then by a wolf, being rescued by the system of dissection we have already mentioned. On the other hand, the poet of Fairyland tells us of Thumbkinetta, longed for by a lonely old woman, and given to her out of a flower like a closed tulip. The old woman does not seem to have thought about questions of nourishing food and growth; she fed the maiden, no doubt; but her chief attention was to the cradle of polished walnut-shell with a rose-leaf coverlet. When Thumbkinetta is stolen by the toad, her adventures show that there is a heart in the wee maiden. She kneels, crying, on the water-lily leaf, till the fishes bite the stem through and set her afloat; she is troubled by the criticism of the Miss Cockchafer, who turn up their feelers at her, and remark that she is a poor sort of thing to have only two legs and no feelers at all; she is adopted by a 'kind old field-mouse,' but shows a will of her own in refusing Mr Mole; and what tender things children learn, from her pity for the sick swallow, and her coming at night with a coverlet to tuck about him while he lay on his back abandoned as dead! When the swallow flies away with her to the sunny south, she marries a fairy, and lives among flowers; but they are not 'all happy ever after'; the story is too true in human feeling to end so untruly.—'Great was the jubilee, and the swallow sat up in his nest and sang his very best for them, but in his heart of hearts he was sad.' And so he flew away to Denmark, and made his nest over the window of 'the man who knew how to tell fairy tales.'

That sad word about the swallow's secret yearning is one of the exquisite touches which make these childish tales wise enough to reach farther into the heart of the teller than of the listener. The same undertone of old world wisdom has made the Ugly Duckling proverbial. In relating such histories, as well as those of inanimate things, there can hardly be a rival to Hans Andersen. His animals speak and act with a peculiar appropriateness to their own nature, and yet portray little intricacies of human nature, as it were inadvertently, in a way that would charm a sage. When the persecuted and despised Duckling finds with

amazement that he is praised as a beautiful swan, his action is perfect, at once gracefully swan-like, and more gracefully human than a child could understand—'he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud.'

As to tales of inanimate objects, such as the Whipping-top and the Ball, they combine childish thoughts and things with a humour and meaning beyond childish experience. The Ball refuses the Top: 'Perhaps you don't know that my father and mother were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork in my body!' But when the Ball has jilted the Top for the sake of a higher flight, and lies at last in the dust-bin soaked with rain, how admirably the old boasting comes out again when the Top falls in there too by chance of fortune: 'Thank goodness, here comes one of my own class, to whom I can talk!' And then, like any talkative dame of fallen fortunes, she mentions at once the morocco slippers and the Spanish cork. 'He spoke not a word to her about his old love, for that soon died away. When the beloved object has lain for five years in a gutter, and has been drenched through, no one cares to know her again on meeting her in a dust-bin.'

It would be a hard task and an unnecessary one, to invent such stories as these; but it is by no means hard to humbly imitate Hans Andersen at a distance. Three points seem to have been set before his mind—to tell the possible adventures of some simple thing; to speak of scenes and circumstances familiar in the children's experience; to throw across it all the shadow of human tenderness, sorrow, and kindness. Out of an old *Bottle-neck* he evolved a beautiful history, with plenty of sadness in it, as there is in everything that is meant to keep hearts tender; it would be difficult to tell that story as he told it, but not at all difficult to imagine how such a common thing as the bottle-neck could be mixed up with human joy and grief. Again, *The Daisy* is not easily rivalled, but quite easily imitated; and what better teaching could there be than the indirect appeal made by that short simple story! The opening is a model of story-telling to children; it is carefully laid among things easily imagined. 'Now listen. In the country, close to the roadside, stood a pleasant house; you have seen one like it, no doubt, very often. In front lay a garden inclosed by palings, full of blooming flowers. Near the hedge, in the soft green grass, grew a little daisy.' All the rest is as simple. The sod with the daisy in the middle is placed in a bird-cage, and the bird is dying of neglect. 'You also will wither here, you poor little flower,' cries the bird, thrusting its parched beak into the sod for moisture. 'They have given you to me with the little patch of grass, in exchange for the whole world, which was mine out there!' So the bird dies starved and broken-hearted, and the daisy mourns and withers. We venture to believe that more young eyes have dimmed and glistened, and more young hearts have been taught by that tragedy in a bird-cage, than by almost any other moral tale in existence. Yet the matter and method of this miniature masterpiece are suggestive of lesser copies, of variety as great as the world is wide.

The indirect teaching is apt to be far more

successful than the direct teaching, in hours of play. Boys will see for themselves the honour and moral courage of their school-boy hero; the girls will be won to imitate the self-sacrifices or constancy of their heroine, when these qualities are hardly named. But if they be named much, and if the hero and heroine have no faults to fight against, the boys will vote the paragon a 'muff,' and the girls will give up hoping to equal a ready-made perfection which had none of their own weaknesses to try it.

As to the manner of story-telling, the three best hints seem to be: Look well at your little audience, and not at one of them alone. Be sure they are all looking at you; though, if your tale is not a failure, they will be hardly conscious of you or themselves after five minutes. Secondly, speak very slowly, and make many pauses; that is, give them the good thing they are relishing in spoonfuls equal to their capacity, instead of pouring it all down fast at once, to choke their memory and imagination. Lastly, give them plenty of variety of tone, and a little action; all of which will be unavoidable if the story-teller is interested in and enjoying the story; and unless that be the case, it is as well not to tell it at all. As to reading tales, we may take a hint from one of our greatest writers, and certainly the greatest reader of fiction. In the public readings of Charles Dickens, the voice was the speaking voice, the matter read was curtailed and abundantly changed at need; and while the different tones represented different persons, the same word was repeated, in some cases many times at close intervals, to help out the sense; for though it is a fault in a written composition to needlessly reiterate the same phrase or word, it is desirable in a story told, and always necessary in a story for children.

The art of playing Scheherazade's part among the little ones is well worth studying; and of all the fireside arts, it is the happiest and the best rewarded. But, like all other good things, it requires a little thought and trouble; and from the absence of the will to give these for what seems but a small object, there has been round firesides, from time immemorial, loud lament from the small folks at the despairing mention of a certain irrepressible Johnny McGory.

### SOME CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISM.

There have been journalists capable of seeing both sides of a question equally well, and so impartially minded as to advocate in one paper what they scouted in another, safe in their anonymity from being twitted with inconsistency. But a newspaper that would keep its readers and its reputation, cannot afford to blow hot and cold, at least at the same time. It is, however, sometimes done, when profit overrides principle, or when the reporter and the editor are not exactly *en rapport* with each other. For instance, when the notorious Peace met his deserts at the hands of the hangman, a London daily paper issued a special edition containing five columns of details of the execution, the purchasers of which must have been a little surprised to read in one of the leading articles in next morning's issue: 'We have no hesitation in declaring that the prominence given to the doings and sayings of Peace since his

condemnation, has been discredit to English journalism. The crowning scandal was witnessed yesterday, when the details of that horrible scene upon the scaffold were divulged. Why should the outside public, or that section of the public which delights in horrors, and glots over the dying agonies of a fellow-mortal, be entitled to a graphic and minute account of the fearful tragedy? It is the recital of incidents of this nature that stimulates the imagination of young minds naturally predisposed to evil courses, and that invests crime with a halo of romance.'

Like other marketable things, news is occasionally dressed up for sale. A couple of days after the capture of Ali Musjid and the forcing of the Khyber Pass by Sir Samuel Browne's army, a morning paper, having nothing to report from Afghanistan save a temporary interruption of communications by some marauding Afraezes, made the most of it by heading its Indian news with: 'Insecurity of the Khyber Pass—Attacks on the British Troops—General Browne's Communications cut!' Improving upon this, a Paris evening journal announced the receipt from London of a telegram, running: 'A report is spreading through the town, which is creating the greatest emotion, to the effect that according to a despatch from Lahore, dated the 30th at five P.M., an important detachment of the English army has been completely defeated near Jellalabad, that its communications have been cut in the Khyber Pass, and that the Viceroy is sending on all the available troops from Lahore and Peshawar, so as to secure the retreat of the expeditionary army, which is gravely compromised.' This had a merely temporary interruption been swelled into a grave disaster.

Paragaphists pretending to smartness are not always smart enough to avoid betraying their ignorance. Noting the Lord Mayor's quotation of the lines from Byron's *Glauc*:

Dear witness, Greece, thy living page!  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness lid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes—though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command—  
The mountains of their native land!

a news commentator observed: 'It is very amusing to hear how delicately folks treat this utterance, for though there is a general impression it is nonsense, there is also a feeling that it may be Byron's. It is possible, between ourselves, that it may both be nonsense and Byron's, while there is still another alternative—it may be the Lord Mayor's own!'

It must have been rare news to whist-players to learn from a newspaper leader that 'no definite reason can be assigned why a player at whist should not hold all the trumps in his hand nine, ninety, or nine hundred times running,' considering that each player deals in turn, and the dealer must perform hold one trump card at the least!

It is rather late in the day for a newspaper to relate the crushing defeat of the Turkish and Egyptian squadrons by the allied fleets at Navarino; but this an evening paper chose to do, and in its own way. After describing how the forts on the coast inflicted much damage on the vessels



belonging to the allied fleets, it went on to tell that at the end of four hours' fighting, 'of the Turkish fleet of seventy sail, no less than sixty-two were burned, sunk, or driven on shore complete wrecks; and from a statement of the Turkish Admiral, it appears that on board the two line-of-battle ships, each having a crew of eight hundred and fifty men, six hundred and fifty were killed in one ship, and four hundred in another. The British fleet numbered thirty-three ships of the line and four frigates, divided into two squadrons, headed by Lord Nelson in the *Victory*, and Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. The French fleet consisted of eighteen ships of the line, headed by Admiral Villeneuve; while the Spanish force of Admirals Alava and Gravina amounted to fifteen vessels of the line.' A naval historian who can mix things in this style has a great future before him. Let us hope he will have better luck than his brother-journalist of Marseilles, who, not being so well up as he might have been in his country's geography, ventured to publish the fact that the tax-receiver of St Etienne had embezzled some thousands of francs; a statement bringing down upon the Marseilles *nouveliste* actions for libel from the tax-receivers of every town and commune of that name, which resulted in its proprietor being mulcted in each case in a sum of one hundred francs. Not a very large sum, certainly; only there happened to be no fewer than sixty-nine receivers to be consoled for the reflection upon their honesty—that being the number of St Etienne in France.

On the night of the 10th of October 1854, a rumour ran through New York that the steamship *Arctic*, long overdue from Liverpool, had been lost, and that the sole survivor had brought the news of the disaster. On this reaching the ears of the gentleman left in charge of the City department of the *New York Times*, he sent out reporters in all directions, only to have them return one by one without any intelligence respecting the missing vessel; and with a sense of discomfiture, he left the office for home, and was soon dozing in a tramway-car. He had got half a mile on his way, when he was roused by an excited man jumping on to the rear platform of the vehicle and conversing in rather incoherent fashion with the conductor. Catching a word here and there, the now wide-awake editor concluded that a man named Burns had escaped from the wreck of the *Arctic*, and found his way to the St Nicholas Hotel, after visiting the office of a rival paper, the well-known *New York Herald*. Springing out of the car, the editor returned to the *Times* printing-room just as the foreman was putting on his coat to leave, and cried: 'Stop the press, and send Mr South up to me!'

When that employé appeared, the editor gave him to understand that the *Herald* had got hold of a story about the *Arctic*, which, according to compact, belonged to the whole press, but which the *Herald* people intended to keep to themselves, and he, South, must get a copy of it somehow or another. To hear was to obey. But South was back in a few minutes with the news, that the *Herald* office was all alight, its doors fast locked, and all newsboys and carriers shut out. Said the editor: 'Get the first copy of the *Herald* that comes off the press; buy it, beg it, steal it, anything so long as you get it, and you shall have fifty dollars

for your trouble.' Twenty minutes later, South returned to the *Times* printing-room, where the whole force of compositors stood ready at their cases, with a copy of the *Herald* containing Burns's narrative of the loss of the *Arctic*. In a twinkling it was cut up into four-line 'takes' or lengths, and in an hour the whole story was in type. All unconscious of the trick they had been served, the *Herald* people took things easy, and kept back their city circulation until nine o'clock; while the *Times* was in its subscribers' hands at seven, and on every news-stand in New York an hour later. 'Smart' work, this!

In the days of President Jackson, the city of Washington counted among its citizens John J. Mumford, 'an odd combination of a good business man, a smart writer, a sound Democrat, and a hard drinker,' who was besides part proprietor of a newspaper. He was an enthusiastic supporter of Jackson, and had worked hard in his behalf. Calling at the White House to pay his respects, the President inquired if he could serve him in any way; to which Mumford replied that he would very much like to get the Presidential Message ahead of the other papers. 'I will give you a copy now,' said the President. 'Don't show it to anybody; don't say anything about it, on honour; but go straight to New York, have it set up by your printers; and then, as soon as I have sent the message to Congress, out with it, and beat every paper in the land; only they must never know how you have beaten 'em.'

As soon as the precious copy was in his possession, Mumford took the stage for New York *via* Baltimore and Philadelphia, and got as far as the last-named without having touched a drop of liquor. Then he made a night of it, such a night that he had not shaken off its effects when he stepped, next morning, into a barber's shop to be shaved. While waiting his turn, he must needs get talking politics; and upon some one asking his opinion respecting the probable contents of the forthcoming Message, Mumford pulled his copy out of his pocket and read it to the barber's customers, until that worthy exclaimed: 'He's making it up as he goes along. Imagine the President writing such nonsense as that! Mumford's been drinking again.' This brought him to his senses; he pocketed the document, got shaved, and lost no time in proceeding on his journey, reaching New York in due time. All went then as he hoped; and he had the satisfaction of bringing out his 'extra' with the President's Message far in advance of all his rivals, who wondered how the thing had been done, and not content with wondering, set inquiries afoot, and so learned all about Mumford's performance in the barber's shop; and knowing that he had visited Washington, they put this and that together, and brought the thing suspiciously near home to the President himself; who thereupon vowed that he would never speak to Mumford again. He kept his word.

In the papers, a few years ago, a story went round of an original feat by an American reporter in the way of 'interviewing.' A distinguished General had arrived in New York, and as a consequence, the representatives of the different newspapers were competing with each other to obtain an audience of the great man. But he was invulnerable. He would speak with none of them. At length, after being worried out of all patience by

their importunity, he sent notice to the news-offices that the first 'interviewer' who again appeared in his presence should be kicked down-stairs. This notice being handed into the staff of one of the leading papers, a reporter, noted for his effrontery and 'push,' thought the matter over. He soon came to a decision. Going to a district of the town where he knew he could easily pick up a scientific pugilist, he engaged one of the most skilful of the fraternity to accompany him in the business he had in hand. Along with the General's hotel, therefore, he went straight to the General's hotel, got access to him, and presented his card, which sufficiently indicated to the officer what his visitor was; whereupon he rose, and in great anger proceeded to carry out his purpose of kicking the unfortunate interviewer down-stairs. This, however, was the interviewer's opportunity. Giving the preconceived signal, the pugilist promptly stepped from his station outside the door and in another minute had closed with the infuriated General. The fight was long and hotly contested. The interviewer meanwhile sat quietly on a chair, pencil in hand, taking notes of the engagement in its various stages; and in a few hours thereafter, his paper appeared with three columns descriptive of the fight to the amusement of everybody but the unfortunate General.

Enterprise of a more legitimate kind is also occasionally evinced in odd ways. When the Prince of Wales visited Niagara, the *New York Herald* had pre-engaged all the telegraphic wires, so that that paper might have a monopoly of the intelligence for that day. But it so happened that His Royal Highness was some hours behind time, and this threw the *Herald* staff somewhat out of their calculations. Mr House, their chief reporter on the spot, wired to the editor: 'What is to be done to keep the wires in our hands?' 'Telegraph the Book of Genesis,' was Mr Bennett's reply. It was done—at a cost of seven hundred dollars—and still the Prince was not come. 'What now?' again wired Mr House. 'Book of Revelation,' replied Mr Bennett. This was instantly begun; but happily, in the course of its transmission the Prince arrived, and the *Herald's* triumph was secured.

In *The Americans at Home*, we have a graphic account of the 'fighting editors' of Richmond—men who did their work with a revolver lying on the table side by side with the exchanges; but whose shots, however, when they did take to using their firearms, seem generally to have been more numerous than deadly. It was said in those days that it was the custom in the larger establishments to keep one individual on the editorial staff whose duty it was to undertake all the fighting which the exigencies of their situation rendered necessary. The writer of the above book, when he visited the office of the *Mobile Tribune*, found the following notice adhibited to the door of the editorial sanctum: 'Positively no admittance until after two o'clock, except to whip the Editors.'

A certain 'smartness' runs through the American press, which we do not find in the papers of this country. When Dickens was lecturing in New York in 1868, it was reported in Boston that he was not attending church; whereupon one paper suggested that he might not be interested in American politics! The authorship of the

poem *Beautiful Snow* has been claimed on the part of more than one individual, and is not perhaps settled yet. At anyrate it was reported recently in a transatlantic journal that 'a meeting has been held in Chicago of the author of *Beautiful Snow*. There were seven hundred and fifty of him present, and several hundreds more sent letters of apology.' They sometimes also give an oddly practical turn to their sentiments. The *Christian Index*, for instance, in noticing the death of a clergyman, said: 'He was a father in the church; he supported our distinctive principles warmly; was a faithful reader of the *Index*, and for several years paid for three copies in advance.'

But if English journals do not attempt to compete with their American contemporaries in serio-comic announcements, they are none the less estimable on that account. On the contrary, in this country no respectable newspaper would for a moment allow a purely personal reflection upon any one to appear in its columns. Whatever bitterness may occasionally characterise political and other discussions, the feeling ends where it begins, and no disputant would think of adding to the weight of his argument by slandering the name of his opponent. It is this elevation of feeling which has maintained the purity and influence of the English press, and has likewise done much to soften the asperities of debate, even in those popular gatherings where personal feeling is apt to be evoked.

#### A RUN FOR LIFE.

In my young days, I was an enthusiastic entomologist, and one summer vacation I was delighted to receive an invitation from a bachelor cousin, Fred Vernon, to spend a week or two with him in a distant county. Fred was agent to Squire Althorpe, who owned pretty nearly the whole of the parish in which he lived; and as the Squire spent a good part of his time away from home, I knew I should be able to roam about the place very much as I liked, and should therefore have ample opportunities of adding to my collection of butterflies and other insects. Fred and I had been at school together, and were much more intimate than is usually the case with relations; but we had somehow lost sight of each other since, and on my part I was very glad of an opportunity of renewing the old friendship.

At the time of my visit to Blankshire, the Squire was away on the continent; and on the morning after my arrival, Fred, having some leisure time at his disposal, proposed that we should take a ramble round the Park, and finish up by visiting the Squire's kennels. The Park was a magnificent place, fully six hundred acres in extent, and well wooded. Grand old oaks, graceful limes, and handsome chestnuts were dotted here and there with picturesque irregularity; while on each side of the Hall were clumps of the finest elm-trees I had ever seen, on which, for ages past, vast numbers of rooks had built their nests. A certain portion of the Park itself, about a third of the whole extent, was surrounded with high iron railings, put down to keep in the

deer, of which there were about one hundred. Within the Park was a small lake, about twenty or thirty acres in extent, teeming with fish, surrounded on all sides by giant trees, and fringed with beds of waving reeds; while farther out into the water were patches of lilies, yellow and white, whose blossoms floated placidly on the unruffled surface.

On the other side of the Park, stretching far away inland, was an extensive heath, gently undulating, and covered here and there with patches of gorse and rough grass, which afforded covert for numerous partridges and hares and rabbits. Altogether, the estate was a perfect sportsman's Paradise; while for the naturalist it offered unusual attractions, as being the home of many different kinds of plants and flowers, and supplying food and shelter to insects of every kind.

As for the dogs I saw at the kennel, I have never forgotten them. Each breed had its own special department, and an assistant to see after it. Much as the spaniels and setters interested me—for I was a bit of a sportsman as well as a naturalist—I must confess that a pack of splendid blood-hounds struck me most of all. Their wise, solemn-looking faces, with their gracefully pendulous ears, as fine and as soft as silk, were indeed a study. This pack, I was told, was not only celebrated for its appearance, but also for its work. They were trained to follow a trail, of biped as well as quadruped, with the most undeviating certainty; and their presence in the Squire's kennels did more to check poaching than an army of gamekeepers. While we were admiring the hounds, the kennelman told us several tales in illustration of this fact.

A few mornings after our visit to the kennels, Fred told me, as we sat at breakfast, that he had some estate business to transact at the town a few miles off, which would require him to be from home nearly the whole day. I could come with him, he said, if I chose; but once at the town, he must leave me to my own devices; and he opined that I should find it rather dull. With thanks for his offer, I assured him that I would much prefer an entomological expedition by myself on the heath to hanging about the town; but at the same time I suggested that, if my services would render him any help, I would gladly sacrifice my own comfort to his. With a laugh, he said that I should only be in the way if I came with him; and we settled the matter there and then.

After breakfast, Fred's horse was brought round to the door; and with parting injunctions to me to go where I liked, he rode off.

Shortly after his departure, armed with my butterfly-net, and with a goodly store of collecting-boxes for the reception of my spoils, I too started for a long solitary ramble across the heath. I had been gone, I suppose, rather more than a couple of hours, and had been wandering about here and there in an apparently aimless fashion in pursuit

of specimens, visiting two or three old pits, and the various hollows in the heath as I came to them, when, on mounting some rising ground, the deep notes of a bloodhound were borne faintly to me by the gentle breeze that was blowing from the direction of the kennels. As I listened, the sound appeared to grow a trifle more distinct, and then entirely died away. Thinking that the pack was out after an escaped deer, I did not pay much attention to what I heard, but proceeded on my way to the next bit of high ground, which from its elevation would give me an opportunity of observing in the distance the movements of the dogs. A brisk walk sufficed to bring me to the top of this spot, and here the deep mellow voices of the hounds were heard more distinctly, and, as it seemed to me, sounded much nearer than on the previous occasion. They are coming this way, I thought to myself; and straining my eyes in the direction from which the sounds came, I tried to distinguish the pack. This was no easy matter, for the hounds were of a colour not readily visible in the distance and on the burnt grass of the heath. However, I at last succeeded in making them out, and perceived that they were alone. This surprised me, for Fred had mentioned that the kennelman always accompanied them when they were out for exercise, or when they were being used to drive back any deer that had succeeded in getting over the high railings that surrounded this part of the Park.

As I watched them, they appeared to be slowly approaching in my direction, and to my astonishment, they seemed, as nearly as I could tell, to be taking exactly the same course, which was a very erratic one, as I had done. Spellbound, I watched them disappear in one of the pits I had visited; and as they vanished from my sight, the music of their voices ceased, the sound-waves being intercepted by the intervening ground. In a very short time they emerged from the pit, scrambling up the side just where I had come, and then hunting on in a compact body, led by one hound, which being slightly larger than the others, was on that account more conspicuous. Slowly they made for the next pit, giving tongue as they came on. Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind—"They have broken loose, and are hunting me."

What was to be done? Here was I, a stranger to the hounds, alone and unarmed in the middle of a vast heath. No house or shelter of any kind was near. For a moment I was paralysed; but collecting my thoughts, I began to turn about for some way of escape. That the hounds, if once they came up with me, would attack me, I well knew; and all thoughts of attempting to resist them were out of the question. Hastily throwing off the satchel which, full of boxes and cases, was slung across my shoulders, I buttoned up my coat and started off at a steady trot. My net, which was a strong serviceable one, I kept in my hand, thinking it might be of use.

Scanning the very limited horizon eagerly to catch sight of any shelter that might be visible, I

saw nothing that could help me. It was clear that my best chance of safety lay in my being able to foil the hounds by making them lose the trail. The tales I had read in my boyhood of the hair-breadth escapes of runaway slaves in Cuba flashed across my mind, and I suddenly recollected that in these stories water almost always played a prominent part. To cast my eyes round in search of a stream was the work of a moment; but, as may be imagined, on the high ground where I was, no stream was possible. No time was to be lost for already the notes of my pursuers sounded clearer and clearer, showing that they were gaining on me. I dare not run at too great a speed, for I knew I should soon become exhausted. The undulating nature of the ground made it very hard work for me; but for all that, it was not an un-mixed evil, as it prevented the hounds, which now gained steadily on me, from quitting the trail to run by sight. On descending a slope, I was delighted to behold a long and somewhat winding pool of water. Here, thought I, is my chance; and I immediately made for it. The run was beginning to tell upon me, and I knew well that the reduction in my speed, rendered necessary by my having to wade almost knee-deep in water, would enable me to recover my breath somewhat. Fortunately, the water was not very deep—little more than a foot—and after the first few steps, the bottom was fairly firm and hard. My progress now was not only slow, but very fatiguing; and nearer and nearer came the hounds. After wading about a hundred yards, a stronger gust of wind than usual wafted the deep tones of my pursuers even more clearly to my ears; and the fear that my ruse might not be successful, compelled me to quit the water once more, and toil wearily up the sloping side of the miniature glen in which the pool was situated. Once on the summit of the slope, I paused, and looked behind, to catch, if possible, a hurried glimpse of my pursuers. To my horror, I saw them stream over the side of the hill, and make straight for the spot where I entered the water. Here, as I had hoped, the hounds were puzzled, but only for a little.

I was rapidly becoming exhausted with my long run, and more than once I was tempted to stop and collect a heap of stones and try to keep the hounds at bay until help should arrive. Reflecting, however, that it might be an hour or two before the kennelman discovered the whereabouts of his lost pack, I gave up the idea for the present, and moved on with all the speed I could muster. Since losing my trail, the hounds had been silent, and I began to flatter myself that they had lost the track, when suddenly the recommencement of their cries told me that they had hit off the scent again.

On, on I tottered, my head reeling, and my eyes swimming with the unwonted exertion. Thoughts of the home I might never see again floated across my brain, and renewed my falling strength. My pursuers were gaining fast now, and already no more than a couple of hundred yards intervened between us. Presently, a sudden increase in the music behind—which just then was anything but music to me—caused me to look round, when I saw that the hounds had viewed their quarry, and with heads in the air, were racing on at well nigh double their former speed. Increasing my pace

without even looking where I ran, I caught my foot in a tuft of grass, and nearly fell, turning half round in my efforts to save myself.

It was a fortunate trip for me; for at a short distance off, on my right, I saw a stunted oak, nearly dead, it is true, but high enough from the ground to afford me a safe resting-place, if only I could climb up into the branches before the dogs reached me. If I had not tripped, I should have passed this tree without seeing it until it was too late to be of service to me, for it was hidden by some higher ground from my view until I reached the spot where I nearly fell, and then I was past it.

With the little strength I had left I dashed for the tree; but, to my dismay, I saw that the lower branches were beyond my reach. No time was to be lost, for already the hounds were close at hand. Suddenly, I remembered that I had my butterfly-net, which, providentially, was strong and serviceable, in my hand; and on reaching the foot of the tree, I hooked the ring of the net over the broken stump of a bough, and by dint of almost super-human exertion, I managed, I hardly know how, to scale the rough bark and drag myself into the polled head of the tree. I was only just in time, for, as I reached this place of safety, the hounds were round the foot of the tree, baying furiously.

Feeling a deadly faintness creeping over me, I had enough presence of mind left to undo the stout leathern belt I wore round my waist, and fasten myself by it to one of the branches. Then the baying of the hounds, the rustling of the leaves, and, as I fancied, the blowing of a horn, were mingled together in a confused murmur, and I swooned.

When I recovered consciousness, I was stretched on the ground, my head supported on the knees of the old kennelman; while one of his assistants was attempting to pour a little brandy through my clenched teeth. My old pursuers were lying on the ground close by, watching the proceedings with sullen indifference; and a couple of horses were cropping the grass a few paces away. I was soon sufficiently restored to mount one of the horses; and as we walked slowly home, the old man told me how it happened that the hounds had broken loose. He had taken them out for a run on the heath as usual, he said, when suddenly they appeared to hit off a trail of some kind. Thinking, as I did when I first heard them, that one of the deer had escaped from the Park, he encouraged them to follow up the scent; and as he was riding over some rough ground, his horse put its foot in a rabbit's burrow and fell, throwing him heavily. The old man was somewhat stunned by the fall; and when he came to himself, he found that the hounds were away, and the horse had evidently gone back to the stables. Thither he also hastened, and found his horse; and taking one of his 'helps' with him, he set off in search of the hounds. Meanwhile, these had followed up the trail by themselves, with the results mentioned above. The two men rode after them as well as they could, having only the dogs, and that at times very faint, to guide them. The nature of the ground over which they were riding obliged them to proceed slowly; and it was some time, probably, after I had fainted that, instead of the deer they expected to find, they had come upon me hanging by my belt in the tree.

'Would the hounds have killed me if I had not been able to find shelter?' I presently asked.

'Yes; most certainly they would,' was the old man's reply, 'if they had been left to themselves.'

What a narrow escape I felt I had had! But for the refuge of that solitary tree, my life would most certainly have been sacrificed. When at length I reached my cousin's house, the reaction consequent upon the intense excitement of the past few hours had begun, and I had to betake myself to bed, where a raging fever detained me for a few weeks. During all that period my thoughts were occupied with the fearful experiences of that day on the moor; and even now, though restored to my former health and vigour, it is not without a shudder that I am able to think of that Run for my Life.

#### EFFECTS OF FROSTS AND THAWS UPON PLANTS.

Some observations were made at Giessen last winter by Herr Hoffmann which throw light on the way in which plants are injured in time of hard frost. It is well known that plants and trees situated in the bottom of a valley suffer much more from cold and frost than those in a higher situation. This is due to the fact that the valley, if surrounded by hills and high grounds, not only retains its own cold of radiation, but also serves as a reservoir for the cold heavy air which pours down into it from the neighbouring heights. It is thus that the higher grounds in Switzerland are warmer than the valleys or gorges, as in these the cold collects as in so many basins. It is also found in this country that plants and shrubs which survive the severity of winter on ground raised above the level of the valley, perish where grown in the valley itself. The great advantage of a hilly position is thus apparent, and has been amply proved by Herr Hoffmann's observations at Giessen. Here he found that the plants so situated took little or no harm from the intense cold; while quite near, in the valley, there was extensive injury. The injury, too, decreased in proportion to elevation above the valley. As to the immediate effect of temperature upon plants, the author is of opinion that it is not a particular degree of cold that kills a plant, but the amount of *quick thawing*. This was illustrated in one case by the curious fact that one and the same bush—a species of box—was killed in its foliage on the south side, while on the north the foliage remained green. The sudden change of temperature produced by quick thawing, was considered to be some degrees less for the plants in a high situation and for the shady sides of the half-killed shrubs. The higher situations are in this respect also favourable to plant-life; because, while the frost is not so severe as in the valley, the effect of thawing winds is found to be the same for both. The plants on the higher grounds are therefore subjected to less strain by sudden variations from a low to a high temperature, and the reverse, than their congeners in the valleys.

These facts are of importance in determining questions as to the sites of country-houses and gardens, and the more or less hardy character of the plants and shrubs most likely in the particular situation to survive the frosts of winter.

#### MICHAEL SMITH'S LETTER.

[After the Seaham Colliery explosion, in September 1880, the following letter was found in the pit, scratched on a tin water-bottle:—'DEAR MARGARET—There were forty of us altogether at seven A.M. Some were singing hymns; but my thoughts were on my little Michael. I thought that him and I would meet in heaven at the same time. Oh! dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife, farewell! My last thoughts are about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. Oh, what a terrible position we are in!'—Little Michael died almost at the same moment this missive was being scratched.]

In deepest darkness of the deadly mine

Many were lying dead, and others knew

They never more should feel the warm sunshine,

Or breathe the sweet air under skies of blue.

Sudden the death-blast came with fearful sound,

And shut them in, there, in that living tomb,

In those dim passages far underground—

Some slain at once, and some to wait their doom.

How did they meet it? They were noble men!

No frantic madness seized them in its grasp,

Though the choke-damp was drawing them even then

Within the circle of its fatal clasp.

They were but pitmen, lowly in their birth,

Stained with their toil, yet full of inward light;

Though fate was frowning, still they felt His worth

Whose presence cheered them in their depth of night.

Oh! hard it was, thus far from wife and child,

To part from life, and meet relentless Death;

But this dread thought their faith ne'er once beguiled,

Nor woke one murmur on their fleeting breath.

They grasped each other's hands, spoke words of cheer,

With tenderest blessing and with faltering tongue:

And who dare call that an unmanly tear,

Which thoughts of others from its sources wrung?

Then all at once uprose the sacred hymn,

Deep-chaunted, 'Jesus, lover of my soul'

Oh, with what depth of hope they turned to Him,

Whilst through that darkest gloom their voices roll!

What burst of light is this, what gleam divine,

That breaks the gloom, and bids the darkness fly?

Blest inward light! that in each soul doth shine,

And bids them humbly live or calmly die!

And die they must!—for so 'tis now ordained:

The anguished throbbings of their pulses cease;

And one by one, heart-sore, and travel-stained,

They pass the port of Death, to where is Peace.

But one was there whom ties of kin held strong—

Who left faint message in that darkness hour:

We cannot think that Michael Smith was wrong—

Parental love is full of wondrous power.

Whilst others sang, his thoughts would homeward turn:

'My thoughts were on my little Michael,' wrote

This son of toil. Yes; earth-born love may harm,

And when thus pure, with heavenly love may float,

Upon the wings of Prayer, up to the Throne:

All self was gone; it was but purest love.

The soul of his sick child went not alone;

Both left the earth, and soared to realms above.

He wrote: 'I thought that he and I would meet

At the same time in heaven.' 'Thou self-same hour

Father and child in heaven each other greet.

Celestial love and earthly do him deign;

With blessings: he both child and Father found;

The one from earth held his parental heart:

The Father, He who fills vast space around,

Received them both, no more again to part. S. S.

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## THIRTY YEARS SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.

THE recent discovery by Lieutenant Schwatka, in the frost-bound Arctic regions, of the miserable remains of some of the companions of the lamented Sir John Franklin, offers an opportunity for presenting a rapid notice of the Search Expeditions, which have now lasted for upwards of thirty years. If the reader has a map of the Polar regions before him, the following narrative may prove doubly interesting.

In 1845, Franklin started to endeavour to solve the problem of a north-west passage round the Arctic coast of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was provided with two auxiliary screw ships, the  *Erebus*  and  *Terror* , with Captains Crozier and Fitzstephen as commanders. Three years' provisions and stores for about one hundred and thirty men were supplied; and the expedition started with a 'God speed' from all friends at home. After crossing the Atlantic, the ships went through Davis Straits, Baffin Bay, Lancaster Sound, and along the west coast of Cornwallis Island, near which they wintered at Beechey Island. In the summer of 1846, they sailed to King William Island, where they were ice-d up when winter came on, in seventy degrees north latitude, ninety-eight degrees west longitude. What became of them afterwards was not known in England till years afterwards, as we shall presently show.

In 1847, rendered anxious by the non-receipt of news from Franklin, the government began to plan Search Expeditions. Sappers and miners went from the Hudson Bay Territories down the Mackenzie River with supplies of various kinds. In the following year, Captains Kellett and Moore, in the  *Herald*  and  *Plow* , went round the immense circuit of the Atlantic, Cape Horn, and the Pacific, to Belring Straits, one of the entrances to the Arctic Seas; depositing stores at various spots, and remaining there some time in the hope of obtaining news of Franklin. Richardson and Rae, two resolute officers of the

Hudson's Bay Company, about the same time descended the Coppermine River, and deposited large supplies of stores along the Arctic coast from the mouth of that river to the mouth of the Mackenzie. From another quarter, Sir James Ross and Captain Bird, in the  *Enterprise*  and  *Investigator* , were sent to follow in the track which had been laid down for Franklin, in hopes of picking up news of him; they went by way of Lancaster Sound, Regent Inlet, Fury Beach, and wintered at Port Leopold; but failed in their search.

1849 arrived, and with it very gloomy fears concerning Franklin and his crews, whose three years' supplies of food and stores must by that time have been exhausted. Kindred expeditions were organised and sent out, to search and to deposit supplies here and there. The  *North Star*  took the route of Wolstenholme Island and Pond's Bay. The  *Prince Albert*  (chartered for the purpose by Lady Franklin) was the first to discover any indication whatever of Sir John: simply fragmentary remains of his first encampment, at Cape Riley on Beechey Island; but welcome nevertheless. On the darker side of the picture, whalers brought home news that some Eskimo had shown by signs that they had seen two ships ice-d up three years before on the west side of Regent's Inlet.

It was in 1850 that the well-planned Search Expeditions mostly set out. The greatest consisted of no fewer than four ships, the  *Resolute* ,  *Assistance* ,  *Pioneer* , and  *Intrepid* ; Captain Austin held the command, and under him were Ommaney, McClintock, and Sheard Osborne. They took the route of Lancaster Sound and Cornwallis Island; but simply found a few relics of Franklin's camp. Thereupon, Captain Austin decided to give up the search and return to England, insisting on all his officers doing the like. This they did most unwillingly, as one and all were desirous of making another year's search. The government, too, were much disappointed with such barren results.

Still in 1850, Captains Penny and Steward, in the  *Lady Franklin*  and  *Sophia* , sailed for Lancaster Sound, Victoria Channel, and Wellington Channel; and found a few relics of one of Sir John's

died. The Eskimo showed Potter some silver and other relics of Franklin. Again, in 1876, Captain Berry, in the *Houghton* whaler, met, near the entrance to Sir Thomas Koe's Welcome, some Eskimo, who gave him a spoon, and told some such story as had been told by Potter. Elderly men among them remembered having seen the white men thirty years previously; and they also called to mind that many of the white men built a cairn, and put some things into it like books. He had not time to go and search for this cairn himself. The Eskimo, however, showed him by signs on a map a spot in Boothia Felix, near Hecla and Fury Strait, as the locality.

When these various narratives and reports reached the United States, Judge Daly resolved to sift them. He had an interview with Captain Berry, and was satisfied of his truthfulness. The Judge gave the results in 1878, in an Annual Address to the American Geological Society, of which he was President. Daly's theory concerning the fate of Franklin, formed after a comparison of the narratives and reports, was this: That in April 1848 the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned; that some of the crews succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Great Fish River; that others fell by the way; that a detachment of them, when all were getting short of provisions, returned to the ships, leaving one corpse on the way; and that they started again, probably taking a route to Felix Harbour in Boothia Felix, which is nearly two hundred and fifty miles from the Great Fish River.

It was principally in connection with this view, and the circumstances that suggested it, that Lieutenant Schwatka took the journey from which he returned in 1880, and concerning which we have recently been told by the newspapers. He unquestionably found some relics, including what is believed to be the remains of Lieutenant Irving, one of Franklin's officers, and which were brought to Edinburgh at the beginning of this year, and interred with full naval honours. The circumstances attending the discovery of these remains have been thus described by a correspondent connected with the *New York Herald's* Search Expedition: 'The next day we lay over at Cape Jane Franklin, to make a preliminary search of the vicinity. Lieutenant Schwatka and I went up Collinson Inlet, but saw no traces of white men. Henry and Frank, who had been sent up the coast, were more fortunate. About a mile and a half above camp, they came upon the camp made by Captain Crozier with his entire command from the two ships after abandoning the vessels. There were several cooking-stoves with their accompanying copper kettles, besides clothing, blankets, canvas, iron and brass instruments, and an opened grave, where was found a quantity of blue cloth, part of which seemed to have been a heavy overcoat, and a part probably wrapped around the body. There was also a large quantity of canvas in and around the grave, with coarse stitching through it and the clothes, as if the body had been incased for burial at sea. Several gilt buttons were found among the rotting cloth and mould in the bottom of the grave; and a lens, apparently the object-glass of a marine telescope. Upon one of the stones at the foot of the grave, Henry found a medal, which was thickly covered with grime, and was so much the colour

of the claystone on which it rested, as to nearly escape detection. It proved to be a silver medal, two and a half inches in diameter, with a bas-relief portrait of George IV., surrounded with the words, "Georgius III., D.G., Britanniarum Rex, 1820" on the obverse; and on the reverse, "Second Mathematical Prize, Royal Naval College," inclosing the words, "Award to John Irving, midsummer, 1820." This at once identified the grave as that of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of the *Terror*. Under the head was found a figured silk pocket-handkerchief, neatly folded, the colours and pattern in a remarkable state of preservation. The skull and a few other bones only were found in and near by the grave. They were carefully gathered together, with a few pieces of cloth and the other articles, to be brought away for interment where they may hereafter rest undisturbed.'

Here we must close. We much wish to notice the praiseworthy exertions of the Austrians, the Swedes, and the Dutch, in Arctic exploration towards the north and north-east, resulting in the discovery of Franz Josef Land and the navigable passage round the entire northern coast of Europe and Asia. More also it would be pleasant to say touching the American explorations in various directions. But enough, we trust, has been said to show the exact nature, interesting character, and important though mournful results of the

#### THIRTY YEARS' SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.

#### THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

##### CHAPTER XII.—THE HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.

FITFUL gleams of gold, arrowy, swift, piercing through the tawny mist like fiery darts, from the quiver of Smith's Apollo, told that the sun was doing brave battle against the sullen fog that had lorded it over London so long. Nowhere, within Metropolitan precincts, perhaps, did the welcome sunbeams fall more cheerfully than on the pretty house, in the royal suburb of Kensington, where Mr Walter Denham, surrounded by his artistic Lares and Penates, sat trifling with his late breakfast. An elaborate breakfast it was, of what might be called the eclectic continental type, and such as no ordinary Londoner would have dreamed of ordering for his private refectory. There was honey; and there was hothouse fruit nestling in fresh vine-leaves; the eggs were dressed in strange modes, Greek or Spanish; there were nice little dishes of something hot and palatable lurking beneath silver covers. Chocolats simmered beside the cool wine-bask; tiny decanters of rare liqueurs lay in ambush behind toast-racks and firm Dutch butter. But he for whom all these delicacies were provided had but a fickle appetite, and scarcely touched the good things that spread the board before him.

Yet Uncle Walter, as he toyed with a morsel of dry toast, or sipped his choice Russian tea, warranted 'caravan,' and in which a floating slice of lemon did duty for London milk, did not seem unhappy. He was not hungry; but there are other pleasures than those of the palate; and his eye roved contentedly over the well-appointed breakfast-table, dwelling lovingly upon the crisp slice of golden honeycomb, caressing, so to speak, the bloom of the peaches and the glow of the

grapes, and bestowing a critical approval upon snowy cloth, bright crystal, and unsullied silver, and the few fresh flowers that filled a slender vase.

It was a large and handsome room, richly furnished, and so filled and crowded with dumb bustines in every shape, that it might easily have been mistaken for the Roman studio of one of those exceptional artists on whom Fashion smiles, and who can afford to dwell in the centre of a fragile world of costly trifles. Pictures, statues, ancient armour, Oriental tissues, rare porcelain, dainty weapons, wondrous mediæval lace, gorgeous missals, carved ivory, were crowded into the room, yet so well had the miscellaneous units been arranged, and with such skill had the grouping been managed, that all seemed the component parts of one harmonious whole. Even the great white Persian cat, asleep upon the blue Arabian prayer-carpet that did duty for a hearth-rug, and with the ruddy firelight falling on her sleek fur and crimson collar, appeared to match with the marbles and the gold mosaic, the ruby glass from Prague, the fairy filigree-work from Genoa or Malta. The stamp of a cultured mind and patient care was set upon the minutest details of the well-arranged apartment.

The master of the house, calm, handsome, and self-possessed, with his white limbs glistening with rings, his trim beard, and unwrinkled brow, did no discredit to his household gods. Even his dark dressing-gown of velvet, olive green—even his Turkish slippers of dark purple velvet and dull gold, were in tune with the well-blended mass of soft colours and brilliant hues and shapely luxuriance that enveloped him, the owner of all. With a lazy thoughtfulness, Uncle Walter looked around him. No doubt but that, to his retentive memory and well-stored mind, every object at which he glanced was capable of evoking some skein of thought that might be long and pleasantly spun out. That armour, damasked with gold, had been worn by a Prince at one of the tournaments of the sixteenth century, when gunpowder was already in the ascendant, chivalry a sham, and tilting a half-obsolete parody on the past. Yonder bas-relief of ivory—a German carver had put his heart and life into its delicate intricacies—to die of hunger, after all. That lace—how many bright-eyed nuns had toiled, like human lace-spinning spiders, to compose that massive flimsiness, dearer than diamonds to buy, that came long years ago out of the slow, patient convent-hive of sequestered industry! Mr Walter Denham, as he looked for an instant at the rare old lace, yellowed, matchless, smiled approval and shook his head, as though in posthumous pity for wasted time and wasted lives, and turned his eyes to the window.

The broad window was worth looking at. For, just then, the victorious sun had pierced, as knowledge breaches the crass ramparts of Ignorance, a yawning chasm through the thick mantle of the clinging fog; and through the storied panes of old stained glass of which it was composed there rained down on the pale Tournay carpet a shower of rich tints, ruby here, topaz there, the pure sapphire, the soft turquoise, the tender amethyst, the steady emerald, changing, varying, as the mist without, golden now, changed and flickered in the sunshine. 'Very good effects! Very good effects, indeed,' muttered Uncle Walter, very genuine admiration

in his look and tone. 'This beats Venice, absolutely beats—What's this?' For, as he spoke, a tall human figure, that looked taller through the delusive medium of the mist without, came with a quick tread up the doersteps, and a sharp peal at the door-bell followed. 'A gentleman so early!' soliloquised Uncle Walter, putting down his toupson. 'But then he rang the bell. I wish,' he added, half peevishly, 'that people would knock, when they are about it. I should know who they were, then.'

And indeed, a London knocker, to a practised ear, tells tales. There are some stereotyped performances, such as the dun's single knock, the imperative rat-tat of the hurrying postman, the blatanat thunder of the instructed footman that has just jumped down from behind his mistress's carriage. But there are scores of nuances, timid here, swaggering there, blunt, downright, anachronising in other cases, of which the knocker becomes capable in a moment.

Bertram Oakley, after some delay and some demur, was eventually ushered in.

'Be seated, I beg,' said Uncle Walter, half rising, with a gracious wave of his jewelled hand. 'But be careful, pray! You had nearly touched that Nymphe's elbow, and the merest push would turn those white limbs and that faultless profile, into—Not there, Mr Bertram.—Excuse an old connoisseur's anxiety about his Spanish lace of the fifteenth century.—Thanks! that will do. And now, Mr Bertram, breakfast?' And Uncle Walter indicated the lavishly supplied table with a courteous outburst of frank hospitality that would have grazed Amphitryon. But Bertram's frugal breakfast had been partaken hours ago.

'Then wait ere I do for you, my young friend!' said urban Uncle Walter, pouring a little more of the fragrant overland tea into his cup, and slowly sipping the lemon-scented beverage.

'For me, sir, personally, nothing,' began Bertram; 'but—'

'Then, upon my honour, young gentleman, you must be a Phoenix of good-luck, or a St Simeon Stylites of stoicism, among the sons of men,' interrupted Uncle Walter, polite incredulity eloquently expressed by his arching eyebrows. 'A *rara avis*, I say, compared with which Juvenal's black swan, when Anstralia was unheard of, would have been quite a common fowl. I have known young men of every degree, from Highnesses to Parisian *gamins*, but never one who wanted nothing.—What, by the way, Mr Bertram, may be your plans? Because, I have a certain influence I am vain enough to think, and a wide acquaintance I am sure, among painters and sculptors; and I could procure you an opening in life, and—shall we say—two or three diurnal half-crowns—as a model, if?—'

It was Bertram's turn to interrupt now. 'You are kind, Mr Walter Denham, to think of me; he said civilly, but with a slight flush, for his enter-tainer's manner had been, as usual, but half serious, and bawdy, in his present mood, jarred upon all that was working most strongly in his heart and brain. 'I can labour, as is indeed right and fitting. Those for whom I come to speak cannot, unfortunately, supply their need by their own toil, gently nurtured and helpless as they are. I speak of your own kind and kin, your orphaned nieces, Mr Denham.'

'Have they deputed you to—address me, shall we call it? on their behalf?' asked Uncle Walter languidly, as he drew a tiny glass nearer to him and slowly filled it from one of the miniature decanters.

'No indeed, sir,' replied Bertram eagerly, and with heightened colour. 'I have come here unprompted, unseut, to make an appeal, that I trust will not be wholly in vain, to your better nature.'

'Prettily spoken,' answered his travelled entertainer, pausing, with the decanter in his hand.—'But I must seem sadly inhospitable, Mr Oakley. This is Maraschino—an old-fashioned liqueur, I grant; but I am an old-fashioned man—the other bottles contain Curacao, Chartreuse, and Elixir de Spa, more fashionable, all, than my favourite drink from the alembics of Zorn. Help yourself!—You don't touch liqueurs in the morning? Well, at your age, perhaps, you are right.'

Bertram began to find his errand even more awkward than he had anticipated. This slippery, polished nature seemed to evade him. There seemed to be about Walter Deunham no standpoint, nothing to grasp, nothing to hold by. It was like trying conclusions with an iceberg.

Bertram resolved to be bold. 'You speak lightly, sir; it is your habit; but I am sure you have a heart. May I?—'

'Excuse me! we all have, I believe,' cheerfully interrupted Uncle Walter. 'For anatomical reasons it is, I am told, indispensable. But I have always preferred to ignore, as far as I could, the clockwork machinery of our inward mechanism. You don't object to smoking?—Thanks! If I did not smoke after a meal, I should suffer. At Blackston—well, well! it was a concession to British prejudices.' And Uncle Walter lit his cigarette, relishing with evident enjoyment the flavour of the amber-tinted Cuban tobacco it contained.

Bertram Oakley kept his temper. Respect for age and station, mill-hand though he had been, and subversive as had been the opinions which had buzzed about his ears, was so natural to him, that he could keep his patience, when his very blood was on fire with the quick sense of injustice which is strongest with the young.

'Mr Walter Deunham,' he said gently, 'to me, personally, you have been invariably kind. When you and I have talked together at Blackston, you never made me feel the difference between ourselves—between the educated gentleman and the foundling of the beach, the poor boy who worked in a woollen mill for weekly wage—and now I hope that you will listen to me when I speak on behalf of the motherless children of your brother who is now lying dead, of your brother at whose funeral, to-morrow, we shall meet.' Here Bertram's voice faltered; and Uncle Walter, after a glance at the lad's mourning garb and the crape round his hat, murmured: 'Very proper,' and stooped to caress the huge Persian cat, which had now opened its drowsy blue eyes, and purred sleepily in the pleasant warmth of the fire. 'What you say, my youthful friend,' said Uncle Walter, with his superior smile, 'does equal credit to your head and heart; and I will try to facilitate a task which is evidently an arduous, but must, I fear, be an unfruitful one. You wish, I gather from the hints you have let

fall, that I—should give—money—to my nieces—to dear Louisa and dear Rose.'

Bertram scarcely dared to draw breath, but his eyes were eager.

'You young people, in your quick, impulsive way,' indulgently pursued Uncle Walter, as he watched the thin white wreaths float upward from his cigarette, 'would hand over the wealth of Croesus, or, what is better, that of the Bank of England itself, on a question of sentiment. At your age, I might have caught the infection. But I have bought my experience, and at a great price. Friends have deceived me. Speculations that seemed sound have turned to Dead Sea apples, full of dust and ashes. The tugs at my purse have been many. I do not mind telling you, in confidence, that I am far from rich. Even the pretty things'—he looked at them lovingly as he spoke—'which in my continental tours I collect about me, do not find, as I could wish, a permanent home with me. High prices tempt me, and I sell. The Holbein yonder'—pointing to a picture on the wall—'is no longer mine. Senator Shoddy, U.S., whose acquaintance I made at Rome, is to take it back with him to Washington, and leave me a cheque instead. Another brutally rich man—I use the term advisedly, for the person I speak of is Mr Diggs, of Australia—who was stockman, gold-seeker, grog-seller, and speculator by turns, and can barely read and write—is to rob me of that Poussin, and to carry off the Cypri that hangs below. It costs me a pang, I can assure you,' said Uncle Walter in conclusion, and with the air of a deeply injured man.

Then Bertram spoke his mind, with a modest courage that became him well, and with an utter forgetfulness of self, such as single-minded teachers of the Right, patriot leaders of an elder day, sainted preachers whose words shook thrones as they were uttered, were wont to exhibit. The stripling's noble heart seemed to lend eloquence to his language, as he painted the deep sorrow and heavy care that had fallen upon the sisters whose cause he pleaded—on Louisa in especial, whose duty it had long been to be as a mother to the fair young girl over whom she alone was left to watch. He drew a strong contrast between their late life of easy comfort and the straitened fortunes that lay before them. Then he spoke, and with genuine pathos and regretful admiration, of him who was gone, of good Dr Deunham, whose love for his younger brother had remained unaffected by his father's cruel injustice or motiveless caprice, unsoured by poverty, genial, gentle, brave—the softest spot in his kind heart being that in which the images of his darlings—now left desolate—were enshrined. And his final appeal to Uncle Walter, on his nieces' behalf, was one of passionate eloquence, though the speaker knew it not.

Uncle Walter, a lazy good-humour in his half-closed eyes, listened to what the lad had to say without contradiction, but also without any sign of softening. 'Have you quite finished?' he asked politely.

Bertram had quite finished. He began to think that he must have spoken ill, so slight was the effect produced. And his youthful hopes, sanguine for a moment, began to sink to freezing-point.

'Upon my word, you are a clever young fellow, Mr Bertram,' said Uncle Walter, with a sincere

admiration in his modulated voice. 'I should advise you, in moderation, to cultivate your declamatory powers. Personally, I always liked you. But with respect to my dear nieces—ah, well! you are young and enthusiastic; but we will not quarrel because of the divergence of our views. Louisa is prudent, sensible, economical. It will be a positive pleasure now, when the first plunge is over, to see how nicely she can manage on—what is it?—fifty pounds a year. Ladies, you know, need so little. Domestic management, which I have never understood, alas! is their native element. My poor brother—so rash, so impetuous! Sowerby and French assured me, only yesterday, that in advancing the sum I did, I sacrificed my own interests, and became a martyr, really a martyr, on the altar of family affection.'

After this, there was not much to be said. Sadly and sorrowfully, Bertram took his leave, and went down the steps of Mr Walter Denham's pretty Kensington villa; while the master of the house eyed his retreating figure with a sort of amused smile, and then skimmed the columns of his morning paper with unabated interest.

(To be continued.)

'JANE WELSH CARLYLE'

TOWARDS the end of last year (October 16) we published in this *Journal* a brief memoir of Thomas Carlyle, whose death took place at Chelsea on the 5th February of the present year, while in his eighty-sixth year. We have now the pleasure of offering to our readers a few interesting traits in connection with Mrs Carlyle, who, to quote the epitaph on her tombstone at Haddington, 'for forty years was the true and loving helpmate of her husband.'

Our contributor, to whom we are mainly indebted for the following sketch, writes as follows: Jane Welsh Carlyle was the most genial, charming, and affectionate woman I ever had the happiness to meet. Retaining in her warm heart the most tender recollections of her childhood's home, and always clinging fondly to past memories and the friends of her youth, she was even in her declining years a most deeply interesting and delightful being.

It was in the summer of 1857 that I had the pleasure of seeing her for the first time. She was the only child of Dr Welsh, a medical man in Haddington, and was deeply attached to the place of her birth, which was also that of her celebrated ancestor John Knox the great Reformer; and delighted to look back upon that joyous, girlish period of her existence. She had come to that town to visit some kindly old ladies at Sunnybank (as it was then called); and knowing how she prized anything belonging to her old home, which was now ours, I sent her a basket of pears from the tree where, no doubt, she had often gathered them in bygone days, and encircled them with the prettiest flowers I could find. She was much pleased with the little offering, and sent with the empty basket the following gracious note:

MY DEAR WOMAN—You don't know how the sight of that fruit and those flowers gathered from the dear old garden, affected me. Thank you, thank you so much! I love the 'Auld Hoose' so dearly, that I know you will pardon me if I do not come to see it and you; the sight of the familiar rooms would be too much for me. But come to Sunnybank, dear, and see me. And believe me, ever yours affectionately.—JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

To Sunnybank I repaired, and in a few moments was talking to her as if she had been an old friend. There was such a charm in her voice and manner, that I did not study her appearance much; I only know that before I had been three minutes in her presence, I was fascinated exceedingly, and could now understand why all her old friends valued her so much and spoke of her so warmly. She had never been exactly pretty in her youth, though her mother was a beautiful woman; but in those days she had been so lively, witty, and full of fun, her complexion was so lovely, and her eyes so bright, that she had ever been most attractive, especially to men, who found in her conversation something always sensible and winning. In her school-days, her flow of spirits was remarkable, and she was ever ready to take part in any piece of innocent fun that went on among her playmates, who were very often boys.

Mrs Oliphant in her *Life of Edward Irving* gives several pleasant pictures of her early training. When a child, Jane's father and mother were accustomed to talk of her education with deep interest; Dr Welsh was determined to have her educated like a boy, while his wife hoped for nothing higher in her little girl than that she should grow up a congenial companion for herself. Meanwhile, Jane was no inattentive listener during these discussions, and having made up her own mind that she would be educated like a boy, took lessons in the Latin *Rudiments* from a student in the neighbourhood, without saying anything to any one. One day after dinner, the parents were surprised to hear a voice, which proceeded from a little figure concealed under the crimson folds of the table-cover, repeat, *Penna, penna, pennam*. The doctor was delighted, and smothered his little girl with kisses. It was at once decided that she should be taught those branches generally thought suitable only for boys in those days. Edward Irving, at that time a teacher in Haddington, became her earliest instructor, and their hours of study were from six to eight in the morning, and after school-hours in the evening. Readers of Mrs Oliphant's interesting book will recollect how admirably they worked together, and how it was that his friend Thomas Carlyle came from Edinburgh and taught her German, a language not at all common in those days among students of any kind, not to speak of ladies. It will also be remembered that it was during these lessons that the mutual attachment of two deeply earnest minds grew and ripened.

Jane sometimes objected to be disturbed by casual visitors; and on one occasion, when she was sent for by her mother to come in and see some callers, she avoided the interview in the following curious way. The window of her bedroom, which was up-stairs, looked into a pretty



wide passage, beyond which was an outside stair, with a door on the same level as her window—both being a considerable height from the ground. Hearing herself called, but not caring to appear, Jane tossed up her window, made a flying leap across the passage, and alighted safely on the landing, which was nearly but not quite opposite—thus rendering the jump a very dangerous one. It was an achievement which might have been performed by a boy, but was not easy for a young girl. However, she was usually quite able to accomplish whatever could be done by a boy; she climbed trees, ran with the best of runners, and was ever welcome among the young school-boys at their games.

Although, in her very girlish years, she seemed to have much more of the nature of a clever, jubilant boy than of a girl, no one, either lady or gentleman, ever spoke of Jane Carlyle but with respect and good-will. She was an accomplished letter-writer; and there was something in her style at once easy, affectionate, and pleasing. She kept up a regular correspondence with her old friends; and scarcely ever let a new year or a birthday pass without sending them some newly published book, either amusing or instructive. I had one or two exceedingly pleasant letters from her after our brief acquaintance. At that time, seeing that I was devoted to Tennyson, she sent me his likeness, giving me some curious literary information, and remarking, concerning *Maud*—which had, I think, just come out at that time—that before it was printed, Tennyson used to come and read it aloud to her, and ask her what she thought of it. Her reply the first time was: 'I think it is perfect stuff!' Slightly discouraged by this remark, the Laureate read it once more; upon which Mrs Carlyle remarked: 'It sounds better this time'; and on being read to her the third time, she was obliged to confess that she liked it very much. This little incident shows how Tennyson must have valued her clear judgment and excellent taste.

She was a helpmate to Carlyle in every way—shared his studies, entered into his literary ambitions, and often wrote his manuscripts. Her calligraphy was good; it was a clear hand; I always found it easy to read; and whether she recorded trivial matters or serious ones, she always managed to make herself deeply interesting. Her very sudden death threw a deep gloom over the hearts of her old friends in Haddington, her native town; and it was to the house of one of these that her remains were brought from London and kept for a night till the funeral took place. The epitaph on her gravestone, which was published in *Chambers's Journal* in October of last year, is in every respect a true one. Some years after her death, her husband made a journey to Haddington that he might revisit her tomb; and when every one was wrapped in sleep, he came and walked round the old house where his wife was born, and which had been so dear to her own loving heart.

Mrs Carlyle's sudden death had something singularly pathetic about it. A friend who had occasion to leave London for some time, confided to Mrs Carlyle her pet dog. Driving one day in Hyde Park about four o'clock, she was greatly alarmed to see the little creature, which had been following alongside the brougham, run over by a

carriage. It was lifted in beside her, little the worse for the accident, and the driver again moved on. The latter, however, receiving no call or directions from his mistress, as was usual, stopped to discover the reason, and was alarmed to find Mrs Carlyle, as he thought, in a fit. He drove at once to St George's Hospital, when it was discovered she had been dead for some time. Her last act had been an impulse of tenderness towards a dumb animal. This sad event took place on 21st April 1866, while Mr Carlyle was in Scotland, whither he had gone to deliver his rectorial address to the Edinburgh students. He returned immediately to London after the receipt of the dreadful news, and we can picture to ourselves the wild desolation of her husband's stricken spirit as he looked upon all that was mortal of his beloved wife. The quick, impulsive heart that made her so lovable, stilled for ever—the light of his life gone out, never to be kindled again.

Writing from London to the late Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, in April of the following year, Carlyle made a passing allusion to this, the master sorrow of his life: 'Yesterday gone a twelvemonth (21st March 1866, Saturday by the day of the week) was the day I arrived at your door in Edinburgh, and was met by that friendliest of hostesses and you; three days before, I had left at the door of this room one dearer and kinder than all the earth to me, whom I was not to behold again; what a change for you since then; what a change for me! . . . It is the saddest feature of old age, that the old man has to see himself daily grow more lonely; reduced to consume with the inarticulate Eternities, and the loved ones now unresponsive who have preceded him thither. . . . Courage, my friend; let us endure patiently and act piously to the end.'

Charles Dickens held Mrs Carlyle in high esteem. His last interview with her was only a few weeks before her death. It was at the house of Mr John Forster, and she came in flourishing a telegram in her hand, which she had just received from Professor Tyndall, telling her in a couple of ardent words of her husband's success in the delivery of his rectorial address at Edinburgh. In the course of the evening, she communicated to Dickens the outline of what she considered might be made the subject of a novel, from what she had herself observed at the outside of a house in her street in Chelsea; of which the various incidents were drawn from the condition of its blinds and curtains, the costumes visible at its windows, the cabs at its door, and such like; and the subtle serious humour of it all, the truth in trifling bits of character, and the gradual progress into a half-romantic interest, enchanted, says Mr Forster, the skilled novelist. This ideal plot was to be completed when they met again; but this never took place.

Talking about Mrs Carlyle, an old friend said to me: 'Jane was a creature of such keen, warm feelings, that they were absolutely agonising to herself. Old memories connected with her father and mother—little incidents belonging to childish years—a leaf from an old and well-remembered bush or tree; all these were food for an almost morbid sensitiveness, which yet did not hinder her from being the dearest, most charming woman I ever knew.'

Mrs Carlyle, as I have already hinted, could

never be called good-looking; but she possessed that rare attraction without which mere beauty is nothing—an expression full of heart, and a grace peculiarly her own.

#### SINGULAR CONNECTION BETWEEN DUST AND FOGS.

WHAT seems at first sight a very startling and paradoxical scientific theory, has been laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Mr John Aitken. This theory, briefly stated, is that, were it not for dust, we should have no fogs or clouds. In other words, the particles of water-vapour in the air will not combine with each other to form a cloud-particle, unless the vapour have a solid nucleus on which to condense. Every drop, therefore, however small, which goes to form the mass of a fog or cloud, has been formerly represented in the atmosphere by a dust-particle, which the vapour condensing upon it has made visible. Strangely as this theory at first appears, Mr Aitken's experiments are clearly in the direction of proving its truth. In one of these experiments, steam was mixed with air in two large glass receivers. One of these receivers was filled with common air; the other, with air which had been carefully passed through a cotton-wool filter, and all dust removed from it. In the unfiltered air, the steam gave the usual and well-known cloudy form of condensation; while in the filtered air, no cloudiness whatever appeared.

Other experiments were made with the same result, warranting Mr Aitken to draw the following conclusions: (1) That whenever water-vapour condenses in the atmosphere, it always does so on some solid nucleus; (2) that dust-particles in the air form the nuclei on which the vapour condenses; (3) that if there was no dust, there would be no fogs, no clouds, no mists, and probably no rain, and that the supersaturated air would convert every object on the surface of the earth into a condenser on which it would deposit; (4) our breath, when it becomes visible on a cold morning, and every puff of steam as it escapes into the air, show the impure and dusty condition of our atmosphere.

As to the existence of this atmospheric dust, there can be little doubt. Every one knows that there are myriads of microscopic creatures in existence, and that these must from their nature have a supply of food in microscopic particles. The fine, invisible dust, therefore, which pervades our atmosphere must, whatever its source, contain within it not only particles of inorganic matter, but many germs of living substances—a fact which has been proved repeatedly in connection with the experiments bearing on the fallacy of spontaneous generation. Any substance, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal, which breaks up into minute parts, contributes to the supply of this atmospheric dust. Even the spray from the ocean, when dried and converted into fine dust, has been shown by experiment to be an important source. Mr Aitken also showed that by simply heating any substance, such as a piece of glass, iron, brass, &c., a cloud of dust was driven off, which, carried along with pure air into the experimental receiver, gave rise to a dense fog when mixed with steam. 'So delicate is this test for dust, that if we heat the one-hundredth of a grain

of iron wire, the dust driven off from it will give a distinct cloudiness in the experimental receiver; and if we take the wire out of the apparatus, and so much as touch it with our fingers and again replace it, it will again be active as a cloud-producer.'

As to the dust-producing capacity of the different substances experimented upon, common salt was found to be one of the most active. When burned in a fire or in alcohol flame, it gave an intensely fog-producing atmosphere. But salt, again, was quite outdone by sulphur, which was the most active substance experimented upon. It gave rise to a fog so dense that it was impossible to see through a thickness of two inches of it.

The dust-particles which form the nuclei of fog and cloud, must not be confounded with the minute dust-motes which are revealed to us by a beam of sunlight when shining into a darkened room; because these dust-motes can be entirely removed by heat, and yet the air remain active as a cloud-producer. The heat would seem to break up the larger motes which reflect the light, into smaller and invisible ones. When dust-particles are spoken of, therefore, it must be understood that reference is not made to such motes as the sunlight reveals, and which are comparatively large, but to those infinitesimally small particles which are quite invisible.

This theory of Mr Aitken's is not unlikely to lead to some discussion in its relation to the question of city fogs, such as those that darken and defile London. Deductions, however, must not be allowed to weigh against facts which are ascertainable by experiment; and although, in the larger field of Nature outside the laboratory of the physicist, agencies may be called into play to modify in some respects the conclusions based upon these experiments, yet, looking at the matter as a simple discovery in the domain of meteorological science, the facts ascertained by Mr Aitken in this connection are of immense value. Among other things, they prove the beneficial service of cotton-wool respirators to persons who suffer from asthmatic or pulmonary affections, or even to healthy persons who reside in districts liable to be invaded by fogs or mists. As we have seen, it was impossible to raise any fog in a receiver containing air which had been filtered through cotton-wool, the air being absolutely pure, and uncontaminated by those microscopic particles which not unfrequently contain in them the germs of disease and death. This discovery of the connection between fogs and dust seems to us to be one of the most useful, as it is one of the most curious, scientific achievements of the century.

#### THE FIRM OF AH-WHY & CO.

##### A BANKER'S STORY.

WHEN I was sent up to Hankow as manager of the Anglo-Oriental Bank branch there, the *comprador*, or head of the native department, was one Hat-ling. Like most *compradors*—men whose position demands that they should be thoroughly trustworthy, well educated, and completely *au fait* with all sorts of business—he was a man of no little importance. His robes were of the finest silk; he smoked the choicest Manila cigars; drank the finest brands of champagne; his nails were of the longest; and his palanquin one of the

best turn-outs in the Settlement or, as it is termed, Concession. Such a man was not to be treated as a servant, or even as a clerk, for his extensive acquaintance amongst the native merchants, his long experience of business, brought him in contact with me rather as a confidant and adviser. I soon found out that he was a thorough man of business, keen and far-sighted, as are most Chinamen who have mixed much with Europeans and who have added to their natural aptitude the civilising polish of the West. I congratulated myself upon the possession of so able an interpreter of my plans and wishes. Hai-ling, a Macao Portuguese named Manero, and a tribe of *shroffs* and coolies, formed the foreign contingent of our staff; whilst I and a young Englishman named Heygate occupied the European department.

Matters progressed smoothly and well for some months, until I happened to take exception to the habit Hai-ling indulged in of introducing parties of Chinese friends to inspect our new treasury, which as being the latest and most perfect construction of its kind in Hankow, was looked upon as a sort of show affair. I did not care about our boxes of sycee silver, our dollar-bags, and our safes being exposed too much to public gaze, although I knew that Hai-ling was the impersonation of all that was honest. So I spoke to him on the subject, quietly. From that day his manner towards me changed; he evidently resented my interference as implying a want of trust in him; and although he was calmly civil after the manner of the imperturbable Mongol race, there was a reserve and a hauteur in his attitude which I as his superior officer felt little inclined to put up with. One morning he came into my private room, and asked me to allow a great mandarin from Wu-chang to inspect the treasury. At first, I rather resented Hai-ling's impertinence in touching upon a sore subject; but he explained that the Wu-chang mandarin was really a distinguished person, and that it might lead to business; so I granted the permission. The party stayed a long time—so Heygate told me—and were loud in their expressions of wonder and admiration at the strength and ingenuity with which our treasury was built. The *comprador* entertained them at his rooms, and they went away with much hilarity, gesticulation, and chattering.

By granting this permission, I imagined that matters would perhaps assume a more cordial aspect between the *comprador* and myself; for although one may have even a contempt for a man, if the daily course of one's life runs much in the same groove as his, it is always disagreeable for it not to run smooth. My astonishment, then, may be imagined, when, the very next morning, Hai-ling tendered his resignation with many expressions of sorrow and distress, and still further when the Portuguese clerk Manero followed suit, and stated his desire to quit our service. I thought it strange; paid them their salaries together with the customary leave-taking 'kum-shaw,' and set to work to replace them. Applicants for the vacant post of *comprador* arrived in crowds—men who could do everything, who could speak every known language, who possessed every necessary qualification; and it was with some difficulty that I made my selection. Finally, I pitched upon a benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had served, so he said—and so, curiously enough

amongst other great men, said the mandarin from Wu-chang—for many years as *comprador* in a European Bank which had broken up. And so, again settled, I forgot Hai-ling and Manero and the past altogether.

The new *comprador*, who might have passed for an archbishop, so bland and benignant was his demeanour, so majestic and deliberate his movements, was an excellent man of business, and we got on capitally together. So well and smoothly in fact did matters work, that I felt myself quite justified in taking a fortnight's trip to Shanghai. So I left, spent a jovial time in the gay capital and in the country adjoining, and returned to Hankow early in December. Talking to Heygate, who had been in charge during my absence, I asked him about the new *comprador*.

'Well,' said Heygate, 'he seems a good sort of a fellow, understands his work and all that, and apparently has a lot of influence over the Chinese merchants here; but lately he has been drifting into Hai-ling's old habit of asking his kith and kin and his mandarin friends to see our treasury. I told him about Hai-ling, and he seemed much surprised, saying that we ought to be proud of being able to attract such notice, and that if we knew what delight it gave to his simple rustic friends, we would not be so particular. However, I gave him to understand that we didn't like it; so now he is all right again.'

Somehow or other, I did not think it was all right, and told Heygate to keep a sharp look-out.

Not many days after, a very stylish native gentleman was dropped at our door by his chair, and desired to see me. He said that he was a partner in a great native firm, styling itself Ah-why & Co., and made overtures for business on rather an extensive scale. His house, he said, had connections at all the China coast ports, and he had been recommended to our Bank; in support of which statements he produced from the voluminous folds of his silken garments letters of introduction and testimonials as to integrity and soundness, from large English firms and banks, which I deemed sufficient, for we had been especially cautioned by the head office in London to be very careful in the opening of new business, and not to entertain proposals of any kind unless thoroughly assured of the goodness of the parties initiating them. To the unaccustomed eye of Europeans, all Chinamen seem to resemble each other, but after a while one learns to discern faces as easily as at home. In this Chinaman, there was some trait, some feature, some peculiarity of manner, which reminded me of some one I had seen before. The more I looked at him the more forcibly was I impressed with this idea, but I racked my memory in vain to identify the resemblance. However, he was so open-spoken, and his references were so undeniable, that I expressed myself willing to enter into business relations with him, and as a preliminary requested that he should pay a certain sum in hard sycee silver into our treasury, merely in guarantee of good faith. We shook hands cordially on parting; and in the course of the afternoon the first instalment of the guarantee silver arrived at the Bank, was weighed, counted, and found to be correct. The rest of the silver, said the partner of Ah-why & Co., would arrive before the closing of the Bank at five o'clock; which it did, and as it was impos-

able to weigh and count every box, was placed in the treasury with the first instalment without further to do.

Most satisfactory were the relations existing between us and Ah-why & Co., and I wrote home glowing accounts of the lucrative branch of business established. It is true that at times we advanced them rather large sums, larger indeed than the Inspector would have approved of had he been on the spot, but they were punctually repaid, and the security given was undeniable. Ah-why & Co. seemed to do an enormous business. Every day messengers passed between us; every day carts of bullion arrived at or departed from our doors; every day rolls of notes amounting to many thousand dollars were exchanged for the hard metal.

The advances, however, developed to so great an extent, that, satisfied as I was with the soundness and probity of Ah-why & Co., I began to feel a little nervous in the event of such accidents as from time to time startle the commercial world, more especially as once or twice lately I had heard from brokers and other retailers of local gossip, one or two little things which did not seem to show Ah-why & Co. in so brilliant a light as that in which I had invested them.

I was talking to the *comprador* in my room upon this subject one afternoon, and giving it as my opinion that we should draw in our horns a little, when I heard a tremendous row outside. Opening the door, I beheld our *shroffs* engaged in violent altercation with a Chinaman. All were talking as loud as they could, and rattling out the mouth gutturals of the 'Flowery Language' with flashing eyes, flushed cheeks, and gesticulations which almost amounted to blow-giving. I inquired the reason. All parties turned on me, and showered on me in 'pidgin English' their versions of the case.

'Let's have the *shroff* first,' I said.

So the *shroff* said: 'This man talkee this no belong good note, showing me a piece of paper-money. I talkee he that it belong number one good, and that we no makey pay bad notes this side.'

'And I say, sir,' put in the affronted Chinaman, 'that it belong bad note. No can makey pass in that native town. Spouse I wanthee hundred dollars, that Chinaman in native town talkee: "No can—belong bad note."'

'Well, my friend,' said I, 'if you think it is a bad note, take another, and don't let us have any more disturbance.'

The *comprador* gave him another note from a different box, and he went away, not without turning it over and over, however, as if he suspected further foul-play on our part. After a few minutes, another Chinaman came in, and there was further altercation; then another and another, until the little vestibule of the Bank was filled with an angry, clamouring mob. This was more than an accident, so I rushed into the *comprador's* department and seized the note-boxes. 'Who presented these notes for payment?' I asked.

'The messenger from Ah-why & Co.,' was the answer.

I started back and repeated: 'Ah-why & Co.' I examined every note. They appeared genuine, and I could not detect the slightest flaw in them; but I knew that what my little practised eye failed to see, the keen glance of a native, ever on

the alert for deception and foul-play, would detect in a minute.

'Couldn't you see that they were not good?' I asked the *comprador*.

'No, sir,' he replied with unflinching dignity. 'Spouse man pay in large lot of notes, no can see if each one belong plover.'

'Well,' I said, 'we must pay these fellows, and keep every note.'

Full of wrath and disgust, I retired to my room and called in Heygate. We consulted for a long time together, and finally resolved to send for the European sergeant of police.

Sergeant Thomas Orthwaite, a huge Yorkshireman, appeared in due course of time.

'Look here, Orthwaite,' I said, when the big man had settled himself on to the extreme edge of the smallest chair in the room. 'We've rather a nasty business on hand here. I want you to go down to the office of Ah-why & Co. in the native town, keep your eyes about you, and report if anything unusual is going on there. Don't show yourself too much, but dodge amongst the crowd in ordinary clothes.'

'All right, sir,' said Orthwaite.

'And,' said I, 'if you should see one of the partners—you know the man I mean—ask him politely but firmly to step up here and see me—in fact, bring him with you.'

The worthy sergeant saluted and left the room.

'Meanwhile,' I said to Heygate, 'tall the *comprador* I want to see him.'

Heygate went out, and reappeared the next minute with a face expressive of the blankest astonishment. 'The *comprador* can't be found,' said he.

'Can't be found!' I echoed. 'Nonsense. Shut up every door, and don't let a soul in or out.'

None of the *shroffs* who sat cowering in a corner, impassive, unenergetic, and irritatingly calm, could tell us anything about him, except that he had left the office about ten minutes before, taking his keys with him. We examined the silver in the treasury—especially the last instalment of Ah-why & Co.'s deposit money. Every box weighed correctly; the top 'shoes' of silver were there; but underneath them, in every one of twenty boxes, were bars of iron and lead! Against this so-called silver, and in payment of notes tendered to us, accepted by us, paid out by us and returned as forgeries, Messrs Ah-why & Co. had never in all about fifty thousand dollars. I had never felt before, and I hope shall never feel again, the shame and humiliation which I experienced when I discovered that I had walked deliberately and calmly into a trap. I could have thrown myself into the great yellow river in my mortification, and was wandering up and down the passage with my hands pressed tight to my brows, meditating some desperate move or other, when there came a loud knock at the outer door, and I let in Sergeant Orthwaite.

'Well, Sergeant,' I said, 'what news?'

'There ain't been such a firm as Ah-why & Co. at the house you mentioned to me, not for a week,' replied Orthwaite. 'The shutters be up, and nobody don't know nothing about them. But I tell you who I did see, though, and that was that ere young Portygoose you used to have in the Bank.' I saw it all. My two *compradors* and Manero were Ah-why & Co. The mandarin of Wu-chang

was party to the game, and so were the batches of friends who were so fond of looking at my treasury. Now that I was pretty sure as to the identity of my foes—of all but the respectable gentleman who called upon me in the first instance on the part of Ah-why & Co.—I might get hold of them, but to regain the lost treasure was another matter. I knew, however, that they had been paid in hard dollars and sycee silver, which they could hardly as yet have had time to get rid of, so I instructed Orthwaite to have his men on the look-out at every possible point of exit, and sent a messenger to the captain of Her Majesty's gunboat *Crasher* lying in the river, asking him to keep his eye on the waterside movements.

Then Heygate dined with me at the senior hong, and we talked over matters together. Heygate was a thoroughly good fellow, and had been an old chum of mine at Haileybury. We had stuck to each other through our Eastern careers, and I felt towards him as a confidant and an equal, rather than as a subordinate. After dinner, we lit our cigars and strolled down to the Bund, seeing that the watchmen were at their posts, and that all was shut up securely; for we had enjoined the strictest secrecy upon all connected with the Bank, and were pretty sure that as yet Ah-why & Co. could not have heard of the discovery of their little game.

Hankow Bund cuts but a poor figure when compared with that which rears its magnificent front to the river at Shanghai. One end is bounded by the offices and wharves of the various shipping companies, whilst the British Consulate terminates the other extremity. Between these two points Heygate and I walked, talking over the event of the day, and making plans for immediate action. It was a calm, clear winter's night, extremely cold, but without wind. Every sound from the ships moored in mid-stream, from the brilliantly lighted rooms of the houses facing the Bund, and from the coolie dens of the native city, rang out clearly and distinctly; the stars shone as they only shine in the far Eastern sky, and a cold, thin moon threw a ray over the turbid waters of the mighty river rolling on to the sea.

We had walked up and down more than an hour, and were turning to go home at the Consulate end of the Bund, when we heard voices close by us. We listened, and the words 'Bank,' 'Heygate,' and my own name were distinct. We could not see the speakers, but from the sound of their voices guessed that they were on the mud-beach under the Bund wall. Clinging to a sort of instinctive hope that we were on the point of discovering something new about our Bank affair, we crouched down and worked ourselves gradually to the Bund wall. Heygate, as the smaller man, looked over. He waited about five minutes, beckoned to me, and pointed to a sampan, or small boat, grounded on the mud, and to the three figures of Hai-ling, his successor, and the partner of Ah-why & Co. They were talking in 'pidgin English,' as do natives of distant parts of China to each other, and so animated and absorbing was their conversation that they did not notice a slip of mine which very nearly precipitated me on to their heads. We listened with breathless interest, and learned that Hai-ling's successor had been telling them of the scene at the Bank when

the forged notes were discovered, and that they were concocting a plan of escape. We heard much about a certain large junk which was lying off Wu-chang, and of which the movements were to be ruled by signals from the Hankow shore. Was it not very possible, I thought, that this junk, which probably had our dollars on board, was to convey them down the river out of reach of justice?

Every minute was of value to us, so I whispered to Heygate to slip off to the Bank, about which I knew Orthwaite was lurking, to tell him of our suspicions, and to bring him to us. As Heygate crept away, the clock on the Bund struck eleven: the moon was down, and thick darkness settled over the scene. I waited, watched, and listened. The partner of Ah-why & Co.—or as I shall call him for greater convenience, Ah-why—produced what seemed to be a map, and over this, with the aid of a small paper lantern, the three men pored and argued for several minutes. Finally, they seemed to agree upon a plan; the map was shut up, and they made a move towards the sampan. It was an anxious minute for me, as I was alone, and imagined that they were about to slip out of my grasp; but, unmoved as I was, I made up my mind to prevent their embarkation at any cost. So I raised myself on one knee, ready to spring out. To my intense relief they halted the sampan higher out of the mud, made it fast to a ring in the Bund wall, and slowly passed along the shore towards some steps by which they would ascend to the Bund.

Directly they were out of hearing, I jumped down, cut the rope, and sent the sampan drifting down the rapid stream. This done, I was scrambling up to the Bund again, when my eye caught sight of a white paper on the ground; striking a match, I saw that it was a letter written in Chinese characters, and, although it was Hebrew to me, I folded it up, and put it in my pocket. Scarcely had I reached the Bund, when Heygate returned, bringing with him Orthwaite.

The lantern still betrayed the whereabouts of the three Chinamen, so after them we went, the darkness favouring our movements. As we went, I told the sergeant all that we had seen, and what I had done. Not a man of many words, he expressed complete approval and delight, by sundry grunts and tremendous slaps on the chest.

'Now,' said he, when I had finished, 'them three chaps is going into Ah-loo's grog-shop. If you gentlemen don't mind just keeping your eyes on them and staying under this joss-house gate, I'll step off and get some of my best men'—by which the worthy sergeant intimated that he would return with the whole police force of Hankow, mustering in full, half-a-dozen.

'Just before you go, Sergeant,' I said, pulling out the piece of paper I had picked up, 'tell me if this is of any value. I can't translate it, and I know you can read a little Chinese.'

Orthwaite took the paper, and examining it under a lamp, expressed the most complete satisfaction. 'We've got 'em beautiful,' he almost shouted. 'This ere's a letter from the skipper of that junk off Wu-chang. He says if our friends here in the grog-shop don't look alive, the Wu-chang customs folk will be after the dollars they've got aboard—your dollars, gentlemen, as sure as my name's John Orthwaite. Now, please stop here; I



won't be long, and I know that if them chaps have gone into Ah-loo's, it's to get a little courage into them, which they'll be some time doing, I'm thinking.'

In a quarter of an hour the sergeant returned with three European constables—Yorkshiremen like himself—and three smart-looking Chinamen. All were armed, and the sergeant gave us a revolver each, retaining a huge navy cutlass for himself. 'Not that we shall want 'em gentlemen, but the sight of them may cool you chaps' pluck. Besides, the crew of the junk are just as likely to be armed as not.'

We felt uncommonly like a band of smugglers or preventive men, as we stood there in the darkness, stowing away our pistols, and talking in whispers, and rather prayed for a brush than otherwise. John Orthwaite was completely in his element: he had been many years in Her Majesty's navy; and the police duties of dull, respectable man who had served at the Greenhill battery before Sebastopol, and who had been third man into the breach of the Taku forts.

'Now, lads,' said he to his men, 'run out silently the four-oared galley, and steer to that junk with the red light, dodge about between the ships, and don't let yourselves be seen. I'll be after you in the pair-oar.'

The men replied with an 'Ay, ay, Sergeant;' and in a very few minutes we saw them pulling up against an eight-knot tide.

Very soon after, the three Chinamen issued from the grog-shop—not exactly intoxicated, but well fortified, and talking with more vociferation than discretion. We jumped back into the obscurity of the temple porch, and allowed them to proceed down the Bund, following them under the shadow of the trees. Arrived at the spot where they had tied up the sampan, they found nothing but a bit of tattered rope hanging to the ring, and their surprise and disgust took the form of tremendous execrations and violent gesticulation. Back they turned, evidently with the intention of getting a recast from the quays, and we followed them, resolved not to lose sight of them for a moment. We watched them descend to the water's side, and heard them wake up the owner of a sampan and haggle with him. Then we jumped into our pair-oar—Heygate and I pulling, whilst the sergeant took the middle-lines.

'Wait a bit, gentlemen,' said he; 'I want to see them start, and then up with the boat!'

Very soon a sampan glided out from the mass of vessels lying alongside the quay, and proceeded up-stream. Dodging amongst the ships, we fetched the Wu-chang shore unobserved, and some time before the Chinamen: the galley lay snugly hanging on by its boat-hook to the side of a big junk, and we were soon drifting down towards the junk the sampan drift silently down towards the junk with the red light, heard voices as in challenge and reply, and observed the three Chinamen climb on board. Then came the rattle of the windlass, and we knew that our opportunity had arrived.

We dropped alongside, made the boats fast, and jumped on to the junk. At first we thought there would be a shindy, for several very ugly looking fellows, armed to the teeth, ran towards us; but the apparition of the big sergeant with his cutlass, and of our revolver barrels, checked

their ardour. We caught Mr Hai-ling and his successor just as they were slipping over the side of the junk into the sampan. Mr Ah-why tried the same dodge also; but I caught him with the one hand by the arm, and with the other, enabled pigtail, which, coming off in my hand, enabled me to recognise in the disguised Chinaman our late clerk Manero! No wonder, when he first appeared in my private room at the Bank, to open the business connection on behalf of the great firm of Ah-why & Co., that I was struck by his resemblance to some one I could not recall.

The agony of the three men at thus being checkmated was at once pitiable and ludicrous. We tied them together in a corner, and put an English constable over them, and there they sat, writhing and moaning and crying like whipped children. The crew of the junk, seeing us in such indisputable possession, yielded without any further bother. Heygate went ashore to lodge information at the British Consul's office, whilst I with the others remained on board.

At daybreak we commenced the operation of searching the junk. Beneath a cleverly contrived layer of wine-tubs and tea-chests, we found the dollars and sycee silver, just as they had been taken from us, save that clumsy attempts had been made to erase the Bank's marks and numbers.

To cut a long story short, Hai-ling and his companions were turned over to the navy; the Chinese court of justice, and would certainly never have seen another sun rise but for the intercession of the British Consul and ourselves. John Orthwaite received a very substantial reward for his services, and only regrets one fact in the business—that there was no fighting. Heygate and I still pull together, and are often called upon to tell the story of Hai-ling.

## THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers have recently issued, along with their annual Report, a list of subjects for papers for which premiums or prizes will be given. These premiums represent the interest upon certain trust funds held by the Council for the furtherance of Engineering knowledge, and amount collectively to nearly five hundred pounds per annum. The selected subjects are no fewer than forty-seven in number, and cover, as may be imagined, a very wide field of knowledge. It is interesting to note that the first thirteen are devoted to matters more or less connected with railway engineering; and as we read them through, one cannot help feeling that they have been in a great measure suggested by the Tay Bridge calamity. Thus, No. 1 deals with the Frictional Resistance of Various Soils on Piers and Piles; Nos. 2 to 6 with the Strength and other Qualities of Steel and Iron for Structural Purposes; No. 7 with the Methods for Protecting Metal-work exposed to Corrosion; No. 8 with the Strain Caused by Dead and Live Loads upon Structures; Nos. 9 to 12 with Bridges; and lastly, No. 13 with the Action of High Winds on Leaky and Exposed Structures. The Society is prosecuting a work of great usefulness in directing attention to such important questions; and such work

must bear good fruit in time to come. Further particulars as to these premiums, and the communications for which they are offered, can be obtained from the Secretary of the Institution, at 25 Great George Street, Westminster.

Wooden pipes are now being used in Switzerland to convey the waters of a thermal mineral spring between Pfeffer and Ragaz. They are constructed of fir-wood made into staves, and bound together by means of iron hoops. After being carefully tarred both inside and out, they are perfectly water-tight, and possess many advantages over metal piping. They are of course much lighter, and are insensible to changes of temperature, whilst their cost is only about eight shillings per metre. It is interesting to note that the New River water was first brought to London by means of wooden pipes formed by boring out tree-trunks and joining them length by length. Such pipes have been extensively used in America, and they are, under the best conditions, estimated to last thirty years.

An interesting Report upon the Artificial Propagation of Sponges has, at the request of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, been prepared by Professor Ray Lankester. It chiefly deals with the results obtained in some experiments initiated by Professor Oscar Schmidt in the waters of the Adriatic during the period 1863-73. From these experiments, it has been proved that a sponge cut into small pieces will form independent masses of growth. Each piece was fixed to a movable support, and sunk in a suitable locality in salt water, when it was found that it grew into a well-formed sponge of marketable size in about seven years. One condition of success was, that the cuttings must be left in open unprotected beds, where the natural food of the sponge is not withheld from them. This condition unfortunately led to the abandonment of the experiments in 1873; for the regular fishers were so hostile to the scheme—considering that it might in time to come endanger their trade—that they continually robbed the experimental beds, and finally brought the trials to an end. The results obtained are nevertheless valuable, as pointing to the possibility, of growing sponges in localities at present free from them. It seems but yesterday when the sponge was regarded as a vegetable product; we now not only recognise it as an animal, but are considering schemes for its artificial nurture. Human knowledge indeed makes rapid strides; but how much there is still to learn about the embryology of a bit of sponge, those who have studied the subject most, alone can guess.

Mr A. A. Nesbit has proposed what seems to be a very hopeful plan for rendering a forged cheque an impossibility. He suggests the application to the paper of a dye which is sensitive to both acids and alkalis, and which will change colour on being brought into contact with either one or the other. He would then have the necessary printing executed upon such prepared paper in two operations—in one case using an alkaline, and in the other case an acid, ink. This would render the task of altering the written words or figures an impossible one, for it is a well-known fact that all ink-removers are of an acid or alkaline character. The attempted application of any solution of the kind would at once become apparent, and the forger would be successfully baffled.

With splendid liberality, a well-known firm of

engineers, the Messrs Tangye of Birmingham, some months ago offered the sum of ten thousand pounds towards the foundation of an Art Gallery and Industrial Museum in that city, on the condition that half as much again were contributed by public subscription. It has recently been announced by the town-council that they have received six thousand five hundred pounds towards this worthy object, besides numerous promises relating to gifts and loans of valuable works of art. All honour to the Messrs Tangye, who have inaugurated a work which must prove so beneficial to their fellow-townsmen in this and succeeding generations.

A South African paper gives the following simple remedy for curing that distressing and commonly fatal malady diphtheria. It is vouched for as being efficient in the most obstinate cases, provided that it is applied in time. A spoonful of flowers of sulphur is well stirred in a wine-glassful of water. This mixture is used as a gargle, and afterwards swallowed. Brimstone is known to be abhorred by every kind of fungoid growth, and this remedy, which it may here be added has been long known to medical men in Great Britain, may have something in it.

From recent experiments made in France, it is believed that the curious sounds obtained by Professor Bell from different substances in connection with his photophone researches, to which we have recently alluded, are due to *heat*, and not to light. The same effects are said to have been obtained from similar substances by means of a gas jet without the intervention of a lens. In one case, a metal plate was employed which was silvered on the side next the gas jet, when the sounds were very feeble; owing, presumably, to the circumstance that the heat was reflected back to its source. When coated with lampblack—which would of course absorb the heat—the sounds from the same plate were very strong. In another case, a plate of copper gave distinct sounds whilst at a red-heat; but they gradually ceased as the metal slowly cooled.

The heels of boots and shoes are now being made of coir—that is, the outside fibre of the cocoa-nut. The fibre is incorporated with some glutinous cement under heavy pressure, and is afterwards stamped into form. The resulting substance is said to be a fair substitute for leather, and to be highly resistant to moisture and other causes of wear and tear. The utilisation of such a cheap and readily obtained material is, if reports of its efficiency be true, a most useful and promising discovery.

It is reported that an electric watch has been produced by a clockmaker at Copenhagen. It is especially suitable for persons of irregular habits, for it requires no winding up. The sole attention necessary must be devoted to the battery which accompanies it, and which needs replenishing once in six months. We are curious to know the dimensions of this battery. Most things of the kind with which we are acquainted are of the size of an ordinary flower-pot, and would be decidedly inconvenient for the waistcoat pocket.

A new explosive Dyna-magnite is said to give remarkable results, whilst at the same time it will resist every effort to ignite it by simple percussion. It is composed of seventy-five per cent. of nitroglycerine, and twenty-five per cent. of carbonate of

magnesia. It will be seen, therefore, that it differs only from ordinary dynamite in the character of the porous earth used as a vehicle for the glycerine. Hitherto, the monopoly of this class of explosives has, by means of patent rights, been secured to one firm. But as the patent under which these benefits are secured has nearly expired, competition will step in and reduce the price of these destructive compounds. This will be a matter for congratulation to the mining interest, if not particularly so to the public at large.

An ingenious method of testing milk by optical means has been devised by a gentleman at Magdeburg. The apparatus employed consists of a vessel with a glass bottom. The lid of this vessel is furnished with an orifice, in which slides a tube having a graduated scale. This tube is also closed at its lower end by glass. In use, the vessel is filled with the milk to be tested; while the eye is applied to the tube which is drawn out until the liquid appears quite opaque. The figure on the scale is then read off; and a very accurate analysis of the quantity of fat in the milk can be arrived at.

The extensive use of the heliograph in the Zulu and Afghan campaigns has given a wonderful impetus to the art of signalling by means of flashes of light. The heliograph itself as now perfected leaves little to improve upon; but it is of course only applicable so long as the sun is above the horizon. Hence, the attention of inventors is chiefly concentrated upon improvements in lamps for signalling at night. As our readers are aware, the alphabet used is a combination of short and long flashes, corresponding to but not exactly identical with the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraphic system. The most obvious plan for signalling at night is to use a lamp with a movable diaphragm, which will shut off the light for long or short periods as may be required. Captain Colomb some time since contrived a lamp, in which a jet of pyrotechnic mixture, consisting largely of powdered magnesium, was propelled into a spirit-flame by means of bellows. This arrangement gives long or short flashes of intense light, which would be visible for many miles. M. Mercadier has lately proposed a cheaper, and at the same time an efficient form of apparatus for the same purpose. It consists of an argand burner for oil or gas, to which is supplied on pressure of a key (like a Morse key) a stream of oxygen. This gas of course at once intensifies the light; and signalling can be carried on without difficulty.

In this connection, we may note the invention of a new kind of fog-horn for use on shipboard, which is due to Captain Barker. It is mounted upon a metal table marked like a compass, and so contrived that definite combinations of short and long sounds answer to the different bearings. By this means the captain of a ship is enabled to acquaint others in proximity with the course he is steering. An invention of this character is most important, as bearing upon the prevention of those collisions at sea which are so common in foggy weather.

The Prussians, who were the first to demonstrate in actual warfare the superiority of breechloading firearms over those loaded from the muzzle, are again to the fore with a repeating rifle, which is likely to be adopted by the German army. In

recent trials of its efficiency, when columns of the enemy were represented by targets six hundred metres distant, no less than ninety-nine per cent. of the shots fired reached their destination. With the marksmen dispersed in skirmishing order, and with the targets separated so as to represent individual soldiers, eighty-five per cent. of the bullets took effect. Further trials showed that the mechanism was not liable to derangement by contact with earth or other accidents. We trust that it may be a long time before this new weapon is brought to bear upon any but dummy soldiers.

Herr Wickensheimer has recently patented a method of preserving meat by means of a heated solution, consisting mainly of potash, alum, salt, salicylic acid, and alcohol, injected immediately after the animals are slaughtered. For some subjects, the proportions of the mixture are modified. It is said that the flesh of animals treated in this way will be fit for food, wholesome and free from taint, and will remain so for some weeks.

Dr Carnely lately brought before the Chemical Society of London some curious experiments relating to the melting-point of solids, and the effect of pressure in raising that point. He suspended a cylinder of ice in a vacuum, and succeeded in raising it to a temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees centigrade. In other words, he exhibited to his audience a scientific marvel in the shape of a lump of burning hot ice.

In the matter of ice, the Americans have got far ahead of us in the use of the ice-plant, by which the frozen mass, instead of being pounded into fragments by a hammer, is converted, as need may arise, into sparkling splinters, for the fragrant, cooling cup. The ice which is gathered during winter from suburban ponds cannot be fit for purposes to which, five or six months afterwards, it may be largely applied. Its only use should be that of outward application; but, instead of keeping his aerated waters in chests well supplied with ice of this quality, the restaurant-keeper adopts the inefficient plan of keeping the ice and the wired bottles separate, and plunging a piece or two in the draught when it has been poured into a tumbler. In the United States the officers of health maintain a sharp watch upon ice-dealers suspected of obtaining their supply from manure-breeding ponds. No check of the kind is provided in England; and an impression seems to prevail that water, in freezing, purifies itself. This may be the case to some extent, but not wholly. If the dissolution of rough or common pond ice be carefully observed, it will be seen that the result is but dirty water; and science has demonstrated that the evil vitality of certain germs therein has by no means been destroyed by frost.

The telephone seems to be coming into active use, and from all parts we constantly hear of fresh applications of it. It is said that since the action taken by the government against the United Telephone Company has been settled in favour of the former, the Post-office authorities have, in response to their circular, been flooded with applications for telephonic communication. The instrument which the Post-office seems to be adopting is the Gower-Bell form. We may explain, for the benefit of the uninstructed, that this telephone represents Gower's modification of Professor Bell's original model. The sounds emitted are loud enough to be heard some distance away from

the instrument, and although not half so loud as the telephone of Edison, are perhaps more distinct. This form of instrument requires no battery, for it owes its current to a powerful magnet contained within it. This fact is without doubt a great advantage in its favour; for all who have had to do with batteries must own that they are uncertain and troublesome things to deal with. The city of Glasgow seems to be taking the lead in matters telephonic. Messrs D. and G. Graham have obtained a license from the Gower-Bell Company, with the recognition of the Post-office department, which will enable them to throw a network of wires over an area of thirty miles round Glasgow. Many firms in that city are already in communication. In London, the United Telephone Company has upwards of a thousand clients, who can talk with one another through the medium of the Telephone Exchange.

*L'Electricité* states that M. Dohrn has introduced the telephone in connection with his scientific explorations of the bed of the Bay of Naples. By its use the diver and the boatmen overhead are able to communicate with each other quickly and intelligibly, a hint which might be taken advantage of by British divers.

Professor Minchin has hit upon a strange discovery in connection with electricity. He has found that a cell consisting of plates of tinfoil in water containing acid carbonate of lime, is intensely sensitive to light. In other words, such a cell behaves much in the same manner as the selenium cell used in Professor Bell's photophone. Experiments tend to show that its action is not quick enough to enable it to replace the selenium in the photophone; still, it generates a powerful current; and looking to the simple means employed, the discovery is one of a most interesting nature.

A clever application of the property which selenium possesses of altering its conductivity by the access of light, has just been devised for regulating the heat of the 'muffle' furnace employed in baking stained glass. The selenium is so arranged in the focus of a parabolic reflector placed at some distance from the muffle, that a telescope pointed towards the furnace is in a line with it. In circuit with the selenium is a thermopile and an electric bell; but this bell cannot give any alarm until the resistance of the selenium is lowered by the access of light. When the muffle reaches a cherry-red heat, its light is conveyed by the telescope to the selenium; its resistance is altered, and the bell rings. By a system of levers, the fuel is so diverted from the furnace that the baking process comes to an end.

Broadway, New York, is shortly to be lighted by twenty-two electric lights upon the 'Brush' system. These lights are to be placed on poles twenty feet high, and are estimated to afford a light equal each to a hundred gas-lamps. Two generators will be required for the current, and a twenty-five horse-power engine will be employed to drive them. Another district in New York is to be given up to Mr Edison, who will illuminate it by means of his vacuum lamps. So that we shall shortly have some reliable data by which the merits of the two systems may be gauged.

Some improvements have lately been carried out in Paris with relation to the employment of solar heat for the purposes of steam-boilers. It

is now found possible to bring eighty-eight gallons of water to the boiling-point in forty minutes, the sole condition being that the sky is clear. These experiments are very valuable, as pointing to the economy of using natural forces for industrial purposes; but we fear that to be of any practical benefit, we must first learn how to get our fogs and smoke under control.

In a previous number of this *Journal* (October 16, 1880), reference was made to the theory of M. Colladon that lightning descends in much the same manner as a shower of rain, and that when it falls upon a tree the different streams are drawn by the converging branches to the trunk, which is hence frequently found in such cases to have been split from top to bottom. In the same connection, the learned Professor has recently pointed out that a poplar or other tall tree may, if its roots strike into damp soil, serve as a lightning-conductor to protect a house; and he thinks he has verified this conjecture by examination of a number of individual cases of lightning-stroke. Where the house, however, stands between the poplar and a piece of water, the danger of the situation may be increased, as he fears that in such a case the shortest path for the lightning from the tree to the wet conductor may be through the house.

It is now well known that one of the lowest forms of animal life is the *Amoeba*, a small gelatinous mass of matter, or protoplasm as it has been termed, which has the power of shooting out limb-like processes and withdrawing them again. At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr Haverst communicated an explanation of the amoeboid motions of masses of protoplasm. By a simple mechanical contrivance, he illustrated these motions with remarkable success. An india-rubber ball, perforated with several small apertures, was filled with coloured white of egg, and immersed in a solution of sugar of about the same density as the albumen. When a gentle pressure was applied, the albumen was forced out in long continuous strings or processes; and when the pressure was relaxed, the processes at once retracted inside the ball. This curious result was thought to be in virtue of the action of the viscosity and surface-tension of the gelatinous matter, and was illustrative of the manner in which the amoeboid processes, after being expelled by contraction of the internal muscular structure, are again withdrawn.

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## THE FENLAND OF THE PAST.

THE Fens! How varied are the thoughts and associations which these words suggest! To some—familiar only with the broad level plains to right and left, as they whirl along the iron road-way—there is a wearisome monotony in the very sound. As the rain-cloud sweeps over the black peat-land, blurring the horizon with driving mist, that hangs over the dikes and wraps the sodden pasture-grounds in gray—then, without doubt, the Fenland is a dreary sight. To some, these solitary tracts, with all their wealth of animal and insect life still haunting the lingering sedge-patches and the few undrained broads, have not entirely lost that fascination which ever surrounds the wild chaotic grandeur of the primeval Fen. Of the Fenland in these prehistoric times we can but accept what geologists tell us, and they tell us this—that where those broad fields stretch to-day, lay a wide wilderness of woods and thickets, of broad meres and reed-choked streams, where the reindeer, elk, and roebuck wandered at will among the shallow pools, crashing through the rushes from island to island—where ash and willow grew high and thick—dense jungles where the wild-boar had its lair, and the bittern boomed. Then slowly through the spongy soil, year by year these forests sank, and left a vast plain of reeds and water—an expanse unbroken, save here and there by a solitary island, as at Ely, or Croyland, or Peterborough.

The Fenland is rich in mediæval legend and romance. The toils of its first settlers, the holy lives of its saints, the exploits of its heroes, are all surrounded by a mystical halo of beauty. Their history is their own. Shut out from the world around, each island was, as it were, a tiny government in itself; the troubles without, little disturbed those peaceful hierarchies; and within, perfect concord seems to have reigned.

When we turn to historic times, there is a beauty in the opening scene strangely at variance with the wild solitude of those unpeopled regions.

It is given by the old Chronicle in only a few words; but we can picture it for ourselves. There are not many figures to crowd the canvas, and the background is but a level line of sedge and water. It was August in the year of our Lord 699. It is sunset on the mere, such a sunset as the Fenland can but show. A long straight path of blinding light stretches to the horizon, and mingles with the sky, where the rising mists, in clouds of purple and gray, wrap all the distance in a mysterious gloom. There is a dead silence in that lonely spot. The twilight deepens: the sedge-bird warbles from the reeds, its tiny song carried far along the water; and once by one great moth it flit from flower to flower. Slowly the nocturnal life awakes, and the stillness of the Fen is broken by the mysterious voices of these unseen wanderers of the night. A tiny boat draws near, leaving a long ripple of light on the gleaming water. Its occupants are two. The splash and gurgle of the oars jar strangely in that lone solitude. The bows crash through the reeds; the tall sedge rustles; and high in air rise, screaming and clamouring, countless wildfowl. High overhead they wheel, and in long arrowy flight, make for the distant broads. Then as the clamour dies away, and silence reigns once more, we turn to the intruders. One stands alone upon the shore, and the light craft glides noiselessly away, until lost to sight amid the gloom out of which it came.

Thus opens to us the story of St Guthlac. Of his solitary life in his island home—of the wild tales of fiend and goblin who frequented the morass—of the gentler legends, how the wild-birds of the Fen nestled round the holy man, and the ravens did his bidding, we can only refer to in passing. It is the work of the saint that we would notice—no less a labour than the attempt to transform waste and water into rich corn-land. Slowly, very slowly through after-centuries, the strife between Nature and Man dragged on. Fever, ague, mighty floods and bitter frosts on the one side; dogged perseverance, an iron will, and an iron frame on the other; for



none but the strongest could exist in the Fens of those days. Soon after the death of Guthlac, arose the first of the famous Abbeys of Croyland, built on huge piles of oak and hazel, driven into the Fen.

Years passed on, years of prosperity and peace; orchards and gardens rose around the island monasteries; and on the lower ground, green reed-beds gave place to fields of golden corn. Draining, tilling, banking, patiently they laboured on through summer's heat and winter's cold. Some fell before fever and ague; others struggled on right manfully. It was a hard fight with the mists and the water.

At the end of the ninth century, the thunder-cloud of war burst suddenly over these happy islands. Not even their defences of marsh and mere could protect them from the ravages of the wild Northmen. The wealth accumulated during years of peace excited the avarice of the Danish armies; and now for the first time the clang of battle rang over the silent broads.

It was in the summer of the year 870 that the allied Danish armies, returning from Northumbria, swept over the Fens from north to south, burning, slaying, plundering in their course. Croyland was the first to fall before the fury of the host. Ingulph tells of the consternation and dismay which fell upon the Brotherhood; how some took boats, and fled over the wide waters, seeking refuge in the mazes of the reeds; while others remained behind to conceal the treasures of the monastery. He tells how they took the great golden altar, a royal gift, with the chalices and other vessels, and sunk them in the Abbey well, while distant shouts heralded the approach of the advancing host. Then, as the enemy drew near, the Abbot gathered around him the boys and Brothers of the house, and they stood together in the choir by the high-altar to await their death. The Dunes burst in; the resistless band were massacred; then church and monastery were plundered, and given to the flames; and that which but a few hours before rose from the waste as a thing of beauty, now lay in ashes, and the work of centuries was all undone.

One by one the fugitive monks returned to Croyland, some from Medeshamstead (Peterborough), eight miles across the mere. It would seem that despair had taken possession of this little remnant. No work of restoration was attempted; and there they dwelt among the ruins of their former home; and for more than half a century the Isle lay desolate. Turketil, in the next century, founded as it were the monastery anew. He raised the church again; the tower he built strongly with 'beams of remarkable length'; the hall for guests, and the infirmary, were 'wonderfully constructed with beams and planed planks, and covered with lead'; the stables and other offices of the monastery were renewed. All these, we are told, were of wood, except the chapel and almshouse by the gateway, which were of stone. He made, too, the famous seven bells of Croyland; 'nor was there such a peal of bells in those days in all England.' So, under his care and the Abbot that succeeded him, Croyland rose again to the first rank among monastic establishments. Before the altar lay the twelve white bear-skins, the gift of Canute's royal self; and in later times the martyred Walthoof found a resting-

place by the high-altar in the choir which his own benefices had helped to raise.

After Croyland, the interest of Fen history shifts to the Isle of Ely. The royal foundation of Etheldreda had shared the same terrible fate as the neighbouring houses. After its destruction, a monastery of secular clergy rose over the ruins of the former nunnery. Among the benefactors to this new foundation stands conspicuous Brightnoth, the Earl of the East Saxons, whose patriotism and piety, and above all his noble death at Maldon, endeared his name to all Englishmen. Ulfcytel was no unworthy successor of Brightnoth to the Earldom of the East Saxons. Under him, the Fennmen proved their valour at Ringmere, where the whole army took to flight save the men of Cambridgeshire, who fought to the last. We are all familiar with the story of Canute's visit to the island—how, as he rowed by, the chant of the Brothers from the distant minster was borne across the water.

Merrily sang the monks within Ely  
When Canut King rowed thereby.  
'Row, knights, near the land,  
And hear we those monks sing.'

But the brightest laurels won by this tiny city of the Fenland belong to later years, when it formed the camp of refuge, and resisted the great William and all his armies—when the island, with its natural defences of marsh and mere, became the rallying-place of the English still unconquered. Thither came from all parts the scattered patriots—Earls Edwin and Morkere from the North; Ethelwine, deposed from his bishopric at Durham; and many another, gathered round their leader Hereward. Earl or churl, a halo of romance surrounds this mystical hero. He comes like a god, no one knows whence. Even his enemies believed they fought a warrior more than human. No wonder, then, that the Fennmen who flocked to his standard—he who had ever led to victory—believed their chief to be of no mortal race. The elaborate plan of attack on the lonely island was conducted under William from Cambridge. Of the struggle, lengthened and heroic, and the fall, we must refer our readers to Froissart's Chronicles and the stirring romance of Kingsley's *Hereward*. Earl Morkere with Ethelwine were among the prisoners. After this, Hereward vanishes, and we hear no more concerning him except from the legends of a later time, and we search in vain over city and cathedral for some memorial of the lost Englishman.

When the iron frosts of winter transformed the fen-lakes into a vast expanse of ice and snow, a monotonous landscape broken only by dark lines and patches of withered sedge—when the bitter north wind, keen from the German Ocean, swept the silent wastes, whirling the scattered flakes in clouds before it, the Fenland was dreary indeed. Away as far as the eye can reach, league beyond league to the horizon, stretches the dazzling snow. A deathly silence ensues over the vast plain, save ever and anon for the loud crackling of the ice-bound mere. Then old and young, Brother and layman, took opportunity of traversing the frozen wastes. Visits were paid from one monastery to another. From Ely in the southern Fens to Spalding in the north, stretched the icy road—sheer forty miles across the Fens by mere and creek, by

Ramsey, Peterborough, Croyland, Deeping, from island to island, where all found a welcome after the day's journey. Then as the sun sank low in the red frosty horizon, and all was calm without, within the great wood-fires blazed in the refectory, where fen-cheer of fish and fowl was served, and the Abbot's wine from the vaults below, the vintage of a southern land, was passed merrily round. We speak of the days when the Benedictine rule had relaxed its severity.

But of these islands beneath a summer sun, we can draw a fairer picture. Green reed-beds fringed the margin of the water, and border the long corn-fields that stretched away on every side; vineyards too—so the old Chronicle tells—mingled with the corn; and over the low lands beyond were scattered the little cottages of wood and clay that clustered round the settlement—here half-hidden among clumps of gray willows, or nestling in the shade of the brighter foliage of ash or hazel. Higher up, the walls of the monastery appear, built with wrought stone from the far-famed quarries of Barnack; a picturesque group of gables and turrets, with steep red-tiled roofs peeping here and there between the branches of the trees below, and the long walls of the convent garden stretching out on the southern side. Then high above all, the crowning glory, the minster, perhaps with its three gorgeous spires, as Lincoln in the olden time; or a more irregular pile, as Ely, with tower and lantern—a landmark for miles and miles, from which, as darkness shrouded the great Fen around, the cresset blazed, or the great bells tolled, to guide the traveller through the reedy labyrinths.

Following the general arrangement of a Benedictine monastery, to which order the great Fen houses belonged, we can gain some idea of the internal life. Embarking at the tiny wooden quay, or approaching by a rude causeway over the morass, we pass through the huts of herdmen and fowlers and labourers of the Abbey, and ascend the rising ground to the Abbey gate. Entering, we find ourselves in the cloister-court. Three sides are surrounded by the covered ways or alleys; on the fourth, rises the towering bulk of the minster nave. Across the open square, the swallows dart, twittering in the sun, which streams over the low buildings on the south, flooding the central garth with warmth and light. All is silent, save the swallows below, and the daws clamouring about the towers above. The alleys are allotted each to separate uses; the western to the novices; the northern to the monks in time of study. In the south-east corner, a narrow passage or *shippe* leads from the cloister to the convent garden, which supplies the monastery with fruit and vegetables. Nor were the flowers forgotten—real old-fashioned flowers—roses and lilies, marigolds, Jacob's ladders, Solomon's seals, stars of Bethlehem, monkshood, and many others, the names of which are nearly forgotten now; and lastly, in later times brought over by the Jesuits, the passion-flower.

This sketch would be incomplete without some notice of good Bishop Hugh, the gentleness and beauty of whose character are displayed in many a legend; and yet beneath that kind face and those winning words there lay an indomitable will, fearless alike in rebuking courtier or king. There is a story told of the issue of a quarrel with King Richard, which illustrates one of the many victories gained by

Hugh through his gentle pertinacity. 'Hugh opposed the raising of a subvention for the prosecution of war in France, when demanded by the king. He refused to have it levied in his diocese. *Cœur-de-Lion* was furious when he heard of this, and sent some men to Lincoln to arrest and eject the Bishop. Hugh had all the bells rung as they arrived, and they were solemnly excommunicated. When Richard came to England, Hugh went to meet him. The king was angry with the Bishop, and refused at first, though he at length consented, to salute him.

"If all the Bishops in my realm were like that man," said Richard when he left, "kings and princes would be powerless against them."

Hugh's name still lives in his glorious choir and transept, one of the finest examples of mediæval art in England, and a work characteristic of the completeness of his own life. Every detail, every ornament is exquisitely wrought, whether concealed or in full view. It seems to have been—as doubtless it was—a labour of love. Like St. Guthlac too, he taught the wild-birds of the Fen to trust him. He had one special favourite, a swan, which accompanied him whenever he walked by his moat. When breeding-time drew near in early spring the swan flew off to its native reed-beds; and its master lived secluded during the Lenten fast. Then, as the long summer days approached, the bird returned; and the people regarded its reappearance, in that superstitious age, as a sign that their Bishop too would be among them soon.

With Hugh, the last but not the least worthy of mediæval Fen heroes, we close our sketch. These heroes form a glorious roll—saints and warriors, priests and builders, and all the nameless noble ones whose toil gave life and beauty to those old pestilential swamps—Guthlac and Etheldreda, Ulfcytel and Brightmoth—Hereward, the darling of the Fenmen; and Hugh, whose gentle love touched their wild lives with a softer light. All, though different may have been their callings, have left some memory of their work behind. It may be in the long rolling corn-lands of to-day; it may be in the gray-towered minster, or in the poet's and historian's page.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER XIII.—MR STUDGE.

At this period, the stately business premises of Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge, in Westminster, should, if localities have a memory, have come to know Bertram Oakley pretty well, so frequent were the young man's visits to the place which he had hoped to enter as of right, and with the promise of an assured future. Those hopes had been blighted by his benefactor's sudden death; but still Bertram strove to gain an audience of one of the partners in this great firm, well knowing, even after his brief experience of that roaring London world where every face is hardened, and every door closed against an unvouchsafed fellow-creature, the value of an introduction. An artful pupil, of course he could no more aspire to be, now that the premium could not be forthcoming, than he could have dreamed of wearing the gold and scarlet of an officer in Her

Majesty's Guards; but he yet longed to obtain some employment which should serve to keep the wolf from the door.

Alas! Bertram was not the first, by some thousands, of those who have learned the bitterness of hope deferred in a great man's antechamber, be that waiting-room that of Prince or Minister, or of any potentate, financial or political. Surly porters growled at him in snuffish fashion; pert underlings snubbed or twitted him, according to the mood of the moment. Eager men of business elbowed him roughly as they went past; and minor satellites of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, with whom his importunity sometimes procured for him the chance of a word or two, were as obscure as the Delphic Oracle as to his prospects of being admitted into the presence of a member of the engineering firm. But Davis and Brooks, good fellows to the backbone, would linger when they dared, to speak a word of friendly encouragement to the clever lad whom they had recognised as a promising recruit to their own privileged ranks, and often pledged themselves, in a timid way, to 'speak a word' when the dreaded and tyrannous Studge should be in a good humour. But apparently such glimpses of serene temper on the part of the energetic Studge were, like proverbial angels' visits; or, possibly, the hearts of Bertram's sympathetic friends failed them when the word should be spoken, for the weary waiting seemed to have no end to it. No written application, no verbal request, seemed to produce the slightest result; and Bertram began to envy the very crossing-sweeper who plied a broom before the door, and who, at anyrate, made a living by his own abject industry. It was almost with incredulity, yet with a sudden bound of the heart and tingling of the pulse, that Bertram found himself one day accosted by a hurried messenger with the words: 'Mr Studge will see you. Look sharp! This way!'

Up some stairs, down some stairs, along corridors, past obtrusive fire-buckets garish with paint, past acoustic tubes, through the midst of jostling people of various nationality, Bertram was whisked, huddled, hustled into a recess, and in front of a door. Loud voices—or, more correctly, one loud voice, resounded from within, contrasting with the subdued tones of several voices that were not loud at all, but meekly assentive or mildly remonstrant.

'He's there,' said the perennially panting messenger, jerking his thumb towards the door.

'Who?' asked Bertram.

'Mr Studge,' answered the messenger drily, as he tapped with deferential knuckles at the door.

'Come in!' bawled the Stentor on the other side; and then went on to shout, as Parliamans pined a flying enemy with their arrows: 'Young fools—fools, I say!' as one door opened, and another which bore above it, in black letters, the words 'Pupils' Room,' was slowly closed. The messenger peeped in, muttered some slipshod sort of announcement, thrust Bertram into the room—a mere closet of a place, papered with maps and honeycombed with cupboards—and retired.

'Name—Oakley, hey? And what, young shaver, d'ye want of us?' inquired Mr Studge, with pugnacious vehemence of address.

'Work,' answered Bertram simply.

Something in the answer, or in the bearing and tone of the answerer, seemed to impress Mr Studge, who stood still—he had been flitting about the room—and looked at Bertram with the expression of a bellicose bull disturbed in a meadow, and who has not quite made up his mind whether or not to toss the intruder on his pastures.

'You're a queer sort, my chap,' said Mr Studge, in his native Shropshire accent.

Bertram, had it been in his nature to make a pert and trite reply, might have retorted with effect. Mr Studge himself emphatically deserved to be styled a queer sort. It was only on the eternal principle of the division of labour that so rough a diamond as Samuel Studge came to figure in the same setting with his bland partners, the gold-compelling Sir Joshua Groby and the oily Sleather. It was a cardinal article of faith among the subordinates of the wealthy firm that Studge, the terrible, had been a navvy. But there was exaggeration here. Mr Studge, the son of a decent farmer near the Wrekin, had never been a navvy. A ganger, or sub-contractor on the railway, he had been, and, since then, overseer on a Demerara sugar estate, and owner of a cotton plantation in Fiji, after which there had come the great promotion of his life. But his manners were not much softened since his earliest days of driving human beings.

'You're the young un, Dr—what's his name?—Denham brought here, to be one of our hard bargains, hey?' said Mr Studge, surveying Bertram with a disparaging scrutiny. 'But that's at an end, my boy, as you can guess, when the cash is not ready.'

Bertram bent his head in sad acknowledgment of the fact. 'For all that, sir,' he said, 'I would serve you faithfully, if you would let me, in any work you deemed me fit for.'

'Can you swing a pick?' asked Mr Studge jeeringly, as he stuck his two broad thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and brought his restless blue eyes to bear on Bertram's well-knit but not fully developed figure.

'I could try, if necessary,' answered the young man, less disconcerted than Mr Studge had hoped.

In person, no two men could well have been more unlike. Mr Studge was a short, thickset man, bluff and bullying, with quick blue eyes that never rested long on the same spot, fair hair that was getting thin, and a beard but slightly flecked with gray. He was very strong, shrewd, and bold, impudent too; and it was said of him that nobody ever knew better how to get the last ounce of labour out of man or horse under his orders. Bertram, as we know, was tall and dark and handsome of feature, with a frank face, and a bearing that was naturally gentle.

'You're a queer one, my lad. Mnstr't waste my time, though. Time's cash! What d'ye know?' demanded Mr Studge.

The question thus abruptly put was one which many a one of us far better educated than was this self-taught lad, might have found perplexing. Bertram, however, was too straightforward of soul and purpose to be disconcerted, and in a few simple words he revealed to the civil-engineer the modest extent of his attainments.

'Umph!' grumbled Mr Studge, as with a blunt pencil he made jottings in a bulky pocket-book.

'Soon told! A bit of French, and a bit of German, reading, writing, 'rithmetic, and a smattering of mathematics and mechanics and so forth. 'Tain't much, my chum.'

'Indeed, sir, it is not,' answered Bertram sadly, but promptly and with perfect frankness, whereas Mr Studge stared at him again.

'Don't you suppose, my shaver,' said Mr Studge, puffing out his chubby cheeks so as to bear an odd resemblance to a tombstone cherub that by some whim of the stone-cutter had been depicted with a beard and a billycock hat—'don't you suppose that we can go out into the labour market—or just beckon, we haven't need to go—to find scores who are practised hands at what you merely dabble in, and can do well what you can do in a so-so style, hey?'

Bertram had not a doubt of the circumstance, and he said so, honestly enough, but his hopes sank to zero. Had he known the world better than at his age was possible, he would have seen that the very duration of the interview was a favourable sign, and that Mr Studge eyed him with the eyes of an intending purchaser who disparages because he means to buy—if only he can buy cheap.

'What's your figure?' demanded, or rather snapped Mr Studge, with startling suddenness. 'Don't you understand, young man? How much a week 'd'ye expect on Saturday nights, hey?'

Bertram was quite willing to leave the fixing of his salary to Mr Studge himself.

'Oh, all right—then I'll put your name down among the extra hands, and pay by results—by the piece, you know,' explained his future employer. 'Here's your first job,' he added, unfolding a huge portfolio, and taking out a bundle of plans, sketches, and manuscript, all in the rough, and tied together with black tape. 'You can draw, you say, and write, I know. Copy these, as neat and as quick as you're able, only don't scamp your work. You can bring 'em when done to Mr Tomkins, Room E, next door but one, on this flight. He'll give you an order for the pay office.'

Bertram saw that he was expected to go, yet he ventured on a mild inquiry as to the probable amount of remuneration in prospect.

'Oh, well,' returned Mr Studge impatiently, and rattling the half-crowns in his pocket, 'you mustn't look to keep a coach-and-six, nor yet live on turtle and venison, on what you'll get out of us. But it depends on yourself, I reckon, whether it's ten shillings, or twelve, or fifteen you pocket at the week's end. And we'll keep our eye upon you, if you behave yourself, in case something better turns up, one of these days. Is it worth your while, that's the question?'

It was worth Bertram's while; and warmly, and with kindling cheeks and brightened eyes, he thanked Mr Studge for his preference.

'That'll do—leave your address with Tomkins, Room E!' was the civil-engineer's not over-gracious rejoinder; and Bertram found himself outside the study door, and trudging along the passage, with the papers with which he had been intrusted tucked under his arm, and a lighter heart by far than he had felt since the sad day of the good doctor's death. Already his foot, so he felt, was planted on the first round of the proverbial ladder; while above him, at an awful distance

it is true, but still to be scaled, rose up the glittering pinnacles and golden battlements of Fortune's citadel. Nor were his hopes wholly selfish. There were others, his benefactor's family, to whom he hoped ere so very long—for youth is pardonably sanguine—to repay the debt of gratitude that he owed to their dead father.

'Studge is a brute—between ourselves—and a driver, and a grinder,' exclaimed good-natured young Mr Brooks the pupil, who waylaid Bertram on his outward course, and extracted from him the particulars of his recent interview. 'He has ground you down, Oakley, pretty sharply, as to terms. But he *does* take a fancy, now and then, and puts a man into a berth where he can earn living wages, anyhow. I'm glad, old fellow, you are coming to our "shop," after all.'

## MONKEYS AT FREEDOM.

THE manners and customs of monkeys are too commonly judged from those of their kind retained in confinement. Imprisonment in one case may break the spirit of the creature, and cause a naturally haughty temperament to become sulky or morose; and in another instance may call forth vices or engender bad habits that in a state of liberty would not have been contracted. Nor can there be a greater fallacy than to deduce laws, and apply them to the whole race, from observations founded upon the actions of isolated individuals. Monkeys are as different in their characters and dispositions as men themselves, each one possessing its own idiosyncrasy; and in their natural condition are often quite unlike what they are in confinement. To do justice to this interesting tribe of creatures, we propose to trace the career of a monkey living in a state of freedom, from its birth to its actual burial, by a series of illustrative anecdotes and observations derived from acknowledged authorities.

Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. For the first fortnight after birth, they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and looking about them. During the whole of this time, the care and attention of the mother are most exemplary; the slightest sound or movement excites her immediate notice; and with her baby in her arms, she skillfully evades any approaching danger by the most adroit manoeuvres. At the end of the first fortnight, the little one begins to get about by itself, but always under its mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself, but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger, seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge.

When about six weeks old, the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk, and is taught to provide for itself. Its powers are speedily developed; and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising. The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education; and should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death. 'The care which the females bestow upon their offspring,' says DuRoielle, 'is so tender and even refined, that one would be almost tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational rather than an instinctive process. It is a curious and interesting spectacle,

which a little precaution has sometimes enabled me to witness, to see these females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their childish outcries, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness a time and attention that in many cases the children of our own species might well envy. The Malays indeed related a fact to me, which I doubted at first, but which I believe to be in a great measure confirmed by my own subsequent observations: it is, that the young *siamangs*, whilst yet too weak to go alone, are always carried by individuals of their own sex; by their fathers if they are males, by their mothers if females. M. d'Osborne states that the parents exercise their parental authority over their children in a sort of judicial and strictly impartial form. 'The young ones were seen to sport and gambol with one another in the presence of their mother, who sat ready to give judgment, and punish misdemeanours. When any one was found guilty of foul-play or malicious conduct towards another of the family, the parent interfered by seizing the young criminal by the tail, which she held fast with one of her paws till she boxed his ears with the other.'

In dealing with the progress of education among monkeys, Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, remarks that they have often diverted him with 'their parental affection for their young offspring, by teaching them to select food, to exert themselves in jumping from bough to bough, and then in taking more extensive leaps from tree to tree; encouraging them by carresses when timorous, and menacing and even beating them when refractory. Knowing by instinct the malignity of the snakes, they are most vigilant in their destruction; they seize them when asleep by the neck, and running to the nearest flat stone, grind the head by a strong friction on the surface, frequently looking at it and grinning at their progress. When convinced that the venomous fangs are destroyed, they toss the reptile to their young ones to play with.'

In the case of the approach of human enemies, an alarm is given by one of the tribe that danger is at hand. In an instant the youngster springs on to its mother's body, and grasps it, to cite Mr Carratt's *Miracles of Instinct*, 'with such tenacity, that no jerk can possibly loosen its hold; for the female parent, notwithstanding her burden, makes her usual and often surprising leaps of twenty or thirty feet from branch to branch and from tree to tree, without finding it necessary to give any assistance to her offspring by way of supporting it upon her own body. The little one holds fast, quite fearless of a fall, and doubtless without knowing anything as to the cause of its being carried off in such a hasty manner, or as to the consequences of insecurity or of a tumble.' Should the mother lose her life in protecting her young one, the latter has been known to be adopted and carefully guarded by other monkeys, both male and female. Rescued from its dangerous position, the little orphan is carried off by the tribe. Its educational and other wants are carefully looked to, the male and female adopters taking their turn alternately, handing the little creature from one to the other as occasion or convenience requires.

A few months may be supposed to have elapsed, when the tribe to which the little orphan belongs

is once more attacked by human foes, who on this occasion are in considerable numbers and accompanied by dogs. These canine auxiliaries are sent in pursuit of the monkeys; but are met with such a gallant resistance, that they retreat in confusion. 'These are again encouraged to the attack,' says Brehm in his *Thierleben*; 'but by this time all the baboons had resented the heights excepting a young one about six months old, who, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a block of rock, and was surrounded by the dogs. Now, one of the largest males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him, and triumphantly led him away—the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack.' Other instances are given of the readiness of the older monkeys to help the young. A little one was seized one day by an eagle; but, says Brehm, 'it saved itself from being carried off at once by clinging to a branch. It cried loudly for assistance; upon which the other members of the troop, with much uproar, rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle, and pulled out so many of his feathers, that he no longer thought of his prey, but only how to escape.'

According to numerous accounts, the larger species of monkeys, in their native forests, construct huts for themselves and families nearly similar in form to those of certain Africans; or else they take possession of those abandoned by the natives. They also make beds of leaves; but, according to some accounts, these are only for the females and young, the males sleeping outside. It is asserted that these African monkeys maintain among themselves a republican form of government, in which the strictest order and subordination are enforced. When they travel from place to place, they are under the command of particular chieftains, which are always the oldest and most powerful of the tribe, and maintain a severe kind of discipline upon the march. The females, when they have but one child, carry it in front of them; but should there happen to be twins, one of them is mounted upon its mother's back. During the march, the females and young always travel in the centre; a troop of the old males leading the van, and another bringing up the rear of the party. Hemprich and Ehrenberg, speaking of such troops of migrating monkeys, remark that 'they did not appear to pay the slightest attention to the Gallas and Abyssinians; but when the European travellers approached, whom they probably mistrusted from the appearance of their firearms, the old males abandoned their station in the rear, and placed themselves between the troop and the travellers; so that it was found extremely difficult to procure specimens of either the females or young. When they first observed the travellers approaching, they all stood erect, for the purpose of examining them. The old males, having driven away the females and young animals, remained in this position till the near approach of the party compelled them also to retire, when the whole troop scampered up the sides of the mountains, making them resound with their shrill clamour.' But travellers in search of 'specimens' do not always get off so easily. Brehm relates how when he formed one of the Duke of Coburg-Gotha's party, they attacked a troop of baboons in the pass of Mensu,



but were utterly routed and put to flight, although provided with firearms; and in many instances, where the men have been unarmed, or unable to get these defenders of their native fastnesses within range, they have paid the penalty of their attack by suffering severe wounds, and even death, from the stones and other articles flung at them. In the neighbourhood of inhabited localities, monkeys turn the tables on their human foes by also seeking for 'specimens,' but of fruit and grain only. 'Where they are likely to meet with resistance,' we are told, 'their predatory expeditions are usually made during the night; but where the thinness of the population and the want of firearms place them on some degree of equality with the inhabitants, they make their forays in the open day, and dispute with the husbandman the fruits of his labour.'

When they are engaged upon any very daring raid, monkeys place sentinels upon the neighbouring trees and heights, to give them timely warning of approaching danger; and should they be surprised through any fault of these sentinels, the luckless individual is either severely punished, or in some cases, it is declared, is put to death for his neglect of the public safety. According to some accounts, these raiders will form a long chain, extending from the field or garden they are plundering, towards their own place of abode; and toss the fruits of their robbery from one to the other, till collected together and deposited in a place of safety. By this co-operative system they are enabled to carry off a much larger booty than they could if each one only took sufficient for himself. When leaving the scene of their plunder, however, each takes off with him as much as he can carry. Fruit and eggs are their chief food; in a state of nature, it is believed, they will not touch the flesh of warm-blooded animals; nor in a state of captivity, unless cooked.

Some monkeys are pre-eminently a silvan race, and never abandon their native forests. 'Each tribe or family has its own particular district, into which individuals of other tribes or species are never allowed to intrude, the whole community uniting promptly to repel any aggression of this nature, either upon their territory or their individual rights. They are highly gregarious, never leave the recesses of the forest, generally take up their quarters in the vicinity of a running stream, and seldom approach the habitations of men. It is this spirit of union and mutual defence which prompts the monkeys to collect round travellers, and by their chattering, grinnings, and every other means in their power, endeavour to prevent them from intruding into the little territory which they regard as their especial property.' Sometimes, indeed, regular pitched battles take place between two tribes, such as those between the Geladas and the Hamadryads described by Schimper, the well-known traveller, when sticks and stones are freely used. Most monkey tribes, however, appear quite satisfied if permitted to remain in peaceable possession of their own localities, there to carry on their customary occupations. Some idea of their mode of life may be gleaned from such scenes as those portrayed by Margrave, in his account of a species Bullon termed *ouarinas*. 'Every day, both morning and evening,' says the traveller, 'they assemble in the woods to receive instruction. When all come together, one among the number

takes the highest place on a tree, and makes a signal with his hand to the rest to sit round, in order to learn. As soon as he sees them placed, he begins his discourse with so loud a voice, and yet in a manner so precipitate, that to hear him at a distance, one would think the whole company were crying out at the same time; however, during that time one only is speaking, and all the rest observe the most profound silence. When this is done, he makes a sign with the hand for the rest to reply; and at that instant they raise their voices together, until, by another signal of the hand, they are enjoined silence. This they as readily obey; till at last the whole assembly break up.' What the nature of this discourse is, not knowing the speaker's language, we have no means of ascertaining. Whether he expounds the laws of the community, or preaches morality to his hearers, cannot even be guessed at; but it may be noted that in many manners and customs, some tribes of monkeys are far better behaved, according to European ideas, than many tribes of men. Among the higher types of monkeys, domestic morality appears to be well preserved. 'Several kinds,' says Darwin, 'are strictly monogamous, and associate all the year round with their wives;' and this same authority quotes the anecdote of an intelligent Kandyan chief, of course a polygamist, who 'was perfectly scandalised at the utter barbarianism of living with only one wife, and never parting until separated by death. "It was," he cynically observed, "just like the Wanderoo monkeys."

Although each family lives separate, it appears to be on social terms with the other families of the tribe; and when they remove their habitations, all travel together in large bands. Let us suppose that the little orphan previously mentioned, now grown up and become one of the leaders of the tribe, has taken unto himself a wife from among the most attractive females of his species. Let us suppose that they are a happy couple, living in the social freedom of their native wood, and knowing nothing of the doings of the outer world, when suddenly a party of travellers appear upon the scene, and ruthlessly despatch the young bride. The sequel, to quote Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*, was as follows: 'On a shooting-party, one of my friends killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and in a menacing posture advanced towards it. On his presenting his fowling-piece, they retreated; but one stood his ground, chattering and menacing in a furious manner. He at length came close to the tent door, and finding that his threatenings were of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by every expression of grief and supplication seemed to beg the body of the deceased. On this it was given to him. He took it up in his arms, eagerly pressed it to his bosom, and carried it off in a sort of triumph to his expecting companions. The artless behaviour of this poor animal wrought so powerfully on the sportsmen, that they resolved never more to level a gun at one of the monkey tribe.'

According to their custom of carrying away their dead and wounded, it may be presumed that our hero bore off his murdered bride and buried her, in accordance with the habits of his tribe, beneath a cairn of leaves. These creatures, as we know,

feel the most intense and overpowering sorrow for their deceased, and something closely approaching to human intelligence mingles with their sense of the ravages of death.

### DUST TO DUST.

'I do wish William were come; surely he ought to be here before this.—What is the time, Aunt Betsy?'

'Never mind the time, dear; your husband will be here soon; you may depend upon it, he will not stay away a minute longer than he can help. But they are always busy when putting on a new mine; you can never tell what may turn up to keep the men overtime.'

'Yes; I know that. But he ought to have been home at six o'clock, and I am sure it is a lot past that. I do wish he were come; and I am so weak;' and as she spoke thus, Mrs Pollarrack could not restrain the tears which soon filled her eyes.

'Now, don't give way so, there's a dear,' said Aunt Betsy. 'Think of your child. What a mercy it is that the little thing is sound and strong, and that you have got through your trouble so nicely. How proud William will be when he comes home, to find himself the father of a fine boy!'

A glow of motherly pride lighted up the young mother's face as she thought of the pleasure her husband would feel on taking his first-born in his arms, and she looked down on the babe, that lay safe by her side.

William and Mary Pollarrack were a young married couple; he, a strong active miner of twenty-four, skilful about pit-work; she, a farmer's daughter barely twenty, as pretty a girl as could be seen in the west of Cornwall. Hers was not a delicate beauty, but that strong healthy sweetness peculiar to a simple country girl. Though they had been engaged for three or four years, they did not cease to be lovers after marriage; their wedded life, which was now of some twelve months' duration, had been a continuation of their courtship. Theirs was a true union—a union of kindred spirits. The arrival of their first baby had been looked forward to with some anxiety by William; but in the morning of the day in which the event took place, he had gone to his work at a tin mine called Wheal Splendour, satisfied that his wife would be taken care of by his father's sister, Aunt Betsy, who came to them the night before, to stay a few days.

Wheal Splendour had recently been restarted, or rather a Company had been formed to rework it. It was an old mine, near O—, that had lain idle for thirty years. The engine-shaft was down eighty fathoms below the adit, which was forty fathoms from surface. A band of men, of whom William Pollarrack was one, were engaged clearing and securing this shaft; and at this time they were about half-way down to the adit.

But to return to the young mother. Aunt Betsy's advice was acted upon with good effect. Mary did think of her child; wondered all sorts of things about it; whom it would be like; whether it would be dark or fair; what they should call it after all; for William had always

said if they had a son, he should like it to be called John after his father; whilst Mary herself thought there was no name like William for a boy; and then she remembered one occasion, when the subject was up between them, how her husband had laughingly said: 'All Williams are not alike; you must not think if we had a son called William, he would grow up as fine a man as his father;' and how she had answered: 'I don't know that; I suppose there are men as fine as you in the world—ah! and a deal finer too, for that part of it, indeed.' They had had other quiet jokes and word-play; and Mary went through many of them over again as she lay still in bed, and thus a good half-hour went by without a sound escaping her; while Aunt Betsy, dear old soul, of great experience in cases of this description, wisely forbore to disturb her, and sat by the bedside without speaking a word, putting in practice her oft-repeated injunction to 'let well be.'

It was a beautiful evening, early in August; the sun had set, but the crimson clouds in the west reflected his glory through the window of the room. The old-fashioned clock down-stairs struck eight in measured tones. The sound roused Mary from her reverie; she turned and looked at Aunt Betsy, and was just going to speak, when they heard some one outside the front-door.

'There; he has come at last!' Aunt Betsy exclaimed.

'No; it's some one knocking at the door. I trust nothing is the matter. Run down and see who it is,' said Mary.

And Betsy did as she was bid, prudently shutting the bedroom door after her. On opening the front-door, she saw, to her surprise, not one, but four men waiting admittance, the foremost of whom, a respectably dressed man, inquired if Mrs Pollarrack was at home.

'Yes, sir; but she cannot see you just now. Will you come inside and sit down a minute? The fact is, sir, Mrs Pollarrack has got a baby; and a fine boy it is,' said Aunt Betsy, as she dusted a chair with her apron.

'Heaven help her, poor thing!' exclaimed the stranger.

'Good gracious, whatever is the matter?' asked Aunt Betsy.

But for a few moments, no one answered her; and she felt a giddy sensation creep over her as the other three men glanced significantly at one another.

At length the one who first addressed her began again, with an evident effort to keep calm: 'My name is Captain Woody; I am agent at Wheal Splendour. Mrs Pollarrack's husband worked there.'

'Go on,' said Aunt Betsy, leaning against the table for support; 'I know what is coming.'

'Poor William!' resumed the Captain; 'I would not have had it happen for a hundred pounds. The men were just leaving work; his comrades had already climbed by the chain to the collar or upper gallery, where the ladder-road commenced, when they heard a noise below; it was a run in the shaft. The planks on which they had been standing had fallen away with Pollarrack. They shouted down; but there was no response; and as the ground was constantly breaking away from the sides, they saw the necessity of getting up as quickly as

they could. It was fortunate they started when they did, for before they reached the surface, the run became general, and the bottom sollar and ladder were carried away.

'Whatever shall we do?' cried Aunt Betsy. 'Is there any chance that William is not killed?'

'None, I'm afraid,' the Captain replied. 'When the run had stopped, and we thought it safe for a man to descend, we let one down in a kibble; but he could not go far. The shaft is choked for several fathoms; some timber must have lodged across the shaft, and the stuff accumulated over it. Now, the chances are a hundred to one against the poor fellow's having fallen into the adit plat, and that too without being killed; he is more likely to have fallen into the water in the shaft. I fear it will take weeks to clear the shaft and get down to him.'

Just then, they heard Mrs Pollarrack knocking with a chair against the floor in the room above.

'The poor darling,' sobbed Aunt Betsy; 'I must go to her. And what can I say to her?'

'Is anything the matter, Aunt Betsy? Who are those people down-stairs, and why isn't William come?'

'Hush, dear; don't be disappointed; William is not coming home to-night.'

'Oh! why did he go away at this time?' said Mary reproachfully.

'He did not know you were so soon to have baby; and besides, he was obliged to go where his master sent him. But come now; try and sleep a bit, there's a dear; was the reply.'

Mary answered with a sigh. The thought of seeing her husband in the morning brought comfort, and she fell into a pleasant sleep.

The next morning, a great number of visitors came to the house. Aunt Betsy, however, was up early, and thoughtfully engaged a neighbour to intercept them in the garden, that the noise might not arouse unpleasant surmises in Mary's mind. Captain Woody called again at the same time as the doctor and the clergyman. Aunt Betsy consulted with them as to what she should tell the patient. The doctor said that if the sad intelligence were conveyed to her in her present condition, the consequences would probably be fatal, adding; 'She will know it soon enough.'

The Captain informed the party that he had received orders from London that morning to stop the mine; that as it was the general opinion that William must have been killed by the fall or drowned in the shaft, he did not think the adventurers would attempt to recover the body, especially as weeks must elapse before they could get down to the adit. The only thing he could think of was to recommend the Company to offer a substantial sum by way of compensation to the widow.

'I will try to keep her quiet; but it will be a hard job,' said Aunt Betsy. 'She will be asking all sorts of questions; and how to conceal the truth, I don't know. I could not think of telling her a downright lie about it.'

Aunt Betsy was right in her conjecture. It was no easy task to induce Mrs Pollarrack to rest satisfied. Every few minutes she would restlessly inquire if William had returned yet; and she would want to know where he was sent, and on what business.

'My dear,' Aunt Betsy would reply, 'I cannot tell you more than I have told you already. Your husband has gone on a journey; nothing is said as to when he will return.'

As time wore on, the difficulty of pacifying the young mother increased. The suspense and anxiety told upon her seriously. The doctor, who was unsparing in his attendance, visiting her two or three times a day, told Aunt Betsy she was in a critical state. The brain was over-taxed, and there were dangerous symptoms of fever.

The third night after the accident, Aunt Betsy was keeping watch by Mary's bedside. The tallow candle was giving a dim light, its long wick not having been snuffed for some minutes; for Aunt Betsy had put on her spectacles to read a few verses, which exercise at such an unusual hour caused her to feel drowsy; and unconsciously letting the Bible sink gently in her lap, she closed her eyes. But she was not permitted to sleep long. Suddenly the invalid awoke, and sat bolt upright in bed; a wild light was in her eyes.

'Aunt Betsy, Aunt Betsy!' she cried, 'I've been dreaming about William. But look! there he is. Don't you see him sitting in that chair? See! he is covered with blood! He is turning his head round this way. Oh, what a look! Why, he is dying. My darling, I'm coming.' With a shrill cry, Mary sprang forward, and fell with her face on the coverlet.

Aunt Betsy gently lifted her back to her place without resistance on her part. The sudden outburst of energy was followed by a reaction. Mary remained in a stupor, from which she had not awakened when the doctor came next day.

Aunt Betsy told him what had occurred. The doctor listened attentively to every word, after which he looked at the young mother lying so calm and still; the colour was gone from her cheeks, her breathing was so low as to be hardly perceptible; then he said slowly: 'She will awake again—probably in the evening. Be in readiness.'

The sun was sinking in the golden west when Mary opened her eyes. 'Aunt Betsy!' she whispered.

'Here I am, dear. You have had a long sleep.'

'Where is my baby? Hold him before me, please. My William,' Mary continued when the child was disposed so as she could get a full view of it, 'has gone on a long journey—don't look surprised, Aunt Betsy—he has gone on a long journey, and I am going too, very soon. Take care of baby, Aunt Betsy, and call him William, please. He will never remember his father and mother; but he will see his father's form one day; and mind you tell him to say his father in my grave. Kiss me, Aunt Betsy; I feel so tired.'

Before night threw its mantle over the earth, Mary Pollarrack's spirit had fled.

No further attempt was made to recover the body of William Pollarrack. Everybody admitted it would have been of no use. The adventurers had already decided to abandon the mine; and it was the general opinion that it would not be worth while to clear the run, which could not be done except at great expense, to find a corpse. Better

to devote a part of the money it would cost to the maintenance of the unfortunate miner's orphan. This was accordingly done. The sum of two hundred and fifty pounds was voted by the Company to be invested in the name of trustees for the use of the child, who remained in the care of his great-aunt Betsy. She lived to see her charge grow up to man's estate. It was her desire that he should be taught some trade, anything rather than mining; but young William's predilection in favour of his father's calling was so strong, that it was useless to think of opposing him. He was allowed to follow the bent of his mind. Beginning about the slime-pits, he passed through the several initiatory stages at surface; then he was allowed to go underground as a boy at thirty shillings a month, and in due time he was admitted on equal terms with the men. All this while, he was not neglecting the improvement of his mind; following the judicious advice of Aunt Betsy, he attended, when able, the night classes held in connection with the C— Institute.

His steady conduct attracted the attention of an influential mine-captain under whom he worked, and who, finding the young fellow more intelligent and better educated than miners generally, promoted him from time to time, and eventually procured him a situation as under-agent at a mine in Devonshire.

William lost Aunt Betsy before receiving this good appointment; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that she felt amply repaid for the pains she had taken with him; she had seen enough to be satisfied that her trouble was not thrown away. It was not until she was near her end that she told him his mother's last words. The general circumstances of his father's fate had been early made known to him; and in common with other boys of his own age he used to experience a certain terror when passing by the shaft where his father had met his fearful doom. This feeling wore off as he grew older, yet he could not but think at times of his father, whom he had never seen, lying so many hundreds of feet down in the earth. And when Aunt Betsy related the manner of his mother's death, and the words she had uttered just before, he promised faithfully to carry out her dying wish, if ever his father's remains should be brought to light.

Some months after William's taking his post at the Devonshire mine, one of the men there died underground, which circumstance greatly affected him. The man had been working with a boy in a branch shaft when, saying that he felt unwell, he left his comrade to go to the surface. On the boy subsequently making inquiries for him, he could not learn that he had been seen at surface since he first went down to work; nor had he gone straight home, as the lad found on calling there. His wife being alarmed, hurried back to the mine with the youth, and persuaded two miners to go down and search for the missing man. They found him in a corner of a plat about half-way up from the place where he worked, sitting on a piece of timber, dead.

The excitement attendant upon this incident kept William, or Captain William, as we must now call him, awake for a long time after he retired for the night. Scenes of peril in which he had been placed himself, stories of accidents that he had heard, rushed upon his mind, and when

he did at last fall asleep, they mixed themselves in wild confusion in his dreams. Towards morning his mind became more settled and less extravagant; and in the last dream of all, he was in a level gazing at a man sitting on a piece of rock, leaning forward, with his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. The man had no hat on, and his hair was thick with clotted blood. As the dreamer stood and looked, not with astonishment or fear, but as it were spellbound, he heard Aunt Betsy's voice saying in his ear: 'Remember your mother's last words.' He went forward and touched the man on the shoulder; when the whole scene immediately faded away, and he awoke.

William was not accustomed to attach much importance to dreams, and seeing sufficient in what had occurred the previous day, to account for the troubled state of his brain in the night, he soon dismissed the subject of his dreams from his thoughts. An advertisement in the local paper, however, which met his eye in the course of the morning, brought it all up again. The advertisement ran thus: 'Wanted, a resident agent for Wheal Splendour. Apply to Captain Benny, C—.'

A rise in tin had again taken place; enterprising mining men were again looking out for suitable ventures to recommend to their clients; and once more Wheal Splendour, after being neglected for twenty-five years, found advocates who could speak confidently of its chances of success with tin at sixty pounds a ton. And some gentlemen being willing, and that not unreasonably, to believe this, a Company was formed as before to give the mine a trial. Hence the advertisement which William saw, and resolved to answer.

In applying for the situation, he mentioned, as a circumstance that would be sure to stimulate him to use every exertion in superintending the clearing the shaft, that he trusted to find some relic of his father, who had been lost there twenty-five years ago. His application was granted; and William soon found himself established as agent at Wheal Splendour.

In due time the adit was reached. They had found nothing so far among the debris in the shaft; and the young Captain concluded that when his father fell away, he must have dropped straight into the water in the shaft, and have been borne down by the falling mass. After a careful examination of the plat, he turned aside into the adit level; but he had not gone far before he saw something which made him stop short, and tremble from head to foot. It was his dream come back to him! There, a few feet off, was an object that one might at first have taken for a human being, in exactly the same posture as the man he had seen in his dream.

'Look!' he exclaimed to the men behind. 'Isn't that the figure of a man? It is my dead father!' And beckoning them to follow gently, he approached the figure. It was like clay in appearance, smooth all over. Resting on a stone and bending forwards, the general outline of the head and trunk was preserved, and the two legs reaching to the ground were quite distinct.

A solemn pause ensued. The men looked at each other, but knew not what to say. At last William stretched out his hand and touched the

figure; it immediately collapsed, and fell a little pile of dust at his feet.  
And William laid his father's dust in his mother's grave.

### A FEW WORDS FROM A SETTLER IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE writer of the following notes on the district called Riverina, in New South Wales, Australia, is a young Scotchman, who emigrated a few years ago, with the hope of obtaining a clerkship, or some position of that kind. But such appointments being scarce in the New World, he turned his attention in other directions; and at last accepted a 'billet' on a 'run' up the country—the 'Greenwood' of the following notes, which we have no doubt will interest many readers.

'Riverina,' he says, 'or the riverine district of New South Wales, is the central southern district of that colony. It is bounded on the south by the river Murray; and on the north by the Murrumbidgee; those two rivers joining, also form its western boundary; and is about three hundred and ten miles long, by about one hundred miles broad. It is watered by the Edward or Kyalite River, and by numerous creeks. The surface is almost an entire level, except in the eastern part, where the hills commence. Along the banks of some of the creeks there are ranges of sandhills, none of them, I think, exceeding fifty feet in height, the rest of the country being just one vast plain, only broken by creeks, swamps, and ranges of forest. The soil is chiefly sand, in many places quite loose, and only kept from shifting by the grass roots. There is also a good quantity of clayey soil. One feature is, that one cannot find a stone the size of a boy's marble in the whole district, unless among the hills. Although the soil is mere sand, it is very fertile; and with a good supply of rain, grows first-rate grass, good grain-crops, and garden produce. The eastern portion has immense vineyards, from which large quantities of excellent wine are produced.

'Water is preserved, in the first place, by building dams across the creeks; and secondly, by excavating tanks. Wells are also sunk; but the water in the majority of cases is brackish, and only fit for stock. A creek such as the Billabong—which is perhaps about six hundred miles long, and at the present time almost dry, except for the dams and a few of the deepest holes—is dammed in several places at every station or selection it passes through. The fall in the land is so slight, that a dam about five feet high will send the water back about a couple of miles. Tanks are as a rule square excavations, and vary in size from a thousand cubic yards to twelve thousand cubic yards, or even more.

'The animals of Riverina are the kangaroo, wallaby, paddymelon, wombat, dingo, opossum, and porcupine. Of the kangaroo, I need not speak; there are hundreds in this run, and they are very destructive to the grass; one kangaroo, it is said, eating more than two sheep. Besides these "native" wild animals, there are wild-horses, a few wild-cattle, plenty of cats; and alas!

rabbits are appearing on our borders, though none have invaded Greenwood as yet. The birds of Riverina are extremely numerous; among them are the emu, black swan, bustard, hawk, crow, magpie, laughing-jackass, white crane, blue crane, ibis, ducks of various kinds, cockatoo and parrot, shepherd's-companion, jay, and many small birds. The eagle-hawk is a large bird, with an enormous stretch of wing. He is destructive to lambs. The crow is the cause of the country, destroying great numbers of lambs; and gathering about sick cattle and sheep, he picks out their eyes when they get too weak to move. The jackass is a merry bird, and his laughter is heard the first thing in the morning, and the last at night. It is contagious; I can never hear it without smiling. None of the birds whistle or sing like home-birds; but a few of them have pleasant notes.

'In some parts of Riverina, snakes are pretty numerous; but it is now over twelve months since I came here, and I have not seen one. One of the men here recently killed one, however, a brown snake, nine feet four inches long. The tiger-snake is the most deadly, as it is the liveliest. I read in the papers of a horse dying twenty minutes after being bitten by one. One of the boundary riders once came on a "tiger" away out on the plains; and as he could not get near on account of its quickness, he made balls of mud and threw them at it. It was so vicious, that it bit every ball that came near; till at last it was blinded by one; and then the man killed it. The insects are in nowise interesting, though some of them make strong claims upon our individual attention. The mosquito, for example, only ceases his courtesies on meeting with a violent death, or after being allowed to suck to repletion. It is said that in the Urana Swamp the mosquitoes are so big that two of them can lift a sheep over a seven-wire fence; but I never saw this myself! As for ants, their name is legion. The bull-dog ant is most to be shunned; and my experience of him is, that I should prefer stroking his four-legged namesake to taking the same liberty with him. There are also winged ants, hornets, spiders, sand-flies, glow-worms; and I must not forget to mention dragon-flies, crickets, and grasshoppers. The last are sometimes very numerous, and eat up all the young grass.

'The trees of the district are red-gum, box, willow, peppermint, pine, she-oak, honeysuckle, and some others. All these trees are evergreen, new leaves forming as the old ones drop off. The herbs and weeds are pretty numerous; mallow and sow-thistle being sometimes used as bush vegetables, when better cannot be had. The first-named often grows to a height of ten or twelve feet. It makes a capital poultice for wounds, and bushmen have great faith in its healing qualities. The Bathurst bur is the pest of the "run," and sticks to the sheep's wool, and thus deteriorates the value of the article.

'The principal townships of the district are—Deniliquin, Moama, Albury, Cowra, Wagga-wagga, Adelong, Tinnut, Jundagai. It does not take much to constitute a township in this country; as blocks are surveyed here and there for towns, the number of houses being no object. Corree, the township nearest here, rejoices in one house; Conargo, fifteen miles in the other direction, is composed of three hotels, two stores, and a smithy.



Deniliquin is a thriving town, being in direct communication with Melbourne by rail; and thus the imports and exports of a good part of Riverina pass through it. Wagga is joined to Sydney by rail, and has besides a good deal of river-traffic, being on the Murrumbidgee. Albury is in the midst of the wine district, and has also a railway to Melbourne.\*

'In this colony, each adult may select six hundred and forty acres—a square mile—and each minor three hundred and twenty acres of land, provided such land be unimproved crown land—that is, land without any fences, tanks, dams, houses, or anything else on it by way of improvement; and also provided such six hundred and forty acres be all together, not scattered in blocks all over the country. In this part of Riverina, where soil and remoteness from markets render sheep-breeding the only payable industry, a selector must have three or four thousand acres, if he intends to earn a livelihood; and this quantity of land is obtained by a family of six or eight members taking up selections in their own names. One of the terms of selection is—that a selector must reside on his land (minors excepted, of course); and thus, if several adults of a family select together, they must live in separate houses, or else render their land liable to forfeiture. One pound per acre is the price, payable at the rate of five shillings per annum. After a three years' residence on his land, a selector may select again, anywhere he chooses.

'There are several kinds of selectors—namely, *bona fide* selectors, black-mail, and dummy. A *bona fide* is one who selects with the intention of making a home and earning a living from his land. A "black-mailer" is one who, when he selects on a run, makes himself disagreeable to the squatter, and gives him as much trouble as possible, by letting his sheep or cattle pasture on the run, and by annoying him in various ways, in hopes that the squatter, in disgust, will give him a big price for his land, to get rid of him. A "dummy" is usually a station hand, whom the squatter intrusts to select—advancing the money, of course—so as to prevent an outsider from getting in. He pays his five shillings per acre, and thinks no more about it. In time, the government inspector comes round, finds no improvements and no residence. The land is forfeited, then sold by auction; the squatter buys it, and that is how it is done. The five shillings of course goes to the government. To render his run exempt from selection, a squatter must improve it at the rate of a pound per acre; thus he makes a tank, value three hundred pounds, and gets three hundred acres surveyed for it, which no selector can touch. Of course, all the best land is improved first, and any likely places gets a hut built on it, or a tank sunk. Improvements consist principally of tanks, dams, huts, bridges—if on creeks—fencing, cultivation, drafting-yards, scrub-cutting, and "ringing" the timber. The last-named is of two kinds, bark-ringing and sap-ringing. In bark-ringing, two circles are cut round the trunk of the tree, eighteen inches apart; and then with the back of the axe the bark is knocked off. In sap-ringing, a piece is chopped out all round, right through the bark, and a little way into the wood. By the

last process, the tree dies in a month; by the first, it sometimes takes three years. It is of great advantage in thickly timbered country, where no grass can grow on account of the nourishment the roots take. But directly the trees are ringed, the grass springs up luxuriantly. When a squatter improves a piece of land in such a way, he sends in an application to the Land Office for said land; and if the application is approved of, he is permitted to buy it. This being the case, if the improvement consists of an iron hut, he straightway removes it, and improves another block of land with it, and so on indefinitely.

'The weather of Riverina may generally be called magnificent; although in summer the heat is sometimes dreadful, and in winter the cold is pretty severe. This morning (May 4), for instance, the thermometer was at thirty-nine degrees, while three months ago (February) it was as high as a hundred and eighteen degrees in the shade. The usual thing is a bright sun and a clear sky, with generally a few light clouds. It is usually very calm; and I don't think there have been a dozen boisterous days since I came. The rain generally commences with a shower or two in March and April, after which the showers become more frequent till August, finishing off in September. From October to February may be called droughty, as I suppose rain seldom or never falls then, except from a passing thunder-storm.

'The run of Greenwood is about twenty-five miles long, with a breadth of from seven to ten miles. It contains, roughly speaking, one hundred and thirty thousand acres, of which I should say the selectors have about ten thousand, leaving one hundred and twenty thousand to the station. This is divided into twelve large paddocks, and about twice that number of smaller ones; all are well watered, either by tanks, or by the creeks which go through them. The country about here is usually estimated to carry one sheep to three acres, good seasons and bad. Of course, in some seasons it would carry far more; but there is great danger in overstocking a run, as of course no one can tell what next season will be like. Last shearing there were fifty thousand sheep and lambs shorn here; but immediately after shearing, about nine thousand were sold, thus easing off for the summer months.

'There are four boundary riders on the run (three of them married), the farthest out living fifteen miles away. The married men are allowed double rations, and get per month, sixty-four pounds flour, sixteen pounds sugar, three pounds tea, salt when required; and about twenty-four pounds meat per week. Single men when working away from the station get eight pounds flour, two pounds sugar, six ounces tea, twelve pounds meat, per week. At the Home Station there is a "men's-cook," who gets a supply when he wants it; notice, however, being taken that he keeps within bounds. All hands get one pound per week; although, I believe, on some stations experienced stockmen sometimes get twenty-five or thirty shillings. There is never any lack of men, as scarcely an evening passes that does not see three or four travellers at the station, asking for work and some rations. These travellers, or "sundowners" as they are called, are an institution in the colony. Some of them are regular practitioners travelling from one year's end to another;

\* This article was written a twelvemonth ago.—Ed.

perhaps working for a week or two to get a pound or so, and then setting off again, tramping hundreds of miles with their "swag" on their back, and sleeping at night under a tree, or if fortune smiles on them, getting into a hut. Of course, all travellers are not like the above: many men have to go long distances, who are honestly in search of work; so when a man is wanted on a station, there is seldom much time lost in getting one.

'The number of men working on any single station depends on the time of year. Just now there are with us: men's-cook, gardener (a Chinaman), bullock-driver, ploughman, carpenter, stable-boy, and three general hands; also five men who are working the saw-mill with the carpenter. Sometimes more are required, often fewer. Of course there is no "striking" among station hands, as their places could be filled in a day or two. The working hours are usually—in summer, six A.M. till seven P.M.; and when the days shorten, within these hours, from sunrise till sunset; but if the work is pressing, hours are not considered at all. When at home, the men generally have an hour for dinner; but when working out, as is perhaps the case five days in the week, they carry their dinner with them; in which case they just take time to eat it and have a smoke, and then to work. The drink used on the stations here is tea; but, I believe, in Victoria and Tasmania, cider and hop-lore are used largely. We drink rain-water at the station; but when out on the run, think nothing of swigging a pint of thick muddy water, such as you may see on a country-road after rain.

'The capital required by a squatter is difficult to estimate, as it depends entirely on the district. If in a selector's district, the squatter has to secure it by improvement which has cost him at the rate of a pound per acre, and then it costs another pound to buy it. In the back-country, however, such as the northern and interior districts, large tracts of country are taken up at nominal rents, and only sufficient improvements put on as required for the working of the station. There are stations now right up to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and all along the telegraph line from Adelaide to Port Darwin.

Travelling-sheep are another of the institutions of the colony. In a pastoral country like this, there must of necessity always be numbers of "stock" changing hands; thus, sheep and cattle may be met almost every day passing from one station to another. By law, sheep are compelled to travel six miles per day; cattle, nine miles; and horses, twenty. Sheep are often met with travelling for "feed," that is, the owners thereof having over-stocked their runs, find the grass failing; so they send a large mob of sheep off to some imaginary buyer, some hundreds of miles off, choosing, of course, the route by which they will pick up most grass. After sauntering along for a month or two, perhaps the rain has come; and there being now plenty of grass, the sheep are brought home by a roundabout way. Sheep of that style are known as "loafers;" because the drovers try to go as short a distance as possible each day. All kinds of stock are branded for identification.

'During shearing, which lasts about six weeks, there are thirty-six hands employed on Green-

wood, together with about the same number of "Rouseabouts;" these being men and boys who pen the sheep, pick up the fleeces as they are shorn, sort and pack the wool, &c. The shearers are paid at the rate of seventeen shillings and sixpence per hundred; but if they shear well, it is at the option of the person in charge of the shed to let them have eighteen, nineteen, or twenty shillings per hundred. They pay a cook of their own, and find their own rations. The Rouseabouts get from fifteen to twenty shillings per week, and rations. Five hundred and sixty-nine bales of wool was the result of last year's shearing. These are forwarded by bullock-teams to Danilquin; thence by train to Melbourne, and thence to London.

'As to emigration, as far as I am able to judge, I do not think this is a good time for coming out here, as owing to certain matters connected with the late government of Victoria, numbers of men in different grades of society were thrown out of employment; and even with better legislation, it must take some time for trade to return to its former prosperity; and till that happens, I am afraid there will be a good deal of unemployed labour in the colonies, without an influx of more from the old country. Concerning the outfit of the emigrant, he need not, unless he chooses, provide more than will suffice for the voyage, as he can buy all he wants on landing, at comparatively little over home prices. The assisted passage for an adult under fifty years of age costs, I believe, two pounds. If a man comes out on "spec," and does not know what work he may have to do on landing, it is the greatest possible mistake to hamper himself with a quantity of clothes. If, for instance, he travels up-country and goes from station to station seeking work, all he wants is a swag, which he can carry easily over his shoulder. Said swag may consist of a pair of moleskin trousers, a flannel shirt, a pair of boots, and perhaps a handkerchief or two, all rolled up in a coloured blanket, and secured with a couple of straps. Add a "billy" for boiling the tea, and the equipment is complete. (A billy is what is known as a tin "milk-can" in Glasgow.) In the pastoral districts, bread is seldom obtainable by the traveller; but flour, tea, sugar, and meat may be bought at most stations. He should therefore provide himself with three small linen bags for flour, tea, and sugar respectively, also a smaller one for salt. The flour is simply baked with a little salt and water on a piece of bark, or sometimes a piece of oilskin; made into a cake, and thrown on the ashes, where it remains till done. What is likewise true of the sugar. If the traveller's money runs short, he may obtain at most stations in New South Wales, rations, consisting generally of a pound of flour and two pounds of meat.

'As regards those who would purpose going to a situation in town, or on to a station as book-keeper or storekeeper, or to gain "colonial experience," it would be rather difficult to advise concerning outfit, Australia having as many climates as there are between Algeria and John o' Groats. Any one coming out on chance, is better, I fancy, to wait till he obtains a "billet," and then provide suitably for the locality he is going to. In the bush, there are generally plenty of hawkers travelling with a variety of goods, so that he

is generally able to get some sort of decent clothing.

'I may just say in conclusion, that as a rule, billets on stations are very difficult to obtain; and I have known several experienced men try hard for months before they could get a situation.'

### MRS BROWN SMITH.

#### A SUGGESTIVE SOCIAL SKETCH.

'WELL, my dear, really some retrenchment must be made, you know. When a man finds his income reduced five-and-twenty per cent, and he's been living up to it, and something over, why, there's only one way out of it—the expenses must come down.' And Mr Brown Smith emphasised each word of the last sentence by thrusting his hands deeper and deeper into his trousers-pockets, without meeting with any serious obstruction.

'Well, my love, I really don't know where the retrenchment is to begin. The household expenses are already upon about as low a level as is in any way consistent with decent respectability. There's the Mugginses!—'

'Oh, bother the Mugginses!'

'Of course. It is quite impossible to make a comparison, or even a remark, without being met with some coarse expletive or another.' And Mrs Brown Smith, who prided herself upon the correctness of her diction, and never allowed herself to be surprised into cutting a sentence short, or not properly rounding it, runs her hands down her smooth morning-dress, and arranges the rings upon her well-preserved fingers.

'Well, but look here, my love. Surely something might be done. There's Mary. I've often thought it's been more than we could afford to keep a couple of servants; and besides, Edith's getting a big girl now, and ought to be useful.'

'Useful! Well, if you have no objection to seeing your child doing menial work, I have. Rather than she should be obliged to do the work of a scullery-maid, I—I would do it myself.' Mrs Brown Smith didn't look much like doing it; but Mr Brown Smith didn't say so.

'Oh, that's out of the question. I don't see the necessity of her doing scullery-work; but she might help a bit in the kitchen, and she might make herself useful about the house.'

'Will you be good enough, my dear, to be a little more precise. Kitchen-work may mean anything, from cooking a dinner to cleaning out a sink; and as to helping up-stairs, she does that already. She always assists me to dust the drawing and dining rooms and arrange the furniture.'

'Well, that's not a very heavy job. If you wouldn't mind—if you think you could manage it without assistance, it would leave her free to help in other ways; don't you see?'

Mrs Brown Smith looked remarkably hard at her husband, and said: 'But in what other ways?'

'Well, she might help to make the beds, and see to the preparation for dinner—potatoes, pie-crust, vegetables, gravy, and so on.' And Mr Brown Smith waved his hands about, being rather at a loss for power of description.

'Potatoes, pie-crust, vegetables, gravy, and so on. Well, I suppose it is quite impossible to

make a man understand the work of a house—quite impossible. But at least there is one thing I should have thought you would not have failed to recollect. You know the cook's temper. Do you suppose that she would allow Edith to interfere with her? Why, I don't suppose she would allow me.' Mrs Brown Smith omitted to say that she had no intention of making the attempt.

'Well, I think you're wrong there. I have a somewhat different opinion of Sarah. She has been with us some time, and I believe the best plan would be to take her into our confidence—of course, only to a certain extent.'

'Really, William, if you have so little regard for what is due to yourself and me as to think seriously of intrusting a servant with a statement of your pecuniary position, I think it is quite time we did without servants altogether. The Mugginses!—'

'Oh, good gracious!—Here's my bus.—Good-bye, my dear; good-bye, girls.' And Mr Brown Smith shouts up-stairs to his daughters, rushes out of the house, and mounts to his accustomed seat upon the knifeboard of that social police-van which takes so many of us every morning to the treadmill of our daily lives.

Mrs Brown Smith watches the omnibus out of sight, arranges the damask window-curtains, looks well over the india-rubber plant, and comes back to the fireside. She shakes up the cushions of her own particular chair, settles herself comfortably down into it, crosses a pair of very well-shaped and very well-slipped feet upon the fender, and rings the bell. 'You can take away the breakfast things, Mary. Are the young ladies ready for school?'

'Very nigh, mum. They've put their hats on.'

'Where is Miss Edy?'

'She's in the garden a-cutting the grass.'

'Has she got her gloves on?'

'Yes, mum.'

'Tell her I shall go up to dress in about an hour. We had better start before twelve. Has the man brought the paper?'

'Here it is, mum.'

Mrs Brown Smith takes it, gives herself an extra settling down, and opens her paper. The immortal Sam Weller, when he ordered that memorable pint of porter and the newspaper, turned at once to the police intelligence. Mrs Brown Smith was the very antipodes of Sam Weller, and yet she began at the law reports, and that is next door to it. She soon became interested, so much so, that it was a rather vacant kind of kiss she gave her two girls who came in to say good-bye before starting for school. I am not going to tell you what Mrs Brown Smith was so much interested in—whether it was the Cape war or the Afghanistan campaign, or a Royal marriage, or—never mind what it was; it wasn't the leading article. The hands upon the mantel-piece clock turned round to half-past eleven, when she is interrupted by a good-sized, almost-done-growing—what a terrible description of a young lady—counterpart of herself, who makes her appearance in a pair of garden-gloves and a good deal of grass about her, and wants to know if mamma isn't going to get ready.

'Of course, my love. I had no idea it was so late; but a little extra exertion will soon rectify that.'

Mrs Brown Smith makes it and her toilet at

the same time; and if she is a very personable-looking woman in her morning-wrapper, she is really a very good-looking one in her walking-dress. It is all very well to talk, but the difference between a well-dressed woman and a shabbily dressed one is no joke to get over by those æsthetic people who will have it that a woman's charms are not enhanced by her clothes, which is not the least of the mistakes made by æsthetic people. She is at the street-door, and Mary is standing ready with her mistress's umbrella upon one side, and Miss Edith with her bag upon the other, when a good-looking, although rather grimy face appears at the top of the staircase leading to the lower regions of the house.

'About the dinner, please, mum?'

'Oh, of course, Sarah. Really, it had almost escaped my memory. Let me see. What have we in the house? We had veal for dinner, I think, yesterday?'

'Yes, mamma,' said her daughter, 'and bacon.'

'Exactly. Cold veal is rather insipid.'

'Better mince it, I think, mum,' said the servant.

'I think so, Sarah. And if you can get a bit of fish—Mr Brown Smith is very fond of fish—and a tart.'

'What fish, mum?'

'Oh, anything. I really don't care. I seldom eat it. Mackerel, or soles, or—'

'Mackerel is out of season, and the man says soles is scarce.'

'Well, anything that may happen to be plentiful, and—'

'Doiled whiting and parsley sauce?'

'I think so, Sarah. Yes; that will do nicely.'

'Anything in the way of a marmalade tart, mum?'

'Yes; I think so. The children are fond of marmalade tart.'

And Mrs Brown Smith having thus ordered the principal meal of the day, and arranged its details, starts upon a shopping expedition and a couple of morning calls. The quiet of the house is only interrupted by occasional murmurs from the kitchen, and the going up and down stairs of pails and water-cans. The baker comes, and the butcher comes, and the greengrocer, and the tax-gatherer; and the girls come home to their early dinner; and at last Mrs Brown Smith and Miss Edith. Mrs Brown Smith makes at once for her own particular chair, into which she sinks with a sigh of relief. 'Really, I think those trams are almost more fatiguing than walking. Have you the parcels quite safe, Edith?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'I wish you would unbutton my boots for me, and take my bonnet up stairs. And before you go, Edy, just take my keys, and give me a glass of sherry, my love, will you? I feel quite faint.'

Mrs Brown Smith has her glass of sherry and a biscuit, which appear to revive her considerably. After half an hour's rest, she washes her hands, makes some slight alteration in her dress, and again seeks the haven of her faithful chair. The bell is rung, or one of her daughters despatched, to make inquiries about dinner, and she superintends, without getting up, the arrangement of the table. Six o'clock comes, and Mr Brown Smith's well-known knock. His daughters run to open the door, and there is that pleasant five minutes of

domestic intercourse, which has furnished a theme for so many pictures both in words and colours.

The dinner is served, and Mrs Brown Smith—who has lunched heartily at a pastrycook's—manages to eat a very good meal, and to look very pleasant over it. Her work for the day is done. If Mr Brown Smith is agreeable, and conversational, willing to discuss the domestic economy of their friends and neighbours, Mrs Brown Smith will be to the fore; and if, on the other hand, Mr Brown Smith is *distract* and not communicative, why, then, there is always some music, or the girls or a novel, to fill back upon. Mrs Brown Smith is equal to either fortune. If Mr Brown Smith succeeds in squaring the circle, why, then, the even tenor of Mrs Brown Smith's way will not be interfered with. She will go on rounding her sentences and her finger-nails until the natural end comes. But if Mr Brown Smith fails to square the circle—and it is a difficult operation—why, then—well, then, perhaps, who knows?—Mrs Brown Smith may develop some of the virtues which lie in the hearts of most women, hidden, dwarfed, and stultified as they too often are by the action or want of action of their purposeless lives. She may learn the lesson of self-denial and of duty from adversity, and become a wiser woman and a worthier wife. It is the better history of many human souls.

## POPULAR MEDICINE IN RUSSIA.

A VERY interesting paper on 'Popular Medicine in Russia' is to be found in *Old and New Russia*, by Mr Minorsky. It seems difficult to believe that such gross superstitions and almost barbaric customs can exist in the nineteenth century in a country even such as that of the Muscovite. The Russian peasant has a great dislike to doctors, and will rather suffer anything from a village quack, than put himself under the treatment of a medical man. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we know that of the regularly qualified doctors who take up their abode in small provincial towns, there are but few who will consent to travel for many miles on bad roads to visit a patient from whom they can in most cases expect no larger remuneration than a loaf of new bread or half-a-dozen eggs. If the patient is not too ill to be moved, and can be brought either to the doctor's house or the hospital, something will be done for him, and he may recover; but if he cannot leave his village, it is his own look-out, not the doctor's. There are of course many exceptions to this; and the Russian papers frequently recorded examples of heroic self-sacrifices on the part of medical men during the late epidemics of diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Among the labouring class, the treatment of diseases and affections of all kinds is confined chiefly to old women, who not infrequently are looked upon as witches, and, as a recent terrible example has shown, are occasionally treated as such. It cannot be denied that these old crones possess a certain knowledge of the virtues of herbs, drugs, &c.; and many cases are on record where they succeeded in curing inveterate affections that for years had resisted the doctor's skill. Fevers of all kind, ague and malaria, are among the most prevalent diseases in Russia—diseases which it is currently believed haunt the country in the shape

of invisible women, who go from village to village and from house to house in search of some human being, in whom they may conveniently take up their abode. There are said to be twelve such women, or Sisters as they are sometimes called—that is, kinds of fever—who visit the patient separately. The first visitors are as a rule, only troublesome, not dangerous; but those that come later weaken him considerably, and the 'Twelfth Sister' almost invariably takes the patient's life. By the latter name the peasants call the fever and night-sweats which are the usual symptoms of advanced consumption. Each of these twelve Sisters is supposed to have a great dislike to some special mode of treatment, and will at once leave the patient if it should be resorted to. Thus, for example, Sister No. 1 is afraid of cutting-instruments and sharp tools; and it is strongly recommended to surround the patient's bed with knives, axes, scythes, spades, saws, &c., which must be laid with their sharp edges turned towards the door. A specific against Sister No. 2 is an alcoholic extract of twelve kinds of wood; and Sister No. 3 can be expelled by swallowing a large dose of gunpowder. The ninth Sister dreads cold water above all things, and will immediately leave a patient who takes a cold bath.

There are several other remedies against fever; but they lose their power if employed by the uninitiated. The following is rather a curious specimen. The village wizard or witch takes the patient by the hand and leads him into the open fields. Here they look about for an ash-tree which must be a little taller than the patient. The wizard then produces his knife, and cleaves the tree in two from the top to the root. Both halves of the top are then tied together with the patient's belt; and the quack holds the two lower parts of the trunk apart, so as to form an opening, through which the patient creeps, having meanwhile divested himself of his clothing. His clothes are then handed to him one by one through the same opening; he dresses himself, and is now considered to be cured from his ague. During the whole operation, the wizard mutters certain mysterious words, which are supposed to possess some miraculous power. Other popular remedies against fever and malaria are tobacco, tar and verdigris; and of late years the peasants have taken largely to use quinine.

Sharp pains in the chest are attributed to the sprouting of wings in that peculiar region. They can only be cured by breaking the said wings. This is done in the following way: the patient lies flat on his face while the old woman who acts as surgeon pinches the skin of the back, beginning at the shoulder-blades and going gradually lower down. The pain is intense, and the patient groans and screams during the operation, which leaves his back covered with black and purple marks. But he bears the pain, and invariably professes to have been cured of his pains and troubles. Continuous headaches, pains in the limbs, scrofula, eczematia, chronic colds, &c. are treated with alcoholic extract of sarsaparilla. This is prepared as follows. A quarter of a gallon of brandy is poured over a quarter of a pound of sarsaparilla. The vessel is then well covered with a linen cloth, and put in a dark warm place, where it must remain undisturbed for twelve days. After this time it is ready for use, and known among the

peasants by the name of *deecp* (decoction). The greatest cleanliness both in body and dress must be observed by the patients while they take it, and nobody is allowed ever to approach it with unwashed hands. The dose of this *deecp* is one wine-glassful three times a day, to be taken at least two hours before each meal; and salt, acid or bitter food is strictly prohibited while the cure lasts. Half a gallon of this *deecp* is said to be sufficient to 'drive the bad pain not only out of the body, but also out of the bones.'

Very bad cases of dyspepsia are said to be caused by a snake in the stomach, the reptile having probably crawled in while the patient was asleep in the fields with his mouth wide open! It is currently believed that snakes are partial to raspberries, and will leave their hiding-places whenever they see or smell them. Some one is immediately despatched to gather the berries, and the bathroom is well heated. The fruit is then brought into the latter, and strewed on hot stones, over which the sufferer bends with open mouth, to facilitate the egress of the reptile. Should no snake make its appearance, charms or incantations are resorted to, and continued till the patient feels better, when the snake is supposed to have left his abode unobserved. Such are a few of the popular recipes for disease still prevalent in many parts of the Russian empire.

#### WITHERED ROSES.

WITHERED rose-leaves in an urn—  
Everywhere our glances turn,  
Time old graves uncover,  
Many a dainty, perfumed note,  
Hands long cold once warmly wrote,  
Hidden here by lovers.

Ah! the many hearts, now cold,  
Ah! the memories, sweet and old,  
This quaint room discloses,  
All the warmth is chill to-day;  
All the life has passed away;  
Nought is left but roses—

Roses, withered now and dead,  
All their ancient sweetness fled  
With their ancient splendour.  
As I bend above, I feel  
A vague fragrance from them steal,  
Like a memory tender

Of their olden pleasant days,  
When the sun's rich golden blaze  
Kissed their cheeks to glory.  
Ah! the pain those memories give!  
Ah! the pain that one must live  
When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the olden joy!  
Of what use a valued toy,  
When its charm is broken?  
Of our life when Youth is o'er—  
Of the Past which comes no more,  
Are these flowers the token.

When the sun has lost his light,  
When the fall of Winter's night  
Our Autumn-tide o'erflows—  
Call we then the memories sweet  
Of those vanished moments fleet—  
Ashes of Youth's roses.

C. R. CRESPI.

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## WHAT GIRLS CAN DO.

HERE is a very useful book 'for mothers and daughters,' by Phillis Browne, entitled, *What Girls can Do* (London: Cassells). It deals with a question of great importance in the social and domestic economy of the middle classes of this country. The children of the working classes are much better provided for as regards occupation, than the children of those classes immediately above them. The former have all the range of domestic service open to them, in which they have the opportunity of earning a sufficient and comfortable livelihood in a respectable and womanly way. They have also equally honourable means of providing for themselves in those great departments of art and manufacture which admit of the employment of large numbers of women and girls for the performance of work that requires skill and dexterity of hand, without involving any very severe physical exertion—at least not such a degree of exertion as is beyond a girl's or woman's strength. But for those families whose position in society makes it necessary that their daughters should receive a higher kind of education, but who yet cannot fairly afford to allow them to spend the years that may elapse between school and marriage, in idleness, or in a condition that is unproductive, many serious difficulties arise as to how their daughters may be employed in a manner consistent with the position which their parents or guardians may wish them to occupy in society, and with the expensive education which they have struggled to give them. The facts, also, that marriage is not a condition of life which can be confidently or immediately anticipated for the whole of those daughters, and that it may be necessary that some of them should be able to maintain themselves throughout the greater part of their lives chiefly by their own exertions, render the consideration of 'What girls can do' a very important and anxious one in many a family.

Then, again, there is still another class to whom this problem is a difficult one, and that is those who

occupy the higher stratum of the middle classes. 'No one,' says the author, 'who has gone through the world with eyes open, can have failed to see that a great many girls lead idle and useless lives, and that a great many mothers permit them to do so. I believe, however, that nobody is more painfully conscious of this condition of things than the girls and the mothers themselves, and that they would be very glad to listen to any one who would point out to them a way of escape from the misery of it, provided only that the "way" indicated was possible and within their reach. The problem of to-day with both mothers and daughters is not "Shall I work?" but "What can I do?" It is with the desire of helping them in this difficulty that I have written this little book. I have endeavoured to show both mothers and daughters some of the directions in which girls who do not need to work for a livelihood may do good service for others, and engage in pleasurable work on their own account. I have tried also to give a few hints to those who wish to work for a living.'

The object which our author has thus placed before herself has been, we think, accomplished by her with no small success; and it is impossible that any daughter or mother can read the book without obtaining therefrom many wise and practical suggestions, and much good advice. She divides her book into three sections: (1) Work for Duty; (2) Work for Pleasure; and (3) Work for Necessity. In the first section are included household work, laundry-work, cookery, dress-making and millinery, governess-work, nursing, &c., also various kinds of charitable work. In the second section—'Work for Pleasure'—the book treats of painting on china and in water-colours, reading, gardening, floral decorations, work for bazaars, &c. And in the third section—'Work for Necessity'—are embraced the subjects of working at home, teaching, literary and artistic work for publishers, clerks, lady-doctors, paid nurses, and the like. It is only in our power to give the merest outline of what is here set down under a few of those headings, and we shall leave the author as far as possible to speak for herself.

On the subject of how many girls pass the time after leaving school for home-life, she has some sensible and needful remarks. 'The day,' she says, 'that a girl leaves school—"finishes her education," as it is called—is one of the greatest importance to her. It is the dividing-line between two periods: the one in which she has been guided by others, and the one in which she is to a great extent to be a guide to herself. Her character for life will be largely determined by the course she pursues during the next few years. Many hundreds of girls at the present time are being ruined simply for the want of something to do. This is by no means entirely their own fault. They have not been put to anything by their friends, and they have not sufficient energy and determination to make a beginning for themselves, and so their lives are wasted. They work hard enough when they are at school; but when they leave it, they have no particular object in life. They dawdle through the mornings, dress themselves up and go out in the afternoons, and either visit or go to some place of amusement in the evenings, and so get through the months and years. Of course their characters suffer. They grow selfish, and small, and narrow-minded. They delight in gossip, care for nothing but show and admiration, and look upon marriage as the crowning object of life. Sensible people of both sexes despise them, good people mourn over them. They are said to do nothing, but really they do incalculable harm. They degrade the name of woman, which ought to be a refining and elevating influence, and make it a by-word and a scorn.' Earnest work for others acts on the character like a talisman. 'It has power to convert the thoughtless, foolish trifler into the earnest, reliable woman. When once a girl comes to feel that others are dependent upon her for happiness or comfort, that she is doing good work no one else can do so well, she begins instantly to respect herself, and to act as if she did. The powers grow with the use of them, her nature expands, that which is small and frivolous becomes uninteresting to her, while that which is useful and real takes its right place.'

The author hopes no one will turn away from the book because at the very beginning she encourages 'Household Work.' To her it seems natural and right that a girl should understand and engage practically in work connected with making home bright, cheerful, and well-ordered, and she regards it as a sad sign when a girl considers such work as beneath her notice. After advising as to habits of orderliness and neatness in dress, and the necessity of being able to do good useful needlework, she proceeds to speak more particularly of household work. She complains that many think this kind of work quite out of the question for girls whose parents can afford to keep servants. 'I wish,' she says, 'girls could be got to discard this notion. Half the domestic difficulties of the present day would disappear if mistresses were conversant with the details of

household work. Theoretical knowledge is seldom of much real use. Practical knowledge is never gained so easily or so thoroughly as in youth. If mothers would allow their daughters to do a portion of housework regularly, they would be much more likely to manage their own houses well, if ever they should have them, than they would if they had to begin straight away without any previous experience.' One reason why she would recommend domestic work for girls (and in domestic work she includes home dressmaking and millinery, as well as household work) is, that the actual doing of work of this kind 'is more likely than anything else I know to give practical common-sense to a girl. It makes her able to use her own hands and her own wits, and gives her an idea of the thousand-and-one details connected with a woman's work that can never be learned except from experience. The advantage to the girl herself will be incalculable.'

At the same time, while the author is most desirous to put domestic work in its rightful place, she should be sorry to see a girl's attention devoted exclusively to the family circle. We all belong to the great human family, and we owe a duty to the brothers and sisters outside our home as well as to those within it. 'In every age, the best women have been quick to feel for others, and earnest in helping the suffering and needy. These women have done a glorious work. It would be impossible to over-estimate the good they have effected, or to give a definite account of the work they have been doing and are doing at the present time in England.' She is also careful to guard those who are benevolently inclined, against indiscriminate charity, which has done much evil, by encouraging the improvident and vicious. It is better that girls who wish to engage in works of charity should ally themselves with others of experience, and work systematically on a tried and regulated plan, and above all connect themselves with a Charity Organisation Society. Such societies are not free from objectionable features; but on the other hand they are a means of preventing imposture, and that unguarded squandering of money upon persons whose characters or habits a private individual might not have the means of ascertaining.

Under 'Work for Pleasure,' the author speaks of the 'between-times,' when serious work does not call for attention, or when it may have become wearisome, and when some light employment or recreation may be necessary, not only for the sake of health but of happiness. 'There are a thousand-and-one ways in which a girl may employ the leisure moments of life. Taken separately, none of these occupations amounts to very much; altogether, the results make a wonderful difference in the look and comfort of a house. Skilled fingers constantly busy, will produce at a very small expense a quantity of bright, pretty ornaments, which will give a "home"-like elegance to a room, and proclaim at once in most pleasing language that girls have been at work. One can tell, five

minutes after entering a house, whether the upholsterer has been left to furnish by himself, or whether his work has been completed and beautified by the tasteful industry of the occupants. I always think it is a very bad sign when girls living at home do not "imprint their mark" in refinement on their surroundings.

In her notice of the different characters and tendencies of the class of girls to whom she refers in this connection, the author does not forget the "girl of the period," nor does she spare her. "This young lady," she says, "is supposed by a great many people to be a type of the average girl of to-day. The characteristics are, that she cares nothing at all for any one but herself; has no idea of the value of time, but spends her days in studying the fashions and adorning her person, her desire being to make the opposite sex admire her, and her own friends envious of her. She possesses none of the qualities that for long years have been supposed to distinguish good women—namely, purity, tenderness, helpfulness, and sweet charity; but is idle, vain, selfish, and silly, finds her pleasure in tittle-tattle and gossip, and expends the energy that is not devoted to dress in useless fancy-work. The picture is repulsive enough. If there are such girls, I should think we scarcely could scorn them, we should be so lost in sorrow for them. For my own part, however, I feel inclined to question their existence altogether. If there are girls of the kind amongst us, I must have been particularly fortunate in my experience, for I never made the personal acquaintance of one of them, and I never knew any one who did. I know many a girl who is a joy to her father, and a help and comfort to her mother, a friend to her brothers and sisters; who makes home bright and friends happy; who when called upon to do any special work, is ready, willing, and eager to do what she can; who is modest, refined, and sensible; but the typical "girl of the period" I never saw." Our authoress does not deny that there are girls who are no particular joy to any one; who think more than they should of dress and appearance, fritter away their time over trifles, and go to an extreme in following the fashions. But it would be unjust to set these down among the above objectionable class. They are simply asleep and dreaming; in a little while something or other will waken them. "Some unusual experience comes—a joy, or a trouble, or a bright example, or a warning which shows us where we are. And when the time comes, the girls we speak of will shake themselves from the fetters that bind them down, and prove themselves good, true women."

In the portion of her work that has to do with "Work for Necessity," there are many useful counsels given. She acknowledges that it is hard work for a girl to make her own living; but not hard to make a little pocket-money, for that is a very different thing. There are many more openings now than formerly for female employment, but there are more than enough of candidates for all vacant situations; hence the difficultly educated girls have in finding something profitable to do. She is also afraid that the power of determined persevering work is not common among girls; that they are too much disposed to work by fits and starts. "The girl who wishes to excel, and to be able to do work that shall be valued, must acquire the power of keeping on, whether she is in the

humour or not. She must patiently practise detail until she is quite familiar with it, and it is easy to her; practise not only on the days when she feels bright and energetic, but on the days when she is dull and low-spirited." She rightly thinks it would be a good thing if it were more usual than it is for girls to be brought up to think that they must work and make their own way; they would be both better and happier for it. "I am glad to know," she says, "that opinion is broadening on this point, and that workers are looked upon with more respect than they used to be. A few years ago, a girl who worked for money was regarded with a certain scorn by the majority of people, and spoken of as a "young person;" while the girl who remained at home doing nothing particular, but waiting for some young man to be kind enough to come and marry her, was regarded as a "young lady." Things are not so bad as that now. Girls themselves look, I am sure, with respect and even with envy upon those of their companions who are busy, independent, and self-supporting. And they have cause to do so. Next to the pleasure of working to help others, comes the satisfaction of feeling that we work that we may not be a burden to others."

For the details of the work that may be thus resorted to, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The author is careful to warn the young and inexperienced against thinking that anything of this kind can be acquired without trouble or self-culture, and this especially in the department of doing literary or artistic work for publishers. The fact that many women are successful, if not all distinguished, as writers or artists, is no reason for running away with the notion that any one can be so. "Unfortunately, when a girl can do nothing else, she thinks she can write a book or a magazine article; and why should she not, seeing that in her opinion and that of her friends, there is nothing so easy as to write a thrilling story, or a short graphic paper full of wit, and knowledge of life and character. The consequence is, that unfortunate editors are deluged with manuscripts which they cannot use, containing papers which no one would read if they were printed. And the senders of these manuscripts wait day after day, hoping and fearing, and hoping again, that the editor will be kind and read their story, and be appreciative and jubilant concerning it, and will hasten to offer unheard-of wealth to the writer of such profound remarks and eloquently turned sentences; while all the time the manuscript in question is destined to form one of a huge heap of rolls, all of which are to be "declined with thanks." It is quite necessary that some one should say a word of the kind, because such numbers of girls are trying for what they never will obtain—literary work."

This caution, which is very similar to that which we ourselves recently indicated in our article on Literary Beginners, is well-timed. There are many other departments of human skill and labour in which girls might engage with more hope of success, such as teaching, nursing, clerkships, &c.; though these may be at first sight more prosaic employments. In any case, the girl who is anxious and willing, and who is not averse to doing the work which she is most capable of doing well, need not despair of a fair ranking in the candi-

date for office. Earnestness and efficiency must go hand in hand; the first is at the call of every one, the second within the reach of almost all who apply themselves with diligence and determination.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XIV.—IN THE SANCTUARY.

He behoved Bertram now to look for lodgings. His term of occupation at Cambridge Chambers was not yet finished, and his rent—thanks to his dead benefactor's thoughtful prudence—had been paid in advance. But to live on in such a place as Cambridge Chambers, relatively expensive, would never do. Bertram felt that he must set his face resolutely towards more meagre and poorer surroundings, and address himself resolutely to the task of driving back the gaunt wolf from the ill-guarded door. He owed nothing, not a sixpence. There was some comfort in that. He had paid his way, punctually and thriftily, from the first day when prosperity had seemed to dawn upon him. Now, he was poor again; but there was no millstone of debt to hang round his neck and warp or clog his conscience. He could leave Cambridge Chambers and its vicinity with the respect and the good word of the few to whom his name was known.

But whither was the youth to betake him now? He had very little money left. Some sovereigns, Dr Denham's gift, had been eked out to the last; but even then the purchase of the mourning garb that he wore had necessitated an inroad on the five-pound note which his Blackston employer, Mr Burbidge, had bestowed on him at parting. He counted his scanty store of coin. Three golden sovereigns were left. So were sixteen silver shillings and some halfpence. It was a small capital wherewith to face the world, in that England which expects every man to do his duty as a solvent member of the commonweal; but then to be sure there was the stipend, small but certain, to be earned by working for Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge. Tossing restlessly on his pillow by night, or in sober daylight with paper and pencil at hand, Bertram made many of those dreary calculations the root of which always is—What can I give up? With how little can I do? Is it in sheer necessities, or in the conventionalities of life, that I can best effect a saving? For a saving, somehow, there must be.

Naturally, the first idea of a healthy, honest-hearted young man, such as Bertram was, when thrown on his own resources and pressed for means, all ideas of amusement or luxury having been pruned away at the first, is to economise on the rent of his lodgings. 'I am young and strong, and care not for show'—his instinct seems to prompt the words that spring so readily to his lips—'and I can scramble on anywhere.' Unfortunately, Bertram, in feeling thus, found with disappointment that he had reckoned without his host. He had been unaware of the exceeding squalor of the very cheap London lodgings, and ignorant of the fact that, in overcrowded rookeries such as those which he now visited, honest poverty is compelled to rub shoulders with drunkenness and vice, from absolute lack of elbow-room to keep the goats apart from the sheep. The lad's very soul

sickened as he dived into court after court, each so like the other in its foul air, and neglected children and slatternly women, and men sodden with drink at one time, brawling at another, the ceaseless noise, disorder, and coarse curiosity. The neat, tidy, little back-streets of decorous if unfashionable quarters, were all too dear. It seemed as though the superior workmen, the married clerks, and all who cared for comfort yet were sparingly provided with money, must dwell in outlying suburbs and journey to and from their work, and as if decent accommodation were of all commodities the hardest for a needy London resident to compass. But it would never do for Bertram to live far away from the scene of his work, or, more correctly, from the palatial business premises of his imperious employers, Groby, Sleather, and Studge. His well-wishers, Davis and Brooks, the articulated pupils, had cautioned him as to this; and Mr Tonkins, principal clerk in Room E, had warned him not to keep that impersonal entity, 'the firm,' waiting, in case he should be called upon at a moment's notice for some sudden and severe exertion.

At last, in a quaint dingy part of Westminster, Bertram found a garret that he thought would suit him tolerably well. It was in a queer three-cornered nook, which tradition averred to have been once a portion of the old Sanctuary, where thief and coiner, and outlaw and rebel, once got a little breathing-time from scourge, pillory, and gibbet. But there were no thieves there now—so Bertram's landlord, a cobbler by trade, but by predilection a bird-fancier, cheerfully, and perhaps boastfully, assured him.

'No, no; thank ye, says I,' such were the landlord's words, when he found that Bertram and he were likely to come to terms, and that the former was able to supply that cynosure of the suspicious householder, a 'respectable reference.' 'No, no; thank ye, when customers of that sort comes my way, saying: "Mr Browse, haven't you a room to suit me at present?" Not at no price, is in my thoughts; but of course I have to put 'em off with civiler words than that, 'cause it don't do to get quarrelling—too many cross coves about for that. But all my lodgers get a living, honest, sure as my name is Ephraim Browse.'

And indeed, so it seemed, since two printers, a mother and daughter who lived by clear-starching, and a maker of picture-frames, with his careworn wife and numerous small family, were all the occupants of the gaunt, narrow tenement, until the vacant attic was assigned to Bertram.

'One thing we've got,' said the proprietor of the mansion, after the bargain had been struck, and with an ineffable chuckle of satisfaction—'facing due south as we do, we've got the sun.' And as he spoke, he pointed with the lapstone he carried towards a ruddy ball of lurid light struggling with mist and cloud overhead. 'To-day,' he added apologetically, 'he's not much to boast of; but in fine weather he does brighten up the old place wonderful. My birds know the difference as well as Christians could, for they sing here, to do your heart good, while others mope.'

Mr Browse, who was a gruff old bachelor, who wore, summer and winter, a fur-cap and a shirt of brick-red flannel, and whose short black pipe, like the sacred fires of the Persians, seemed to be

eternally alight, had a soft spot in his heart. He was tender towards his birds. With the unfeathered lodgers under his grimy and crazy roof, he was peremptory enough, exacting as a rule weekly payment. One week's credit for a tenant of some standing, the sturdy cobbler was willing to make, as a concession to the fallibility of poor imperfect human nature. After that, 'Out you go!' was Mr Browse's summary sentence. The oldest denizens of the place, the clear-starblers, would not have got a fortnight's grace, had their exchequer suddenly run dry. But Mr Browse was indulgent with his birds. They knew him, and chirped to him quite confidentially, and sometimes tried to rub their little yellow or brownish heads against his gritty thumb, when he came to refill their seed-boxes and replenish the tiny glass cisterns wherein their water was kept. He was the kindest of jailers, nurse rather than jailer, where winged creatures, born in captivity, and who never knew that a cage meant a prison, yet had vague longings for the infinite, were concerned. He was not a bad man, Mr Browse.

It was a queer place into which Bertram, having agreed to terms, and paid, according to Sanctuary canons of morality with respect to an incoming tenant, his week's rent in advance, presently transferred his clothes, his books, and mathematical instruments.

'Lots of light here,' was his landlord's laudatory remark, as he flourished his awl and pointed out the merits of the apartment; 'saves candles.'

And for a poor student, a liberal allowance of Sol's radiance, of which the starveling Neapolitan gets so much, and we Northerners so little, is no despicable advantage. Bertram, when he was left to the enjoyment of his hired room, leaned meditatively out of the rickety casement, and took stock, so to speak, of the situation. It was a court, or at least what was called a court, in which the Post-office Directory chronicled as a householder the uncompromising name of Ephraim Browse. But it was not one of those darkling dens of which London contains too many. It was three-cornered, as has been said, and let in the sun, and some allowance of such fresh air as the rising tide brought with it up the swelling Thames. Perhaps some great building, a barn, a prison, a laundry, of the monks who once were lords of all thereabouts, had formerly filled up the vacant side of the irregular square, and had fallen down, or been demolished.

Yes, it was a queer place. Beneath the window from which Bertram looked down, a great old vine—it was but a gnarled stump now—had struck its mighty roots into the London soil, and there it stood defiant, though lopped, truncated, mutilated. Once, perhaps, when beauty of foliage and tendril was in more request, the twining limbs and green leaves of the vine had clung caressingly to the whole frontage. Even now, late in the spring-tide, the maimed thing, tenacious of life, put forth a timid leaflet or so from dwarfish shoots and suckers, soon to be plucked by children's fingers, and there was an end for that year of the vine's feeble protest of a latent vitality. All over the house, in dry weather, hung bird-cages of different shapes, from the wicker abode of the thrush and blackbird—the mavis and merle of old ballads—to the wirework dwelling of the canary and piping bullfinch, and the wired box wherein a lark trod

his prison floor of green turf. By the aid of a ladder, Mr Browse provided for the comfort of his feathered pensioners. He had pet names for them, whistled airs, very indifferently well, for the education of such birds as were of musical attainments, and sold even a redpole or a linnet with regret, inasmuch that he was reported to make money by his leathern, but to lose by his living, wares. There were pigeons too, whose soft liquid notes—that *roucoulement* for which we have no English word—and the sound of whose fluttering wings, reached Bertram through the roof that was so near to his cramped quarters, and above which, in a quaint contrivance like an exaggerated meat-saf, dwelt tumbler and pouter and carrier, fantail and horse-man.

But Bertram had other occupations to fill up his time than the purely meditative one of gazing from his high window over a wilderness of chimney-stacks and gables, or of speculating as to the probable aspect of the place when dress was more picturesque, and contrasts more vivid than at present, and when gay hoods and plumed caps and jingling spurs, bright colours and flashing laces of gold and silver, alternated with such rags and barbaric squalor as we now never see; and society seemed at once much finer and much natter than it does in our time. Oddly enough, the cobbler-landlord had picked up some scraps of antiquarian lore, more or less accurate, and was boastfully talkative as to the time when 'My lord, the old Abbot' bore away over the little flock of black-sheep that had crowded into the privileged spot within reach of his gilded crook ecclesiastical, and 'the king himself doesn't, not he, touch e'er a one of 'em, for fear of the old monks.' Perhaps Mr Browse did not often get the opportunity of descending on his favourite archaeological topic to so intelligent a listener as Bertram Oakley, for the poor, as a rule, are too busied with the present and anxious for the future to care much about the past. But, as has been mentioned, Bertram's leisure was not extensive, since he found that, labour as he might, it was impossible for him to earn a maintenance without drawing, slowly but surely, on his scanty hoard of coin to eke out the deficiency.

Groby, Sleather, and Studge were hard task-masters and not very liberal paymasters, at least to the ill-starred class of 'extras' to which Bertram now belonged. To procure the maximum of work for the minimum of wage is, of course, in strict accordance with the severest ethics of politico-social economy; but then there is generally an under-current of demand as well as of supply which, roughly speaking, make up the factors of the market price. But, save for specialists, there is no market price. The bricklayer, the cabinet-maker, the smith, know to a nicety how many weekly shillings and pence represent the value of their toil. But then, they are trained mechanics, drilled soldiers of the great army of Industry. Unbred to a trade, it goes hard with the clever handy lad, or with the clever handy man, in the complex system of an old country like our own.

Bertram had thrown himself, from the first, heart and soul into his work. It was his nature to be zealous; and he was careful, patient, untiring in the performance of the task allotted to him. Never before, since the civil-engineers opened



their sumptuous premises, had work so delicately exact been done so promptly and unfailingly for such poor pay. The drawings were faultless. The manuscript was a model of legible precision. Mr Tomkins, the bustling head-clerk of Room E, who had many cares and a short temper, took in Bertram's contribution to the great hive with a grunt of satisfaction; but no praise and no promotion fell to Bertram's lot, as week after week went by, nothing but the bare pay-ticket to be given in at the cashier's office on Saturday night. And then, again according to the severest creed of politico-social economy, he and Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge were quits. He got from the mighty firm for whom he toiled no smile of approbation, no kind word, not one of those tokens of human sympathy that, to the poor and young, are more valuable than gold itself, as cheering them along the rugged roads that bruise the feet which tread them.

What was worst of all was that there was no relying on the presence of the Saturday pay-ticket or on its amount. There was no certainty of work. The work arrived when it suited the great firm, and was arranged with no more consideration for those who did it than if they had been so many machines, standing unemployed indeed, but exempt from the pangs of hunger, as steel and brass and iron are. There were long intervals of unwelcome idleness, and then a messenger would come panting and stumbling up the steep staircase of Mr Browne's house; and in hot haste, Bertram would begin his new job, never sparing himself, faithful, eager, hurrying slowly, as the Latin proverb bids us do, denying himself rest and sleep and air until he had done all he could for his employers. But he grew very weary sometimes, and the colour rose to his cheek more rarely, as he ground on in the back-breaking and heart-breaking mill of Groby, Sleather, and Studge.

#### THOMAS TOD STODDART, THE SCOTTISH ANGLER.

To produce a first-rate book on the art and practice of angling, the writer must of necessity be himself a good angler. He must know from experience the best lures for the different months of the angling season—whether those be artificial flies, or the natural stonefly, creeper, caddis-worm, minnow, parr-tail, or other baits. He must also know from experience which rivers are most suitable for each or all of those lures, and when each river is, as to size and colour, most conditionable. Salmon and trout move from place to place as the rivers rise or fall; and as trout especially shift from pool to stream as the seasons change, the observant angler knows pretty nearly the places or spots in the rivers where they are to be found at the different seasons. In the summer months, when rivers are low and clear, he can pick out to a nicety the very spot where a trout is likely to lie on the outlook for food—a knowledge gained only by long and observant experience.

The subject of this notice, the late Thomas Tod Stoddart of Kelso, whose works on Angling have given pleasure and instruction to many a votary of the gentle art, was one whose experience taught him what he in turn taught so pleasantly to others. This veteran angler and author was one

of the few writers on angling who have devoted the best part of a lifetime to that pleasant pastime. Shortly after he left college and was called to the Scotch Bar as an advocate in 1833, he gave up his profession, and took, heart and hand, to rod and reel for the rest of his long life—passing most of his non-angling time in the pleasant fields of literature. The excellence of his prose and, to a certain degree, his verse in connection with angling, and the accuracy of his observations on natural history—for he was a close and shrewd observer—have been long patent to a wide circle of readers on both sides of Tweed.

Mr Stoddart was born in Edinburgh in February 1810, and shortly after his marriage, which took place in 1836, he took up his residence in the pretty Border town of Kelso, which was his home for the remainder of his life. Living there, he was within easy access of many excellent trout-streams—the Kale, the Bowmont, the Glen, and the Eden; as also of the salmon and trout streams of the Tweed and Teviot, which were almost at his door. But though his home was in Kelso, he almost every summer during many years of his life paid visits elsewhere in Scotland, where he met many genial angling and literary friends, and also found suitably quiet and unquiet waters into which to cast his deadly fly or minnow. By movements of this nature he, after a course of years, could register the fishable qualities of almost every lake and stream in Scotland; and no other writer has produced so much thoroughly reliable information on its streams and lochs for the use of the angler. Of the Tweed, nearly one hundred miles in length, and its many tributaries he knew every stream and bend; and as every good piscator will readily believe, of the rivers in which he angled most he knew every shelving bank or stone, the haunt of salmon or trout. His soul was in his work; and he therefore, almost by intuition, readily learned much that ordinary observers would have overlooked or neglected. To see him run a salmon was a treat to remember; and he only expresses his own experience when he writes:

Hark to the music of the reel!  
We listen with devotion;  
There's something in that circling wheel  
That wakes the heart's emotion!

He was possessed of excellent conversational powers, which he, however, used with modesty, unless, perhaps, when among some old and valued angling or literary friends, on which occasions he would keep them in roars of laughter by lively sallies and spurts of peculiar and original humour. Thus, his kindness of disposition made his company a pleasure to a wide circle of friends. In matters of controversy connected with natural history, he was a bold speaker and writer; and as he was a close observer, he was generally correct in his arguments and deductions.

At the social board he was delightful, and could, moreover, do some things by way of giving amusement which were quite unique. Some old friends when they read these lines will recall with pleasure his mode of preaching a Gaelic sermon, a sermon with scarce a Gaelic word or a word of any known language in it! Living so much in the Highlands, when angling there, he had so fairly caught the intonations of their language, that ignorant Highlanders in the north imagined that

he preached in south-west Gaelic, and *vice versa* ! He could also electrify his friends by his imitation of the performance of an opera. Many years ago, when he was at college, the name of Abercrombie became for a short time familiar as a household word in Edinburgh. Mr Stoddart took that name therefore as the sole 'ilbretto' of his burlesque performance ; and with no instrument but his voice, which rung all imaginable changes on the word, he so humorously and ludicrously performed the operatic music as to elicit the heartiest laughter.

But it was as an angler and writer on angling subjects that his name was generally known. Having early devoted himself to the study of the gentle art, he for a long course of years—indeed almost to the very close of his life—was in the habit of contributing copiously to periodicals and magazines on subjects of angling and natural history. His first effort in literature—a poem published in 1831—cannot be said to have been successful, and is now practically forgotten. The first production of his pen which brought him into notice was his work entitled *The Art of Angling*, published in 1835, and which he had originally contributed to the pages of *Chambers's Journal* in a series of articles. Since then, many other works in prose and verse came from his pen ; but of all these, that known as *The Angler's Companion* takes decidedly the highest place. It has for many years been a standard work. The inexperienced angler finds in it a faithful guide and friend, and lovers of river-side scenery read it with pleasure. It is even relished by practical anglers who themselves know the many arduous and delicate ways of bringing salmon and trout to the creel.

The early spring is the time when the genuine angler feels the first fond impulses of the heart. It is then he begins to pore after the water-brooks, and to long for the sight of a leaping trout. In the winter months he sorts his tackle, secures a supply of the new season's gut, assays his newly made flies, and has some of them tied into 'casts ;' so that whenever trout begin in spring to rise to the natural fly, he seizes his rod, shoulders his basket, and in ecstacy of spirit repairs to some favourite stream, beside whose banks a thrill of indefinable joy runs through his veins as the first trout of the season seizes his fly. It was quite exhilarating to hear Mr Stoddart in the winter months talking with enthusiasm of the coming joys of spring. On fresh days in February, or in early March, before his trout-rod was stretched for the season, he would wander by the sweetly secluded and sheltered waters of the Teviot near the ruins of Roxburgh Castle ; and there his heart would be cheered by the appearance of the coming spring flowers, the early celandine, the primrose and eye-bright. A sight of the colts-foot pushing its bloomy head up through the river-side shingle, and bearing on it perhaps a small cluster of newly awakened humble-bees, never failed to stir his pulses. He knew that fuller beauties and the enjoyment of his beloved pastime were at hand, and he rejoiced in heart. His own elegant lines on an angler may well be applied to himself :

There he sleeps, whose heart was twined  
With the wild reeds and wand'ring burn :  
Woe'er of the western wind !  
Watcher of the April morn !

Some clever books on trout-angling have been published which point out no river-side beauty, and ignore all sentiment in connection with the gentle art. The instructions laid down simply culminate in letting the reader know the surest and speediest modes of capturing fish. But Mr Stoddart wrote in a different strain. Along with clear and concise instructions on all matters pertaining to salmon and trout angling, he yet dispenses here and there delightfully on the beauty and spirit of river scenery ; and draws attention to many interesting matters connected with wood and field, with bird and insect life. However busy with his rod, his eyes were always open to the beautiful ; and after a tough run with either salmon or trout, the minute or two of rest which followed, very frequently called up some good wholesome sentiment. After one of his lively accounts of the capture of a trout, he thus finishes the chapter : 'And now, in their turn, content and thankfulness reign in the heart, and develop themselves on the countenance of the angler ; now happily he is impressed with feelings of adoring solemnity, stirred up by some scene of unlooked-for grandeur, or the transit of some sublime phenomenon. Hence it is from the very variety of emotions which successfully occupy the mind, from their blendings and transitions, that angling derives its pleasures ; hence it holds precedence as a sport with men of thoughtful and ideal temperament ; hence, poets, sculptors and philosophers—the sons of genius—have entered heart and hand into its pursuit. Therefore it was that Thomson, Burns, Scott and Hogg, and in a later day, Wilson and Wordsworth, exchanged eagerly the gray-goose quill and the companionship of books for the taper wand and the discourse, older than Homer's measures, of sheaves and catenae.'

The records which he gives here and there in his works of his angling exploits in the Teviot, are always racy, and exuberant with poetic and appropriate sentiment, so that the reader feels he is in the hands of a poet as well as of an expert angler. He also delighted to fish such waters as the Kale and the Bowmont. The pastoral aspect of the latter stream a few miles above the picturesque gipsy village of Yetholm, with the smooth greenness of the Cheviots, possessed a strong charm for him. Peace too, or rather 'pastoral melancholy,' pervades all that part of the glen ; and these combined with the loveliness of the clear dancing stream, shaded by an occasional overhanging silver birch or moss-grizzled alder, and the green hills dotted with snowy sheep, so delighted him, that he used to declare the scene to be 'simply Paradise regained.' But the shepherd's goodwife at Mowhaugh checked him one day by saying : 'Deed sir, I dinna think trouts or burns were ever thought o' in Paradise.'

On Tweed about Kelso, his form was nearly as familiar to the public as the river itself. It was the river of rivers to him. Indeed, it may be said that he literally spent some years of his life *in* it. He has repeatedly apostrophised it both in prose and verse, for his 'heart was twined' with it. Justly held in respect by the proprietors of the salmon-fishings in the neighbourhood, he was periodically invited by many of them to fish for salmon in their respective waters. Then, again, his wandering propensities would lure him away to the higher reaches of the Tweed, or to

St Mary's Loch, with Ettrick and Yarrow, or to the wild glens and lakes in the north of Scotland, or to Oban, a favourite resort of his for many years. His writings teem with allusions to these places; and in conversation he often got eloquent on the fishing-raids in these districts, and concerning the men of note whom he met on those occasions. For a long course of years he angled successfully in the Tweed in the Innerleithen (St Roman's) district; and upwards of forty years ago he used so to time each visit to the locality as to be there when the St Roman's athletic games were held, on which occasions he met his illustrious friends Christopher North, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other kindred spirits. He enjoyed greatly the pastoral valley of the Leithen, a stream which has always been in request by the patient angler. This valley seems closed in by high pastoral hills, over which the sunlight and fleecy clouds throw a sort of halo; and the quiet seclusion of this spot, which would be silence itself but for the sweet prattle of the tiny stream, or the occasional wail of the curlew or the golden plover, still continues to yield a joy dear to the heart of the true angler.

In Upper Tweeddale the Tweed has always given fine sport to the angler. Trout are still plentiful in it, although basket-loads such as Mr Stoddart used to kill there many years ago are not so often caught nowadays. Living at the Crook Inn—now a fine hotel—he used to hold high holiday there in summer, and angle to his heart's content in 'the lonesome Tala and the Lyne.' As he himself writes:

There's na a hole aboue the Crook,  
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,  
Nor drumlie rill, nor faery brook,  
That daunders through the flowery heath,  
But ye may find a subtle trout,  
A gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead;  
An' mony a sawmon sooms aboot  
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

But no place is described in his writings with such enthusiasm as the district of St Mary's Loch. Summer after summer he regularly resided there for a few weeks, under the humble but cosy roof of Tibbie Shiels, a name and a memory cherished by multitudes of anglers. Such feats of angling have been talked over and sung over in Tibbie's little hostelry as were never known to be performed in any other part of the kingdom. Here Stoddart regularly met his old friends the Ettrick Shepherd, John Wilson, Professor Aytoun, and Henry Glassford Bell—now all dead—and others celebrated as writers and anglers. In this classic region, fishing was then excellent, and is still good, the angler having his choice of Ettrick, Yarrow, Meggat and their tributaries, or of St Mary's Loch, the Loch of the Lowes, and 'dark Loch Skene,' which last Stoddart describes as the 'most weird and desolate loch in Scotland.' Our author and his friend Mr Wilson often started from Tibbie's at early dawn on long fishing excursions; and their united baskets at times quite overheaped that worthy's resources—for no less a vessel than a washing-tub could in those rare times hold the daily spoil! Here is an extract from memoranda by Stoddart as to sport in St Mary's Loch: May 12, 1832, one salmon kelt, 51 trout, weighing 27 lbs.; May 15, 1830, 36 trout,

24 lbs.; May 19, 1830, 47 trout, 23 lbs.; May 7, 1832, 60 trout, 21 lbs.; May 4, 1833, 79 trout, 36 lbs.

Writing of his associations with St Mary's Loch and the illustrious friends he frequently met there, he thus expresses himself: 'Of those who took part in them along with me, not a few—it is a curious fact, illustrative of the sympathy which obtains betwixt angling and the nobler pursuits of life—have presented themselves before the public as candidates for literary renown. I could name eight or nine speculators in rhyme, more than one philosopher, scholars and lawyers of considerable eminence, along with the occupants of three or four professorial chairs, in whose company, below Tibbie's roof, I have spent evenings of great delight.' He had a strong personal regard for the Ettrick Shepherd, as well as a deep admiration for the poetry of that remarkable man. Of their frequent intercourse together, he writes: 'Times without number have we traversed the Yarrow's banks together, our slender wands bending alternately with the weight of a struggling trout; and on St Mary's too, and Loch Skene and Meggat Water, have we twain fashioned our thoughts and converse to the wild, mystic, unviolated scenery around us.'

Like the Ettrick Shepherd and other cronies, Thomas Stoddart himself has now passed for ever from the haunts he loved so well.

By his loved Tweed at last he calmly sleeps,  
And neyermore will hail the dawning spring—  
The season most he loved—when greenness creeps  
Along the brimming brooks that dance and sing.  
Possessor of a warm and guileless heart,  
And gifted with 'the faculty divine,'  
To those who knew and loved the gentle art  
That ever charmed his soul, he could out-twine  
Such sparkling thoughts as only genius yields,  
On themes romantic, or the heavenly gleam  
Of moonlit lake and fairy-haunted stream;  
For all the glory of the woods and fields  
And wordless songs the prattling streams impart,  
By Nature's kindly hand were written on his heart.

## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE FISHERIES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I AM an old and solitary woman. Most of my life has been spent in this place, and I shall never leave it until the end come. There are those who love me well, and who would fain have me with them, out in the busy world; but I cannot leave the old fishing-town where my dead ones toiled, and sorrowed, and sinned, and now lie sleeping within sound of the sea they loved so well. I am too old to see far, yet I know that out yonder lie the same blue waves they knew for many a year—the same, ah, woe is me, that drew to death my bonniefisher-lad. There lies Colburn Nab, with the shadows stealing over it; and yonder, at the foot of the tall cliffs, glides the tiny stream from among the boulders. The men are singing as they mend their nets on the shingle; the children paddle with naked feet along the strand; and the women crouch to their wee ones, as they stand at their doors, and watch the scene below. I know it all, and can see the sun glint on the far sails of the fishing-fleet, as they pass the narrow cove, and

hold away to the north. The boat I have watched full many a day is not with them; but still I love to gaze at them, as they vanish into the dim distance.

My name is Joan Carew. I was mistress of the old school at Staithe when Phil Carew married me. He was a rough, true-hearted fisherman; he loved me well, and was ever kind and good to me. No shadow ever came between us until that took place which I am about to tell you. John was our eldest born. He was two years older than Hal, and a comelier lad could not be found in all the fishing-fleet. Hal was aye weakly; but John was tall and lithe and sinewy, brave of heart and dauntless of soul, but tender and true as a woman. How proud Phil was of his brave fisher-lad! None could manage a boat like him; and among all the daring folk of this wild coast, he was the most reckless. Wet or dry, calm or stormy, fair wind or foul, he cared not; with his gallant craft beneath him, he was at home in the roughest sea. When he was only a boy, a schooner lay out and away there beyond the Nab. The waves were leaping over her and dashing in foam among the breakers, and never a boat dare put off to her rescue; but my boy John swam with a rope through that white seething surf, and every soul on board was saved. Ay, and his father was ever talking about him, and filling the boy's soul with mad longings to do some wild and daring deed.

Many and many a night I have lain awake, when he and his father were out at the 'Silver Pits' with the boat, and prayed while the storms were raging; and then in the morning watched with aching eyes, my heart full of a boding fear, lest mishap should have overtaken them. Yet, with all my love for John the brave-hearted, I clung most to my youngest born—he was so weak and womanish, too tender to live that reckless life; he would stay at home with me, and I should be able to cherish and protect him. And John petted my frail laddie too, and would carry him on his strong broad shoulders down to the beck, or take him aboard his boat, and sail away beyond the Nab to Kettleless and Runswick Cove to gather sea-birds' eggs. He loved him well then, however bitter he grew towards him in after years.

I remember well the year that Hal went away from home to learn to become a great painter. Mr Burton—his old schoolmaster, who was a painter too—would often take my boy with him in his wanderings along the coast. Hal would trudge along by his master's side, carrying his colours and sketching stool, and then would sit and watch him at his work, and hold his brushes, or help him in any little way. So, little by little, the boy's soul became filled with a great yearning to paint pictures like those of Mr Burton, and he worked with this end ever in view. In the evening when he came home, he would toil hour after hour, copying the work he had seen done in the day. John had brought him a box of colours from Whitby, and whenever he went there he always returned with some little trifle to help his brother in his studies. At last I showed his sketches to Mr Burton, who was astonished at the boy's quickness, and offered to give him lessons, and to help him in every way. From that time the two worked on diligently together, and Hal seemed to make rapid progress.

As I write, I have beside me a picture of my boy John standing by his boat in the warm light of an autumn day, waving a last farewell before he goes to his labour in the deep seas. It is a brave, true, honest face, with not a trace of shame in it, though God knows it came after. This is my boy as I remember him, and as Hal painted him. I can well remember the day that picture was first shown, and how Mr Burton came into the cottage just as John and his father had returned from the fishing, and were admiring the boy's work. John had praised the painting, until Hal's cheeks were glowing with pride and excitement.

'See thee, Mr Burton,' said John to the old man, 'I've gotten into a picture now an' no mistake,' and he held up the canvas for inspection. 'I hardly know myself in all these gran' colours; but it must be me, I suppose. Ay, but t' lad's clever. Did ever ye see t' likes o' that now?'

'So, so, Master Hal, this accounts for your idleness of late,' said Mr Burton. 'It is rather too bad though, to be working on the sly in this way, without even consulting your old master. Banded you could do without his help, eh, my boy? But seeing a pained look on Hal's face, he added: 'Well, well, you had your reasons, and I ought not to grumble.'

'It is for John's birthday, Mr Burton; and I wanted it to be my own work,' replied Hal with a blush.

'I am eighteen to-morrow, an' t' lad's been doin' this for a keepsake. It's nobbut t' bairn's shyness, or thou wouldst ha' seen it before,' and John strove to make peace between the two.

'I understand, John,' replied the schoolmaster—'a labour of love!'

'Thou's right, Mr Burton; an' it's the miraculous to me how t' lad could do it. I'm fair capped; so there.'

Mr Burton took the work from John's hand, and placed it where the evening light threw out all the bright tints on the canvas. 'It seems to be a very good subject,' said he, 'and exceedingly well treated.'

'I'm just beat with it; and John surveyed the whole with a critical air. 'Here is our owd boat, every shred o' canvas, rope an' timber, just as I've seen it every day. There stands Billy Todd's owd donkey an' rickety cart, an' yonder is Billy hisself puttin' a cask o' water aboard. Dang me, but I see t' black patch on his trousers sewed w' white thread; an' his wooden leg is natur' itself. There is Barton Verity in t' bows, an' father at t' tiller. I've seen pictures before, but never one to come up to this.'

Mr Burton looked long and earnestly at the work, pointing out its merits in words I cannot repeat, and only half understood. At last he laid his hand on Hal's shoulder, and said: 'Yes, my boy; you were right. There is no further need of help from me: the pupil has surpassed his master.'

'Oh, Mr Burton, that is not true. You are unjust to yourself; and the colour in Hal's face deepened as he spoke.

'No, boy; it is the truth. This is the work of genius such as is given to few—never to Ned Burton. Only persevere, and you will make a name in the world.'

The boy's father had stood quietly listening

to all that was said, but apparently taking little interest in it. At these last words he turned toward the speaker, and said, as he pointed to Hal's work: 'I've no doubt but t' picter's right enough; but what's t' use o' fillin' my bairn's head wi' sic fond stuff as this? He mun learn to earn his bread, an' sic work as this will never do it.'

'Not at present, perhaps,' replied Mr Burton; 'but by-and-by he will work himself into notice; and paintings like this will always command a market.'

'I've no notions o' such flummery. T' lad's fair dazed wi' all thou says to him about his cleverness; he thinks o' nothin' but saunterin' about, an' loiterin' his time away wi' paintin' an' book-learnin', instead o' workin' to help me an' his mother.'

Mr Burton seemed to be taken aback at this opposition; but he did not give in without a struggle. 'The boy's future is of course in your hands,' he replied, 'and I would not advise him to act in any degree contrary to your wishes; but I say again, the youth of sixteen who can do work like this is not born for common uses—he is meant for something better than the rough life of a fisherman.'

'It's neighbourly of ye, Mr Burton, to take so much pains with t' lad, an' I'm obliged to ye; but I cannot have my bairn's head turned wi' all this fool's talk. T' lad's biddable enough, an' his paintin' an' learnin' is right enough; but he's only one of ourselves, an' he must live an' work like ourselves.'

'But what will you do with him?' questioned Mr Burton. 'You will not put a boy like this to the fishing? He is far too weak.'

'Weak or not weak, to t' fishin' he must go. My mind's made up, an' what I've said, I mean. I'm fair sick o' these fond, lubberly ways.'

'O Phil, you cannot mean this?' I said, for the first time joining in the dispute. 'It would kill the boy, and me too.'

'Would ye have t' bairn grow up a conceited jackanape? He is fair burstin' wi' pride an' high notions. T' fishin' will make a man of him. Thou is always haunkerin' after t' better sort o' folks, an' should never ha' married a rough fisherman like me. But don't set t' lad against me an' his brother, for I wunnot have it.' Then, turning to John, who had been trying to cheer Hal, he said: 'Come, my lad, we must go an' look after t' cobbie before t' tide comes in.'

'But, Mr Carew'—pleaded the old school-master.

'Whist, man, whist!' said Phil, interrupting him. 'I've said my say, an' to t' fishin' he must go; and he strode off to his boat.'

He left two sad hearts behind him. Mr Burton spoke some cheering words to Hal, who was almost heart-broken at what had occurred: 'Never despond, my lad. I will see what can be done for you. In a day or two I hope your father will change his mind, and all will yet be well.'

You may perhaps think from this that my husband Phil was a hard man; but he misunderstood the character and work of the lad—that was all. My heart was full of a great dread for my boy's future. I could not give him up to such a wild life of reckless hardihood and danger. Every day

I feared lest his father should call him to the fishing; but nothing more was said for some time. After a week Mr Burton called again, bearing a letter from his brother. It contained a proposal that Hal should be sent to York to work with him in his studio. He had seen some of the lad's work, and as it gave rare promise, he was willing, for the sake of his brother, to help him.

Phil was at last won over to give his consent. It was a sad parting; but I knew that it must be this or the fishing, and I dared not complain. In a few days he went with John in the boat to Whitby, and thence by coach to York. His soul was full of high thoughts for the future, but my own was sad for many a weary day.

For five long years my boy did not return, and I yearned in vain for one look into his dear face. God only knows how lonely I felt, and how sorely I missed him when Phil and John were away at the fishing. I was tempted oftentimes to call him home; still I held out, and bore up bravely before my husband. We had occasionally long letters from him, full of hopeful confidence and brave endeavour. From York, after two years, he went to London, in the hope of getting his pictures into the Academy. I cannot tell you the history of that cruel time. Throughout it all he never once wavered, but struggled manfully on. The hill of fame was hard for a poor, almost friendless lad to climb; but he steadily persevered, feeling confident of success at last. It was three years more before the long-coveted honour was won, and his fame as a painter established.

I remember well how we received the news of Hal's home-coming. It was a summer's evening, and I was seated at the cottage door, watching the men unlade the boats, when John and Teenie Granger came down the steep path from the town. Teenie had lately come to live at Staithes with her uncle, Mr Burton; and, when John was not at the fishing, they were aye together. No one thought of ill, for she was but a child, with all a child's merry ways—a sweet, winsome bairn, wild and careless as a bird. How handsome she looked as she came tripping by my boy's side, now and anon glancing laughingly into his face! No wonder he had grown to love her—though I knew it not then—to the very depths of his strong, manly soul; and so came all the sorrow and pain of the after-time. Well, she came up the path that July evening with John; and when they were near, John held up to view my boy's letter, his face beaming with joy. 'See, mother, I've gotten a letter for ye; Billy Poad brought it fra Whitby. Shall I read it for ye?'

So at last my boy was coming back to the old home! He had won success, and his name was in all men's mouths. In a week he would be with us again. The news seemed too good to be true. In a week he came. John went to Whitby to meet the coach, and thence they came together in the boat.

That was indeed a glad home-coming, and repaid me for the weary years of separation. Mr Burton and Teenie Granger came down to the cottage at Seaton Garth that evening, and together we watched for the boat rounding the Southern Nab. At last we heard a shout, and there up the cove glided the craft with my boy on board. Mr Burton and Teenie ran down to the



strand. I did not move, but sat still in the house, trembling for very joy. Every sound came up from below clear and distinct through the still night-air—the rustle of the sails, the creak of the mast and rigging, the low sad ripple of the waves as they met the boat's bow, the grating of the keel on the shingle, the shout of welcome, the confused hum of voices, the ring of hasty steps up the steep path—and then I knew no more than that my boy was safe once more in my arms. In a few moments John and his father entered, and together we all sat down to the evening meal.

'Do you think he has altered much?' inquired Mr Burton, looking proudly at Hal.

'He's grown clean out o' my knowledge,' said Phil. 'I should never ha' known him for one of ourselves. He were nought to him when he were only a bairn, but he's a rare an' handsome chap now, an' no mistake—almost equal to my John; an' it must be a good un' to come up to him, eh, Teenie?'

'Five years is a long time, father,' said Hal with a laugh; 'at least it has seemed so to me.'

'Thou is right, my lad; an' time works wonders wi' us all.'

Indeed those years had made a wonderful change in the lad. All the old weakness had gone. I could hardly realise that this was the frail youth who had left us to fight his way alone in the world, for there had been developed in his whole form a look of conscious strength quite new to it.

'An' so thou has taken t' shine out of t' Lunnoners, eh, Hal?' said his father, 'an' sold thy pictures for a mint o' money?'

'My last two works in the Academy sold for three hundred. I think I ought to be satisfied with that, father.'

'I should think thou did,' replied Phil. 'But however any man could give all that cash for a wee bit daub o' red, an' yellor, an' blue, I can't mak' out. There must be a heap o' fools i' Lunnon, I'm fain to think;' and he laughed heartily at the thought.

'They are over close-fisted i' Yorkshire for such wastery, eh, father?' said John.

'Thou is right, my lad. I allus believed in book-learnin', in spidderin' an' readin' an' such like; but this paintin' fair caps me.'

So the talk went on, until Mr Burton and Teenie rose and left us; and the night of Hal's home-coming was over.

I said that all the sorrow of the after-time came through the wild love my John had for Teenie Granger: this is how it befell. Before Hal came home, John had been Teenie's constant companion. Teenie's father had lived in one of the great trading towns in the west, so that all her life had been spent in crowded streets, among smoke and gloom. When she came to Stathes, she was like a bird escaped from its cage. John would take her in his boat to every place within easy distance along the coast, or join her in long wanderings across the moors. There were no companions for her among the fisher-lasses, and Mr Burton knew that she would be safe under John's protection. No one dreamed of love between the two; but it showed itself at last, and I saw that John was bewitched by Teenie's sweet face and merry ways. She was blind to his love, but I saw and knew, that for weal or woe, his

heart was hers for ever. It was no boyish fancy with him, lightly born and lightly thrown away, but the deep, passionate devotion of a strong man, that would hold true whatever might betide.

I think Teenie must at last have discovered that John loved her, and knowing that she could never return his passion, avoided being thrown into his company; for so it was, that after Hal's home-coming, all the old friendship seemed to have come to an end. Teenie grew quiet, and thoughtful, and reserved; and John appeared sullen and ill at ease.

Much of Hal's time now was spent with Mr Burton. Very frequently they went together on painting excursions along the coast, and Teenie sometimes accompanied them. In the evenings, after they returned, the little party would sit in the room facing the bay, while Teenie sang ballads, or chatted on in her merry, artless way. John sometimes joined them, but he always returned looking sullen and angry. There was a wild light in his eyes quite new to them, that made me tremble for very fear.

## MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It is undeniable that there are many sober-minded people, not in general disposed to be credulous or superstitious, who yet entertain a firm conviction that they have come across the supernatural in some shape or other, and that under circumstances in which they had little reason to doubt the evidence of their senses as in the most common occurrences of life. On more than one occasion we have given instances of ghost-stories *unveiled*, with a view to allaying the fears of those who are in the habit of giving credence to what is termed the supernatural; and as we have reason to believe that our efforts have been attended by good results in various quarters, we present no apology for again taking up the subject. A well-known witty English divine once remarked that the best and most reasonable—because most convincing—way of combating the foolish fancy commonly known as a 'belief in ghosts,' is to make public all well-authenticated instances where such stories have been '*unveiled*.' The following narratives, communicated by various contributors, may serve as further illustrations of the truth, that nothing of the apparently supernatural should be received which has not been submitted to the test of absolute demonstration.

One splendid afternoon of a glorious summer, I set out on a walk from Eythorne to Deal, a distance of some six miles. I took particular note as I went along—the route being entirely strange to me—of all the landmarks, such as churches, farmhouses, the bendings of the road, &c., thinking that I should probably have to make at least part of my return walk after dark, though sure of a sufficiency of light if the moon were only shining. I reached Deal, and was beguiled by the beauty of the afternoon and evening to stay longer than I had intended. Sea and land lay bathed

in the warm golden sunshine, the sky of the blightest blue, unclouded by a cloud, and the sea almost equally blue. I lingered by the shore, until the lengthening shadows began to warn me that I should find the night drawing on almost before I got far from the precincts of Deal. Hastening along, then, without any doubt of my way, and mounting the rising land at the back of the town, I found the moon was already shedding its light over the scene, and I looked forward to a delightful walk home; when suddenly a dense sea-fog rolled in from the bay, which soon enveloped the land, obscuring every object, and even obliterating the light of the moon, save for occasional rifts in the fog as it rolled rapidly inland. I soon became very doubtful of my way, as the notes I had carefully taken of landmarks were now useless. But I trudged along, knowing I was pursuing at least an onward course, till I emerged upon much higher ground, and was thankful to find that the fog was losing its density and the moon recovering its light. Inquiring at a cottage where I saw a light in the bedroom, I found that I had come right, and should soon strike the high-road from Sandwich to Dover. After this the fog seemed to lift, the moon shone out brightly, a light haze only remaining over the lower-lying country, and I soon found myself comfortably nearing Eythorne.

The road into Eythorne from the Dover Road turns at right angles, and is straight and rather descending, so that during the day, or on a fine moonlight night, objects can be seen for a long distance. The moon had now risen considerably, and the whole country lay clearly revealed—the road to Eythorne, into which I had now turned, especially so, being chalky. I had not gone many paces when I saw, some distance on before me, a gigantic figure in white, apparently at least ten feet high. I could see too that it was moving, not towards me, but from me. I watched it narrowly for a few minutes, to satisfy myself that it was no momentary impression; but there assuredly it was, white, spectral, gigantic—and moving.

My first thought was to beat a retreat, take the Dover Road again, and return into Eythorne through Waldershare Park; but as this would have greatly lengthened the time at which I wished to be home, and as I had already proved the park at night to be a difficult route, and had had some unpleasant experiences therein, I made up my mind rapidly that there was nothing for it but to face the spectre, or whatever it might be, 'for better, for worse.' Now, I thought, is all my vaunted unbelief in the supernatural to be put to the test, and perhaps to be shaken down in some dreadfully unpleasant manner. I confess I felt many a qualm as the tall figure stalked on before me; but as I had now fully made up my mind to find out what it was, if I could, I quickened my pace, almost running under the excitement. As I neared and was evidently overtaking it, I noticed that it seemed rather to lessen in its proportions, and this continued as I got nearer and nearer. It was still, however, out of all human proportion;

but at this point, as I more leisurely looked about me, I began to observe that the more familiar objects known to me, the cottages by the roadside, the park gates, &c., looked unusually large also, and as I passed them, resumed their natural size. This at once became a clue to me, and I determined not to lose the chance of unravelling the mystery of the white figure, still some distance before me. As I got rapidly near it, it as rapidly decreased in size, till at length—I must say much to my relief—I found it to be nothing more than a country girl in a light dress quietly pursuing her way homewards!

Thus, then, I discovered that the gigantic spectre of my walk was an effect due in some way to the combined action of the moonbeams and the haze in magnifying all objects looked at, at a certain distance or angle, and in this resembling the mist spectres of the Brocken and other mountains.

Now, it is evident, if I had not been compelled to face and investigate the matter, I should have continued to believe to this day—despite my unwillingness to do so—that I had certainly seen a spectre upon such evidence of my own senses as I could not doubt. The occurrence has served me in good stead ever since, as a useful lesson, inducing me to pause in accepting apparently inexplicable phenomena without the most rigid investigation.

I was passing the Christmas holidays a few years ago at a pretty village in the country, in the comfortable and well-appointed house of a medical gentleman, a near connection and great friend. One evening it happened that the family had all gone out to a Christmas junketing; and as I was left at home alone, I at once determined to retire to the snug little study—a very favourite resort of mine, for it was well filled with books. Like most old-fashioned country houses, the sitting-rooms were all on the ground-floor. The study had one window, the sill of which was about five feet from a gravel walk, which ran all along that side of the house, so that any one could readily have touched the window in passing.

Having requested the maid to light the lamp for me, I was just following her to the study, when I was somewhat surprised by the girl running back into the drawing-room in a state of great perturbation, and declaring that some one had knocked sharply four times at the study window; but that, on looking out, she saw no one right or left on the gravel walk; adding, that she was much frightened and quite put out in consequence. Thinking it some joke by a possible admirer, I merely smiled at the girl's agitation, and betook myself to the study for a comfortable read.

It was a bright clear moonlight night now; but a heavy fall of snow during the afternoon had covered every field, road, and path with its beautiful mantle of spotless white; and a sharp breeze was springing up which seemed likely to increase to a gale. I had been reading barely half an hour, when I was rather surprised to hear four or five sharp taps at the outside of the window, such as might have been given with the end of a stick. Jumping up, I instantly threw open the window and looked all around. Nothing was to be seen but the bright frosty moonlight and the clean

white snow; and what I also noticed was that the snow under and near the window was perfectly smooth, untouched and untrodden; clearly indicating that neither man nor beast had passed that spot, or even near it.

I confess I felt completely puzzled; and not knowing exactly what to think, I sat down again to read. I had not, however, got through a score of pages, when tap, tap, tap again carried me to the window, with exactly the same unsatisfactory result—nothing to be seen—nothing to be discovered. These tappings occurred three different times in the following hour and a half, and defied my utmost endeavours to find out the cause. I examined the window—which was surrounded outside by ivy and creeping plants—most carefully, but found nothing. I went outside to each end of the house, and again observed that the snow was still untrodden and untouched. I confess I was both surprised, puzzled, and annoyed. Here was an undoubted mystery, a series of tappings, the cause of which I had, after close and careful investigation, totally failed to discover. It was a mystery certainly, and one which ought to be explained; but how?

In due time the family returned home; and after the ladies had retired, I took the doctor into the study and told him of my mysterious experiences. He laughed, and wagged his head incredulously; adding, with a merry twinkle of his keen gray eye, that he hoped, as the night was so cold, I had taken a glass of grog, and had enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cosy arm-chair; mildly suggesting the possibility of my dreams running in the direction of supernatural sights and sounds; politely intimating, in fact, that I had been asleep and had dreamed the whole thing! This I at once refuted by reference to the maid, who proved a very willing witness indeed. The doctor seemed puzzled, sniffed sharply two or three times, took an enormous pinch of snuff, and then stood looking intently into the fire; when suddenly tap, tap, tap, loud and sharp at the window, caused us both to run forward, throw it open, and look out; but, I need hardly say, with the usual result. I drew the doctor's special attention to the smooth untrodden snow, and told him I had again and again examined the window and wall both inside and out, but without effect.

"Well, Jack, it is certainly very odd," said the doctor; "but as I am convinced the taps arise from some perfectly natural cause, I'll stop here till I find it out, if I should stay all night."

We discussed the probable causes—tricks, cats, birds pecking, &c., but abandoned our theories almost as soon as started, until our deliberations were cut short by the tapping being again renewed louder and sharper than ever. The doctor now nearly lost his temper, and throwing open both halves of the window (it was a French, not a sash window), fetched our overcoats and hats, and proposed to extinguish the lamp, and to sit down opposite the open window, and there carefully watch. This we accordingly both did, with an amount of patience and exemplary perseverance never, perhaps, before exhibited by the most determined ghost-hunters, until, in spite of the blazing fire behind us, we were nearly half-frozen by the keen biting air and the wind, which had now increased to a complete gale. At length, temper and patience alike gave way, and as no

taps or manifestations of any kind had occurred, vexed and annoyed beyond expression—for his open, honest nature hated mystery and incertitude of any kind—the doctor reluctantly closed the window, and had just slowly pulled down the blind, when the tapping was again heard as vigorously as ever.

"So, so!" cried the doctor; "one thing at least is clear—the taps, I find, are given at the top of the window. Run, Jack, and fetch the bull's-eye lantern—the wind is too high for a candle—whilst I get the steps."

Armed with the lantern, the doctor mounted the steps, and closely examined the whole top of the window both outside and in, but still could discover nothing. Much irritated, he was about to give up the search, when, as he projected his head through the open window, he was suddenly aware of two or three sharp taps on his forehead; and raising the bull's-eye, he then discovered a thick bit of stick hanging amongst, but concealed by a bunch of ivy leaves which dropped over the top of the window.

"Here's the ghost—here he is—I've caught him!" exclaimed the doctor, now in high glee; "but, to make doubly sure, let's give him another chance;" and closing the half of the window and still standing on the steps, lantern in hand, he waited for the next "manifestation." This, thanks to the high wind, followed almost immediately, in the usual form of four or five sharp taps on the glass; which the doctor now distinctly saw were produced by the action of the wind on the loose branch of ivy in which the piece of wood just mentioned was sticking.

So here was the whole mystery elucidated; and the reason why we had heard nothing during our long cold watch was also readily explained—the window being open, there was simply nothing for the wind to strike against.

Pulling the wood out of the ivy, and throwing it down to me, the doctor said: "There, Jack, there's a real ghost for you; and one that might, but for our patience and determination, have caused this house to have been reported as 'haunted,' and made an object of horror and fear to the simple country-folk round about. Depend upon it, if people would only master their foolish fears of the supernatural, and cease to believe in so-called 'ghost-stories,' and boldly face the 'ghost' with the weapons of patience, reason, and common-sense, we should hear much oftener than we do of many such another 'ghost story—unveiled!'"

At a social gathering of friends one evening a few years ago, the much-vexed question of supernatural appearances came under discussion. As might have been expected in these days of scientific experiment and inductive philosophy, the tone of the conversation was of a decidedly sceptical tinge. The lady of the house, anxious apparently that ghostly claims should be fairly represented, appealed to her sister-in-law, who had lived for several years in a haunted house, and begged her to say what the results of her experience had been.

"Our house," replied the sister, "was in a bleak and lonely situation; and many years before we entered its walls, some disagreeable associations had been woven into its history. In spite of these,

the place did us no harm; though I am bound to say that during our sojourn in it we heard sounds which superstitiously inclined folks might have regarded with dread. Perhaps we were not a family likely to suffer from imaginative terrors, because we were more accustomed to examine an unwonted object than to run away from it, nor did we conclude that every phenomenon not clearly understood by us must be due to supernatural causes. Often at night we heard noises in uninhabited rooms, as if articles of furniture were being moved or dragged across the floor; but these we became used to, and assigned them to such simple causes as mice, or possibly rats. But once I recollect that the clanking of a chain at midnight awakened me from a half-dreaming state to full consciousness.

I thought I must have been mistaken, and went quietly to sleep again; but the next night at the same hour the noise was distinctly repeated. My sister, who slept in the same room, heard it also, and was as puzzled as myself. It recurred from that time so often that we became accustomed to it also, and were almost ceasing to speculate on its cause, when one day, standing in my own room in broad daylight, I heard the clanking noise loudly repeated. A thought struck me. I ran down-stairs out of the hall door, and through a garden-path to the stable-yard, whose wall formed an angle with our side of the house. As I looked into the stable, the horse shook his chain! This was the very noise we had heard so often—the same thing which had happened night after night, when the horse wakened out of his sleep, got up, shook himself, and stamped in his stall, before composing himself for another nap. If I had not thus tracked the sound and verified it for myself, I could never have believed that it could have been so clearly heard through thick walls at such a distance.

‘Ah!’ said a clergyman, who had listened to this account with much amusement, ‘I am persuaded that if people would take the trouble of examining such mysterious occurrences, the number of “authenticated ghost-stories” on record would be sensibly diminished. A curious circumstance happened to my father when he was a very young man. He lived at some distance from the dwelling of the girl who afterwards became his wife and my mother. He had to work and wait for her for several years, and as for her sake he applied very closely to his business, they seldom met. But occasionally, after his day’s work was over, he took a very long walk into the next county, to get a glimpse of her fair face, and perchance the treat of a quiet talk. On one of these rare occasions he bethought himself of a short cut through a village churchyard. It was not very easy of access, for the gate was locked, and a brook of some depth swept round part of the outer wall; but he was young and active, and eager to gain time; so, after a somewhat stiff climb, he found himself within the limits of the consecrated ground.

‘It was a clear moonlight night, and the tombstones stood around him in close and venerable array. Suddenly he saw something which made him start and pause. From beneath the shadow of the church wall, a tall white figure glided stealthily out into the light. My father quietly retreated behind a tombstone and watched. The figure advanced; he scanned it carefully; and

beneath the white robes fluttering in the night-air, he beheld a very substantial pair of boots!’

‘Said he to himself: “Do ghosts wear boots? I wonder who makes them;” and he decided on having a closer inspection of this mysterious churchyard apparition. The figure moved on; my father quietly followed, keeping well in the shadow of the tombstones. After some little time spent in this kind of dodging, the ghost advanced to a part of the wall overlooking the road and the stream, and took up its position on the top of it. In a second my father came behind, and with a strong and sudden push, tipped the unlucky ghost into the stream which rippled below. He heard a plunge and a shout, waited a few moments to see that the fellow had struggled safely to the other side, minus his white sheet, then turned and sped on his way, rejoicing at having hit on so novel and expeditious a method of “laying a ghost!”

‘Years passed away. My father married the lady of his choice, and they shared the usual course of life’s vicissitudes together. Long after her death, he took me to visit the scene of his early wooing and the home of her girlhood. On our way from the railway station we drove through a village from which a funeral procession was issuing in solemn pomp to the churchyard. As we returned, we stopped for an hour at the inn and ordered luncheon. Like most of his class, our host was chatty and communicative, and at once entered into conversation. “Pleasant weather, gentlemen. We have had a large funeral here to-day; the largest known in these parts for many a year. We all wished to show respect to our oldest inhabitant, William Dawkins. A very civil fellow was Bill. Many a story of the good old times he used to tell. And he had some queer adventures of his own too to talk about. You’ll scarce credit me, gentlemen, but ’tis a fact that that man had seen a ghost.”

“A ghost!” exclaimed my father, whose natural scepticism on that subject had been long since strengthened by the incident I have related. “He dreamed of one, I suppose, or an extra glass of ale had gone to his head.”

“Nothing of the kind, sir,” replied the landlord with great seriousness. “Bill not only saw a ghost, but felt it, and that pretty sharply, I can tell you. The way he fell in with it was this. Some of our lads had gone to a fair that was held a few miles away, and Bill wanted to frighten the young fellows on their way home; so he just climbed into the churchyard, wrapped a sheet about him, and waited about till he thought they were close at hand. He was standing on a bit of wall just above the road, when he heard a stealthy tread coming up behind him. He turned round quickly, and there was a dark figure at his back; but before he could move, it made one rush at him and knocked him clean over into the stream that runs below. The fall and the fright took away his breath; and between the terror and the wetting, he got such a scare that he never ventured near that churchyard again after nightfall. He said it was a dangerous thing to play at ghosts, for no one knew how near the ghosts themselves might be, nor how angry with any one who dared to play pranks in haunted places.”

“It was a strange story,” we said; but our host thought it stranger still when my father related

his share in the adventure. The coincidence was certainly a curious one, and affords a specimen of the kind of foundation on which many a popular and "well-authenticated" ghost-story may be built?

### KIDNAPPING IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

MANY a good and interesting narrative of experiences of an extraordinary nature in various parts of the world is lost to the general public through diffidence on the part of the actors therein, or from the want of having some one at hand to hand the incidents to paper. The following startling account of an atrocious crime was related to the writer of these lines by a messmate on board one of Her Majesty's ships, while lying off the port of Buenos Ayres, in the river Plata, during the comparatively recent blockade of that city by the Argentine national forces.

'About six years ago,' said my messmate, 'when the traffic in human beings—happily long since put a stop to on the West African coast by the vigilance of British cruisers—was still at its height among the South Sea islands and other unfrequented places in the Pacific Ocean, a thriving trade was carried on by some unscrupulous individuals in the nefarious kidnapping of the unfortunate inhabitants of these islands, who were decoyed on board small coasting-vessels by the owners and crew, in whose integrity of purpose they trusted but too confidently. They were then secured, and carried off wholesale from their island homes, and conveyed to places where labour was scarce, and where a large sum of money could always be realised for them. Here they were afterwards employed by their respective purchasers in different kinds of labour, but their real condition was neither more nor less than that of slavery.'

'At the time of which I am speaking, I was serving in one of Her Majesty's ships, employed cruising in search of these slave-traders; and whenever we succeeded in capturing one of them, it was our duty to send the vessel in charge of a prize crew to Sydney, where she was usually confiscated, and the captain and crew handed over to the rigour of those laws which they had so ruthlessly violated. As a rule, this service had nothing more attractive to recommend it than the routine of an ordinary cruise; and we were content to put up with the irksome nature of the duty in a philosophical spirit, knowing that good results must follow, and that the work of humanity must be performed by somebody. It did not even possess the excitement of a prospective brush with the enemy, as these inhuman monsters knew only too well that any attempt at resistance would be hopeless when, once they were within reach of the guns of a British man-of-war. Knowing all this, it is by no means easy to realise our feelings when the following shocking discovery burst upon us.

'About two p.m. on the 20th December 1874—midsummer time in southern latitudes—we were sailing quietly along with a light wind abeam, the watch lying about the fore-castle listless and overcome with the sultry weather, when a schooner was sighted ahead with all sail set, going before the wind. She was to all appearance badly

steered, for every now and again she would yaw and fly up in the wind, then with just as little apparent reason would fall off and run before it. We thought this an unusually strange coincidence as the performance was several times repeated. It was therefore decided to overhaul the stranger, and see whether she was the veritable Phantom Ship of Van der Decken, or if her crew were all drunk and incapable, which latter seemed the most likely solution of the problem.

'It took us about an hour to range near enough to make a close inspection of the phenomenon; but though every glass in our ship was levelled at the stranger, and every eye strained eagerly to observe the most minute circumstance connected with her, yet no sign of life or of any movement about her deck could be detected. We thereupon came to the conclusion that our suspicions as to the inebriate condition of her crew were fully justified; for here was an apparently well-found schooner thousands of miles from the nearest land, with all sail set, drifting helplessly about upon the pathless ocean, with no other guide than the fickle elements. What other inference could suggest itself?

'Our captain made a final inspection through his glass; then ordered a boat to be immediately manned and armed, for the purpose of boarding the schooner; and to me was given the duty of carrying out the service. We soon quitted the ship, and rowed quickly to the stranger. As we approached her, no movement could be observed on board; and I therefore naturally anticipated that some surprise in the shape of an ambuscade was in store for us, and that our first step on the deck would be the signal to call forth from their hiding the lurking demons who were thirsting for our blood. With this not very comforting idea in my mind, and having heard of a trap of this sort being laid on a former occasion for an unsuspecting boat's crew, I inwardly congratulated myself on being provided with my trusty sword, and upon being accompanied by a crew who could be depended upon in an emergency. Now, just as our boat rounded the schooner's stern, the cockswain silently drew my attention to what looked suspiciously like the barrel of a gun pointed at us over her quarter. Momentarily expecting a shot, I took hold of a Snider rifle which lay ready loaded within reach of my hand, still keeping my eye on the gun-barrel. As I watched, a dark woolly head appeared behind it, with an eye belonging to the head steadily keeping the "sight" on for our boat. No doubt a finger belonging to the same individual was also somewhere near the trigger; but being inside and below the schooner's tailfin, this was not certain.

'I must confess to feeling at this time a peculiar prompting to take the initiative, and send a bullet to discover whether it was a real head or a dummy; but fortunately I restrained myself, feeling that, after all, a single shot at us, moving as we were, could not do much harm. No shot, however, was fired at us; and as we moved alongside, I at once clambered over the vessel's bulwarks and reached the deck, followed closely by the cockswain and boat's crew; when a scene presented itself which is as vivid to my memory now as if I had beheld it yesterday, and of which I can hardly speak, even at this distance of time, without a renewal of the



terrible thrill which then ran through me, and which I can scarcely find language to describe.

'The deck was covered by the dead and mutilated remains of what had once been eleven human beings—natives of one of these very islands which we were endeavouring to protect from the horrors of slavery. There the bodies lay in every conceivable attitude, showing that all of them had died a violent death; while every part of the deck and sides of the vessel betokened the fearful struggle which must have taken place—that the very demon of Destruction himself had been let loose amongst them.

'I turned away from the sickening spectacle, in the hope of finding some survivor who could explain it. The hatches were closed; the only boat the vessel carried had disappeared; and it seemed impossible to gain any clue to the mystery. At length, when passing the cook's caboose on the fore-castle, I discovered three poor emaciated wretches crouching on the deck within, apparently trying to screen themselves from observation. I spoke kindly to them, and endeavoured to coax them out; but they only clung the closer to their shelter and to each other. Observing their half-starved look, sunken cheeks, and glaring eyeballs, I made one of my men bring up some food, which fortunately was in the boat; and the sight of this at once had a magic effect, and induced them to crawl out of their hiding-place. They were so weak and emaciated that they could not stand. While they were greedily consuming the food we gave them, I recognised the eye that I had seen glancing along the gun-barrel over the stern while we were approaching the vessel, from its having a peculiar cast in it, and could not help wondering how the emaciated being before me could have found strength to hold the gun; but seeing the weapon still lying pointing outwards, I concluded that he had dragged himself there for the purpose of reconnoitring us, and returned in the same manner to his den forward.

('It became immediately necessary to remove these three survivors to Her Majesty's ship; but one of them expired before we could get him into the boat. The other two were duly taken on board; when they were found, on examination by the doctor, to be hopelessly insane; so that little prospect was entertained of being able to extract any useful information from them which might lead to an explanation of what had led to such a scene as we had witnessed.)

'Having satisfied ourselves that no more survivors remained on the deck, I next determined to examine the vessel below; and upon opening the companion-hatch for this purpose, the odour that saluted our senses defies description. We had to force open the other hatches on deck and allow sufficient time for the fresh air to circulate below, before the strongest-nerved amongst us could face the dreadfully vitiated atmosphere of the cabin. When at length I was able to descend, what was my horror to find the scene we had left on deck repeated, and even surpassed in degree by that which presented itself below. Here, in the cabin of the schooner, lay thirteen more dead bodies of natives, all having apparently met with a similar fate to those on the deck. A hatchet which lay on the deck bore strong marks of having been one at least of the weapons

used in the fray or massacre, whichever it was; but there was nothing to afford the slightest clue to the origin or motive of this wholesale slaughter. Not a vestige of papers or private effects of any sort could be discovered on board; and it therefore only remained to decently commit the bodies to the deep, and to cleanse the vessel as soon as possible.

'Returning to Her Majesty's ship, and making my report to the captain, he directed a party of men to be sent to the schooner for this purpose; and as soon as the duty was completed, the vessel was placed in charge of one of our officers with a prize crew, and sent to Sydney. Here the authorities knew little or nothing about the schooner; but she was recognised as the *Peri*, which had sailed some months previously on a "free-labour voyage," as the kidnapping trade was falsely called, in charge of five white men—let it be hoped, not English—and had not since been heard of. It leaked out some long time afterwards, that upon this very voyage the *Peri* had really shipped no fewer than fifty natives; in which case it was not improbable that the survivors of these black creatures, with the exception of the three whom we found, had made off in the boat after the fight; for fight there must have been, in which the white men for a time had been successful, as was shown by the number of dead bodies. But the black men being in overpowering numbers, the villainous crew must at length have been killed, every man of them, and their bodies thrown overboard. The survivors who had escaped in the ship's boat would in all probability find refuge on one of the islands of the South Sea group, though we never heard more of them. Such was one instance of revenge by the victims upon their white-skinned kidnappers.'

#### FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE sweet wonder in the baby face,  
And look of mingled dignity and grace,  
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting innocent blue eyes,  
That higher than the stained-glass window rise,  
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The people round her sing, 'Above the sky  
There's rest for little children when they die'—  
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals: she must not look around,  
Although with wonderment her pulses bound—  
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,  
She bows—as 'mother' does—her golden head;  
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,  
Where holy children enter when they die,  
And prays God take her there too, by-and-by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,  
And bring you to that home for which you pray,  
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day!  
SOPHIE A. M. JAMES.

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## SUNSHINE AND LEISURE.

THE late protracted and severe winter, with its biting frosts and storms of snow, its fogs and dismally depressing atmosphere, during which the only gleam of comfort for those in weak health was to be found at the fireside, will probably have suggested notions of escaping from a repetition of such dismal atmospheric conditions as have been just experienced throughout the British Islands. Many, of course, whatever be their complaints, must patiently submit to inflictions of this kind, their position almost precluding any prospective alleviation; others, more fortunately situated, will be free to consider the subject in all its bearings. For this latter class, to whom our remarks are more specially addressed, there is a double question which will require to be answered. Where to go to, and how to get away in the proper season?

Our own experience, like that of many health-seeking refugees, points in the first place to the Riviera, that beautiful and picturesque borderland of France and Italy along the margin of the Mediterranean for the space of a hundred and fifty miles or so, beginning with Hyères, Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, in France, and thereafter a few choice places in Italy. Over this ground we have been several times, and always with renewed pleasure and benefit. How often, in travelling from Lyons to Marseilles, and about midway entering ancient Provence, where the remains of Roman art begin to make their appearance, have we hailed with delight the sudden change of climate! The smoky North is left behind, the pleasant South has begun to make its appearance. The clouds overhead disappear, leaving a clear blue sky with joyous sunshine, and of which change we have interesting tokens in the altered character of the vegetation; while the farther we go onwards, the change becomes more complete. No doubt, we shall be told by knowing ones that the climate of the Riviera is by no means unimpeachable. Certainly it has its drawbacks. At times, the mistral blows provokingly from the Pyrenees. There are

stretches of wet, plasy weather. Occasionally there is a frost with thin flakes of ice on the pools. Showers of hail are not unknown. There are days when you cannot comfortably sit in the open air, when even a fire in-doors would be acceptable, and when the windows at noon must be kept shut. All that is admitted, and yet we say that the Riviera, at properly chosen spots, is the best thing that you can get in the way of a winter health-resort within the compass of Europe. But why not go beyond Europe, and find a spot on the coast of Africa? Within the last few years, that has been done with less or more success. Algiers has been resorted to by numbers of persons from England, some of whom have given the world their experiences of the climate. All speak of the abundance of sunshine day after day for months, of the profusion of brilliant flowers, and of the amusingly Oriental character of the native inhabitants. The early and bright spring strikes with surprise. A friend of ours was astonished at finding fresh green peas on the table at the New Year. With this and some other attractions, however, there are serious disadvantages to be encountered. In the first place, there is a voyage by steamer of thirty-four hours from Marseilles. Post-letters to or from England take at least four days on the journey. The lower class of Arabs who are seen fluttering about are not noted for cleanliness. The drainage of some of the best houses is defective, the result being a tendency to typhoid. What also appears to us somewhat extraordinary, the persistence of sunshine is felt to be tiresome, or too much of a good thing. A cloudy day now and then, with an occasional shower, would be accepted as an agreeable change. If some of these objections may be thought fantastic, there is something more solid in the consideration that, notwithstanding many improvements in the place, there is a want of a good choice of houses and hotels to be obtained at reasonable charges.

The latest book we have seen on Algiers is that of Mr Alexander A. Knox, entitled 'The New Playground, or Wanderings in Algeria.' The writer,

with his wife, spent the winter season of 1879-80 at Algiers, or perhaps more correctly at 'Mustapha Supérieur,' a new suburb, situated on the high ground behind the town. He speaks favourably of the climate, yet hints at some things which can be found fault with. He refers to the terrible dust-storms, observing: 'I am reasonably confident that the combination' of hot sun and cold, or cold wind laden with dust, which I have constantly met with here, must be trying to invalids with weak chests.' One day—the 27th of February—he says there was a blessed variety in the form of a fog worthy of England. On going to the bedroom window in the morning, he could not see five yards in front of him, the orange-trees and Moorish villas being all hidden under a veil of mist. This is a refreshing fact for those who adhere to the Riviera with all its European deficiencies. In concluding his interesting work, which we recommend to the attention of all who are looking about for a choice winter resort, he emphatically observes: 'The outcome of all I have to say, as far as residence in the town of Algiers itself and on Mustapha is concerned, just amounts to this. For brightness and sunshine, there is nothing like the climate within four days' post of London. There may be qualities in the air which render it unfit for some people; but as to the *brightness* of the place, there can be no manner of doubt. The heights of Mustapha are much the same thing as Torquay; but there is the wonderful sky above, and the background of mountains. Algiers is a beautiful place. As a set-off against this, the accommodation is sadly deficient. In the town, the two or three hotels are but of second-rate order. On Mustapha, there are a dozen or so villas fit for people with heavy purses; of a second-rate kind, not many, and these are not commendable; of makeshifts, not a few, but these are makeshifts indeed. The great want of the place is a good hotel on Mustapha, on the same scale as those to be found on the Riviera or the Italian lakes. Until this be forthcoming, let no one commit his family rashly to Algiers.'

Nothing need be added to this decisive opinion; and we do not think it necessary to refer to those more distant places, Cairo and Malta. We fall back, therefore, on the Riviera, not only on account of its accessibility, but other recommendations. One immense advantage is, that its health resorts are connected by the great line of railway from the British Channel to Paris. In travelling this way, we have usually stopped for the night at Lyons, where we found good accommodation at the *Hôtel de l'Univers*, close to the station; and next night we stopped at Marseilles. This was taking the journey leisurely. Many prefer to go straight on night and day, and for this class of travellers the French railway authorities provide carriages with sleeping accommodation, at a somewhat additional charge. These carriages, a species of Pullman cars, are of two kinds, named *wagons-lits* and *coupés-lits*. The *wagons-lits* are large

carriages, with one entrance into a passage, from which other doors open into the compartments, of which there are four, two to hold four people, and two for two. The compartment for two consists of one couch with sufficient room for three people sitting. At night, the conductor—who is always in attendance, and can be called at any moment by ringing the bell—comes in, and makes this couch into two beds, one above the other, like the berths of a ship. There are sheets and pillows; so, if one likes to undress, you may easily do so, provided you do not object to small space. At the end of the passage, there are two lavatories, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen, with every convenience. Food cannot be obtained in the carriages, though the conductor can supply wines, &c. Many take provisions with them, whilst others trust to getting supplies at stations on the way. The *coupés-lits* are of smaller dimensions, and more exclusive in character, but convenient for a party of two or three persons. By the means now described, the manner of travelling southwards is very comfortable, and enables invalids and delicate people to undergo the fatigues of a long journey without much difficulty. But it is necessary to engage places some days previously by writing to M. le Directeur de la Compagnie des *Wagons-lits*, 2 Rue Serbie, Paris; as there is an English clerk, it is unnecessary to write in French. Information is likewise to be obtained in connection with the through tickets of the South-eastern Railway, by applying at 25 Cockspur Street, London.

The railway runs right through Cannes, with a stopping-place at the middle of the town. Cannes, which was brought into notoriety by Lord Brougham, who went thither at the right time every season, cheating alike the winter and the gravedigger as long as flesh and blood could do so. Latterly, the town has been largely extended and improved in different ways. Villas have been built along the slopes facing the south. Promenades and drives have been opened up along the sea-shore; and the number of hotels has been considerably increased. In fact, since Brougham's time, Cannes has almost undergone a renewal. There are prettily clothed hills behind the town; but, as we fear, they do not afford a very effective shelter to the north and westerly winds. The pleasure of outdoor life is, therefore, perhaps not all that could be wished; but if any such defect is experienced, it is probably outweighed by the consideration that Cannes is appreciated as the most select and aristocratic of the continental winter resorts favoured by the English.

Next in order in travelling along the coast, with the broad and placid Mediterranean on our right, we arrive at Nice, which within our remembrance was a dull unimproved Italian town; but which, since coming into the possession of the French, has sprung up to be a gay and delightful city, and entitled to be called the Brighton of

France. If anything, Nice is perhaps too full of gaiety; for, as is alleged, it is crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe, who here take up their quarters with the view of being near the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo—distance three-quarters of an hour by train, and frequent trains to and fro from morning till late at night. A public remonstrance concerning the demoralising character of Monte Carlo and its visitors has, we see, lately been made by the inhabitants of Nice.

If liveliness be reckoned one of the recommendations of Nice, to that may be added a number of excellent hotels, good house accommodation, and English doctors and druggists, along with good shops such as are found in all large towns. There are likewise libraries and reading-rooms. The railway trains draw up at a spacious station outside the town; and on arrival, there will be found at least a dozen omnibuses, connected with as many hotels, besides a choice of other vehicles. Nice is particularly well provided with cabs, and carriages and horses of a superior order may be had on hire. As in the case of Cannes, low hills stretch up behind the town, some of them offering sites for handsome villas, with a good outlook southwards over the Mediterranean. The hills, unfortunately, are not sufficiently high for shelter against northern blasts, and this is the serious drawback as regards a certain class of invalids. It has been properly observed by Dr J. Henry Bennet, in his work, 'A Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean,' that latitude is not all in all that invalids have to consider. He says that 'five degrees of south latitude do not make up in climate-questions for want of protection from north winds.' This agrees with our own experience. In searching for a thoroughly well-sheltered health resort on the shores of the Mediterranean, we found Mentone excelled all other places. Such also is emphatically the conclusion to which Dr Bennet has arrived. It may be deemed a conclusive proof of his appreciation of Mentone, when we know, that among all the Mediterranean health resorts, he has chosen it for his habitual winter residence. Those who are not encumbered with expectations as to social intercourse may here with advantage pass the more dreary months of winter. It is not, however, what this or that one says of a place, but the unerring testimony of Nature, as demonstrated in the contour and vegetation of the district, which decides its character.

Situated close upon the margin of the sea, along which there are some pleasant drives and promenades, Mentone is backed by a range of lofty mountains, which attain the height of four thousand feet above the sea-level. We might compare its situation to that of a town basking in the sun, and screened from the north by an enormously lofty semicircular wall. The high grounds are skirted intermediately by low hills and valleys clothed in olive trees, vines,

groves of orange, citron, and lemon. Nowhere have we seen olive trees of such great age and gigantic size as those which grow on Cap Martin, a peninsula which projects into the sea at the western entrance to the town. Trains from Nice reach Mentone in an hour and six minutes, having passed Monaco and Monte Carlo by the way. Though a comparatively modern place of resort for invalids, Mentone is already well provided with hotels, *pensions*, and furnished villas offered for hire for the season. The visitors have hitherto formed a quiet community of different nationalities. There is a handsomely built English church, also a Scotch church which is open during the winter season.

Mentone, with the slip of country in which it is situated, formerly belonged to Monaco; but as the result of a rupture with that tyrannical and rapacious principality, it has been attached to France since 1861. It has, therefore, had barely twenty years to effect sundry improvements, and to lay itself out as an attractive health resort for visitors. The older part of the town still exists as a curious specimen of mediæval architecture. The modern additions stretch east and westward along the Corniche Road, the great highway to Italy. The Italian frontier is in the eastern environs of the town, so that Mentone is the last town in France in this direction. Visitors, at their pleasure, by crossing the Pont St Louis, can therefore take a walk or drive into Italy, in which they will have an opportunity of visiting Dr Bennet's charming and extensive flower-garden, situated among the cliffs of the Corniche, and thence enjoying a magnificent view over the Mediterranean. In all our visits to Mentone, we had occasion to observe the thrift, honesty, and good behaviour of the natives, who are said to be descendants of the ancient Ligurians, a brave people who did their best to stem the ambitious encroachments of the Romans. Their language is an Italian *patois*; but all with whom visitors come in contact speak French. We found the town to be ill provided with libraries and reading-rooms, and our chief reliance was on imported English books and newspapers. Possibly, there may now be improvements in this respect. The postage-system with England is well conducted, the mail-service to and from London being managed in two days—international postage on a letter twopence-halfpenny. So commodious was the postage system, that we were able to carry on a literary correspondence with England—transmission of proofs, &c., with almost as much ease and satisfaction as if within thirty miles of Edinburgh.

The winter season at Mentone begins on the 25th of October, and terminates on the 25th April, when the heat becomes inconvenient. Our recommendation to intending visitors is, to go early, so as to look about them and have a good choice of winter-quarters. They will be assisted, as we always have been, by Mr Thomas

Willoughby, an English grocer and house-agent, who may be considered to be a kind of adviser-general, and is ready on all occasions to help his countrymen. The seasons at Mentone, as elsewhere, do not uniformly consist of an unbroken stretch of fine weather. There are good and bad seasons. If the weather be fine, as it is more likely to be than otherwise, it is fine indeed. The great blue sky overhead, brilliant sunshine, and mild, tranquil air, which can be safely enjoyed in walks or in drives, from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, are all something which aged persons and invalids may well make an effort to secure. Much is done by health-seekers, by means of gentle rides on asses up the picturesque valleys which penetrate the mountain recesses, and where all that is beheld is simple and beautiful. Mentone is not a place for the racket of Sweldon, but for the revival of decaying or afflicted human nature, of all indeed who, in a rational manner, wish to spend their winters in the enjoyment of Sunshine and Leisure.

W. C.

### THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

#### CHAPTER XV.—AFTER THE FUNERAL.

THE two sisters, Louisa and Rose Denham, seemed very forlorn and very sad—alone, they two—in the great house that had been built for the large-handed hospitality of the eighteenth century. They felt too small for the house, these two poor girls, doubly orphaned. They had been a little afraid when first they entered this, so grand a residence; but then they had been ashamed of their feminine fears, for had they not their father's courage and self-reliance to support them. Dr Denham in his youth had been used to wealth, and to the soft and bright surroundings which Money, the magician, brings in his train; and after long years of laborious patience, he had justly deemed himself near the goal. His name, he knew, was known to the profession, if not to the public. He had bought the practice of his old master, whose baronetcy and fortune had been founded on fees; yet many a country doctor is as good a healer as old Sir Samuel Jeffs, Surgeon Extraordinary to Royalty. Dr Denham had been his best and brightest pupil; but having been unjustly disinherited by a father who had been proud of him, was poor. The doctor had done his ungrudging, humble work until this good chance had come in his way. The good chance that had lain in the doctor's way had proved to be a trap, a pitfall, ruin to his daughters. Who can get back money thus spent? Many a Colonel or Major, under the old purchase system, must have felt, as in battle he dropped before the enemy's shot or shell, and lay dying—as real soldiers do die—how sorely wife and children would miss the eight thousand pounds or so which was the price of his commission. As with an officer, so with a doctor. The money paid to old Sir Samuel would never be refunded. It would not have been fair to ask it. The old medical Baronet, with faculties much impaired and waning memory, was wintering at Mentone; and had a bevy of expensive sons and eager-eyed nieces

around him to clamour for a share of the fabulous fees he had punched in the heyday of his prosperity. Nothing was to be expected from that quarter.

Nor was any bounty, any mercy to be expected from Uncle Walter. That lamb-like client of Messrs Sowerby and French referred his nieces, and his nieces' lawyer, to his solicitors, Messrs Sowerby and French; and those gentlemen, on thin blue paper, in colourless semi-legal language, damped the hopes of all who would claim consideration from their esteemed friend. No; nothing, it was pretty plain, was to be expected from the generosity, or extracted from the compassion, of the *virtuoso* of Kensington.

The funeral had taken place. There were few mourners to fill the black coaches that custom renders necessary. Two or three middle-aged men, who had been fellow-pupils of William Denham, and remembered the bright promise of his youth, and had kept up a fitful correspondence with him in after-life, came to follow him to the grave. Uncle Walter, the chief-mourner, was there of course, with a gentle forgiving air upon his handsome clearly chiselled countenance, and perhaps—such is the force of hypocrisy—almost sincere in the belief that he was a deeply wronged man, and that his dead brother had all but ruined him.

'Too impetuous—so sadly sanguine,' was all that Mr Walter Denham said, in answer to some words of condolence on the part of one of the non-kindred mourners; but imagination quickly fills up a blank; and perhaps nobody of that small company save Bertram Oakley, went away unimpressed by the conviction that the younger brother had been a sufferer by the over-speculative tendencies of his departed senior.

It was all over presently. The only one of those who followed the good doctor's coffin to its last resting-place really sorrowing, was the young mill-hand of Blackston, the sickly student, whose acquaintance the physician had made in the airy wards of the Knights' Hospital of St John. There was the usual routine which habit dictates—the plumes, the scarfs, the gloves, the black horses, and human mummies feigning decorum, if not woe, and the heavy bill to pay; and gentle Dr Denham was buried out of sight of the world for which, living, he had done his brave best. The true mourners in these cases are the women that stay at home, behind lowered blinds, and invisible. Louisa and her sister were down-stairs again now; but the house seemed very empty and big and sad, and they were as cheerless and forlorn as any two good girls in all London.

'What are we to do?' asked pretty Rose, with a scared white face, after the truth had leaked out as to a peremptory visit paid by the confidential clerk of Messrs Sowerby and French, her uncle's lawyers, in company with an over-dressed young gentleman with a hothouse flower in his button-hole, and who represented a well-known firm of advertising house-agents. There was a favourable, or, as the young house-agent preferred to say, in the jargon of his craft, an eligible opportunity of reletting the Harley Street mansion, the lease of which, as well as the furniture, now appertained to Mr Walter Denham. That gentleman, in the words of the confidential clerk of his solicitors, 'would be acting as his own enemy' by



letting slip the chances, and therefore, per proxy of Messrs Sowerby and French, delicately inquired when it would be quite convenient to the ladies to vacate the premises.

The ladies were quite willing to go. It was irksome to Louisa Denham's proud yet gentle spirit to be indebted to her grasping kinsman for even the niggardly hospitality of a few days' house-room. But the world's wheels and cogs and driving-gear are often slow to set in motion at the first; and Miss Denham, who had not been able to complete her arrangements, such as they were, was fain, for Rose's sake, to solicit the grace of a brief delay. The petty boon was granted, not too willingly; and then came consultations, long and frequent, but not over-satisfactory. What were they to do? Poor young Rose, with the best will in the world to be useful, was practically helpless. She run over the little bead-roll of her feminine arts—the neat needlework, the crocheting and tatting and Berlin woolwork, and all sorts of pretty ways of employing bright eyes and deft fingers. But sage Louisa knew that such dainty inutilities, hawked about for sale, are not worth the price of the materials and the time and shoe-leather that go to the vending of them, appealing as they do to a glutted market and to a heedless public.

No; Louisa herself must be the bread-winner of the family, or, if not bread-winner exactly, since fifty pounds a year, the pittance which the girls inherited from their mother, insured bread and shelter, at anyrate the provider of the other necessities of life. She was fit to teach. Rose could sing with a sweet low voice that was rich with feeling and expression; but the plain-looking elder sister was a skilled musician, and as patient in teaching as she had been apt to learn. She knew, too, all that was expected from a governess at that time, when graduates of Girton College were not universally expected to be ready to communicate the accumulated erudition of a laborious girlhood, and her only dread was that she should find no pupils. She had written—it cost her a distinct effort to crave aid—to such of her former friends and acquaintances at Blackston as appeared most likely to be able to recommend her in London, and both the sisters were anxiously awaiting the result of this application.

Meanwhile, after much deliberation and many a painful search among the by-streets and back-streets to which genteel poverty shrinks, as by instinct, a lodging was engaged. It consisted but of two tiny rooms, the parlour floor, so called, of a contracted little bandbox of a lodging-house, in a side-street so meagre and humble that if the Chairman of the Board of Works, that mighty calf who makes shorter work, officially, with London brick and mortar than ever did Haroun Alraschid with the abuses of Bagdad, ordered it to be carted away before midnight, its neighbours would hardly have noticed the gap its disappearance would leave. But it was cheap, that was the grand essential for these new tenants, to whom every weekly shilling made such a difference. And it was clean, was almost clean, for London—that is to say, where the atmosphere does its worst to set at nought painstaking housekeepers, with all that can be done with brush and broom and soap and flannel, against wind-borne pollution.

Then Rose and Louisa were fortunate in their

landlady. In these cases, and perhaps in all cases, the landlady is as well worth consideration as the lodging. Indeed, the strictest suite of rooms, in the best situation that well-to-do sojourners may select, would be spoiled by some landladies, tainted as it were by the vicinity of lurid-eyed harpies, sharp-clawed, venomous of tongue. But Mrs Conkling, of Lower Minden Street, No. 3, was a good specimen of her class, a worthy soul, hard-working, pinched, courageous, as some of her caste are, and although a widow, not one of those portentous relics in horrent cap and rusty bombazeen who levy black-mail, emphatically so called, on the strength of their desolate state and the better days which all widows have seen. Into what the French call the enjoyment of these rooms on Mrs Conkling's parlour floor, Rose and Louisa were to enter so soon as the letters from Blackston should arrive.

## TEA AND SILK FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.

It may probably seem strange, if portions of New Zealand, as we shall endeavour to show, are really suitable for the production of tea and silk, that these valuable commodities have not long ago been numbered amongst its exports. A very little reflection, however, should account for the apparent anomaly. This interesting colony is situated at a vast distance from the mother-country; and its participation in the advantages of settled government and regular steam-communication has been of comparatively recent date, as contrasted with some other British colonies and settlements. It seems, indeed, almost like yesterday since the whole country was terrorised by a fierce, active, and warlike race, whose daring courage and aptitude for military adventure taxed for years the skill of some of our ablest soldiers. Thus, with a turbulent native population, and more or less war up to the year 1870, and later, it is scarcely surprising that even among the European settlers, only the more ordinary grades of agriculture and manufacture have, until of late years, been attempted, and that the more scientific industries of tea and silk farming are still reserved for the future.

We have coupled tea and silk together for reasons which will be obvious presently; but as the latter valuable article has already been successfully produced in New Zealand, as well as in Australia, we shall allude to the silk-industry first. Through the courtesy of Dr Hector, Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, we have recently received some interesting papers on silkculture, copies of which were laid before the local parliament in 1870. From these documents, it appears that this industry had been brought before the notice of the government ten years ago by a colonist, who for seven years previously had been cultivating the Tuscan mulberry, and producing silk to a small extent, but who, from various causes, had not pursued the industry on a commercial scale. This gentleman had in several communications advocated the encouragement by the colonial authorities of silk-culture, and stated that four years' experience had convinced him that an annual yield of one hundred pounds sterling per acre would fall greatly short of the result he expected a few years later, when his trees had

grown older. However, beyond the usual polite acknowledgments from the officials, references for opinions to scientific men, and the appointment of a Royal Commission to collect information upon this and other topics, no steps appear then to have been taken.

Although thus apparently shelved for a time, the subject was not forgotten. The agitation of 1870 bore fruit; for we are informed, by a recently returned traveller from the colony, that he saw the mulberry growing luxuriantly in widely separated parts of the islands, and that some of the settlers as well as natives were turning their attention to, and doing a little in silk-production. Still later news announced the completion of the labours of the Colonial Industries Commission, and the publication of their Report, for a copy of which we are indebted to Sir Julius Vogel. Dipping into the Appendix, we find a letter addressed by Mr Richard Dignan to Mr Commissioner A. J. Burns, Auckland, of date 15th May 1880, in which Mr Dignan states that he had received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, who had an idea that New Zealand is a suitable place for carrying on the silk-industry. The writer stated that competent authorities were of opinion that, unless some effectual remedy is discovered soon, the silkworms of Europe and part of Asia run a risk—from worm diseases—of early extinction. It was to new countries, therefore, like Australia and New Zealand that the silk brokers, merchants, and spinners of the future would have to look for supplies. The writer also asked whether the government would give any encouragement to persons willing to embark in this industry; and if so, in what direction would such encouragement tend. Mr Dignan, in his letter to the Commissioner, goes on to say that 'in and around the city of Auckland there are many mulberry trees; and if it were thought advisable, from these trees could be made the nucleus of a grove sufficient to try experiments in silk-raising. The white mulberry grows readily from cuttings, and thrives well in the district. I have raised several hundred plants myself during the last few years.'

The Commission in their Report state that 'there is little doubt that mulberry cultivation for silkworms could be pursued with advantage in some parts of New Zealand;' and they again direct public attention to the papers which they had already published on this industry, which in their opinion could be pursued profitably even by cottagers and without any costly appliances. For the encouragement of the silk-industry, the Commission also recommend that the bonus should be revived which was offered in 1871—namely, 'A bonus of fifty per cent. on the value realised is offered for the production of the first one thousand pounds-worth of the cocoons of the silkworm or eggs of the silkworm produced in the colony, to be paid on quantities of not less value than fifty, or more than one hundred pounds produced by any one person.' Nothing is said about tea; but no doubt that article would be likewise recognised as a future product among the local industries for which the Commission guarantee interest up to five per cent. on the outlay for a period of four, five, or six years, according to the nature of the undertaking.

The position, therefore, of silk-culture in New Zealand at the present moment is this: Ten years

ago, it was proved on an experimental scale to be a success; a government bonus was offered for its further encouragement, but unfortunately allowed to lapse; the revival of this bonus has lately been recommended by the Colonial Industries Commission; and meanwhile the industry is being prosecuted in a small way by both colonists and Maoris. The mulberry is reported to be growing luxuriantly in different parts of the islands; and we learn from the official Catalogue of the Sydney International Exhibition of 1879, that a gentleman in Auckland showed crude silk, the produce of one thousand silkworms reared by himself, and fed principally on mulberry, and occasionally on lettuce and fig leaves; and another in Christchurch exhibited cases of silk from worms fed in Canterbury.

These statements and quotations may be held as sufficient testimony of the suitability of parts of New Zealand for silk-culture; hence we shall now endeavour to explain how it is that this industry should be linked with tea-culture on the same farm, in order to achieve a financial success.

The silk-harvest in China usually embraces seven separate broods of worms, technically called *educations*, and is complete in about six weeks. In other parts of Asia it sometimes lasts longer; in Australia and California, longer still; and in New Zealand, owing to the magnificent climate, especially in the province of Auckland, the harvest is expected to exceed in duration, copiousness, and value the silk-reared elsewhere. Some additional expansion of the harvest may, it is thought, be artificially effected by the judicious selection and cultivation of other silk-producing worms besides the mulberry-feeding *Bombyx mori*, such as the *Attacus ricini*, which eats the leaves of the castor-oil plant; the *Attacus atlas*, whose food grows on the terminalia and jujube trees—a worm which yields the celebrated, almost everlasting, gray Tusseh silk of China and India; the *Antheraea roylei*, which subsists upon the leaves of the common hill-oak; and the *Bombyx cynthia*, whose natural food is the alanthus.

But after every known variety and modification of silk-culture shall have been tried, long periods of every year must remain during which all indoor silk industry will necessarily cease from lack of material. At the utmost, so far as our present knowledge can aid us in forecasting the future, the New Zealand silk-harvest of the 'good time coming' may thus be spread over three months, instead of the short six weeks of China; but even this extension could scarcely be reckoned satisfactory, as the bulk of the manipulators, besides many of the outdoor labourers, would for the remainder of the year be almost unemployed, and so become a burden, if not a nuisance, to the farmer. In old and thoroughly settled countries with teeming populations, this objection could not be urged, as the employer there, in almost any department of human industry, can nearly always regulate the number of his workers according to the demands of the harvest or of commerce; but where, as at the antipodes, an expensive staff would require to be collected together from distant countries and organised at a considerable expenditure of patience and money, the discharge of even a single skilled *employee*, except for gross misconduct, would be altogether unadvisable. This difficulty of continuously and remuneratively

occupying the time of such a staff is indeed essentially the weak point connected with the commencement of silk-culture in any sparsely peopled country; and it is the rock upon which, we believe, every similar enterprise must split, should the farmer aim only at silk-production without some alternative means of filling up the time of his workers. In order to prove remunerative, therefore, silk-culture in New Zealand must be combined with some other kindred or allied industry; and we are acquainted with none so nearly related to it, and in every way so thoroughly fitted to form a twin enterprise on the same estate and under the same general management, as the cultivation and preparation of tea.

There is nothing utopian in the proposal to combine these industries, although tea-growing, except in some of the colonial botanic gardens, has not yet been attempted in New Zealand. Certain conditions are required for the germination of tea-seed and the production of plants; at the same time it does not follow as a matter of course that these conditions being fulfilled, the result must prove a commercial success. Tea of the hardy China type will grow almost anywhere, but not in every instance to pay. Plants of it were seen a few years ago by the writer growing perfectly well in the open air some twelve miles from London during a most inclement spring; groves of it are known to thrive uninjured amidst snow in the north of China, when, in order to protect the bark from the teeth of the white foxes which sometimes swarm in winter, straw bands are wound around the stems; in the Himalayas, tea-shrubs and trees flourish at a height of five and even seven thousand feet above the sea, where keen frost and storms of hail are not unknown; and in Ceylon, tea-harvests have been obtained at over five thousand feet. In none of these examples, however, can it be truly averred that, although the quality of the tea might be excellent, the copiousness of the return was satisfactory. A gratifying pecuniary issue from a tea-industry depends not so much upon the possession of one or two apparently well-marked advantages, as upon the presence and co-operation of a number of minor, and seemingly even trivial, circumstances.

Both the well-marked and the minor advantages of successful tea-raising are we think offered by New Zealand. If we institute inquiries, it will be found that the climate in the interior of Otago and that of all the beautiful province of Auckland closely resembles that of the tea and silk districts of China; that the thermometer indicates from ninety to a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit nearly every summer; that as high as one hundred and ten degrees have been noted at Alexandra, on the Molyneux River; that the mulberry, alanthus, and castor-oil plant grow luxuriantly, particularly in Auckland; and that the experience of tea and silk farmers in other parts of the world has led to the oriental apothegm, that 'wherever the mulberry grows in profusion, there Nature indicates a suitable spot for tea.' These inquiries would also ascertain that throughout the latter province snow is seldom seen, except upon the mountain tops; that even slight frosts are necessarily a rarity in a land where the forests are evergreen, and semi-tropical fruits grow with lavish prodigality in the open air; that moderate and

vivifying showers to the extent of forty-seven inches fall during about a hundred and eighty-six days of the year; that the mean of the coldest month is fifty-one degrees, and that of the warmest sixty-eight degrees; that the grape-vine and olive may in some districts be seen intermingled with the ordinary fences; and that the hot, blasting winds and sand-storms of Asia and Australia, so inimical to tea and mulberry culture, and so deadly to the silkworm, are unknown. Such are the natural attractions and advantages which invite the tea and silk farmer to New Zealand.

As regards China, there is, unfortunately, no trustworthy record of the temperature in the silk and tea producing districts; but at Shanghai, fairly careful observations were for some years made. By a comparison of the respective temperatures, rainfalls, &c., of China and New Zealand, a strong case seems to be made out in favour of the latter, and especially of the province of Auckland, for the culture of tea. It may not swell in the intense heat of India, and for this very reason it does not require India's excessive rains to restore the equilibrium disturbed by profuse evaporation; but possessing, as it does in some respects, a climate superior to either China or India, Auckland would appear to be equally suited to produce the hardy and sweetly flavoured teas of the one country, as well as the less robust although more astringent growths of the other.

It has already been explained that, under even the most favourable circumstances, the silk-harvest in New Zealand can scarcely be expected to extend over more than three months, and that for the rest of the year most of the employes of a silk-farming Company would either roam about idle or have to be discharged. The tea-harvest, on the other hand, commencing later, and being usually protracted over six or eight months, a tea Company's servants could reckon upon longer engagements. Here, it may be urged that the tea department being evidently the more important employer of labour, why not farm tea by itself, and let silk-culture alone? The answer is decisive. Silk-culture promises to be by far the more remunerative industry of the two, but only if conducted in combination with tea-farming. From tea-farming alone, no profit of consequence need be expected until the fourth year; whereas the return from a mulberry acreage judiciously managed, would be almost immediate. Again, from the great demand for tea at the antipodes, which is annually increasing with rapid strides, it is believed that all the tea which could be produced would find a ready sale on the spot and in Australia; whilst most of the silk products would require, for some years at least, to be consigned to Europe, in order to secure a desirable market. Nothing further, surely, is required to corroborate our statement that the two industries must be conducted together, than the circumstance, that the same staff of labourers could be equally well employed for both industries, with a few persons specially skilled in the respective branches to act as overseers. In this way the combined strength of the workers could be made available for the separate harvests of tea and silk as these occurred, and ample employment would thus be given to the whole establishment all the year round.

It is, unfortunately, quite uncertain how far the assistance of the natives is to be obtained for hire, notwithstanding the fact, already mentioned, that a few of them have taken to silk-culture in a small way. Some colonists of considerable experience are inclined to take a favourable view of the possibilities of the Maori character, and think that when it has had a little more time to develop, and habits of industry have been confirmed, especially in the rising generation, through the salutary influence of the schools which have been established, much useful labour may be had at reasonable wages. Others, whose opinions are quite as much entitled to respect, take a contrary view, and assert that the Maori, old or young, is a hopeless creature and utterly untrustworthy. Without committing ourselves to an opinion either way, we see an alternative labour-supply in the many hundreds of industrious Chinese already settled, particularly in the Middle Island, whose co-operation in congenial industries could no doubt be secured. Such workers, in some cases with experience acquired at the great centres of tea and silk production in China, would prove very valuable. It would always be open, too, to import labour and skill direct from the latter country, as we know that the offer of one shilling a day to the impecunious Asiatic who hitherto has been toiling at home for a wage of less than sixpence, is an inducement not likely to remain long neglected. The difficulty, indeed, connected with the sons of the yellow race has rarely been in persuading them to leave their native land for others where wages could be earned, but rather to prevent them swarming over like locusts, as in California, and monopolising the whole labour of the locality, to the exclusion and disgust of the workmen of other nationalities. At first, doubtless, the cost of labour in New Zealand would be greater than it would afterwards become—so great, perhaps, as to preclude private enterprise; but to a public Company with an adequate capital employed under skilful management, a large initial outlay in labour and plant would simply be the laying of a broad foundation upon which the future prosperity of the syndicate would be reared.

It would only be misleading at this the theoretical stage of a future New Zealand Tea and Silk Company, to pronounce authoritatively upon the question of financial results; but it is quite legitimate to quote the achievements of tea and silk farmers in other parts of the world. On some of the Indian gardens, we understand that recently as much as twenty-two and a half per cent. of net profit has been realised. In the *Indian Tea Gazette* of May 1879, a list of tea estates then in full operation was given, whence we learn that the cost of bringing eleven different estates into a condition of leaf-bearing was on an average about £171, 17s. 6d. per acre; that the average yield of marketable tea per acre was two hundred and eighty and a half pounds; that the average cost of production was one shilling and twopence farthing per pound; that the average price realised was one shilling and sixpence halfpenny; and that the average dividend paid the shareholders was about eight and a quarter per cent. In these examples, the actual dividends ranged from four up to twenty per cent., according to the ability with which the various gardens were managed. Colonel

Money—probably the best authority at present on tea-culture in India—calculates that after the eighth year, one hundred acres under tea-shrubs, judiciously managed, ought to yield a profit of at least two thousand pounds a year; and we learn that in Australia, with all its disadvantages for carrying on the silk-industry, a profit of over eighty-three pounds per acre has been shown from silk during the experimental stage in Victoria.

Having regard, therefore, to the foregoing remarks collectively; taking into account the unrivalled climate in which a New Zealand Tea and Silk Company's operations would be conducted; keeping in view the favourable report and recommendations of the New Zealand Colonial Industries Commission of 1880 on silk-culture; and referring again to the ample field for tea consumption at the antipodes—we leave it to our readers to consider for themselves the proposed enterprise.

## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ONE day my husband and John returned with the boat earlier than was expected. Phil had hurt his foot at the fishing, and needed a few days' rest. In the evening I walked up to Mr Burton's house, and John accompanied me. Teenie met us at the door; she seemed glad to see me, but her greeting to John was cold and distant. Mr Burton and Hal were seated at the window when we entered.

'This is indeed a pleasure, Mrs Carew,' said Mr Burton. 'You so rarely give us the pleasure of a visit.' Then, seeing John, he added: 'And John too!—back so soon from the fishing! Taken a great catch, I suppose?'

'No, Mr Burton,' said John; 't'herrin' is nought but poor yet. Father has hurt his foot.'

'Not seriously, I hope?' inquired Mr Burton. 'No, only a bit bruise; he'll maybe be all right t' morn.'

Hal had placed me in an easy-chair by the window. He now turned to John, as though struck by a sudden thought. 'It is a pity the men should lose the fishing; will you let me go with you to-morrow? I had intended making a trip some day, and this will be a good opportunity. You can take father's place, and I will give you all the help I can.'

John was seated in shadow, but I could see that his face darkened at the words. At last he said: 'Thou is better ashore in pleasanter company. Such rough chaps as us are best to ourselves. Thou is not wanted; so there.'

'Nonsense, John,' said Hal with a laugh. 'You must let me go with you this once, old fellow. I have a great wish to see the men at work, and I'll try not to be in the way.'

John did not answer; but Teenie, who was seated by my side, seemed to have noticed the sullen tone of John's voice, and said pleadingly to Hal: 'Would it not be better to wait until Mr Carew is better? He would willingly take you, Hal. We had arranged to go to Hinderwell to-morrow to sketch the old church. Believe me, it would be far better.'

John seemed stung by the words, and he spoke again more bitterly than before. 'Ay, go with t'

lass; she would be dull without ye. Thou is both gotten t' out of t' quality; like takes to like, an' thou seems to get on wi' one another. I'm not wanted with thou, I know, an' thou's not wanted wi' me.'

I sat trembling with fear lest John should further forget himself. Hal did not seem to notice the scorn in John's answer, but replied quietly: 'Hinderwell will wait for another day, Teenie. I have made up my mind to go to the fishing, and I am sure John will not refuse me.'

'Thou mun go then, if thou will; but I tell ye again, this is not wanted.'

Mr Burton put an end to the subject by asking Teenie to sing one of her ballads.

That night I saw the bitter truth only too plainly. The clouds lay heavy on John's brow, and he seemed in very agony of soul. I think Teenie knew this, for her voice trembled as she sang, and at last she burst into a flood of tears.

When she had somewhat recovered, Mr Burton suggested that they should walk home with us, as the night was so very fine, and the air might do Teenie good.

I took Hal's arm, and with Mr Burton by his side we walked slowly homewards. Teenie and John lingered behind us. After we had gone but a short distance John called out: 'Mr Burton, Teenie an' I are going round by t' cliffs, an' 'll meet ye at Seaton Garth.'

'All right,' said Mr Burton. 'You young people are quicker than we old oons; Teenie will be all the better for a run.'

So together they went.

When we came to Seaton Garth, they were not in sight; so we passed into the cottage. After a time they came. John's face, I could see, was dark with passion, and poor Teenie looked fearfully wan. For good or ill, the truth had been told; but what had been the result, I could not know.

That night I spoke with Hal alone. When all was still I went to his room. I had made up my mind to tell him all, and to warn him against rousing further the jealous anger of his brother. He was standing at the little window overlooking the cove when I entered. There was a troubled expression in his face that was new to it. When he saw me, he turned quickly, and took my hand. 'Mother, I am so glad you have come,' he said. 'Something is wrong; I knew by your face this evening, and see, you are trembling! Is it something about John? Listen how he paces to and fro! Before you came, I heard him sobbing very bitterly. It can be no light trouble that has fallen upon him.'

Even while he spoke I heard a smothered cry from the next room, followed quickly by hasty steps descending the stairs. I looked through the door, and saw John step out into the night. He had gone to wrestle with his sorrow alone.

'Mother darling,' pleaded Hal, 'what does all this mean? What trouble has fallen upon John? Can I not go and help him?'

'No, no; he is far better alone,' I said. 'But can you not tell the cause, Hal?'

'No, indeed, mother—unless it be the fishing. John seemed unwilling for me to go; but that could not affect him so deeply.'

I laid my hand on Hal's shoulder, and looked him steadily in the face. 'You love Teenie Grainger, do you not, my boy?' I asked.

Without a trace of shame or hesitation he answered: 'Yes indeed, mother; and Teenie is worthy of all the love I can give her. But what of this? Why do you ask?'

'Because your brother has loved her for many months, and loves her still!'

Hal gave a quick, low cry as he saw the bitter truth. It needed no other words; he understood fully the cruel misery that had fallen upon his brother. 'Oh, mother darling!' he sobbed; 'you do not think that I knew of this? God knows, I had no thought of my brother loving Teenie too. I have wronged him very deeply, but I knew it not. Oh, if I had but known—if I had but known!'

We were silent for a while. Then I said: 'But Teenie herself knew. Did she not tell you?'

'No indeed, mother, or this mischief would have been undone; now, alas, I love her with my whole soul. What can be done? for I know not!'

I scarcely knew what to answer, but said as quietly as I could: 'Does Mr Burton know of this?'

'Of my love for Teenie he has heard; but this bitter wrong he cannot know, or he would have spoken to me of it.'

'Then let all remain as it is until after the fishing,' I replied. 'Try to appease John, but say nothing of what has occurred. I will speak with Teenie, and after that we will decide as to the future.'

'It cannot be that she knew of his love,' said Hal. 'If she had but known, she would have returned that love; he is so kind and tender and true. Let me speak with her, mother, and ask her this; for if need be I will give her up, and—go away for ever.'

'No, my boy—this cannot be,' I replied. 'I can tell her this far better than you. You will go to the fishing to-morrow?'

'Yes, mother, if he will have me.'

'And now, good-night,' and I kissed him very tenderly. 'I cannot but believe that you are my own true-hearted Hal, and had no thought of wrong. Ask guidance of Him who alone can lead you aright, and help you in this bitter need.'

In the morning when I awoke, he had gone to the fishing with his brother.

Towards evening I went down to Mr Burton's house. Teenie was seated alone when I entered. Her uncle, she said, had gone to a meeting of the Methodists—with whom, like ourselves, he was connected—and would not return until late. I was glad to learn this, as there could be no disturbance to our talk, and I had much to say.

'You are in trouble, Teenie,' I said, 'and I have come to speak with you alone. Will you tell me all, child?'

There was a brief look of alarm on Teenie's face at these words, but in a moment her old trusting confidence returned. 'Oh, Mrs Carew,' she cried, 'you are not angry with me, are you? I have been very wicked and thoughtless, but believe me I did not think of sorrow like this; indeed I did not.'

'A cruel wrong has been done to my boy,' I returned. 'There is hatred in his heart against his brother. Do you know the cause?'

'Yes,' said Teenie in a low voice, and her lips



trembled as she spoke; 'I have known for some days, but not fully until last night. Oh, Mrs Carew, I am very miserable, and no one can help me! If my mother were living, I would tell her all about it, and she would show me what to do. She would not be angry with me for what I have done.'

I felt the rebuke her words implied; in my haste I had spoken harshly. 'I have not come to judge you, Teenie, but to guide you, and help you to do what is right. Speak to me freely as to your own dead mother. I love you well, darling, and ever shall.'

The deep blue eyes overflowed with tears; with a sob she put her arms around my neck, and her head sank upon my breast. And thus she told me her story in broken words.

'It was before Hal came home that all this sorrow began. John was with me a good deal, and he got to love me. I found it out only when Hal came home; before then I had no thought of it, or I should not have acted as I did. It was thoughtless of me to be with him so much; but indeed I did not try to win his love. He was kind to me, and I liked to be with him; that was how the mistake was made.'

'But did you not see that you had gained his love?' I asked. 'Were no words ever spoken by him to tell you this?'

'Never but once,' she answered; 'and that was just after Hal's return. I told him then that I could not allow him to speak such words to me; that I had not known him long enough to judge whether I cared for him or not; but that I did like him very much, and would love him if I could. It was wrong of me to give him even that hope; but he had been so kind and good to me, and I pitied him very much. Do you think it was very wrong, Mrs Carew?'

'It was certainly weak; but I dare not say that it was wrong. Perhaps if you had spoken out boldly, this after-misery might have been avoided.'

Then she continued with her story. 'After this I tried to avoid him, and he grew angry and sullen. He never spoke to me in the old free-hearted way, and I grew afraid, and dreaded to meet him. I was sorry for him; but I knew that I could not look upon him as he wished.'

'It is very unfortunate,' I said; 'for he loves you well—too well, indeed, ever to forget you.'

'I know it,' sobbed poor Teenie; 'and it has troubled me very much. Then, when I knew that I loved Hal, I was miserable indeed. He has told you of our love, dear Mrs Carew?'

'Yes, Teenie; he spoke to me of it last night.'

'And you are not angry with me? He is far above me, I know, and I am unworthy of love like his; but I will try to deserve it. If anything came between us, it would kill me, for my whole life is in his keeping.'

I pressed her closer to my heart, and gave her a mother's kiss. Love like hers was worthy of any man; and I knew that Hal would treasure and value it above all the world.

'If it were not for John,' she said, 'I should be so fully content; but his stricken, passionate face is ever in my sight. Last night he spoke cruel and bitter words to me; he had forgotten himself. My heart bled for him; but I could not give him the love he asked. I told him that my heart

had never been his; that even if Hal had not won my love, he could never have been more to me than a brother; that I was sorry if I had led him to think otherwise, but that I had done it quite innocently. Then in desperate, burning words—oh, Mrs Carew, they ring in my ears even now—he cursed me and the man who had come between us; he was no brother of his, he said; and he should hate him to his dying day.'

'Oh, my poor misguided boy!' and I strove to comfort her, for the telling of this story seemed to be cruelly painful to her. 'He said this,' I continued, 'in his anger—he could not mean it. This wild love has maddened him; God be with him in his bitter need.'

'I was afraid to look into his face,' pursued Teenie—it was so fearfully changed. He saw that he had frightened me, and began to speak kindly; he used loving words, such words of passionate pleading, that my heart was wrung with pity; and to escape him I said hurriedly: 'Let me go home, John; I am sorry for you—more than words can tell. In a day or two I will speak with you again.' And so we came to Senton Garth.'

'It is a cruel story, Teenie,' I said; 'and I know not how to act. No good can come of a passion like this; it is unworthy of my son, and will bring its own punishment.'

'But you will do something to help me, Mrs Carew,' pleaded Teenie. 'I have been sorely to blame; but I cannot give up my love for Hal. You would not ask me?'

'No, darling,' I answered tenderly; 'that would be a deeper wrong. Hal has the only claim upon you.'

'And you will speak with John,' urged Teenie; 'and plead with him to—to forget me?'

'I will tell him all you have said. It may be that he has already become his old and better self.'

After a short time I bade Teenie good-night, and returned home.

The next night there was a fearful storm. Nothing like it had happened since the gale of 1815, when six of the Straithes yawls were lost with all hands, and the hamlet of Ruuswick suffered still more severely. The wind had suddenly changed from west to north-east, and the great waves broke full into the narrow bay, reaching the very walls of the cottage, and dashing in spray against the windows. Through the weary hours I could only pray that my boys out on the angry deep might be spared to return home in safety.

In the morning the storm had passed away, and by noon most of the boats had made the harbour. There were sad hearts in Staithes that day, for the sea had claimed many a loved one. One boat had lost the skipper and his three sons, and many others suffered heavily in men and gear. The place was full of sorrow for those who would never return. From the crew of the *Flying Jane* we received tidings of John and his brother. One of John's crew—Jemmy Stevens—was unwell, and wished to return home; and when the *Flying Jane* signalled that she intended going into port, John immediately replied that he had a message to send by her. A coble was put off from my son's boat containing Jemmy Stevens and Hal. Stevens came on shore with the *Flying Jane*,

and Hal went back to the fishing at the 'Silver Pits,' where they intended remaining for some days longer.

In the evening of that day, I saw a crowd gathered at the jetty round a boat which had just come in. I knew at a glance that it was my boys who had returned, and waited for them coming up to the house. The crowd grew thicker, and a great fear that something was wrong came upon me. In a few moments the crowd parted, and up the steep path came my boy John with the crew behind him. That something had happened, I could see by the faces of the men. My boy was staggering and reeling like a drunken man. His face was painfully stricken, not with passion, but as with a woe too deep for words; his eyes looked weird and glassy, fixed upon vacancy; and his whole form was bowed as with a heavy load. He stood for a moment with his trembling hand before his eyes, as though striving to shut out some fearful sight, and then sank into a seat. When I took his hand and asked him what had happened, he spake no word, but shuddered from head to foot, and moaned most piteously. The men stood in a hushed group at the door. I spoke to Barton Verity, who stood nearest to me. 'What has happened, Verity? Where is my boy Hal? Why has he not come home?'

Verity turned to Seth Poad, who stood by his side. 'Thou mun tell her,' said he; 'for, woe is me, I cannot say t' words.'

'Cannot say what? For God's sake, where is the lad? Speak, man, speak!' and I seized him by the arm.

'He'll never come home to Seaton Garth again, for he lies drowned in t' deep seas.'

'Drowned in t' deep seas! Who is drowned in t' deep seas? Not my John?' and Phil entered among the group. He had heard voices, and had come down from his room to know the cause of the disturbance. For a moment he did not notice John; but when his eyes fell upon the lad's haggard face, he drew back, struck by its mute agony. 'God forgie us!' he murmured; 'but what is wrong?—Seth Poad, thou mun tell me the meaning of this.'

'Alas, that ever I should have to say t' words; but t' young master lies drowned in t' Silver Pits.'

The words rang their cruel echoes in my ears—'drowned in t' Silver Pits;' but I could not realise all their woeful meaning. 'John,' I pleaded, 'if you love me, in pity speak, and tell me all. This is false, is it not? Say it is false, my son, say it is false. O merciful heaven, it cannot be true, it cannot be true!'

'Ay, speak to us, heirn,' and Phil tried to rouse him. 'I cannot make out the meaning of this fool's tale. Where is thy brother?'

John had not spoken a word since he entered the cottage; but at last his lips moved, and in a low, hushed voice, like one in a dream, he said; 'Am I my brother's keeper? I told him to goan wi' t' lass, but he would not be said nay. His blood be on his ain head.'

'It's God A'mighty's will,' said Poad in the hope of giving some consolation, 'an' we mun just bear t' burden he puts upon us.'

'Who says it's God A'mighty's will?' and John raised his voice somewhat as he spoke; but the wild, weird, stricken look never once passed from

his face. 'God A'mighty had no hand in sik a foul deed. 'Twas t' devil's work, an' sik as follow his biddance. But I told t' lad, I did, an' he wouldn't be bid; an' it's his ain work, an' t' work o' them as bred strife between him an' me.'

His words caused a great fear to arise in my heart; and yet I could not believe that John had wronged his brother. There might have been angry words, but I dared not think of sin. 'My poor boy,' I pleaded, 'in pity tell me how your brother died.'

'Ay, be manful, an' speak out thy heart,' urged Phil.

John trembled sorely as we spoke, and murmured in the same low voice, speaking rather to himself than to us: 'God knows, I loved t' lad; I allus loved him when he were a wee bit chap, an' had no thought of ill ever comin' between us. I would ha' given my life for him; but he wronged me, he did, an' I were bitter against t' lad—ay, as bitter as death.' The last words were spoken in a strange, hoarse whisper, and he shuddered like one in deadly fear.

Strive as I would, I could not drive away that cruel, haunting suspicion. Had there been violence? Was my bonnie, well-beloved lad his brother's murderer? The agony of that thought was more than I could bear, and I determined to know the truth.

'Barton Verity,' I exclaimed, 'I insist upon your telling the meaning of this? If my boy be dead, how did he meet his death? I cannot understand his brother's words.'

'I cannot tell t' lad's meaning, Mistress Carew,' said Verity; 'but I can speak of t' young master's death.' Then, in his own way, he told us the particulars of the sad story. The day previously Stevens was ill, and wished to go home. When the *Flying Jane* hoisted signals that she was bound for the port, John said that Stevens could go in the coble, if only Hal would take him and bring it back. So the two started, although Hal hesitated, and would fain have held back. John spake some taunting words, and so urged his brother to go against his will. The sun had set, and it was already growing dusk, before the coble was seen to put off again from the *Flying Jane*. In the meantime the wind had risen, and threatened to blow a gale, so that John gave orders to hoist sail and meet the lad. But even before they had got well under-way, the storm was upon them, and the fishing craft almost heeled over as the blast struck her. But in a moment she righted herself, and went driving along towards the coble.

In a few minutes they saw the latter plunging in the surf, but struggling bravely on. The only chance of saving Hal was to throw him a rope as he passed by on the leeward side. Verity steered straight toward the lad, and John stood in the bows with a rope in his hand ready to fling it to his brother. The night was growing rapidly dark, but there was still sufficient light to see the coble as it rushed by on the crest of a wave. All thought that Hal was saved; but in a moment a fearful cry was heard, and John staggered from the bows, and fell prone upon the deck. When they looked out astern, the little boat was driving rapidly away into the darkness. The sailing craft was put about, but nothing could be seen of my poor, lost boy. The next day they found the coble floating keel upward.

John had not moved during the telling of the story, only at times moaning piteously. Suddenly he rose and caught hold of his father's hand, and looked pleadingly in his face: 'I would ha' given my life to save t' lad. His loss were his ain work. There's no mark o' Cain on my brow; ye wunna think it—say ye wunna?'

'Not if all the world said it, my bairn; but nobody has sik a thought. Thou's mad wi' grief, an' mun go an' rest theeself. Ye'll happen be all right t' morn.'

I took him by the hand and led him from the room. When I kissed him at leaving, he laid his head upon the pillow, and sobbed aloud. His sorrow had struck me dumb: I could but leave him alone.

The men had gone when I returned to Phil. What followed I must pass over in silence. Hitherto I had restrained my sorrow, but now it gave way without hindrance. There could not be any doubt about my darling's death; he would never return to those who loved him so fondly, and sorrowed for him so deeply; never, until the sea gave up her dead.

#### WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

In the life of William Lloyd Garrison we have a striking instance of what can be achieved by persistent, well-directed effort. This man, born in humble life in the state of Massachusetts, America, but endowed with great force of character and a latent store of literary power, became, as he grew up, impressed with the enormities of the slave-system as he saw it existing around him, and set himself with all his energy of nature and strength of will to have that system abolished. He was, after many years of a severe often disheartening struggle, at length successful, and became with others instrumental in conferring upon four millions of slaves the precious blessings of liberty.

Garrison was born in 1805. His father was a man of some literary culture and taste, but unfortunately had contracted dissolute habits, the support of his family becoming in consequence almost entirely dependent upon the exertions of his wife. After a brief service, first as an apprentice shoemaker, and then as a cabinetmaker, Garrison, at thirteen years of age became a printer. At sixteen, he began to contribute anonymous articles to the paper on which he was employed as an apprentice. Week after week, communications were received from 'the highly respected correspondent, A. O. B.' (An Old Bachelor), and some time elapsed before the respected correspondent and industrious apprentice were discovered to be identical. Garrison at this time was a reader of the anti-slavery paper published by Benjamin Lundy, a little Quaker hardly beyond a dwarf in stature, but whose journal went by the high-sounding name of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*. It was, however, a vigorously conducted paper, and from it Garrison learned the enormity of the great national evil of slavery, and the outrage practised through it on humanity. A new aim

was thus given to his existence, and he at once set himself to do all in his power to remove the evil referred to.

After having honourably fulfilled his apprenticeship, he accepted of an editorship in Vermont; whence Lundy, far away in Baltimore, heard of him. The Quaker, after making his journey to Boston by stage, took staff in hand, and travelled on foot the long and weary way to the green mountains of Vermont, to see Garrison face to face. An arrangement was then come to, by which Garrison returned with Lundy to Baltimore, to become joint-editor of *The Genius*. But the youthful enthusiasm and determined will of Garrison were not quite in keeping with the moderation and caution of Lundy, who advocated gradual emancipation, while his literary companion demanded that it should be immediate.

In the spring of 1830, it happened that a merchant sent one of his ships laden with slaves to Baltimore on its way to the southern market. The sight of this ship with eighty slaves on board incited Garrison to denounce in strong terms this shocking cruelty. For this offence, he was tried, and sentenced to pay fifty dollars or be sent to prison. He chose the latter alternative. Hearing of this, Arthur Tappan, a well-known philanthropist of New York, forwarded one hundred dollars, and the champion of emancipation was once more at liberty. On the 1st of January 1831, he published the first number of *The Liberator*, a journal started by himself to advocate the cause of immediate emancipation. The paper created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders, and scarcely a day passed that Garrison did not receive letters offering to fight him, or making threats of assassination. The fear and hatred with which he was regarded by his opponents were almost equally strong; and to such a degree was opposition to him carried, that the state of Georgia actually offered through its legislature a reward of five thousand dollars to any who should prosecute and convict him according to the laws of that state.

In 1833, Garrison came to England for the purpose of enlightening the leading spirits in the anti-slavery cause as to the spuriousness and fallacies of what was then called the Colonisation Society. This Society advocated the sending of the slaves back to Africa, in order to free the states of their coloured men. During his stay in England, Garrison became the friend of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, O'Connell, and George Thompson. So much, indeed, had he become identified with the coloured men whose cause he advocated, that, on one occasion, when Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton had invited him to breakfast, the Baronet on Garrison's arrival held up his hands in astonishment. 'Why, my dear sir,' exclaimed Sir Thomas, 'I thought you were a black man, and have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr Garrison, the black advocate of

emancipation, from the United States of America !' Garrison used to say that this was the greatest compliment he had ever received, as it was a testimony to his unqualified recognition of the humanity of the negro. While in London at this time, Garrison had also what must have been to him the intense satisfaction of hearing the debate in parliament on the Bill for abolishing slavery in the West Indies, and of sending a copy of Lord Brougham's speech on that occasion to America to be printed in *The Liberator*. Before leaving London, Garrison was present at the funeral of his fellow-emancipator Wilberforce, in Westminster Abbey.

The report of Garrison's labours in England had crossed the Atlantic before him ; and on his arrival in New York, he found placards posted throughout the city, inciting the people to attack him on his arrival. He escaped, however, at this time uninjured. But a better occasion for the display of the popular hatred shortly occurred, when a mob of many thousands presented themselves at a meeting held by him and George Thompson, who had arrived from London, and seizing Garrison, dragged him violently through the streets, under threats of immediate vengeance. It was only by the interposition of some persons of influence that he was saved from a horribly violent death. At last he was conveyed to the Mayor's house, and thence for safety to the prison. The next day, after an examination for form's sake, he was released from prison ; but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, quitted Boston for a time.

In 1840 and 1846, Garrison again visited England in connection with the anti-slavery agitation ; nor did he abate for one hour in his zeal till the beginning of 1865, when Congress passed the constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery in the United States of America. In an immense hall, crowded with coloured people, Mr Garrison was presented, amid acclamations, by one of their number with a wreath of flowers, in token of the love which they bore him as the champion of their rights. The warfare being thus ended and the victory won, Garrison in 1867, and again in 1877, visited England. On the former occasion, a public breakfast was given to him in London, and many speeches made in his honour. The Duke of Argyll aptly said 'that Garrison had been sailing in a stormy sea in a one-oared boat.' John Stuart Mill, in holding up Garrison's career to others, said : 'Aim at something great ; aim at the things which are difficult ; for if you aim at something noble, and succeed, you will generally find that you have not succeeded in it alone.' Professor Goldwin Smith presented him an address numerously signed, acknowledging the great work he had achieved ; and at Edinburgh, the freedom of the city was conferred upon him at an enthusiastic meeting when William Chambers, Lord Provost, was in the chair. In 1868, the sum of thirty thousand dollars was presented to him by the united contributions of friends in America and England ; and the last fourteen years of his life were spent in such philanthropic labours as his impaired health allowed him to perform. He

died in May 1879, having lived to see the full and honourable accomplishment of his work, and to leave behind him tens of thousands of his fellows who had been benefited by his labours.

# THE AMERICAN PORK MARKET.

THICK-SKINNED animals of the hog tribe thrive well in the United States. The number now living, waiting to be killed in due time, is estimated at thirty-five millions. Maize or Indian corn is the food with which they are mostly supplied ; and the crops of this grain have been lately so abundant that swine-rearing is increasing in extent every year. The animals convert the corn, as well as oats obtainable at a shilling a bushel, and cheap bulky crops of grass and clover, into meat, which piggy himself carries to market in his own person. Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, and Kentucky are the chief states, all far inland beyond the Atlantic seaboard. The breeds mostly reared are the Berkshire hog, the Essex Fisher Hobbs, and a Chinese hog—possibly of the kind immortalised in Charles Lamb's *Essay on Roast Pig*. Abundance of room and exercise, with varied food while growing, develop size, and meat more lean than we are accustomed to in England. The price at market varies extremely in the different states, but the average is said to be barely sixteen shillings each. The ages at the time of sale vary from six to eighteen months, and the weights from one hundred to three hundred pounds.

It is in the slaughtering and curing, or what the Americans call 'packing,' that the gigantic nature of the trade shows itself. A few of the hogs are killed and salted by the farmers who rear them ; but nearly all are sold to the packers or curers. Formerly these enterprising firms slaughtered only during the winter ; but now, by abundant supplies of Wenham and other ice, nearly half the packing is begun and completed during the summer months, when vegetable food is cheap and abundant, and the fattening can go on rapidly. The lower the price at which the packers can purchase the live-stock, the more rapidly does the trade of packing increase, and the larger the size of the individual establishments. Three-fourths of this immense and peculiar branch of business is carried on in the six cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, St Louis, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Indianapolis. Chicago, so astonishingly great in many things, is assuredly great in this, for in 1879 there were seven million hogs assembled within its limits, of which five millions were slaughtered within the year. Messrs Armour & Co. are credited with being at the head of the trade ; two other great concerns being the Chicago Packing and Provision Company, and Messrs Fowler Brothers.

A well-informed correspondent of the *Times* wrote a capital account of the operations at Messrs Armour's, the result of personal observation. At their Chicago works ten thousand

grunners are slaughtered daily during the summer, the winter number often rising to twenty thousand per day. The works cover fourteen acres; the buildings generally being four stories high. Lifts and hydrants are supplied in great abundance; and a trained fire-brigade is maintained among the workmen, whose number is upwards of two thousand—all paid by day-work, under an organisation that prevents any man from shirking his duty. Chicago is a famous place for great conflagrations; and we need not be surprised to learn that the premises are insured for one million dollars. The wages are liberal, ten to fifteen shillings for the slaughterers and skilled operatives, and six to eight shillings for ordinary labourers—per day of ten hours.

The animals are reared in the surrounding districts and selected for various markets and purposes; then furnished with food and water in large pens and yards, until the hour of their doom has nearly arrived. They are driven up an ascent to the third story of a building. Then, around the victim's hind-leg just above his dew-claw a piece of chain having a ring at each end is passed. From a roller overhead is lowered a chain, terminating with a hook which is dexterously passed into the ring on the leg, and the long chain steadily wound up by steam. When the pig's head is about five feet from the ground another hook, suspended from a wheel, is fixed into the ring round the limb, and he is sent down by his own gravity along a descending rail or tramway. 'The hog, astounded at being raised heels first, makes little resistance;' but his power of feeling astonishment is speedily brought to an end by the keen knife of the slaughterer.

The subsequent operations follow one another with great rapidity. Each animal, when dead, is unhooked and plunged into a vat of steam-heated water for three minutes. Then a kind of huge gridiron-rake lifts it up to a table or stand, which is carried along a railway to a very curious series of scrapers, consisting of seven revolving cylinders studded with nearly fifty blades each; and in the brief space of ten seconds piggy is scraped quite or nearly clean. After being freed from hairs and scurf by jets of water, the carcase is raised again by a hook in the nose, sent down an inclined railway, and eviscerated, each part being separated and cleansed. The lungs, heart, and liver are transferred to the sausage department; the stomach is set aside as a bag for sausage-meat; the intestines, stripped of fat and well cleansed, form the skins or cases for the sausages. Next the head is cut off; the eyes and brain are removed to the lard-tank; the tongue is set apart for potting; the dainty glutinous ears are similarly treated. And then the headless carcase passes on to the cooling-room. All these operations—catching and hooking the hog, killing, cleansing, anatomising, and conveying to the cooling-room—occupy only a quarter of an hour.

In the lofty cooling-room, kept in the autumn at a steady temperature of about forty degrees Fahrenheit by the aid of overhanging punkahs,

the victims are allowed to remain hanging five or six hours; then split down the back, and sent along a railway to the ice-chamber, a vast room four hundred feet long by two hundred in width, kept cold by a bed or stratum of ice twenty feet thick overhead. Here the hog-carcases remain thirty hours. So essential is this cooling to the success of the subsequent operations, that five thousand railway wagon-loads of ice, each containing fourteen tons, are used annually. Firm and dry, the carcase, still suspended from rails overhead, is run to another long room, and subjected to the tender mercies of cutting implements. Each half, separated from its fellow, is laid upon a stout bench; with one blow from a powerful chopper the ham is severed; the shoulder and underlying ribs are cut off; there is left a rectangular piece destined to become a side of bacon; and finally a gentler blow separates the feet. So skilful and expeditious are the men who wield these choppers, that they can earn fifteen shillings a day each, on an average of the whole year. The oblong pieces to make sides of bacon, weighing fifty or sixty pounds each, are transferred to the salting-house, where salt and a little saltpetre are well rubbed in. Then piled fifteen or twenty one on another in a dark cool room, in a week's time they are again rubbed with salt, which is allowed three to six weeks to do its wonted work, according as the bacon is intended for short or long keeping. Tested, washed, scraped, and dried, the bacon is ready for packing, which is done eight or ten sides in a box. It is astounding to hear of Messrs Armour turning out *eighty million pounds* of bacon, sides and shoulders, in a year; and that a hundred and fifty boxes are occasionally packed and sent off in an hour to the dealers, wholesale and retail, when orders are pressing! 'In Liverpool and many other United Kingdom ports large quantities of this bacon, as well as of the barrelled pork, are purchased, washed, and disposed of at a handsome profit as "Prime Wiltshire," or "First-class Yorkshire." Although most of the bacon is only salted, some is singed to imitate British home-cured, by exposing it to burning straw and shavings; whereby the meat is said to be rendered more tender.

Special interest attaches to the hams, on account of the large sale found for them in England, under many *aliases*; 'they are found in Bond Street and other West-end fashionable shops, where their Chicago origin is not conspicuously set forth.' Messrs Armour send forth five million pounds of these hams annually; those that reach London are reckoned by hundreds of thousands, and are sold wholesale at about sixpence per pound, weighing twelve or thirteen pounds each. In curing them they are steeped for sixty or seventy days in a pickle of salt, sugar, and saltpetre; turned over three or four times; hung for three days in the smoking-house, amid the vapour of maple sawdust; scraped, brushed, sewn neatly in cotton, and stamped; packed thirty or forty each in boxes; and sent off to market. In summer they are packed in crates instead of boxes. The so-called 'breakfast bacon,' made of the light bellies from younger animals, in shapely pieces of eight or ten pounds-weight, is treated much in the same manner as the hams, rolled in gray paper and sewn in calico. For the American market the breakfast bacon is brushed over with chrome yellow



and rice-flour to avert the attacks of flies; but English buyers object to this addition.

Pickled or salt pork is among the produce which Messrs Armour compel the grunTERS to yield. The belly-pieces from smaller hogs are pickled in great vats; of which forty thousand casks, containing two to three hundred pounds each, are prepared and packed in a year. The meat is sent to the lumberers, the sugar and rice plantations, and the West India Islands; and a demand for it is growing in France and Belgium. With us, at four or five pence per pound wholesale, there is now a brisk demand for the pork to boil with Ostend rabbits.

Sausages—what about them? The ingredients and making of these often-suspicious comestibles are said to be here irreproachable. Steam-driven mincers in large vats grind into pulp portions of pork, trimmings from the sides and hams, with heart, liver, &c. Twenty thousand pounds of this mixture is packed into sausage-skins every day, and sold to the Chicago butchers, hotel-keepers, and others at about twopence-halfpenny per pound—a price at which a Londoner would stare indeed. Besides the ordinary kind, sausages are made to imitate in some degree the Frankfurt and Bologna varieties. Springing out of this manufacture, ingenuity has found a method of using the soft parts of pigs' heads, cleansed and minced, seasoned with salt, pepper, and spices, carefully cooked, and canned in two-pound and four-pound square tins; it will keep good for ten years, and is known as Chicago brown.

Lard is another item in the list. Purchasing hogs above the average in condition, Messrs Armour obtain forty pounds of lard from each. Fat and other refuse, melted in large steam-heated vats and strained, yield lard of various qualities for different markets.

Nothing is wasted; piggy is made to yield useful products literally from every part. The best bristles are cleansed and set aside for the brushmaker and the cobbler; while the bulk of the hair is packed in large bales and sent principally to England, where, mixed with horse-hair, it is used for stuffing railway and other carriage cushions. The blood carefully collected during the killing is dried in revolving steam-heated cylinders, treated with a little ammonia, and sold to the manure manufacturers. The bones, after being crushed, are dried, pressed, and passed through a steam-heated cylinder, and constitute a valuable fertiliser.

A wonderful concern is this assuredly. 'Mr Armour,' we are told, 'rightly declares that he can work for a small profit. He says he has got rich by selling cheaply. He insists on ready-money transactions, and makes accordingly no bad debts. To use his own expression, his agents go with the goods in one hand and get the money in the other. England is not an uninterested party in the matter; for of all the vast production of this establishment, more than half is exported, to England more than to any other country—especially sugar-cured hams and what are termed fancy goods.

The one great danger in connection with all consumption of pork is the chance of incurring the disease called *trichinosis*. The modern knowledge of trichinosis, says a recent writer in the *Times*, and the steps by which that knowledge

has been gained, form one of the most curious chapters in the annals of science. Many years ago, Sir James Paget, then a student, observed that the muscles of a human subject which he was dissecting were thickly beset by fine particles, like grains of white sand, and he applied himself to ascertain their nature. He found that each particle was a little cell or bag, covered by a calcareous envelope, and containing a tiny worm, curled up into a spiral twist. It consequently received the name of *Trichina spiralis*, and was described as a parasite inhabiting human muscles. It was not, however, till after a series of experiments had been made, that the natural history of the parasite was learned. It was then found that when once the parasite is enveloped in its calcareous covering, it remains in that condition in the muscle, and does no further harm to the individual. But if a piece of muscle charged with these capsules be eaten by any animal, the action of the digestive fluids of the stomach dissolves them, and the contained worms are set at liberty within the alimentary canal, where they speedily deposit myriads of ova. In the course of a few days these ova are hatched, and give exit to innumerable young *trichinae*, each of which is furnished with a sharp extremity, by means of which it can perforate the soft tissues of the body. The brood thus set free, travel till they arrive at muscle, in which they become encapsuled, and remain in that condition until they happen to be swallowed again.

In the human being affected by trichinosis, strong febrile symptoms mark the first stage of the disease; but if the patient be strong enough to resist the malady till the worms enter on their encapsuled state in the muscles, he may recover, as in that condition the creatures are harmless. In France, the subject has been before the legislature, and the import of American pork has been meanwhile prohibited. The subject has also been mentioned in the English parliament, where it was stated that the government had resolved not to stop the supply from America or elsewhere. The responsible official who made this statement added that the annual importation of pork into this country exceeded nine and a half million hundredweight, or more than twenty pounds-weight per head of the entire population. The value of the meat so imported was nine and a half millions sterling. Such a considerable source of food-supply could not therefore be stopped unless for very strong and urgent reasons. He concluded by stating that a guarantee for safety from disease could be found only in the thorough cooking of the pork. And this we would also urge.

The prevalence of trichinosis in certain countries on the continent is evidently due to the practice of eating imperfectly cooked sausages, and pork that has been merely smoked. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the heads of families that pork, of all food, should be *thoroughly cooked*, a warning which applies also to sausages. Even when pork is loaded with *trichinae*, thorough boiling or roasting effectually destroys them, and the meat may be eaten with perfect safety.

It would be a great misfortune to the poorer classes in this country were the importation of foreign meat-supplies to cease; and any chance of this as the result of alarm regarding the above disease, may be rendered nil by each cook

and housewife taking the matter into her own hands, and rendering, by a thorough preparation of the food, the existence of the disease impossible.

## RALPH THE PEACEMAKER.

### A COUNTRY IDYLL.

THE evening meal is finished, and my husband and I sit down before the fire to spend the most enjoyable part of the day. He, after the manner of his kind, unfolds the newspaper and buries his face behind it. My fingers are soon busy with bright-coloured fancy-work. Edward affects to despise this occupation, though he never fails to remind me when a new pair of slippers are wanted. For half an hour nothing is heard but the click of the needle and rattle of the newspaper. Ralph, a venerable retriever, stretched upon the hearth-rug, becoming weary of the monotony, rises and places his large intelligent head upon my lap, looking up with kind expressive brown eyes. He has come for a little petting, and gets it to his heart's content. Good old Ralph! though your curly black coat is sprinkled with gray, you are still a prime favourite in the household, and have easy times under an indulgent mistress. Reader, you will scarcely wonder that we regard him with such affection, when you learn what a valuable service he once rendered us.

It was some years ago, in the days of my maidenhood. My father's home was a pretty sheltered villa, outside the little town of G—. From the windows, we could see across a few meadows the clear water of the river; and beyond, through the distant trees, the delicate spire of a church. It formed a beautiful rural picture, the fresh green of the foliage undimmed by the smoke of factories. At the other end of the town lived Edward Drayton—the same individual who sits there silently reading his newspaper—who worked busily from morning to night in a musty office. We seldom met during the week; but with unflinching regularity he called for me every Sunday afternoon. In summer, when the bright sunshine invited every living creature to delight in the warm rays, we would stroll arm-in-arm through the meadows and wander by the side of the river. Ralph always accompanied us.

How the hours fled past as we sat and watched the martins skimming over the surface, or read what were to us the most interesting of love-stories in one another's eyes! This courtship had lasted several months, when a foolish quarrel threatened to break our engagement off altogether. The cause was trivial in itself, and I now wonder how we can ever have let such a thing trouble us; but unfortunately lovers are much given to misunderstanding one another. Each of us had a considerable share of pride, too much at all events to make the first overtures of peace. Gloomily we nursed our resentment during the week. Twice had we met in the street, and passed without a word.

Did his heart throb like mine, I wonder, and a plea for forgiveness rise to his lips? If it did, he allowed the opportunity to pass unimproved. Sunday came round again. Only one week had elapsed since the quarrel, but oh! how the days had dragged by; what a weary, weary time it had been! The afternoon was bright and sunny. A delicious south wind tempered the summer heat. No ring at the bell announced the welcome notice, 'Mr Drayton to see you, Miss.' Lonely and sick at heart, I strolled out into the meadows. I noticed not that the ground was carpeted with buttercups, and the air full of the hum of insects; the bitter reflections within excluded all else. The stile was reached, the smooth comfortable old stile near the river, where some one had always before been so ready to assist; but he was not here to-day, and the mere thought caused the pent-up tears to burst forth. Sitting down beneath a gnarled oak hard by, I laid my face in my hands and sobbed piteously. Presently, Ralph's joyous bark aroused me from the painful reverie. Looking up, I saw bending over me the dear object of my regrets, who said, as he gave a reconciling kiss: 'Ralph has brought me to you, and taught us both a wholesome lesson.'

True enough, the sagacious dog had played the part of peacemaker. I remembered seeing him follow me from the house, but had been too absorbed to notice his disappearance. Some reflection like this must have passed through his canine imagination: 'My mistress goes out alone, sad and unhappy; formerly, she had some one with her, and the result was different; let me run and fetch the third person, and doubtless we shall all three be glad together.'

Whether such were his thoughts or not, he trotted off to the other end of the town, and called at the Draytons' house. He found Edward sitting disconsolately in the garden, pretending to read. Ralph placed his forepaws on Edward's knees and gave a short inquiring kind of bark; then started off towards the gate, returned, and almost as plainly as words could have done, requested to be followed. Nothing loath to lay aside the book, and wondering what the dog could want, Edward rose, and started along the path. Ralph's joy knew no bounds; with barks of delight, he ran ahead, turning every now and then to wait for his companion. Thus had he brought the repentant lover to the field where his mistress sat sobbing beneath the oak-tree. And there Ralph now stood, holding forth eloquently with his tail, and something almost like a quiet smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

In honour of the occasion, a little wren hopped out of her moss-roofed cottage on the bough above, and burst forth into a flood of high-pitched music. Her throat swelled, and her tiny lungs worked bravely, as the song grew into a passion of shrill melody. That song was the precursor of a peal of bells!

As some return for the gratitude we owe to Ralph, it is our delight to treat him as a worthy aged retainer. All his wants are supplied with affectionate care, the troubles of advanced years being smoothed away as far as possible.

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## THE EUCALYPTUS IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

BY H. N. DRAPER, F.C.S., M.R.I.A.

So much has already been written by way of contribution to our knowledge of the different species of the Eucalyptus tree, that interesting as the subject is, it may well be considered to have received already a fair share of attention. There is one aspect of it, however, which cannot perhaps be dwelt upon too much, and that is the value of this genus of plants as drainers of the soil and purifiers of the atmosphere. This is probably the true reason why so many attempts, more or less successful, have been made to acclimatise the Eucalyptus in Southern Europe and even in Great Britain. No doubt, experiments have been stimulated by other causes. The foliage of these trees is, for example, unlike that of any other in our islands. It is pendulous, quivering, and evergreen; and the peculiar whitish appearance of one side of the leaves—due to a fatty or resinous secretion—is very characteristic. Till the tree is from three to five years old, the leaves grow horizontally; but afterwards they generally assume a pendent position. Instead of having one of their surfaces towards the sky, and the other towards the earth, they are often placed with their edges in these directions, so that each side is equally exposed to the light. This arrangement may have something to do with the extraordinary quantity of moisture these trees exhale into the atmosphere.

The Eucalyptus belongs to the natural order *Myrtaceæ*, and is indigenous to the temperate parts of Australia (where it goes by the name of stringy-bark or Gum Tree) and Tasmania—that is, where the mean temperature does not exceed a range of from fifty-two to seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit. The foliage is leathery, and almost always characterised by a certain metallic aspect. The leaves are as a rule narrow, and have either a very short and twisted petiole or foot-stalk, or none at all. In Australia, they commonly attain a height of two hundred feet; and

instances are given in which a height of three hundred and fifty feet has been attained. The flowers are usually pinkish or white, and in the latter case superficially resemble those of the myrtle. Unlike these, however, they are devoid of petals. The fruit contains the seeds—seeds so minute, it is said, that from one pound of those of the variety *Globulus* more than one hundred and sixty thousand plants could be raised.

I have always taken a great interest in the Eucalyptus, and have grown it near Dublin for several years with considerable success. I have had at one time as many as twenty fine healthy saplings of the species *Globulus*, of from ten to sixteen feet high; and one which reached to twenty-five feet, and had a stem of twenty-two inches circumference. These were all five years old. But cold is the deadly enemy of the gum-tree; and though I had kept mine during four ordinary Irish winters, I lost them all during the almost Arctic winter of 1878-79. I may say in passing, that I have not been quite discouraged, and that I have again several healthy plants making good progress. My interest in the subject has received a new stimulus from a recent experience of Eucalypt-culture in the wild plain known as the Campagna of Rome.

One lovely morning in last October we left our hotel hard by the Pantheon, and in a few minutes came to the Tiber. If we except the quaint and bright costumes of many classes of the people, and the ever-changing street scenes of Rome, there is nothing in the drive of very much interest until we reach the river. Here, looking back, we see the noble structure which crowns the Capitoline Hill. The fine building on the further bank of the river is the Hospital of St Michele. On this side, we are passing the small harbour of the steamboats which ply to Ostia. Presently, the *Marmorata* or landing-place of the beautiful marble of Carrara, is reached. From here, a drive of a few minutes brings us to the cypress-covered slope of the Protestant Cemetery, where, in the shadow of the pyramid of Cestius, lie the graves of Shelley

and Keats. Apart from the interest attached to these two lowly tombs and the memories aroused by their touching epitaphs, no Englishman can visit this secluded spot and look without deep feeling upon the last resting-places of his countrymen, who have died so many hundred miles from home and friends. The cemetery is kept in order and neatness, and flowers grow upon nearly all the graves.

Our route next lay along the base of that remarkable enigma the *Monte Testaccio*, a hill as high as the London Monument or the Vendôme Column at Paris, made entirely of broken Roman pots and tiles, as old perhaps as the time of Nero! Leaving behind this singular heap of earthenware, we thread long avenues of locust trees, and presently passing through the gate of St Paul, reach the magnificent basilica of that name. Nor can I pause here to dwell upon the marvels of this noble temple, or to tell of its glorious aisles and column-supported galleries; of its lake-like marble floor, or of the wealth of malachite, of lapis lazuli, of verde antique, of alabaster, and of gold, that have been lavished upon the decoration of its shrine. I must stop, however, to note, that nowhere has the presence of the dread *malaria* made itself so obvious to myself. We had scarcely entered the church, when we became conscious of an odour which recalled at once the retort-house of a gas-work, the bilge-water on board ship, and the atmosphere of a dissecting-room; and we were obliged to make a hasty retreat. There could be little doubt that the gaseous emanations which produced this intolerable odour were equally present in the Campagna outside, but that in the church they were pent up and concentrated.

Even did space admit, this is not the place to enter into any prolonged dissertation on the history or causes of this terrible scourge of the Roman Campagna, the fever-producing *malaria*. The name expresses the unquestionable truth, that it is a gaseous emanation from the soil; and all that is certainly known about it may be summed up in a very few lines. The vast undulating plain known as the Campagna, was ages ago overflowed by the sea, and owes its present aspect to volcanic agency. Of this the whole soil affords ample evidence. Not only are lava, peperino, and the volcanic *pozzuolana* abundant, but in many places—as at Bracciano and Baccano—are to be seen the remains of ancient craters. When the Campagna was in the earliest phase of its history, it was one fertile garden, interspersed with thriving towns and villages. It was also the theatre of events which terminated in making Rome the mistress of the world. This very supremacy was the final cause of its ruin and of its present desolation. While the land remained in the possession of small holders, every acre was assiduously tilled and drained; but when it passed into the hands of large landed proprietors, who held it from the mere lust of possession, it became uncared for and uncultivated.

Filtering into a soil loaded with easily decomposed sulphur compounds, the decomposing vegetable matter finds no exit through the underlying rock. The consequences may be imagined, but to those who have not experienced them, are not easily described. This once fertile land is now a horrid waste, untouched, except at rare intervals,

by the hand of the farmer, and untenanted save by the herdsmen. Even he, during the months of summer, when the malaria is at its worst, is compelled, if he will avoid the fever, to go with his flocks to the mountains.—It may be mentioned in passing, that the malaria fever, or 'Roman fever' as it has been called, has been the subject of recent investigation by Professor Tommassi-Crudelli of Rome, who attributes it to the presence of an organism, to which the specific name of *Bacillus malarie* has been given.

Leaving St Paul's, we pursued for a short time the Ostian Road; and at a poor *osteria*, where chestnuts, coarse bread, and wine were the only obtainable refreshments, our route turned to the left, along a road powdered with the reddish dust of the *pozzuolana*—the mineral which forms the basis of the original 'Roman cement'—large masses of which rock form the roadside fences. After a drive of perhaps half an hour, we found ourselves at the Monastery of Tre Fontane (three fountains). The Abbey of the Tre Fontane comprises within its precincts three churches, of which the earliest dates from the ninth century. One of these, *S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane*, gives its name to the Monastery. A monk, wearing the brown robe and sandals of the Trappist order, met us at the gate. The contrast now presented between the sterile semi-volcanic country around and the smiling oasis which faces us, is striking. Here are fields which have borne good grass; some sloping hills covered with vines; and directly in the foreground, almost a forest of Eucalypt trees.

We have come to learn about Eucalypts; and our guide takes quite kindly to the rôle of informant. What follows is derived from his *vivid* *voce* teaching, from my own observation on the spot, and from a very interesting pamphlet, printed at Rome in 1878, and entitled *Culture de l'Eucalyptus aux Trois Fontaines*, by M. Auguste Vallée.

Before the year 1868, the Abbey was entirely deserted. It is true that a haggard-looking monk was to be found there, who acted as clericone to visitors to the churches; but even he was obliged to sleep each night in Rome. The place attained so evil a reputation that it was locally known as 'The Tomb.' There are now twenty-nine Brothers attached to the Monastery, all of whom sleep there each night. This remarkable result, though no doubt to a great extent due to the drainage and alteration of the character of the soil by cultivation, is unquestionably mainly owing to the planting of the Eucalypts. It would take long to tell of the heroic perseverance of these monks; of the frequent discouragements, of the labour interrupted by sickness, of the gaps made in their number by the fatal malaria, and the undaunted courage in overcoming obstacles which has culminated in the result now achieved. Let us pass to the consideration of the actual means by which so happy a change in their immediate surroundings has been brought about. At Tre Fontane are cultivated at least eleven varieties of Eucalyptus. Some of these, as *E. viminalis* and *E. botryoides*, flourish best where the ground is naturally humid; *E. resinifera* and *E. meliodora* love best a drier soil. The variety *Globulus* (Blue gum-tree) possesses a happy adaptability to nearly any possible condition of growth. At the Monastery, as in most elevated parts of the Campagna, the soil

is of volcanic origin, and there is not much even of that; often only eight, and rarely more than sixteen inches overlying the compact *tufa*. But with the aid of very simple machinery, the Trappists bore into the subsoil, blast it with dynamite, and find in the admixture of its *débris* with the arable earth, the most suitable soil for the reception of the young plants.

The seeds are sown in autumn in a mixture of ordinary garden-earth, the soil of the country, and a little thoroughly decomposed manure. This is done in wooden boxes, which, with the object of keeping the seeds damp, are lightly covered until germination has taken place. When the young plants have attained to about two inches, they are transferred to very small flower-pots, where they remain until the time arrives for their final transplantation. The best time for this operation is in spring, because the seedlings have then quite eight months in which to gather strength against the winter cold. One precaution taken in planting is worth notice. Each plant is placed in a hole of like depth and diameter. In this way, no individual rootlet is more favoured than its fellow, and as each absorbs its soil-nutrient equally, the regularity of growth and of the final form of the tree is assured. A space of three feet is left between each seedling; but so rapid is the growth, that in the following year it is found necessary to uproot nearly one half of the plants, which finally find themselves at a distance from each other of about five feet. From this time, much care is required in weeding and particularly in sheltering from the wind, for the stem of the Eucalyptus is particularly fragile, and violent storms sometimes rage in the Campagna. The other great enemy of the tree is cold, and this offers an almost insurmountable obstacle to its successful culture in Great Britain. It seems to be well proved that most of the species will survive a winter in which the temperature does not fall lower than 23 degrees Fahrenheit. How fortunately circumstanced is the culture of the tree at Rome, may be learned from the fact that the mean lowest temperature registered at the Observatory of the Roman College during the years 1863-1874 was 23.43 degrees. Once only in those years a cold of 20 degrees was registered, and even that does not seem to have injured the plants; but when, in 1875, the minimum temperature fell to 16 degrees, the result was the loss in a single night of nearly half the plantation of the year.

But when, as at Tre Fontane, the conditions of growth are on the whole favourable, the rapidity of that growth approaches the marvellous. The mean height, for example, of three trees chosen for measurement by M. Vallée in 1878, was twenty-six feet, and the mean circumference twenty-eight inches. These trees had been planted in 1876, or in other words were little more than four years old. Other trees of eight years' growth were fifty feet high and nearly three feet in circumference at their largest part. These figures refer to *Eucalyptus globulus*, which certainly grows faster than the other species; and it must be remembered that in warmer climates the growth is even still more rapid. I have seen, for example, trees of *Eucalyptus resinifera* at Blidah in Algeria which at only five years old were already quite sixty feet high.

The question of how and why the Eucalyptus exercise sanitary changes so important as those

which have been effected at this little oasis in the Campagna, may be best answered when two remarkable properties which characterise many of the species, have been shortly considered. The first of these is the enormous quantity of water which the plant can absorb from the soil. It has been demonstrated that a square metre—which may roughly be taken as equal to a square yard—of the leaves of *Eucalyptus globulus* will exhale into the atmosphere, during twelve hours, four pints of water. Now, as this square metre of leaves—of course the calculation includes both surfaces—weighs two and three-quarter pounds, it will be easily seen that any given weight of Eucalyptus leaves can transfer from the soil to the atmosphere nearly twice that weight of water. M. Vallée does not hesitate to say that under the full breeze and sunshine—which could necessarily form no factor in such accurate experiments as those conducted by him—the evaporation of water would be equal to four or five times the weight of the leaves. One ceases to wonder at these figures, on learning that it has been found possible to count on a square millimetre of the under surface of a single leaf of *Eucalyptus globulus*, no less than three hundred and fifty stomata or breathing pores. And it now begins to be intelligible, that if such an enormous quantity of water can be transferred from earth to air, it may be possible that an atmosphere which without such aid would be laden with malarious exhalations, may be rendered pure by this process of leaf distillation: the putrescent constituents of the stagnant water are absorbed by the roots, and become part of the vegetable tissue of the tree.

But this is not all. Like those of the pine, the leaves of all species of Eucalyptus secrete large quantities of an aromatic essential oil. It has recently been shewn—and the statement has been very impressively put by Mr Kingzett—that under the combined action of air and moisture, oils of the turpentine class are rapidly oxidised, and that as a result of this oxidation, large quantities of peroxide of hydrogen are produced. Now, peroxide of hydrogen is—being itself one of the most potent oxidisers known—a very active disinfectant; and as the leaves of some species of Eucalyptus contain in each hundred pounds from three to six pounds of essential oil, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the oxygen-carrying property of the oil is an important element in the malaria-destroying power of the genus. Moreover, the oxidation of the oil is attended by the formation of large quantities of substances analogous in their properties to camphor, and the reputation of camphor as a hygienic agent seems sufficiently well founded to allow us to admit at least the possibility of these bodies playing some part in so beneficent a scheme.

Before closing this paper, it may be well to note that the Trappist monks of the Tre Fontane attach much importance to the regular use of an infusion of Eucalyptus leaves as a daily beverage. The tincture of Eucalyptus is said to be useful in intermittent fevers, though of course inferior to quinine. As we threaded the coast-line *vis à vis* Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, we could not help be struck by the fact that the precincts of all the railway stations were thickly planted with Eucalyptus. Since our return, I learn with much gratification



that the Italian government have given a grant of land to the Trappists, and have also afforded them the aid of convict labour to a considerable extent for the establishment of a new plantation. And looking back not only at what has been actually accomplished during the past ten years, but to the important fund of information which has been accumulated, one can only look forward hopefully and with encouragement to the future of the Eucalyptus in the Roman Campagna.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XVI.—THE LETTERS.

THERE it was at last, long expected, early as the hour might be, the postman's sharp rat-tat, urgent, sharply marked, not to be mistaken among all the various sounds of busy London town. Louisa Denham herself, with a heart that beat quickly, ran down-stairs to take the letters from the gaping scullery-maid, the only servant, in their narrowed fortunes, whom the doctor's daughters had judged it expedient to keep with them until the last.

'There are seven of them, Rose, dear—really seven!' exclaimed the elder sister, flushed with the good news, as she ran up-stairs again and peeped into Rose's room. Miss Denham had written eight letters—just eight—to Blackston friends; and here were seven replies by return of post. This augured well. There lay the seven letters, outspread on the frugal breakfast-table; and as soon as the first cup of tea had been poured out, the first letter was opened, expectantly.

First, second, third, fourth; all from ladies of position and substance, all saying pretty much the same thing. In each was struck the same conventional keynote of hackneyed condolence. None conveyed a crumb of comfort. Mrs Adams was so sorry. So was Mrs Burbridge. So were two other wives of rich men at Blackston. They did hope that Miss Denham, in her praiseworthy endeavours, would succeed. Indeed, they were sure she would. They could not, personally, assist her; but then they trusted to hear from her again when she had better news to tell. And they should always remain, very sincerely hers. And they sent their love to her darling sister. It was as, with sympathisers of their calibre, it often is; in not even trying to help the lame dog over the stile, they were nevertheless fluent as to their comfortable conviction that the ugly stile would be scaled somehow. And that was all.

These four letters were laid aside one by one, and after the perusal of each of them in turn, the hopes of the sisters fell a few degrees, as the mercury in the thermometer sinks when the cold wind sets in steadily from the north. They were disappointing letters. Better things and more cordiality had been hoped for from those who penned them. Then another missive was opened. It was short, not sweet:

Mrs Roach Hiscocks presents her compliments and best condolence on the melancholy decease of Dr Denham. At the same time, she feels it the truest kindness to *discourage* vain hopes with reference to any assistance to be expected from Mr and Mrs Roach Hiscocks. Their duty to their own family forbids them to saddle on themselves the additional burden of exerting themselves on

behalf of those who, however deserving, are *strangers*.

RHOODENDRON LODGE, BLACKSTON,

March 13, 18—.

Nor was the next epistle much pleasanter reading. Here it is:

Lady Hackett presents her compliments to Miss Denham. She regrets to hear that the sad death of her late medical attendant, Dr D., has been the cause of so much anxiety and distress, as Miss Denham's very properly worded letter informs her that it was. At the same time, Lady Hackett must add, and that with the full concurrence of Sir Griffin Hackett, that she really is unaware that any grounds exist to warrant the Misses Denham in considering that they have a claim on Lady Hackett. With respect to the position of a London daily governess, Lady Hackett can in no way forward Miss D.'s views. Should Miss Rose D. at any time seek a situation as companion or otherwise, reference to Lady Hackett will be permitted.

CHILLIANWALLAH HOUSE, BLACKSTON,

March 13, 18—.

Poor Laura! Poor Rose! It was their first real lesson in the heartless hardness that, with some women, and some men, can underlie a good deal of mock geniality and fair seeming. To them, hitherto, Mrs Roach Hiscocks, and the stiff wife of the grim old Indian General who was the one titled resident of Blackston, had seemed worthy dames enough, slightly ridiculous it may be, on account of petty vanities or hobbies of their own, but not capable of deliberate cruelty. Now, Louisa Denham, for her sister's sake, had laid her innocent heart bare before those callous eyes, and had got in return no soothing balm, but a brace of stabs, mere pin-pricks very likely, but that galled and smarted when first dealt.

'How could they—O Louisa!' said Rose, as her beautiful golden head and tearful eyes were buried between her arms, as she sat sadly, leaning on the table on which the harsh letters had been flung. And Louisa rose to her feet impatiently and paced the room, honest anger in her honest eyes.

'It is shameful, cruel, barbarous!' she said, half unconscious that she spoke aloud; and then, as Rose sobbed, she went up to her sister with tender, loving words and fond caresses. 'We two remain to one another, love!' she said. 'What matters it if the world be unjust? We asked but a kind word after all.' And with well-feigned cheerfulness, Louisa began to bustle about the duties of the yet untasted breakfast.

One letter remained yet unread. Louisa, her blood yet on fire with the unprovoked affronts she had sustained, was for burning it without examination. It seemed useless to expect a prize after four blanks, and two that were worse than blanks. But Rose persisted that the letter, in a quaint handwriting and in pale ink, should be read. It ran thus:

'MY DEARS'—so the letter began—'My dears, I am so very sorry. I felt grieved when first they told me of your great loss. That was for your poor father's own sake. I feel doubly grieved now, when I learn how lonely you are in the world. And all the more do I sympathise with your brave wish to keep yourselves in the station that belongs to you of right by your own industry. Had you

wanted a little money, Miss Denham—I speak to dear Louisa and dear Rose both—I would willingly have sent you what I could spare; and remember, if you are ever in any sudden difficulty, you have a friend in Berkeley Street. As it is, you want to be helped otherwise. An old woman like myself has not much influence, I know; but what trifle I can, I have done for you, since, as I said before, my dears, I have been feeling for you very much. I have written to four of my best friends in London—whose addresses you will find overleaf—and I think that if you will call on them, I may venture to be sure that they will be of real service to you, in recommending you to pupils, should their own children not require a teacher.—Kiss dear young Miss Rose for me; and believe, dear Miss Denham, in the friendship of, ever truly yours,  
ELIZABETH MIDGHAM.

2 BERKELEY STREET, BLACKSTON,  
March 13, 18—.

The one little nugget of sterling gold found at the bottom of the heap of epistolary dross that had been first sifted, brought tears again into the girls' eyes. But this time they were tears of grateful joy.

'Dear, good old Miss Midgham!' cried Rose, as she kissed the letter for the second time. 'I could walk all the way back to Blackston to thank her. There is some good in the world, Louisa dear, after all!'

There was great comfort in the letter of the kindly gentle old maiden lady, far away in her quiet West-country home; and comfort too, in the array of neatly written names and addresses overleaf, all evidently those of London residents of good position. On the strength of this stroke of prosperity, the flitting from the grand house in Harley Street to Mrs Conkling's parlour floor in Lower Minden Street, was cheerfully accomplished. Each vied with the other, as they unpacked and settled their few belongings in the new abode, in discovering fresh merits or conveniences in what were really as angular and low-ceiled a brace of little rooms as ever were rented in that district. And Rose ambitiously talked of a project for beautifying the narrow windows with flowers, so soon as Louisa's pupils—in quest of whom she was to start on the morrow—should be numerous enough to warrant so extravagant an outlay. Here, then, let us leave them for the present, wishing them the happiness and success that honest efforts deserve.

(To be continued.)

# INCIDENTS OF A CONVICT PRISON.

ONE cold frosty morning a dozen or more years ago, I received a letter from my old friend and college chum Frank Markham, then surgeon in one of Her Majesty's convict prisons. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR VERNON—You have often expressed a wish to see the inside of a convict establishment, in order to find out for yourself how things are managed within these mysterious walls. If you are still of the same mind, I am now in a position to gratify your wish. If you can find it convenient to come here for a few days, it will afford much pleasure to yours faithfully, FRANK MARKHAM.

Nothing could have given me greater pleasure

than this offer of Markham's. I had, as Frank expressed it, a strong desire to see the inside of a convict prison, and to form my own opinions of convicts and of convict life as they really exist. I lost no time, therefore, in answering Markham's letter, thanking him for his kindness in thinking of me, and gladly accepting the proffered opportunity.

Next day, I arrived safely; and was met at the station by Frank, who at once led me through the cheerless-looking streets, and up the almost perpendicular road that leads from the town to the summit of the rock whereon the said prison is perched. The day was bitterly cold, and a keen north-east wind came swirling round the huge piled-up masses of limestone that flanked both sides of the road, and roared fiercely through the narrow gorges with which the cliffs are everywhere intersected, as if it meant to search its way into our very vitals, despite the heavy wraps which we wore, and which only partially shielded us from its fury. In the teeth of the biting tempest, conversation was impossible; and so we toiled on in enforced silence, climbing the hill till we arrived at a gigantic block of stone, in the lee of which we were glad to pause and recover our exhausted breath. We were separated from the edge of a tremendous precipice by little more than the breadth of the road; and as the fierce gusts caught our garments and almost lifted us off our feet, we were glad to cling closer to the jagged angles of the rock, for fear of being blown over the face of the cliff.

I availed myself of this rude halting-place to take a more leisurely survey of our surroundings. The spot was bleak and cheerless-looking. On our left stood a small mortuary chapel, surrounded by a cemetery, which occupied about two-thirds of the entire plateau. On one side of the chapel, the burying-place was decorated with a few stunted evergreens and weather-beaten tombstones; but the other side was destitute of all ornament, except a luxuriant growth of nettles and other weeds over row upon row of unmarked and nameless graves. Not a stone, or even a simple cross of wood, not a tree or shrub, was to be seen in that desolate city of the dead.

'Prison burying-ground,' growled my companion, giving a vigorous pull between each word to a somewhat refractory meerschaum.

'I thought so,' I replied. 'But is it used exclusively for the interment of prisoners?'

'Not quite,' said Frank. 'You may see that by those consumptive-looking evergreens, and the lichen-mottled tombstones yonder, that look as if they were afflicted with some new form of leprosy. We don't confer such sculptured honours on those who do their country the service of dying in prison.'

'Some of the neighbouring folks, then, I suppose, are buried in this reserved section. Is it not so?'

Frank shook his head. 'No! They would as soon think of being thrown into the sea, uncoffined, as having their bones laid in the same earth with those of a convict. These have been erected by the prison authorities in memory of such warders as have died, or been murdered on the spot.'

'Murdered!' I exclaimed.

'Murdered is the word,' replied Frank. 'It's

no uncommon thing here, I assure you, to have an officer of the prison murdered, sometimes for simply doing his duty; sometimes—and who shall say how often—for exceeding his duty. You see, friend, the amiable individuals to whose health I have the honour to attend, sometimes tire of the rigorous seclusion to which, for their own and society's weal, they are condemned. They grow restive under restraint, and often seek to vary the monotony of their prison life by knocking the life out of some over-zealous warder. True, it is a risky kind of amusement; but from the frequency with which it is tried, and often, I am sorry to say, accomplished, I am convinced it must have its attractions. Do you see that stone there, away up at the right-hand corner of the ground? Well, that's poor Warder S—'s grave. He was reckoned, even by the convicts, whose tastes in that respect are somewhat hard to please, to be a very considerate officer. He had found it necessary, however, on one occasion to report a prisoner for some breach of regulations; and the man was punished. The latter endured his sentence of three days' bread and water in the dark cells with the silence and sullenness peculiar to men of his class; but the hunger that preyed upon him only fed and kept alive his revengeful spirit. The three days expired, and the convict returned to his work in the gang. His comrades noticed the scowl of hate that deepened on his face whenever the warder approached to inspect his work. Suddenly, he was seen to grasp the heavy hammer used for breaking up the undressed stones as they came from the quarries, stealthily creep up behind the unsuspecting warder, whose attention was just at the moment occupied by some other business, and then to deal him a heavy blow on the head, which sent him to the foot of the rough embankment, lifeless. Then leaving the corpse where it lay, he quietly sat down till some officers, who had witnessed the tragedy from a distance, arrived, and secured him. He was hanged at the county jail some weeks ago.

I listened with painful attention to the description which my friend gave of this terrible crime, which greatly stimulated my curiosity, and I longed to see and know more of that terrible class of beings.

'Have you had many such tragedies as the one you have just related?' I inquired.

'Not during my time,' replied Frank. 'The present Governor takes greater precautions against their recurrence than his predecessor did. Discipline now is much more stringent and severe than it was; and if a prisoner makes an attempt upon the life of an official, he does so at the immediate risk of his own. In most cases, the miscreants who make these murderous attacks upon their warders have given up all hopes of ever regaining their freedom. Hanging, with the notoriety which they thereby acquired, had at one time few or no terrors for them; but the death that is now meted out in the silence and solitude of the prison, acts as a deterrent upon many who would otherwise care nothing to commit the most serious crime.'

Just then, the solemn toll of a passing-bell smote upon our ear. He anticipated my question by exclaiming: 'To be sure, I forgot we had a burial to-day. You will now have the opportunity of witnessing a convict's funeral. Yonder's the grave; see!' and he pointed to a spot where the

dark earth had been upturned to receive a new occupant.

'Who and what was he?' I inquired.

'A poor fellow who got hurt in the quarries. We had to amputate a leg, and he never rallied after the operation. His sentence of five years would have expired to-morrow had he lived. But here comes the funeral.'

I looked in the direction indicated, and beheld one of the most mournful sights I ever witnessed. Wending its way slowly down the steep and rugged incline that led from the prison, came the scanty *cortège* that bore the dead convict to his last resting-place. First, were two warders with bayonets fixed and rifles loaded; then, some ten yards behind them, four gaunt-looking spectres, dressed in short jackets and knickerbockers, who bore the bier upon which was deposited the pall-less coffin of rough, black-painted deal boards; and bringing up the rear, two more warders, also armed with loaded rifles. The four spectres referred to were convicts, and never shall I forget the furnished, wolf-like expression on their faces as, with tottering steps and eyes bent earthwards, they passed with their dishonoured burden into that dank and weed-encumbered abode of the dead.

Anxious to witness the whole of the melancholy proceedings, I quitted my companion's side, and followed the funeral. The poor shivering bearers carried the corpse into the little mortuary chapel, at the door of which it was met by a sleek young curate in white surplice and chasuble, who read over it, though not very impressively, part of the beautiful service of the dead; after which the body was lifted from the bier and hurried off to the hole prepared to receive it, preceded by the clergyman, who there committed 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust' with a degree of haste, for which both the excessive cold as well as the force of habit might partly account. When the last shovelful of earth had been heaped upon the new-made grave, and patted down so as to lie close on the kindred clay beneath, the convicts were ordered to 'fall in,' and forthwith marched back to the mortuary chapel, a place that looked as dim as a coal-cellar, and smelt like a Parisian *morgue*. Arrived there, two of the prisoners seized upon the bier, the other two 'fell in' behind, and, guarded as before, were marched back to the prison. I was afterwards informed that to attend a comrade's funeral is regarded as a special privilege by the convicts. They look upon it as a little outing, during which they may have the good fortune to see a stranger; for anything that wears the appearance of novelty is to these miserable creatures as a cheering blink of the outside world.

When I rejoined Markham, he said to me: 'Do you see that withered specimen of humanity there with the blue facings on his jacket, and but one ear?'

'That old man walking behind the bier?'

'Exactly. That "old man," as you call him, is still considerably on this side of forty. I don't wonder, however, at your mistaking his age, for he has lived half-a-dozen ordinary lives in his short term of existence.'

'Has he then lived so fast?' I inquired, taking a more attentive survey of the subject of our conversation.

'Fast is not the word,' answered Frank; 'a

locomotive at high pressure is nothing to the speed with which "Ching" must have dashed through life.

"Ching!" I exclaimed. "Why, what a queer name!"

"Oh, that's not his own name. Ching is only his slang appellation; a nickname derived from the fact that at one time he served as an officer in the Chinese army.—You look incredulous, but the statement is nevertheless true. The miserable wreck of a man you see yonder, once narrowly escaped the honour of being made a mandarin."

"You astonish me," I exclaimed; "go on. I should much like to hear the life-history of so singular a personage."

"I can only gratify your curiosity, then," replied Frank, "by relating a few of the leading incidents in his strange career. Fifteen years ago, Ching—or, as he was then called, "Captain Frolic," was an undergraduate at Oxford, more distinguished for his drinking, gaming, and fighting proclivities than for his devotion to Euclid and Euripides. "Frolic" was the *bête noire* of sober-sided Dons and staid Professors, but the life and soul of the rollicking spirits about him. He was the originator of every drinking party, the ringleader of every opposition to constituted authority, and the first in every brawl that disturbed the peace of Her Majesty's lieges in the classic city. To such an extent did his turbulence and dissipation lead him, that in the end he was expelled from the college, and disowned by his family, who felt their honour and good name compromised by his disgraceful conduct. After various adventures in China and other foreign parts, Frolic found his way back to London, where his peculiar talents were more likely to be appreciated, and his degrading tastes more likely to meet with the means of gratification. Once known, he became the chosen companion of every blackleg and gentleman-swindler who knew the value of a high spirit and ready wit. For a while, he was the tool, but ere long became the leader of a highly organised society of swell cracksmen, who carried on their depredations both in this country and on the continent after the most approved and scientific principles. To relate one half of Frolic's adventures during this exciting period, were to furnish material for half-a-dozen three-volume novels of the most sensational character. I will relate one of the best authenticated, which you may take as a sample of many others.

"One night when "Frolic," alias the "Captain," was reconnoitring a certain district in Belgravia, he was attracted by a window opening on a balcony, the latter being of easy access from the garden by means of a tree, the lower branches of which overhung it. Extreme boldness, combined with perfect self-possession, were two qualities for which the Captain was distinguished; so it is not to be wondered at that he resolved to explore the interior of this mansion, more especially as both nature and art had combined to furnish persons like himself, of an inquiring turn of mind, with the readiest means of doing so. To mount the tree with the agility of a monkey, and to drop upon the balcony with the noiselessness of a cat, was easy work for the Captain. The window was open, and a glance convinced him that the room was untenanted, and that it was safe to enter. He did so; and immediately a low sweet voice

whispered: "Dear Augustus, I knew you would come," or words to that effect.

"I have said self-possession was one of the strong points in our hero's character; a ready and penetrating wit was another; and although the waiting-maid—for such she was who had spoken—was not long in discovering her mistake, yet so good a use did "Frolic" make of his time and opportunity, that an acquaintance sprung up, and continued between them, the natural result of which in the circumstances was, that the town was startled one morning by a great and mysterious theft of diamonds.

"Frolic" read the newspaper reports of the robbery, and chuckled with delight as he admired the costly gems, and remembered under what happy auspices they had been obtained. For a long time, he baffled every effort of the law to bring him to justice; and but for the gift of a bracelet which he unthinkingly made to a lady-friend, he might have eluded punishment till this day. Frolic was becoming rich, and had thoughts of retiring from his lucrative though risky vocation; but that unlucky bracelet spoilt all, and now you behold the miserable finale!"

Such were a few of the tales and incidents which fell under my notice during my short stay in the Convict Prison.

## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

I MUST pass over much of my story that might have interested you. The news of Hal's death was broken to Teenie as quickly as possible, lest some chance word should reach her from the village gossip. For a long time we despaired of her life, the blow was so unexpected and so crushing. When she had recovered somewhat, Mr Burton thought it wise to leave Staithe for a time, and go to York among some of his old friends. Teenie did not speak with John again. She would gladly have done so, but he could not be entreated to visit her; when I spoke of it, he was in bitter anguish, and pleaded to be left alone.

A great change had come over my boy from that woful day—a change to me even worse than death. His soul seemed haunted by some terrible remorse, and no pleasant words had power to chase the gloom from his brow. He grew sullen and morose, spoke very rarely, and never in the free, careless, glad-hearted way of old. We strove to make him forget all that had passed; but sorrow like his was beyond our power to soothe.

Things grew from bad to worse. I cannot tell you all the anguish that followed; but John fell deeper and deeper into sin. When I pleaded with him, he returned wild and angry words, such as I had thought could never have been spoken by a son of mine. His father was angered by his conduct; but we could not send him out into the world a fugitive and a vagabond. Phil loved him with a father's deep affection, and my heart yearned over the lad; he was our only son, once so good and kind, so tender and true. So we bore with him, because of the love we had for him, and for the sake of his brother asleep in the deep sea.

From the night of Hal's death John never went out with the fishers, but gained employment at Runswick in the alum-works. We thought his conduct strange, and strove in vain to learn the

cause. In time we hoped that he would conquer his love for Teenie, and forget the sad circumstances surrounding his brother's death, and return again to his old life; but we hoped in vain.

One Sunday evening, about two months after Hal's death, an earnest preacher was holding a service for the fishermen in Seaton Carth, just below our cottage. Methodism had only begun to make itself felt in Staithes, and Phil was one of its earliest and strongest supporters. The window of the cottage was open, and from where I sat I could hear and see distinctly all that passed in the crowd. You might not have called the sermon an eloquent one, but it was preached by a man terribly in earnest, who had a message to tell, and gave it in simple burning words that held his hearers enthralled. Close at hand stood the *Fisherman's Rest* public-house, and from the sounds that came ringing through the still air, it was evident that a party of rioters held revel within. Their shouts and hoarse merriment mingled strangely with the solemn service; but as the preacher's voice rose in the power of the fervid pathos that thrilled it, the unseen sounds within the tavern ceased, and all could hear with distinctness his words as he drew a fearful and yet affecting picture of the blackness and the guilt of sin, of the sinner's remorse, and of the terrible consequences on a man's own soul of unconfessed, unacknowledged transgression. At that moment the door of the *Fisherman's Rest* was suddenly opened, and a tall form stepped forth with haggard face and wild gleaming eyes. It was my boy John, who had been one of the mad party within. He stood on the outskirts of the crowd, his gaze fixed upon the preacher, his whole soul drinking in the words which fell from his lips.

No sound escaped from my boy, but I could see that his frame was quivering with emotion. The shade had sped. There was a look in his face I cannot describe—a weary, pleading, agonised look like that in the eyes of some poor hunted animal, standing at bay before the hunters. Then I heard a lamentable cry ring through the crowd, and the poor stricken soul turned and fled, I know not where, but he carried the arrow in his heart.

That evening a meeting for prayer was held in our cottage. It was just over, and the party had left, when the door opened, and a form stood on the threshold—a form I had thought the sea held for ever in its hidden depths, my own boy Hal! God, in His mercy, had saved him from the cruel sea, and restored him to those who loved him so well. With a great cry I clasped him in my arms; my joy was too deep for words. I only knew that the lad I loved and had mourned as dead, had come back, and would never be taken from me again.

You may imagine what a meeting that was. The remembrance of it even now stirs me most deeply. Hal soon explained his escape. An outward-bound vessel had picked him up, but allowed the boat to drift away as useless. He was landed at Rotterdam, whence he returned as quickly as possible.

When we three were alone, I told Hal all that had occurred in his absence—the return from the fishing, the strange conduct of John, the illness of poor Teenie, and their departure from Staithes

—and begged him, if he could, to explain the cause of his brother's anguish. Hal did not seem so much astonished at John's conduct as we had expected, but said that he must speak with him alone, for he had much to say to him. Even while he spoke a step was heard, and John reeled into the room. What a woful change had been wrought in my homie lad. All the beauty of his youth had gone for ever, burned up by the heat of the stormy passions raging within.

He walked slowly toward us as though in utter weariness, and spoke in a low, sad, dreary voice, his head bowed in deepest shame. 'There's no escaping from the hand o' God. I've come to hear my doom. Curse me quickly, and let me go.'

'Phil and I were struck dumb by the words; we knew that we were in the presence of a great sorrow, if not of crime.'

Calmly Hal answered: 'Hush, John, my lad. Who are we, that we should curse you? I have come home again. Have you no greeting for me?'

'What greeting can I give you after sic a foul partin'? Thon's come back to tell o' my sin, an' to publish my shame. Only be pitiful, an' dunnet mock me, an' torment me wi' scorn. I've borne enough, an' mun bear it to t' bitter end.'

'God forbid that I should add to your pain,' said Hal. 'You are mad, John, and know not what you say.'

'Ay, I've been mad'—and my boy shuddered as he spoke—'fair mad wi' anger and jealous thoughts; but I'm in my right mind now. I thought thou were dead, an' thy death were on my soul. It were a weary load—a weary load.'

Poor Phil's face grew wau and ghastly in the dim light. 'Do not say such cruel words, my bairn. Whose death is on thy soul? Thy brother is here, an' no shame can come to ye. There were anger in thy heart against t' lad; but he'll forgive an' forget it.'

'Father, mother!' cried Hal, 'take no heed of his words. Leave us alone, and he will then speak calmly.'

We both turned to go, but this was not to be. John raised his bowed head, and strode across the room. 'Do not leave me, for I've come to unburden my soul. Bide wi' me, an' hear me speak. My punishment is greater than I can bear.'

'O John, my brother,' said Hal as he took him by the hand, and strove to lead him to a seat.

'Stand from me, lad. Do not touch me. I'm no brother o' thine, but a false-hearted villain who sought thy life. Hold thy peace, man, for I will speak.'

'In pity, do not bring this woe upon others,' implored Hal. 'If I have come between you and Teenie, let me go away. I would give up my life for you; only let the past be buried for ever.'

'Thou's not wronged me, my lad, though I thought thou had. It were my own blindness. But I loved her so, I did, an' I could not give her up. But I'm not fit for sic an angel as she. Cain's ban is on my soul, an' I mun abide by his doom.'

With a bitter cry I sank into a seat, and buried my face in my hands. I could not bear to look at the awful agony of the man. Poor Phil stag-



gered and seemed ready to fall, but with an effort he placed his hands on John's shoulders, and looked pleadingly in his face. 'Thou's my lad, an' I wunnot believe there's sic an awful crime on thy soul. I love ye right well, an' I cannot bear to hear ye say sic words. It's a lie, my bairn—say it's a lie!'

'It's God's truth,' said the hoarse, trembling voice; 'an' I cannot hide it.' Then he told of his sin. Every word pierced me like a cruel knife. The coble had passed him within easy distance, but all the jealous hatred of his soul rose in its strength, and he let the lad go by without giving him a helping hand. The rope was in his grasp, but he held it tight, and the waters swept the boat beyond his reach. One brief moment and the sin was committed.

He paused, and looked round upon the stricken group. I cannot tell the agony I suffered. His father was heart-broken. No sound escaped his pallid lips, but I could see them move pitifully, as though he were struggling in vain for words. John saw the dread horror that sat upon his face, and it smote him with a still deeper pang.

'Father,' he pleaded, 'in mercy speak to me. I've been an ill son; but do not slay me with sic a fearsome look.'

Then Phil arose from the seat he had staggered and fallen into. His face was dark and wrathful, but still most pitiful in its intense suffering. John hung his head upon his breast, bowed and motionless.

'An' this is t' bairn I have loved an' clung to all these years! God knows, I were proud o' my bonnie fisher-lad. An' now, though his soul is stained with sin, I cannot—I cannot give him words of hate. He's my John, my ain bairn. I'd give up my life to save t' lad from his doom. God forgive and bless him, my poor stricken bairn.'

Then John fell at his father's feet, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping. 'Thou is ower good to me,' he cried, 'but it makes my sin seem blacker than ever. Now I mun gang, an' ye'll think of me as one dead. Say good-bye, and then forget me for ever.'

In vain I pleaded with him to stay; he would not hear. 'No, no, mother; I must go my ain way, an' hide my sin in my ain soul.' With a steady step he passed across the room, and held out his hand to his brother. 'I may never look in thy face again; say one word o' pity before I go.'

'Oh, my brother,' sobbed Hal, 'much of the guilt is mine: would that I could bear your burden.'

'Nay, my lad. Think o' me as one in t' hands o' God, an' pray that I may never wander from His keeping.'

It was a bitter parting, but it came to an end at last. I cannot repeat his words of heart-broken misery as he clung to his father's hand. These two had toiled together through storm and calm, and between them there was a deep and abiding love which no sorrow or shame could kill. With a heavy heart he went out into the darkness, and the old home in Seaton Garth knew him no more for ever.

Hal would fain have gone at once to York to make his escape known to Teenie, but I knew

that any sudden shock might be fatal to her, and so begged him to desist until some plan had been thought of, that might be adopted with safety. The next day I wrote to Mr Burton, telling him that we had received tidings of Hal, but begged him on no account to inform Teenie, until I had spoken with her, and prepared her for the good news. Mr Burton was overjoyed to hear of Hal's return, and urged us to come quickly, and put an end to poor Teenie's suffering.

It was evening when we arrived at York. It was arranged that Mr Burton, who had met us at the coach, should go at once with me to Teenie, and that Hal should follow shortly afterwards. Teenie met us at the door. Her face had regained some of its old brightness, but still bore marks of intense suffering. We sat down and had a long conversation together, in which I endeavoured to bring her into a frame of mind for the disclosure I had to make. 'You are pleased to see me again, Teenie,' I said; 'are you not?'

'Oh, Mrs Carew,' she replied, 'you cannot tell how glad my heart is. It seems like one of the old, happy evenings we spent at Staithes, before all this sorrow came. It was kind of you to come such a long journey.'

'I am more than repaid, darling,' I answered, 'if only you are glad to have me with you.'

'Uncle said he thought your visit would do me good, and that he expected to see me quite my old self before you went away; but, alas, that can never be,' and the deep blue trusting eyes filled with tears. 'The sunshine has gone out of my life for ever.'

'Nay, Teenie, not for ever,' I said as I stroked her bonnie hair; 'God never leaves us so utterly alone.'

'Sometimes,' she said, 'I think it cannot be true that he is dead, but that in some way he will return to me; though, alas, I know that can never be.'

'Stranger things have happened,' I said. 'One of the Staithes fishermen has been twice picked up at sea, and taken to Great Yarmouth. Do not despair, darling; he may yet return.'

'But his boat was found, and not a trace of him remaining. He must have perished in that fearful storm. Oh, Mrs Carew, if he could only return!'

'Could you bear it, Teenie?' I asked. 'Would not the joy of meeting him again kill you?'

'Kill me?' said Teenie; 'I have borne his death, and am alive. But why do you ask?'

'Because I have hope that some ship has saved him, and has taken him to a foreign port.'

'Oh!' she cried, 'do you think that can ever be?'

'We have reason to think so, Teenie,' I said, my heart throbbing with excitement.

'What reason?' pleaded Teenie. 'Do not fear, but tell me. Believe me, I can bear it; only say that he is safe.'

'We have heard so,' I stammered out—'quite safe, and well.'

'And will come back to me again, just as of old?'

'He will come back soon—very soon,' I said; 'only, my child, be patient, and you shall see him.'

'I am patient; see, I am quite calm,' and she looked with marvellous steadfastness in my face.

'You said he would come very soon. Will it be to-day? to-morrow? Speak, dearest mother!'

Steps were heard at the door, and I know Hal was waiting to enter.

'Teenie, my darling,' I said, 'he will come to-day—at once—for he is here.'

The door opened, and she was clasped in Hal's arms. I would gladly linger over this happy reunion, but I may not stay. The night is growing late, and the end of this sad story has yet to be told.

In a few days I returned to Staithes, but Hal remained with Mr Burton and Teenie. At Christmas they all came back to the old place near us, as Teenie was quite strong again, and wished to be at home. We spent Christmas Day at Mr Burton's house. Only one was absent from that glad meeting—my poor, unhappy John. Teenie wondered that he should have left home so suddenly; but we told her that he was seeking to conquer his wild love, and would one day, we hoped, be able to meet her, as he ought to meet his brother's wife.

In the summer of the next year, Hal and Teenie were married. For two years we had heard nothing of John, and when Hal left us, the old home grew very desolate. Phil was sorely stricken by the loss of the lad he had loved so well; and although he scarcely ever mentioned his name, yet I knew he was ever in his thoughts. It was in the spring of 1836 that we first heard of our boy. A fisherman of Staithes had seen him on board one of the Filey boats at the Dogger Bank. Phil had been growing rapidly worse, and I feared for his life. For some months he had not been to the fishing, and at last he was obliged to keep his bed. When I told him that John had been seen at the Dogger, he entreated that some one should be sent to Filey to bring him home.

'I must see my bairn once again before I die,' he said. 'His guilt lies heavy on my soul, for I loved him so well, an' I thought no shame could ever fall upon his bonnie head. I cannot go into God's eternity, knowing that he is a wanderer from t' fold. Thou'll send an' find him, my lass, for no peace can come to me while t' lad's away.'

I could not hesitate after this appeal, so Verity was despatched to find the wanderer, and, if possible, to bring him to Seaton Garth. News had already been sent to Hal of his father's sickness, and we expected him at any hour. On Ash-Wednesday morning Hal came. Phil was glad to see him, but his heart still hungered for his eldest born. That Ash-Wednesday will long be remembered in Staithes. It brought heavy loss to many a household, but to none a more bitter sorrow than to my own. Shortly after noon the wind rose to a fearful gale, such as had rarely visited this wild coast. As we looked through the casement, nothing could be seen but a heaving waste of troubled water, surging and thundering between the rocky Nabs, which gleamed faintly through the driving mist and spray. Billow after billow broke in long seething lines of foam on the little beach, or rushed roaring up the beck. The fishermen hastily removed their boats beyond the reach of the waves, and now stood in anxious groups along the cliffs, and in front of the cottages that lined the strand.

The air was filled with the hoarse voices of the storm and the mad roar of the waters.

As the day grew towards evening, the wind increased in fury. Every now and again a heavy sea would leap up the beach, and break close under the front houses in Seaton Garth, threatening to overwhelm them. The big waves seemed to be drawing closer and closer upon us, and when one broke full upon the cottage wall, filling the little room with sand and foam, we knew it was time to seek safety in flight. Phil was hastily wrapped in blankets, and carried by the fishermen to Mr Burton's house. When I had seen him carefully attended to, I returned to Seaton Garth to try and save some of our household effects.

When I reached the village, a wild scene met my view. The waves were sweeping full over the front line of cottages, and our own house was half-hidden in the waters. At that moment, a cry arose; for now it was observed that a man was climbing on to the broken roof of our house, in order to escape the surging waters within. It was Hal! He had gone before me to snatch some articles from the impending ruin, and had been inclosed by the incoming tide. He had never learned to swim—what were we to do? I was in an agony of fear, dreading to see him momentarily swept from his precarious position. Wave after wave dashed over him, still carrying away another and another of the broken rafters. But he clung for dear life to those yet remaining, and struggled higher and higher out of reach of the waters.

For a moment we knew he was safe, but the next big wave might sweep him and his frail support into the cruel sea that foamed and surged beneath him. To attempt his rescue would be to share his fate. A dread silence crept through the crowd, broken at last by a wild shout: 'A rope, mates—quick, or t' lad's lost. I'll save him, if it's in t' power o' man to do it.'

With a cry of joy, I turned and fell at my boy's feet. He had come back, my John, my eldest born, and now stood ready to risk his life to save his brother. Then my heart grew faint with a deadly fear. He too would go out to his death among those cruel waves, and I should lose both my boys. I clung to him wildly, and pleaded with him not to go. But the men had already fastened a rope about his waist, and he paused but for one moment before plunging into the surf.

'Never fear, mother,' said he; 'I'll come back again; I've been into a rougher sea than this. T' Lord, in His mercy, has sent me to save t' life I tried to take. God bless ye, I'm ready, lads!'

He gave me one fond kiss, and then plunged boldly into the seething waters. I cannot picture to you the awful suspense and agony of those moments. Not a word was spoken, as the strong swimmer fought his way. The distance was small, but it was a fearful struggle—the waves boiling and foaming about him. At length we saw him clinging to the cottage wall, and with cautious movement, climbing towards his brother. A great cheer rent the air, as the two were seen, side by side, clasping the timbers of the old roof. Presently John made the rope fast to the rafters, and raised his hand in signal that all was right. In a moment the road of escape was opened, and Hal started on his way to shore. Every moment

seemed an age, as he hung there, clasping the rope with all his remaining strength. The long struggle had almost exhausted him, and we feared yet that the waves would drag him down into their hungry depths. Still he moved on, hand over hand, cautiously, surely. When he neared the shore, eager hands were stretched out to help him, and one of the strongest fishermen dashed down the steep path, plunged into the surf, and dragged him ashore.

It was not a moment too soon. Another huge sea came roaring up the bay, its black sides lashed with foam. John saw it even before us, and had already unfastened the rope from the rafters, and tied it about his own body. With a loud cry to those on shore, he flung himself clear of the crumbling ruins. The awful agony of that moment chills me even now. There was a wild roar, deeper than thunder, as the moving mountain swept to us, its foam lashing our feet. When we looked forth again, the troubled surface of the bay was strewn with the wreck of Seaton Garth. The whole line of twenty-four cottages had perished in that one sea. They hauled my boy through the foam and surf, but it was only his corpse they laid at my feet. He was cruelly wounded, and the waters had battered out his brave soul; sin and sorrow would never come to him again.

I must pass over what followed in silence. God grant, dear reader, that such a bitter woe may never fall upon your life.

Hal and Teenie live a happy life together. Poor Phil soon joined his son. They sleep side by side in the old churchyard. My boy had sinned greatly; but who shall judge him after so bitter a repentance, and so noble an atonement?

#### AMUSING TRIFLES.

As it is pretty well understood that nobody can claim exemption from ever having made a mistake at some time or other, it is almost needless to say that blunders are common to us all. Proverbially speaking, the Irishman bears the palm as the greatest perpetrator of these amusing errors; at the same time we are perhaps not very much behind our brother of the Emerald Isle, as we shall endeavour to show by a few illustrations.

A pretty good story is related of one of Governor Tilton's staff. It is said that when the individual referred to first presented himself *en militaire* to his wife and little daughter, the latter, after gazing at him for a few minutes, turned to her mother, and exclaimed: 'Why, Ma, that's not a real soldier—it's Pa!'—Equally observant was another youngster, who was sent by his parent to take a letter to the post-office and pay the postage on it. The boy returned highly elated, and said: 'Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place; and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing.' We hardly know whether the father would laugh or storm over this unconscious attempt to defraud the revenue.

Pointing to the letter X, 'What's that?' asked a village schoolmaster of a lad whose father seems to have been born before the age of School Boards and compulsory attendances. 'Daddy's name.' 'No; it is not, sir—it's X.' 'No, sir; it ain't,' said the boy; 'his daddy's name; I've seen him write

it often.'—At another school, in reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, a schoolmaster said: 'My lad, we fight with our heads here.' The youth reflected for a moment, and replied that *butting* was not considered fair at his last school.

We do not know whether the recipient of the following letter felt amused or enraged on reading it. It was written by a Buckinghamshire farmer to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a variety of swine: 'RESPECTED SIR—I went yesterday to the fair at A——. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts; and I was greatly astonished at not seeing you there.' We must imagine this to have been written in an off-hand manner, and without much consideration; as, also another, by an illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an Agricultural Exhibition, when he wrote as follows to the Secretary of the Society: 'Enter me also for a jackass. I have no doubt whatever of gaining a prize.'

A very slight stretch of imagination is required to depict the amazement of that inquisitive old gentleman, of a botanical turn of mind, who inquired of the gardener in one of the public places of promenade: 'Pray, my good man, can you inform me if this particular plant belongs to the "Arbutus" family?' when he received for reply: 'No, sir; it don't; it belongs to the Corporation!'—The same remark applies to that ambitious young lady, who was talking very earnestly about her favourite authors, when one of the company inquired if she liked Lamb. With an indignant toss of the head, she answered, that she 'cared very little about what she said, compared with knowledge.' Doubtless the party who put the question felt more amused by the answer than the parish priest did, who, observing an Irish girl at play on a Sunday, accosted her with: 'Good-morning, daughter of the Evil One;' when she meekly replied: 'Good-morning, father.'

Many an amusing mistake has been made by people hard of hearing. We are told that a certain Dean of Ely was once at a dinner, when just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. 'We have lost,' said a gentleman, 'not less than seven eminent barristers in as many months.' The Dean, who was very deaf, rose just at the conclusion of these remarks, and gave the company grace: 'For this and every other mercy, make us devoutly thankful.'—On another occasion, at the toast-list: 'May the man who has lost one eye in the glorious service of his beloved country, never see distress with the other.' But the person whose duty it was to read the toast, accidentally omitted the important word 'distress,' which completely changed the sentiment, and caused no end of merriment by the blunder.

Another instance may be quoted, if only to show how careful people should be in expressing themselves on public occasions. A church in South London had been erected, when a dinner was given, at the conclusion of which the health of the builder was proposed, when he rather enigmatically replied that he was 'more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking.'

Occasionally we receive gratuitous information

which is not strictly to be depended on. A person overheard two countrymen, who were observing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, say one to the other: 'What's that fellow doing, John?' 'Why, he's a naturalist.' 'What's that?' 'Why, one who catches gnats, to be sure.'—On a level with these intelligent rustics was Pat, who, as a raw recruit, was asked by his officer: 'What's your height?' 'Why, the man that measured me,' said Pat, 'told me it was five feet ten, or ten feet five; I am not exactly sure which; but it was either one or the other.'

On the other hand, some mistakes, although amusing, are not altogether complimentary. Few, for instance, would care to endorse an observation which fell from the lips of a gentleman, after gazing some time at the skeleton of a donkey, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal. 'Ah,' said he, 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'—Equally as good was that of the greenhorn who at a menagerie was particularly interested in a baboon. Several persons were present, one of whom expressed the opinion that it was a lower order of the human species. This so nettled the countryman, that he immediately exclaimed: 'Pooh, pooh! he's no more human species than we be.'

It occasionally occurs that amusing misconceptions of duty are prompted by the most amiable feelings. On the polling day of a parliamentary election, in which we shall call the Liberal candidate A—, and the Conservative B—, the following conversation was heard between two labouring men who met on the street. 'Well, Jim, have you been at the poll yet?' 'Ay,' said Jim; 'I was down a while ago, and met George coming out. "Who did you go for?" says I. "Oh, for A—," says he. "An' sure, an' that's a pity," says I, "for I was agoin' for A— myself. But it wouldn't be fair for us both to go for one man, so I'll vote for B—." And so we divided the thing fairly.'

The late Lord Lansdowne used to relate that when, after Turner the painter's death, he went to the artist's house on a foggy morning, in the hope of getting a peep of his reserved works, the old woman in charge, looking up through the area railings, took him for the cat's-meat man, and bawling up, told him he 'needn't come again, as the cat had died the day before.'

It is not always good policy to take some things as read. In a hairdresser's shop at the East End of London, a bill was exhibited in the window recommending a certain patent medicine, with the very dubious heading: 'Try one box—no other medicine will ever be taken.'—Also in an apothecary's shop-window in another neighbourhood, the following printed notice was displayed: 'All sorts of *dying* stuffs sold here.'—On another occasion, an advertisement appeared for a competent person to undertake the sale of some newly imported drugs, and added: 'It will be very profitable to the undertaker.'

Turning from the medical to the literary profession, we find the following piece of information given in a Cork paper, which published the following erratum: 'The words printed *pigs* and *cows* in a letter of last week's issue on the land question, should have been *pros* and *cons*.'—In the bills announcing the sale of an archaeological collection in a provincial town in Scotland, the

words 'coins and curiosities' were read and sent out by the printer as 'cans and canisters.'

The following startling announcement must have escaped the notice of the editor, but not the criticising eye of the general public. In announcing the approaching visit of Her Majesty to Brighton, a Sussex paper informed us that 'preparations are now being made for her reception, several tradesmen having received orders to be immediately executed at the Pavilion.'

It is perhaps pardonable to think much of others, but not too much of ourselves, which was exemplified by a certain vocalist, who was engaged to sing at the rooms of one of our principal watering-places. Having a pretty good opinion of his abilities, he wrote in the leader's book, at a particular place, 'Rest here for the applause.' The conductor, as in duty bound, stopped the band; but unfortunately there were no signs whatever on the part of the audience to disturb the sudden silence. The disappointed singer, turning sharply round, said, rather loud: 'Why don't you go on?' The mischief-loving wielder of the baton replied, much more loudly: 'We are resting for the applause.' A general titter of course pervaded the room.

We must yield the palm to Ireland, however, in the well-known reply given by an Irish gentleman, who called on an eminent singing-master to inquire his terms. 'I charge two guineas for the first lesson; but only one guinea for as many as you please afterwards.' 'Oh, bother the first lesson then,' said the other; 'let us begin at once with the second.'—Another native of the Green Isle exhibited an equal comprehension of economic possibilities when he went to have his banns of marriage proclaimed. In answer to his inquiry as to the cost, the registrar told him that the fee for being proclaimed in one day was ten shillings; for two proclamations, it was five shillings; and for three times, it was half-a-crown. 'Bedad,' said the Irishman, 'but that's an iligint arrangement. You can just go on proclaiming me and Biddy till there's nothing to pay at all.'

Like the rest of mankind, military men are not altogether exempt from mistakes; otherwise we never should have heard of a certain Adjutant of a Volunteer corps who, being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the squad, cried out: 'All you that are without arms, hold up your hands;' or of that affectionate Irishman who once enlisted in the 64th Regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was in the 65th.

It is sometimes much easier to give an order than to see it properly executed, as an Irish sergeant once discovered. 'Attention, company,' said he in a stentorian voice, and 'tend to your roll-call. All of ye that are presint, say "Here;" and all of ye that are not presint, say "Absint."'

A loving wish, but not likely to be duly appreciated after a moment's thought, was that made in answer to the son of a fond father, who, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of an enemy. 'I should be glad,' quoth the parent, 'to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe.'

Amusing mistakes have occurred in our law-courts. Mr Serjeant Wilkins, once pleading for a man charged with felony, made a most glowing speech as to the utter ruin that would over-

take the defendant's wife and large family. The oration being concluded, the learned advocate discovered that his client was a bachelor!—On another occasion, a lawyer, who was sometimes scolded, though ready-witted, as we shall presently shew, having been engaged to plead the cause of an old offender, began by saying: 'I am informed the prisoner at the bar bears the character of being an unmitigated scoundrel!' Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his own client, when he immediately continued: 'But what great and good man ever lived who was not greatly calumniated by many of his contemporaries?'

The following if amusing, could not altogether be considered complimentary to some of the listeners. 'In Court,' said O'Connell, 'I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"—The late eminent lawyer Serjeant Talfourd must have been considerably amused at what occurred when he landed at Granton pier, and had his portmanteau carried by an old Scotch porter. His name, 'Mr Serjeant Talfourd,' was painted on it, and observed by the porter. The learned gentleman offered payment to the man for his trouble; but was met with the reply: 'Na, na, sir; I winna take a penny frae ye; and you're very welcome, for I was once a sergeant, and like yourself!'

An old gentleman being asked after his health, replied: 'I am getting quite feeble, and exercise of any kind is almost too much for me; last year I could walk entirely round the square, but now I can only walk half-way round.' 'Do you walk back again?' 'Yes, certainly,' he replied. 'Pray, explain the difference,' was the request of his good-natured friend.

Numerous anecdotes are related of the amusing mistakes sometimes made by domestic servants. Pat still standing out conspicuous. An invalid gentleman confined to his room, sent his servant, an Irishman, to see what hour it was by the sun-dial, which was fastened to a post in the garden. The man was not very long gone before he entered the apartment somewhat excited, with the sun-dial in his hand, saying: 'Here, sir; pray look at it yourself, for it mystifies me all over.'—Travellers complain perhaps more than most people. An exceedingly fat gentleman had to travel by coach from Maastricht in France, and requiring more room than an ordinary passenger, sent his servant to book two places and pay for them. When he went to the office the next day to take his place, he found 'one seat had been booked inside and one out.'

#### THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMONG the erroneous notions which are current concerning the things of everyday life, is the idea that the water supplied to us by the various water-companies is teeming with the most horrible creatures, that do not even require the assistance of a microscope to make them visible. Such sensitive persons may be reassured upon hearing the result of analyses of the water supplied by the London Companies. The samples analysed were taken at different localities every day during a whole month; and the results were

reported to the President of the Local Government Board by the three eminent chemists who undertook the work. Their Report concludes in the following satisfactory manner: 'We desire to add that from these analyses we are of opinion that, considered both chemically and physiologically, the water delivered by the Companies during the month over which these examinations extended was of excellent quality, wholesome, and in every respect well fitted for the supply of the Metropolis.'

At the forthcoming Exhibition of Electrical Apparatus at Paris, about six hundred lamps will be shown in operation, comprising every known system of electric illumination. The dynamo-machines for generating the current will be served by an eight hundred horse-power steam-engine. In addition to this display of light, several electric railways will be shown in operation, and among these, that of Siemens Brothers will form one of the chief attractions of the British section.

The Russian Technical Society is devoting special attention to the study of aeronautics, more particularly as an aid to observing atmospheric phenomena, and with reference to the employment of balloons for military purposes. The extensive use of these machines during the siege of Paris, and the successful manufacture of the largest balloon ever made—that of Mr Giffard, exhibited in the same city in 1878—seem to have stimulated men to fresh exertions to turn aeronautical science to more practical account. The importance of the subject has not been lost sight of in this country. Our war authorities, after careful experiments at Woolwich, placed two balloons in commission; and more recently, a Balloon Society has been started in London, which holds regular meetings for the transaction of general business and the reception of new ideas.

The Prall Union Heating Company has recently been established in New York for undertaking the heating and cooking required in private houses and public institutions. The novelty of the plan consists in the supply of superheated water from a central station. Water for domestic purposes is not generally used above boiling-point, namely, two hundred and twelve degrees; and many people are not aware that the liquid can be made hotter than that. As a matter of fact, it can be brought to any degree of heat so long as the vessel in which it is confined is able to bear the pressure of the steam; and water at three hundred and seventy-six degrees, which is the standard adopted by the Prall Company, can be made to roast meat and to bake bread. The water is to be conveyed in boxed pipes of small bore laid from the central station in underground trenches; return pipes being so arranged that the liquid is in constant circulation, and is returned to the main boiler directly it has done its work. Experiment shows that if water so heated be driven through a pipe one mile in length at a certain speed, it will lose in transmission only one degree of heat. The chief difficulty in carrying out the system will doubtless show itself in the matter of joints and connections. These will have to be of very perfect construction, in order to withstand the great pressure which they will be required to bear.

More than one of the north-country newspapers have initiated the laudable custom of publishing



colliery warnings founded presumably upon the condition of the barometer. In many cases, these warnings have unfortunately met with verification by being closely followed by disaster. We may mention in this connection that the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the causes of accidents in mines are bringing their work to a close in considering the best form of safety-lamps, and the suitability of electric illumination for collieries. They are also paying special attention to a but recently acknowledged cause of explosion, the inflammability of coal-dust in air.

There is no disguising the fact that our American cousins are far ahead of us in the invention of labour-savers and other clever contrivances which they are pleased to call 'notions.' We are loath to attribute this to any peculiar mechanical faculty which they have and which we lack, but rather to the extreme facility which is given by their legislature to protecting such inventions. In Britain, the cost of such protection for fourteen years is no less than one hundred and seventy-five pounds. The same advantages can be secured in America for seventeen years by a single payment of seven pounds. The result of the heavy tax which our government levies upon invention may be seen by comparing the numbers of patents in force in this country with those at the other side of the Atlantic. At the end of 1879, there were current here fifteen thousand patents, and in America two hundred thousand. These figures speak for themselves. As an interesting feature of the New York Patent Office, may be mentioned the fact that there is a yearly average of sixty female patentees, their efforts being naturally directed to matters pertaining to dress and domestic economy.

One of the latest American novelties is a road vehicle propelled by a gas-engine. The gas is contained in a reservoir, somewhat like an organ bellows, placed in the body of the carriage. The supply is sufficient to last several hours, and can of course be readily replenished as long as the travellers keep within the bounds of civilisation.

In spite of the many attacks upon the manufacture of oleomargarine, or sham butter, it continues to increase to an enormous extent. In the United States alone, the output is computed to reach upwards of fifty-five thousand tubs weekly, each tub averaging forty-five pounds-weight of the stuff. The time seems to be approaching when genuine butter will have become a thing of the past, so far as its wholesale supply is concerned. If anything will put the consumers of artificial butter on their guard, it ought to be a letter addressed to Lord Granville by our Consul at Philadelphia, and published by the Foreign Office. In it the Consul states that a most extraordinary degree of mortality has prevailed among swine from a disease known as the 'hog cholera,' by which scores of thousands of these animals have perished. The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce have since passed a resolution contradicting the above statement, to the extent that during the past year hogs in Ohio have been singularly free from disease of any kind. But the other contradictions issued by the Americans are less definite than this, and go to show that disease does prevail, though not perhaps to the extent indicated in the Consul's report. In any case, it warrants home consumers in exercising caution as to the use made

of the above imported goods. 'Immense quantities of pork,' says the Consul in the letter referred to, 'are annually shipped to the United Kingdom, and as the disease of Trichinosis seems to be on the increase in this country, the subject is not unworthy of attention. A case just reported from Kansas describes the symptoms of the disease when it attacks the human family. In this case the victim is a farmer. He had been ill for some time, and became much reduced in flesh. Upon consulting a physician, those parasite worms termed *trichine* were found in great quantities in his body. *Trichina spiralis* may be conveyed to human beings, it is thought, by the gross adulterations used in the manufacture of butter and cheese, of which there is some exportation to England. The former is adulterated with lard and grease, which in many cases are taken from the places where hogs die of diseases, and are then rendered into grease, &c., and the latter into a commodity called *anti-huff*.' In *Chambers's Journal* for March 19, further mention is made of the subject of Trichinosis in an article on the American Pork Market.

It is a significant fact that those diseases which can be contracted by man from the lower creation, are peculiarly malignant in their character. Of these, hydrophobia, Trichinosis, and glanders are formidable examples.

The partial interruption of telegraphic communication during the late snow-storms owing to the snapping of overhead wires, has again called attention to the advisability of carrying such wires underground. The outlay is great in the first instance, but is said to be economical in the end; for wires so laid need little or no expense for maintenance. In Germany, there are no fewer than eight thousand miles of underground wire, and the system is considered so successful that it is to be greatly extended. The wires now extending across some of the Metropolitan streets are so numerous, that they constitute an eyesore, if not a danger; and the introduction of the telephone system will probably treble their number. All things considered, it would be greatly to the public advantage if the underground system were more generally adopted.

Pintsch's system of illumination by oil-gas, which has now been adopted by many of the railway Companies for lighting their carriages, has recently been applied to a very novel but useful purpose—namely, the illumination of buoys. These floating beacons contain their own supply of gas. They average eight feet in diameter, and are made of wrought-iron strong enough to resist the pressure of the gas from within, and the buffeting of the waves without. Each buoy will hold sufficient gas to feed a lamp for ten weeks. The authorities at Trinity House have tested the system with success, and under their auspices it is to be much extended. The gas—distilled from the refuse of shale-oil—will be made on shore, and carried out to the various buoys by means of a tender. The charging operation occupies but a few minutes for each beacon; and the cost of each light is twopence-halfpenny per day of twenty-four hours.

The Beaumont Compressed Air-engine has been tried with success on the Metropolitan Railway. A very early hour was chosen for the trial, so that it might not interfere with the regular traffic. The

engine, which was built for street tramway-work, was not strong enough to draw a full train; but it was perfectly under control, and gave promise that the system was applicable to the needs of the Underground line. The route chosen was that part of the railway which extends from Edgeware Road to Moorgate Street. The engine ran to and fro, a distance of about six miles, with great ease. The air-pressure at the start was one thousand pounds on the square inch, and at the finish three hundred pounds.

A clever little contrivance called the Detective Camera was lately brought before the London Photographic Club. Its purpose is to enable a person to take photographic 'shots' at any desired subject, without anybody but himself being cognisant of the operation. In outward appearance it resembles a square case, and can be disguised as a portmanteau, a shoeblack's box, or even a book. The operator places it upon the ground, or holds it under his arm, the pressure of a pneumatic ball opening or closing the hidden lens at the required moment. Several amusing street scenes have been thus secured, which bear evidence that the models had no idea that their images were being so unceremoniously stolen.

The universal interest lately manifested in the connection between smoke and fog, will shortly take practical shape in the form of an Exhibition at South Kensington of various smoke-consuming stoves and grates for domestic purposes. This Exhibition will be under the auspices of the National Health and Kyrie Societies. It is intended to enlist the co-operation of foreign manufacturers, so as to secure as complete a collection as possible. It is to be hoped that this display will result in some permanent method for superseding the wasteful and pernicious modes of burning coal which are now in vogue.

Some mysterious subsidences of earth, which take the form of huge pits several feet in depth, appeared a few weeks ago in many places on Blackheath. A scientific Society in the neighbourhood took the subject in hand, and have employed an experienced well-sinker with a view to ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. Various theories have been advanced to explain the unprecedented occurrence. Among these, the late rains; the near presence of a pumping station belonging to the Kent water-works, which daily raises some millions of gallons of water from the chalk; and the main drainage system, are the most worthy of notice. It may be mentioned that similar appearances have lately been remarked with some alarm at many places in Paris.

The preliminary survey for the proposed Trans-Sahara Railway has resulted in the discovery of a buried city. A mound of sand of peculiar appearance arrested the attention of one of the workers. It was eventually found to cover the dome of a mosque. Subsequently, several houses were unearthed, together with a watercourse.

A continental firm is endeavouring to introduce a new form of coffin. It consists of thin wood lined with a stonelike composition, of which Portland cement is one of the chief constituents. The alleged advantages claimed for it are, imperishability, and freedom from infection before burial. The first we hold to be the reverse of an advantage; and the second can be secured by well-known and more simple means. We have always

maintained that a body cannot be too quickly resolved into its elementary dust.

M. Pasteur of the Sainte Eugénie Hospital, Paris, has recently been carrying on some curious and interesting experiments bearing upon the causes of the terrible malady hydrophobia. He inoculated several rabbits with the saliva of a patient who had died of the disease, with the result that they became paralysed in a few hours, and eventually died of asphyxia. But they showed no traces of rabies. They thus appeared to be affected with some unknown form of the disease, although M. Pasteur is not inclined, without further inquiry, to assert positively that it is distinct from hydrophobia. The most noteworthy result of his experiments lies in the discovery of peculiar microscopic organisms in the blood of the inoculated animals. If it be proved that hydrophobia is accompanied by a similar appearance, there will be some ground for hoping that science may find a way to grapple with it.

A Bill lately introduced for making better provision for inquiries with regard to boiler explosions, comes opportunely at this time. We have learned by a recent accident in the streets of Maidstone that steam-engines are sometimes placed under the control of mere labourers, who are naturally quite ignorant of their structure and proper management. The Bill excludes domestic boilers from its provisions, although in times of frost—as we have lately seen—they occasionally explode with fatal results. However, this is not a question for fresh legislation, but for individual carelessness. A good suggestion comes from the Manchester Steam Users' Association, to which we gladly give publicity—That on the recurrence of frost, a placard, printed in large clear type, be posted in the thoroughfares, explaining to the public the best means of preventing the explosion of kitchen and circulating boilers. They also publish the suggested text for such placard.

An almost unprecedented occurrence is related by the correspondent of a colonial paper writing from the Cape of Good Hope. A troop of horsemen on their way to service in Basutoland were overtaken by a thunder-storm. By one flash of lightning, seventeen horses with their riders were thrown to the earth, ten men and five horses being killed!

A machine for making artificial snow has lately been perfected in England. The question may possibly be asked, Of what use can such a contrivance be, when the supply of the natural commodity is nowadays so far above what we care about? We are apt to forget that in many countries snow is a luxury. In the bazaars of Cabul, for instance, it is sold as such; and mixed with sherbet, it forms a favorite drink. The machine in question is intended for Palermo, where frost is rarely experienced.

Sir Bartle Frere's lecture before the Society of Arts upon the Industrial Resources of South Africa, paints the dark continent in anything but a sombre hue. He tells us that coal, iron, copper, manganese, cobalt, and other sources of wealth, exist in wonderful abundance. Speaking of the Diamond Fields, he mentions the fact, that although it is but fourteen years since the first diamond was discovered in South Africa, the exports have so enormously increased since that time, that within the course of one year, more than three and

a half million pounds-worth of the precious stones have passed through the Cape Post-office. These figures take no account of the number of diamonds that have been sent out of the country by other channels. Turning to agricultural affairs, the lecturer gives valuable information regarding the extraordinary fertility of the soil; and the various breeds of horses, cattle, and sheep. He also touches upon the industry of ostrich-farming, which seems to be very profitable. Of course, these natural advantages can only be turned to account under a settled system of government. Recent events in South Africa have unfortunately not tended to turn swords into ploughshares.

With regard to a correspondence that has arisen regarding the danger of heating water for bath purposes, by gas, it may be well to mention that no gas-heaters for baths should be used in any room unless the products of combustion can be perfectly carried away at once by a flue, although small sizes may be safely used in sculleries and lavatories for heating small quantities of water quickly. These gas-heaters are especially dangerous in bath-rooms, which are, as a rule, small and close, and the danger increases with the power of the heater. Those who are interested in this subject may obtain further information by applying to Mr Thomas Fletcher, Museum St., Warrington.

A precise and uniform system of time-keeping is of the utmost importance in large towns, and this has been effected in Paris by the establishment of what are called 'horary centres.' The horary centre consists of a standard clock, controlled by electricity from the Paris Observatory; the clock, in addition, forming a kind of second electrical centre, by which it is able to send an hourly current, and control other clocks in its neighbourhood placed in circuit with it. In this way the whole city is supplied with the exact time wherever a clock, public or private, is connected with the electrical circuit.

#### 'ANECDOTES OF SIGN-PAINTING ARTISTS.'

In our article on this subject, in *Chambers's Journal* for February 12, an account was given of the litigation which had taken place regarding the proprietorship of the sign that was painted by David Cox for *The Royal Oak Inn* at Bettws-y-Coed. Since then, the case has been before the Lords in the Supreme Court of Judicature, with the result that the judgment of Sir J. Bacon has been reversed, and the picture declared to be the property of the owner of the hotel. 'Assuming,' say the Lords, 'that the picture was originally what may be called a tenant's fixture, which he might have removed, it appeared he had never done so. Therefore, the picture not having been removed by the original tenant within his term, on a new lease being granted it became the property of the landlord, and had never ceased to be so.'

In the same article it was stated that the painting of the sign of St George and the Dragon at Wargrave-on-Thames, was ascribed to Leslie and Watts. We now learn that the side of the signboard on which St George is charging the dragon, was painted by Leslie; and that the reverse side was painted, not by Watts, but by Hodgson.

#### THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

*Strike, while the Iron's hot.*

TRANSLATED FROM AN OLD FRENCH SONG.

THROUGH the casement, roseate Dawn  
Already steals with cheering cry :  
Let's to the forge, and wake the morn  
With hoist'rous voice and jocund lay !

Bellows, blow ; and furnace, smoke ;  
Bend the glowing metal soon !  
Hammer, fall with telling stroke !—  
Sing to my anvil's merry tune,  
Pong, Pong,—

'Strike, while the Iron's hot !'

With lusty stroke my hammer rings :  
Strike hard ! 'tis for you clubby Boy  
Who to his mother fondly clings,  
And trills his cooling note of joy.

Thanks to the sweat that bathes my face,  
The paths of Learning he shall tread,  
And Knowledge make her dwelling-place  
Within my darling's fair young head !

Labour unto the heart gives ease,  
And will our daily bread supply ;  
It decks the charms of my Thérèse,  
My Wife, my household deity !

Our hands were never formed to make  
Muskets or sword-blades, bolts or chains ;  
God gave us arms for labour's sake ;  
Our minds, He for Love's work ordains !

Now all who day by day pursue  
Some darling hope, some cherished end—  
Old hearts, who have but power in view ;  
Young hearts, who Love's soft call attend ;

Men, who would wield the sword or pen—  
Sages and fools—peasants and kings—  
If you'd succeed, take up the word  
Of wisdom, what my anvil rings :  
Pong, Pong, Pong !  
'Strike while the Iron's hot.'

☞ The concluding batch of *Ghost Stories Unveiled* will be given next month.

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## INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING MORTALITY.

We do not intend in this paper to analyse these statistics technically or for any professional purpose, but propose to examine them with a view to elucidate certain of their hidden meanings, and to extract some of the lessons of instruction they are fitted to convey. The labour of compiling the facts connected with what is termed the death-rate in the United Kingdom, and its causes, must have been enormous, tasking as it has done the efforts of skilled and earnest workers for a long series of years. Dr Price was among the first to apply his attention to the subject, and in what are now termed the Northampton Tables, published the results of over twenty thousand calculations made by him upon the registers of births and deaths of that city. The inquiry has been still further pursued, both in its general and special aspects, by Mr Neison, Dr Gny, and others; and latterly, the Reports of Dr Farr and the several Registrars-general have put the public in possession of an amount of information so copious as to warrant certain general conclusions on what mathematicians call the rationale of differences and the laws of mortality.

On examining these statistics, we find that the annual death-rate in the United Kingdom is, as nearly as possible, one in every forty-five of the entire population. Of the three countries, England may be said to be the most healthy, Scotland lagging a hairbreadth behind; and, as may be inferred, the larger cities, though not the largest, present the highest bills of mortality; while the rural mainland districts occupy an intermediate place between them and the insular, the extremes varying about fifty per cent. This can be readily accounted for from the fact, that in large towns the air is contaminated with injurious gases, which cannot be dispelled as fast as they are formed. Comparing this general rate of mortality with that of a century ago, the fact stands out that the average duration of life is longer now than at the former period in the ratio of eighty to forty-five.

In other words, nearly twice as many proportionately died in the decade from 1770 to 1780 as during the past ten years; or, to state the matter differently, the average British life within the period named has been well-nigh doubled. This gratifying result is no doubt due to a more correct style of living in the midst of the greater worry and competition of later days, the improved state of agriculture, the better sanitary arrangements of our cities and towns, and a wider diffusion and knowledge of the healing art. It is another cause for gratulation to learn that Britain contributes only twenty-two out of her every thousand yearly as her contingent to the Grand Army of Death, while France furnishes twenty-four, Prussia twenty-six, Austria thirty, and Russia thirty-six. This superiority we owe not so much to the salubrity of our climate, nor, perhaps, to our greater native physique, as, in all probability, to the larger exemption our sea-girt island obtains for us from the horrors of war and the tremendous levies which its operations entail.

Descending from broad national considerations to those of our complex social and industrial life, the inquiry widens and deepens in interest. If we divide society as presently constituted into three great classes—the labouring and artisan, the trading and professional, the gentry and titled—we find the value of life on the whole to be not materially different in each, but with a margin of balance in favour of the first. The sturdy husbandman who enjoys his frugal repast by the hedge which incloses his rented field, and perhaps washes it down with water from the spring that bubbles up close at hand, returns to his home at night 'all with heavy task fordone'; and by that very exertion and simplicity of fare, earns for himself a longevity which is barely reached by the lord of the manor himself, comfortably housed though he be, daintily fed, and exempted from the carking cares which so weigh down and oppress the poor. Even Hodge, the agricultural drudge, and it may be, eventual workhouse inmate, speaking generally, attains a length of days which is denied to the coroneted proprietor at whose expense he is main-

tained. Regularity, sobriety, and labour are the motive powers which carry forward the vital machine; while luxury, licentiousness, and sloth are agents which are ever tending to bring it to its final state of rest.

It is, however, when we come to individual trades and professions that the differences in the rates of sickness and mortality become painfully manifest. Pre-eminent among those in point of deadliness is the business of the Sheffield steel-grinder, there being even in the several branches of his craft degrees of variation. Grinding is divided into dry and wet, or it may be a compound of both. In dry grinding, the workman sits over the 'horsing,' as the machine in which the stone revolves is called, with his body bent forward and his head inclined over the instrument he is fashioning, and which he grasps with both his hands. During the operation, innumerable sparks fly off, which enter and inflame the eyes, while at the same time minute particles of sand and steel dust are evolved; these, being received into the mouth, are inhaled into the lungs, which they in time completely corrugate and destroy. Forks and needles are manufactured entirely by this process, and hence the grinding of these is reckoned the most deadly occupation in Sheffield. The average age of the steel-fork maker is about thirty years. In wet grinding, which is used in the manufacture of table-knives, saws, and edge-tools, the machine revolves in water, and comparatively little dust is thrown off. This part of the business is thus more innocuous, as is proved by the workers in it attaining an average age of forty years. Of late, a good deal has been done to reduce this waste of human life, by the cultivation of the beard and moustache—which serve to check the entrance of the gritty particles into the mouth—and the introduction of fans, which, acting like winnowing machines, arrest the particles of dust, and convey them up a chimney or flue. Such a contrivance cannot fail to act sensibly upon the health and comfort of the workmen; yet it is scarcely credible that even at this hour of the day there are some among them who complain of these appliances of preservation as tending to open up the trade too much! 'A sharp war and quick promotion' used to be the motto of our army and navy officers. 'High wages and a speedy death' would appear to be the trade watchword of these men, for in very truth, the wages of their occupation is death.

There are several other trades the members of which are seriously exposed to complaints that, though similar in kind, are less in degree than that of the grinder, but which yet tend powerfully to the abridgment of their lives. Brass-finishing is one of these. There is also a class of workers in the Potteries who almost live in an atmosphere of flint-dust, which proves nearly as fatal to them as the steel to the Sheffield fork-makers. Certain classes of masons, too, especially those who chisel granite, suffer from a like malady to such a degree that in some districts few of them are reported to attain their fiftieth year. And in certain flax, woollen, and cotton mills where numbers of young persons are employed along with adults, the mortality is alarming from the perpetual inhalation of the dust and fluff with which the air of the rooms is loaded. Similarly, to a greater or less extent, millers suffer from the floating particles

of their meal, snuff-makers from their snuff, and shoddy-grinders from the 'devil's dust.' In all these classes, pulmonary affections are common, and the value of life is low.

Miners are a body of men that do invaluable work for our country. Without the coal and the iron, the copper and the tin which they extract from the bowels of the earth, Great Britain would lose much of her power. The miner, indeed, may be described as the Atlas upon whose shoulders our industrial world rests—the Cyclops who forges for us underground the weapons with which we rule the globe. In number they are more than three hundred thousand—an army larger than that with which Napoleon subdued the continent of Europe. Most of their existence passes unseen; their ways are almost a mystery, their world a *terra incognita* to their fellow-men. They attract notice only when some appalling catastrophe takes place in the pit, or when some unhappy dispute breaks out between them and their employers. Considering their numbers and importance in the state, we may very pertinently ask: How do they stand in the records of health and mortality? The answer these returns give is that, next to the Sheffield grinder, they are as a class the shortest-lived of Englishmen. How could it be otherwise? Confined to a narrow gallery hundreds or thousands of feet below the surface of the ground, into which the light of the sun cannot enter—working often in a cramped, constrained, and contorted position—breathing an atmosphere of foul air, impregnated with coal-dust or other impure substances in a temperature of about eighty degrees, and then suddenly elevated to the surface, it may be when the snow lies deep, or the cold blast sweeps along the ground, they would require to be constituted differently from ordinary mortals, if their frames could sustain for an equal length of time the tear and wear to which they are thus unnaturally subjected. The complaints from which they suffer most are rheumatism, asthma, bronchitis, and pneumonia. As the grinder's lungs after death are, instead of being soft and spongy, found to be tough and scratchy, so the miner's appear black, and look as if they had been dipped in ink. For their melioration, however, science is now in various directions extending her borders; public watchfulness is following in its rear; proprietors of mines are beginning to perceive that it is their interest to assist; and the miner himself will, it is to be hoped, gradually be brought to feel and act in accordance with the enlightenment and spirit of the time.

Our soldiers and sailors are another numerous and important class on which we pride ourselves. Among them, too, the death-rate is exceptionally high. In the case of soldiers, notwithstanding that they are picked men, just entered on manhood, and subjected to medical examination before they are drafted into the ranks, they may be said to live little more than half their days. Nor is war alone responsible for this. At home even, the number of deaths in the army is nearly double that of the civilian class. The diseases to which they most readily succumb are those of the lungs and dysentery. For the proximate cause of these we must look to their gregarious mode of life in barracks, their martinet and routine discipline, and the sameness of their food, continued for long periods. The sailor fares a good deal better in



these returns. While his mortality rate is above the average, his days of sickness are comparatively few. But his calling and his life on board ship subject him to perilous risks and accidents, many of which we cannot but believe are preventable by due precaution and watchfulness, either on his own part or that of his employers. It appears that in the navy, two-thirds of the deaths are the result of disease; while in the merchant service, two-thirds are the result of causes other than disease. In the case of Her Majesty's ships, the dangers of the sea are four times, in our mercantile marine they are fifteen times as great as those on the land. For this unsatisfactory state of things, a remedy is here also being gradually provided, since Jack has been brought conspicuously under the eye of Parliament and Publicity.

But it is not in these useful and indispensable occupations alone that we meet with an excessive death-rate. The water-gilder—an artisan employed in gilding metals, principally silver, by the action of fire—is compelled to inhale the fumes of mercury, and becomes subject to a mercurial tremor, or, in the language of the workmen, 'he takes a fit of the trembles;' upon which, if not speedily arrested, delirium and unconsciousness supervene. The silversmith of looking-glasses is exposed to the same risk, though, happily, in his case this has been lessened, if not altogether obviated by the application of voltaic electricity to the process. There is a disease called the brass ague, which copper-smiths, plumbers, and workers in brass are liable to, from the presence of volatilised oxide of lead in the casting of the metal, and which very often terminates in general paralysis. Then the maker of matches pays the penalty of his craft by inhaling the phosphoric acid which enters into their formation, and which attacks the bones of the face, especially the lower jaw, often destroying them altogether. Painters, flock-paper and artificial flower makers are daily exposed to dreadful risks from the poisonous ingredients that enter so largely into the materials of their respective arts. Lead paralysis is a frequent complaint among them, and the poison which induces this sometimes also enters the brain, in which case mania ensues. Among other substances injurious to health and hastening death, the manipulation of which is a necessity in certain trades and manufactures, we may mention the naphtha and turpentine by those employed in the polishing-shops, the sulphuric and prussic acid by the dyers, the putrescent materials handled in the glue, the fetid acid vapours in the starch, and the coke in the tin-plate and gas works. Indeed, there is hardly an article of elegance or *virtu* in the manufacture of which some deadly or disabling substance does not enter.

The cases just referred to may be regarded as abnormal; they arise out of certain peculiar states or conditions, and are confined to certain skilled occupations or crafts. But there are other classes of workers whose sufferings exhibit none of these dramatic symptoms, but who at the same time furnish the largest quota to these melancholy lists. The complaint under which they succumb goes under the name of 'consumption.' At the head of this company march the bakers, the tailors, and the milliners of our large cities. Compositors are another class whose lives are cut short from working too long hours in heated, ill-ventilated

rooms, and from having to maintain the same constrained attitude throughout. Jobbing printers are found as a rule to be much healthier than newspaper compositors; and pressmen—those who take the impression off the types set up—also appear to better advantage, no doubt from the greater and more varied muscular exercise which their particular duties require. The liability to consumption of the latter class is only one half that of the former, and of other diseases it is one-third less.

We cannot enumerate all the trades and professions, but may conclude by adverting to some curious facts bearing upon a few of them. In the country, farming would appear to be the most healthy of occupations, while that of the inn or tavern keeper is the most fatal; the average of the farmer being under twenty per thousand per annum, Boniface, 'mine host,' drops off every year at the rate of thirty per thousand of his kind. The butcher ranks next to him in fatality, his florid look and apparently good condition notwithstanding; and in the case of both, excess in eating and drinking, coupled with the use of too much animal and too little vegetable food, is doubtless provocative of the result. The brewer's drayman is another illustration of appearances bellying reality. To outward seeming, he is a veritable Samson in health and strength; organically, he is weak as a child. His first illness often cuts him off; his average age being only forty-three years. Waiters and portboys come under the same general rule, the days meted out to them being even somewhat fewer in number. The student who wastes too much of the midnight oil is proverbially said to be sapping the foundations of his constitution; but the exaggerated cultivation of athletics, it appears, is productive of a like result. Among professional cricketers, wrestlers, Thames boatmen, and such-like, the average duration of life is found to be notoriously low.

Another curious law seems to hold good—that persons of extreme old age are seldom to be found in the ranks of those trades which exhibit the most moderate death-rates. Thus, although the average age of the pressman at death is, as we have seen, greater than that of the compositor, yet it is found that in the roll-call of the latter there are more patriarchs than is to be met with in that of the former.

Mr Neilson has compiled some interesting tables regarding the 'expectation of life' at the several decades from twenty to seventy, of persons engaged in indoor and outdoor occupations with little exercise and with great exercise respectively. In the former class—the indoor workers—the difference is inappreciable whether the labour be hard or not; but in the other there is a gain of six years on the side of such as toil much and exercise themselves greatly. For instance, gardeners, agricultural labourers, and all those who are compelled to put forth a due measure of strength in the open air and under all weathers, have an expectation of six years longer life than men like policemen, watchmen, and others whose duties are more of a routine character and demand less active physical exertion. Again, a comparison of the tables leads us to the conclusion that the outdoor worker with little exercise is a worse life than the sedentary indoor worker whether with little or with great

exercise; for example, the coachman's life is worse than the shopman's, and the clerk's is preferable to the tidewater's. And what is still more curious, among the healthiest of our working population are to be reckoned the scavengers, dustmen, and cleaners of sewers in London!—a gentleman of great medical knowledge and experience, acknowledging that a score or so of master-scavengers who were brought together before him on more than one occasion were 'the healthiest set of men he had ever seen.'

### THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN R. HARWOOD.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—IN THE DITCH.

It was a bright spring day, a day in that late spring which borders upon summer, and when our island climate, in spite of nipping raids on the part of reluctant Winter, is at its best, when the lusty carol of the lark is heard aloft, and the tender sprouts of the young corn crop forth from amidst the brown clods of the wheat-fields. Even in dusty London, even in the dingy old Sanctuary where Bertram dwelt, the influence of the fresh bright season, with its eternal wellspring of youth, made itself felt. The birds in Mr Browse's cages answered to its call, donning their smartest plumage, pruning their feathers, perking up their little heads, and straining their little throats in rushes of silvery song, as if they, too, had been free wild birds of the woodlands, with mates to choose, and nests to build, in the pleasant spring-tide of the year. The old vine answered to the call by putting forth some budding leaves very coyly, and as it were despondingly, after years of ill-treatment; but no doubt with a silent protest in its stubborn old heart that, had it but met with fair-play earlier in life, it would have produced stout ropes of sap-conveying greenery, and spreading foliage, and soft semi-transparent tendrils, and, crowning glory of all, bunches of purple grapes as good as ever, in Tudor days, English vineyard grew.

Bertram felt an almost irresistible impulse to be up and doing. He resolved upon what was, for him, the rare luxury of a country walk, one of those long swinging walks over the heaths of Surrey or the heights of North Middlesex which are among the most innocent pleasures accessible to a Londoner. He shirked no duty by so indulging himself. He had no work to do just then, for his last bundle of copied manuscript and draughted sketches had been taken back to Groby, Sleather, and Studge two evenings since, and for the present he was perforce idle. So he thrust a volume of some favourite book into his coat-pocket, to be read anon, in some snug resting-place at the foot of a convenient tree; crossed Westminster Bridge; and traversing the unsavoury precincts of transportine London at a brisk pace, began to climb the steep incline that led past gravel-pit and brick-yard, and the tall walls of manufactory, school, and lunatic asylum, towards the breezy table-land where uncontaminated Nature was yet within the pedestrian's reach.

On Bertram went, past the last suburban tea-gardens and the last clusters of petty shops where ginger-beer, penny cigars, and lollipops invited

custom; and at last he was out among real fields, small, and jealously hedged in, and with padlocked gates, as is the custom so close to London; and among patches of genuine common land, where gorse yet grew, yellow-blossomed, where ragged-coated donkeys cropped the scanty grass among the rubbish-heaps, and urchins brawled or sported around pools of sooty coloured water, but which yet possessed their clumps of black fir-trees, and tussocks of primeval turf, and where, sometimes, the diligent seeker might light upon delicate ferns and harebells, sheltering behind the hardy furze-clumps.

On Bertram went—he was a good walker, light of tread and long of stride—and soon found himself miles away, where white or red farm-houses dappled the prospect, and village spires and thatched roofs arose, and London might have been as far away as the Babylon to which it has often been likened, so rural was the prospect.

What was that? A man surely! yonder awkward-lying, dark object in the ditch of the byroad—a dusky, ugly blot upon the glory and beauty of the spring day. A man, dead or tipsy? He might have been one or the other, he lay so still. Bertram halted irresolute, and watched him; but he might as well have watched a statue. The passive form remained motionless. The clothes of this wayside object were new and good, and of very fine cloth—superfine, as tailors in their bills describe it—but they were torn and muddy. A battered hat, glossy yet, but crushed and beaten out of shape, lay in a little pool of weedy water hard by. Bertram, scrambling down the bank, and bending over the fallen man, saw that there was a cut on his right temple, from which the blood had flowed freely; and then he made up his mind that mischief had been done. But when he touched the man, the man started from his stupor, and with a sort of feeble violence, tried to repulse him.

'Come back to finish the job, have you?' said, or snarled the sufferer, trying to rise; and then, with a half-uttered imprecation, he sank back, and lay passive, like some hunted creature crouching to receive its death-blow.

With some trouble, Bertram managed to make the fallen man understand that he was in friendly company, and had nothing to fear; and with some toil he succeeded in extricating the weight of his new acquaintance from the ditch, in which, among brambles and rank grass, he lay. Once seated on the hither bank of the ditch, the object of Bertram's care seemed gradually to regain the use of his bewildered faculties. Slowly, but with a practised hand, he felt his limbs over, as though to satisfy himself that no bones were broken; and then, after stretching himself, put his hand to his head, groaning the while.

'You are badly hurt, I fear?' asked Bertram kindly.

'No, no; confound them, no!' responded this strange patient, as though he resented the admission. 'They won't swing for me this bout!'

An odd-looking man he was, in his new clothes all muddy and torn, with his bruised face and cut forehead, half ruefully, half defiantly shaking back his long black hair, which hung over his swarthy face in wild disorder, like the ruffled plumage of a dilapidated raven. He had been hurt, no doubt, and must have been in consider-

able pain, for he winced and bit his lip as he stretched himself; but, after the first involuntary moan, he uttered no complaint.

'I shall do well enough, young gentleman, never fear,' he said presently, with a short nod; but he was ghastly pale, and when he tried to stagger to his feet, his strength failed him.

'You must lean on me, or I could fetch help'—Bertram began; when the stranger interrupted him.

'Never you mind!' he said. 'It's only just at first the giddiness comes on. I'll be all right, sir, in a minute. The worst of it is,' he added dolefully, as he explored first one pocket and then another, 'I haven't a copper left to buy a drop of gin—or, better, brandy—even if I could make shift to crawl to the next public.'

Bertram willingly undertook to fetch the desired cordial from a road-side public-house that he had passed but a few minutes before; and when he returned with it, the hurt man snatched the glass, rather than took it, from his hand, and gulped down the contents with a wolfish eagerness. The brandy renewed his strength, however, for the time, for his dull dark eye brightened, and the pallor of his sallow countenance was less marked. Bertram looked at him with some curiosity. He was one of those whom it is difficult to classify. He had a handsome, reckless face, in spite of years and dissipated habits, and had scarcely a grey streak to mar the glossy tache, headfully waxed and trimmed, that shaded his mouth. Yet the tell-tale lines about the mouth itself, and the deep crow's-feet about the shifty black eyes, told of advancing years. He laughed keenly, as he caught Bertram's eye.

'You think I am a queer customer, young sir,' he said grimly. 'Well, you're about right there. I wonder what my former governor, old Denham, would have said to one of his sprucest bank clerks for being such a scarecrow as I am to-day!'

Bertram could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise. He did repress it, though, and waited quietly to hear more.

'I've tried more trades than one,' continued the stranger, half dreamily, 'since I turned my back on the old Bank at Dulchester. Seen the world, I have. Sought my fortune, as they call it, in more quarters of the world than one, I can tell you too. But I'll find it yet,' he muttered, with a suppressed oath between his set teeth, 'or somebody I know shall dance for it.'

Then there was a pause. The stranger it was who broke the silence by saying, more good-humouredly: 'You are a goodish sort, young man. You have acted well by me; and it's but fair to tell you, after your good-nature, how you came to pick yours truly out of the ditch. I've been lying there all night. People passing, thought me drunk, I suppose. It was nearer murder than that.'

'That,' answered Bertram, 'I can well believe. You have been sadly ill-used. But who were your assailants? Thieves, I conclude.'

'Yes, thieves—thieves I fell among, youngster,' returned the man, now perceptibly stronger, and whose native tendency to boastfulness, therefore, became more marked. 'But, mark me, sir; the hounds were thieves of my own choosing, and the whole business my fault. Come; you see I am

a scamp; just as I see—now my eyes are clearer—that, by your shabby coat you are not a gentleman, and, by your face and your way of speaking, that you ought to be. There are scamps of all sorts. I am just now a welsher.'

'A welsher; indeed!' replied Bertram, as coolly as he could, for he wished to hear more.

'Ay, one who runs to escape paying his race-course debts. Welshing is a profession that brings more kicks than halfpence; *hinc ille lacrymæ*, as we said at school, though I didn't whimper—but took my punishment like a man. Nat Lee never was of the crying sort. Well, I was on my way back from the course, where I'd done pretty well.'

'The course?' said Bertram, fairly puzzled.

'Naturally,' rejoined the man, with a stare.—'Why, you're not such an out-and-out greenhorn as not to know that yesterday was the Derby Day—Derby—Epsom Downs—races, betting, robbery, revelry, London run mad. What a muf! you must be!'

'Well, I darsay I am a muf,' replied Bertram, with perfect good-humour. 'But all the world, you see, does not share the pursuits and interests which you seem to think predominant. I, for one, never saw a race, and never had time to give much thought to the subject. I am afraid, however, that you are the worse for this one; and if you will lean on me for a time, I will gladly help you to walk towards London, if your way lies thither.'

'You're a brick, young man!' said the fellow, reeling to his feet, but clutching, after an effort to walk unassisted, at Bertram's proffered arm; 'and the less you know of races and betting-men and such as me, the better for you. I'm a bad lot—a bad black lot!' he added bitterly.

Being thus unexpectedly brought in contact with an unfortunate fellow-creature, Bertram was willing to lose the rest of his country-walk to lead the queer foundling back to London. And then the man had mentioned the names of Denham, and Dulchester, and the old Bank. Could it be possible that he would say more? Could it be possible that he knew something which, if revealed, would be for the benefit of Rose and Louisa Denham? Bertram's fancy was already busy on the topic.

But the man, as he trudged Londonwards, said no more of Dulchester. Of his recent misadventure he said very little.

'A lot of them,' he related, 'some no better than myself, set upon me in the lane,' having doubtless dogged his steps, after he had slipped away from the racecourse, to return to London, on foot, and by unfrequented paths, rather than face the fury of the mob, always merciless to a welsher. He had been beaten down, stunned, trampled upon, and left for dead. That the miscreants had eased him of his ill-gotten gains, as well as of his watch, studs, and gold pencil-case, seemed to him a mere matter of course; but he chuckled with a quaint sense of triumph as he related how he had been prudent enough to hand a portion of his spoils to what he called 'a partner,' before quitting the Downs, and had thus, in his own language, 'cheated the rogues' after all.

It was not particularly pleasant to Bertram to wend his way back to town side by side with such

a companion, whose hatless condition and torn garments attracted jeering notice. But it would have been inhuman to leave the poor wretch in his present state; and so, on they went. Twice he stopped, gasping, and begged for brandy; and twice the dram which Bertram, in the outskirts of the suburbs, now easily procured for him, braced his exhausted nerves and unloosed his tongue. But though he talked much, of Dulchester and the Denham family he made no further mention. His own life had been a roving one, he said, with a kind of boastful sadness. 'Jack-of-all-trades was my nickname at school and at home;' such were his own words. 'One of those clever, quick boys that pick up knowledge without effort, and then get distanced by the plodders they sneered at, after all. Been everywhere, tried everything, had my chances and flung them away, and shall die in a workhouse, or a ditch, mayhap, and serve me right! Well, we're nearing the town now, and the first old crawler of a four-wheeled cab we meet, plying for hire, will do for me.—You needn't be afraid that I should ask you to pay for it, as you did for the liquor,' he added rapidly. 'No, no. I have pals in London, and a crib where I can lie by, sore and stiff as I am, till these bruises, and the scar the stick made, don't shock the eye. Then, like a snake, I shall come out in a new skin. Plenty of brand-new clothes where these came from!' And as he spoke, he looked down, not ruefully, but with a grin sense of amusement, at his muddily and blood-stained attire. 'What's your name?' he asked abruptly, turning his haggard eyes on Bertram's face.

'Bertram Oakley,' answered the young man unhesitatingly.

'And where, in London, do you hail from?' inquired the stranger. This time Bertram was evidently unwilling to reply. He scarcely relished the prospect of visits, in his attic at Mr Browne's, from so very dubious an acquaintance as this. 'You're not far wrong,' rejoined the fellow, with a short laugh. 'I'm not nice, not creditable, and I know it. But, on my soul, I didn't mean to sponge on you, nor to do you harm, Mr Oakley. Harm! You're the best youngster and the brightest I've seen this many a day; and if ever I've a chance to return kindness for kindness—Holloa, cabby!'

The driver of an empty cab stopped in answer to his hail, and with some demur, accepted this queer fare. The man scrambled in.

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After describing the landing next morning, with ships of many nations in the harbour, 'the flag of Japan floating proudly from many a war-vessel, one of which—the ironclad frigate *Foo-so*—I had myself had the privilege to design and have built for His Majesty the Emperor,' the author proceeds: 'Our first entertainment in Japan was at a small but elegant little summer residence situated upon a hill overlooking the bay, which formerly belonged to Mr Enayoshi, but has of late years been employed as a temporary residence for the Mikado on the occasions of his visiting the fleet or making a sea-passage to or from his capital. Although built and provided in European style, the little palace bore throughout its fittings, furniture, and decorations the unmistakable impress of the Japanese artist and handicraftsman. The walls were hung with Japanese pictures both ancient and modern; the curtains were of rich Japanese silk; the carpets and rugs of native manufacture; the furniture of woods and designs special to the country; while beautiful specimens of hand lacquer-work, Satsuma and Kiyomizaka faience, and screens of Kioto unbleached silk, adorned the several apartments. A luncheon of European type emphasised the welcome which had been given us, and assured us of the cordial hospitality with which we were to be treated.'

We must not omit Mr Tennyson Reed's description of the peculiar vehicles of the towns: 'Among the first things we see on entering a Japanese town is a line of *jinrikisha* men, with their hand-carriages waiting for a job. The shafts of the two-wheeled carriages are resting on the ground, and their proprietors are standing by or sitting on the sloping seat. Their dress consists in most cases (in this winter-time) of a pale-blue shirt with hanging sleeves tucked in at the waist, and tight-fitting breeches of the same colour, reaching just below the knee. Legs and feet are bare, with the exception of straw sandals, fastened on by means of straw cords, one passing round the ankle and another between the toes. They are most of them holding their rough scarlet rugs round their necks and shoulders; but as soon as they get a job, the rug will be transferred to the knees of the fare.'

One of the three lines of railway already constructed is that from Yokohama to Tokio, the eastern capital—formerly called Yeddo—and by means of the iron-horse, Sir Edward and his companions reached the latter place about five o'clock the same afternoon. Here the visitors were received with many demonstrations of welcome, and an early day was appointed for a dinner-party in honour of them at the house of Admiral Kawamura. After naming some of the Imperial and distinguished guests who were present, the writer says: 'The dinner was served in European fashion, but with several pretty accompaniments unknown at home, among which may be mentioned the

serving of a pie, out of which, when presented to me, there flew a number of small birds with written sentiments of welcome attached to their legs. All the gentlemen on the occasion wore European dress; but most of the ladies were in the picturesque native costume, some of them having the teeth blackened, and the eyebrows shaved off, with artificial indications of others in colour higher up, after the ancient style of the country. The two Princesses were not so adorned, or dis-adorned, as the case may be, but were dressed in robes of scarlet (the Imperial colour), and had their hair wrought, so to speak, halo-fashion, as shown in the portraits of the Empress. This mode of dressing the hair is materially different from that common among Japanese ladies, and appears to be special to members of the Mikado's family. I am afraid that neither my son nor myself was at all worthy of our privileges on this occasion, as neither of us could address a word in their own language to either of the Imperial and noble ladies between whom we respectively had the honour to sit. The course of the dinner, however—served in a manner wholly unknown apparently to the ladies of the court—furnished opportunities, we may hope, for those little attentions which are often quite as pleasant, and far more useful than any words.

We confess we should like to know how the lives of the little birds were preserved in the pie. The story of course recalls the nursery tale of the 'four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' who, 'when the pie was opened, all began to sing,' about whose well-being in the baker's oven we always had a juvenile curiosity. But seriously speaking, it is interesting to note the connection between the present reality and the old rhymes—it sets us thinking of possible undiscovered links between nations. Again, that wearing the hair 'halo-fashion' by the Imperial Princesses is strangely suggestive of something which mediæval artists associated with saintly attributes.

But as Sir Edward's two volumes extend to nearly seven hundred pages, it is obvious that we can do little more than draw attention to them. They certainly make us acquainted with a beautiful country and an interesting people, who appear to be naturally hospitable and polite.

Now that the Japanese are acquiring the English language, and looking up to the English and Americans as their teachers, a great responsibility rests on those who provide literature for them and suggest new ideas to them. Their principal religion is Buddhism, although the old religion, Shintoism, has been officially revived. The followers of this latter creed adore many senseless objects, and deify and worship their heroic ancestors. Until the last few years, when Europeans introduced sheep and cattle for slaughter, the Japanese were not flesh-eaters. Fish is abundant round their coasts, and an important article of diet with them. They are also rice-eaters and great consumers of tea. But the schoolmaster is abroad and busy with them, and it is possible that even while introducing a purer faith than their own, some vices and evils of our civilisation may be communicated. The following are a few of the Japanese proverbs, which shew how shrewd a people they are: 'Too much courtesy is discourtesy. Pinch yourself and know how others feel. The frog in the well knows nothing of the high seas. In evil times

the hero appears. Too much done is nothing done. The absent get farther off every day. Like seeking for fish on a tree. Making an idol does not give it a soul. If in haste, go round. Like learning to swim in a field. The gods sit on the brow of the just. Many captains, and the ship goes on the rocks. To give a sail to ability—that is, to assist talent. Don't wipe your shoes in a melon-patch. Don't handle your cup when passing under a pear-tree.'

It should be added that literature is much esteemed in Japan, and that many of the Mikados have been poets. We can imagine that the seduction of their lives afforded great opportunities for the cultivation of any poetical faculties with which they might have been endowed.

We are indebted to another contributor for the following interesting notes, with which we will conclude our article.

It is usual with the Japanese government to send out some of their youth to reside for a time in different foreign countries, in order that they may learn all they can of the social conditions under which the inhabitants live, and in which they differ from themselves. A youth who came to England under these circumstances, and was quartered with the family of a schoolmaster in one of the suburbs of London, was taken by his Mentor to various entertainments and social gatherings, so that he might become acquainted with the usages of English society. On several of these occasions, the curiosity of some of the company elicited answers which they little expected. Being at a croquet-party, under the protection of a young lady who undertook to initiate him into the mysteries of the game, he was cross-questioned by a smart lawyer, who, having quickly become a 'rover,' had time to talk and amuse the ladies; accordingly, the following colloquy took place.

*Lawyer.* Well, Mr Jeppo, croquet is a fine game—is it not?

*Jep.* (in a deep quiet voice) Rather uninteresting.

*Lawyer.* Have you any game like croquet in your country?

*Jep.* Not exactly like it.

*Lawyer.* How do you play the game in Japan that is like croquet?

*Jep.* We play it on wild horses.

This reply sufficiently explained his considering the English game 'rather uninteresting,' and the subject was dropped. But the lawyer, feeling, perhaps, that he had somehow come in second-best, renewed at supper-time the attack on a subject in which English superiority is generally supposed to be undoubted.

*Lawyer.* Mr Jeppo, we have just formed an expedition to remain at sea three whole years. Do you do anything of this kind in your part of the world?

*Jep.* Two hundred years before Christ, when English lived in hollow trees, Japanese sent naval expedition to Rome, which remained out ten years.

Having quietly made this comprehensive reply, no muscle of his countenance betraying exultation or consciousness of victory, he went on with his supper, leaving the lawyer to digest the lesson in naval matters which had so unexpectedly and



completely foiled him in his renewed attempt to get some fun out of the young foreigner.

On another occasion he was at a concert, in which a part was taken by his tutor, who, when the performance was over, asked his young friend what he had liked best. 'Your flute,' was the ready reply. 'And what,' continued the tutor, 'do you think of the ladies' dresses? Do you see anything like them in your country?' 'Japanese ladies not so much exposed—not civilised,' was the quiet reply.

Sitting next to him one day at dinner was a lady whose family has its proper place in the peerage, and who felt it incumbent on her to patronise the foreigner and show her knowledge of the world. She asked him: 'What part of China is Japan in?' 'I have never been to China,' was the politic reply.—It should be stated that the Japanese detest the Chinese.

Our Japanese friend had at length to return to his native land; and in taking an affectionate farewell, and in reply to sincere expressions of regret at his departure from the friends to whom he had endeared himself during his residence here, he promised to write. Four years, however, had elapsed, and no letter having arrived, it was thought that some disaster must have befallen him, when one day, to the surprise of all, he walked in much as he had been accustomed to do.

'Why, Jeppo,' said the lady of the house, 'how is it you have never written to us?'

'Could not very well write,' was the laconic reply.

'Oh! but you have been four years away. You must have had time.'

'Could not very well write. Was in prison two years, and was on board ship fighting the other two.'

Then inquiries were made as to his welfare in prison and on board ship.

'Were you not afraid? Did you not feel inclined to run away, when the shots were flying about you?'

'Did not want to run away—officer with drawn sword behind me.'

The fighting in which our friend took part was a war between the Mikado and the Tycoon parties, and it probably originated in the fact of the Tycoon being over-active, and encroaching on the rights of the Mikado. He could scarcely be said to have usurped his duties, for the sole occupation of the Mikado at that time was to invent a name for the coming year!

The result of the war, so far as the respective parties were concerned, may be gleaned from the following fragment of a conversation between a Japanese, and a young Englishman who knew enough of their customs to be able to converse.

Eng. Which party do you belong to—Mikado or Tycoon?

Jap. All prudent persons belong to the Mikado party now.

The Japanese ambassadors having to come to England, our friend Jeppo was deputed to accompany them. On their arrival in London, several cabs were required to carry them and their baggage to their destination. The cabbies fully expected a grand haul from the foreigners, and with one consent, put a price on their services far in excess of their legal claim; but the metho-

dical habits of Jeppo, and his previous knowledge of London, frustrated their plans and dissipated their hopes; each man received his exact fare, which had been calculated and apportioned during the drive.

A curious custom prevails in Japan, which would probably not be favourably accepted by English prisoners. When it is desired to treat a condemned person leniently, permission is granted to him to commit suicide. This is almost invariably complied with; the reason being, that if put to death by government, the property of the Japanese prisoner is confiscated; but otherwise, his family retain it.

## A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

### CHAPTER I.

'MR RAWLEY, will you please step into the private room?' was the message delivered by one of the junior clerks to the head book-keeper in the eminent firm of Hoyvell, Weekes, and Croulle.

The official so addressed, lifted his head from the accounts over which he was intently poring, with a vexed air, at being thus interrupted; and pushing up his spectacles, looked under them abstractedly at the junior, as though he only half comprehended his words. The youth repeated his message; and, with a sigh, the senior prepared to obey the summons.

'I say, Mr Rawley,' resumed the young clerk, detaining the book-keeper for an instant, 'there is another screw loose this morning! What's up?'

'You had better ask your masters—or mind your own business,' returned the old book-keeper sharply.

The younger smiled, as if he had anticipated some such answer; while the old gentleman muttered: 'This comes of having nephews and such-like in your offices. Not another boy in the place would have had the impertinence to say so much.'

Tapping at the door of the partners' private room—an august sanctuary, seldom entered by the ordinary clerks, who always wished themselves anywhere else when summoned there—the book-keeper entered, and found himself in presence of the firm. For the House actually consisted of three individuals whose names it bore, which is not an invariable rule in business; and the troubled expression on each partner's face bore out the young clerk's idea that 'there was a screw loose;' and the book-keeper appeared to share in this feeling.

'Well, Mr Rawley,' said Mr Croulle, 'I presume you have not finished your task yet?'

'No, sir; it will take me some little time still. The accounts are very'—

'Well, that will do,' interrupted Mr Croulle. 'We know the scoundrel has robbed us, and whether of a few pounds more or less, does not much matter. We find he has taken what he thinks is of more consequence than money, and will pay him better. But he is mistaken. Get out one or two clear cases for the police; that is all we want.'

'I have them all ready,' replied the clerk. He hesitated a moment, then added: 'I never was so surprised in my life, sir. Mr Mavors was such a quiet, steady-going person, that he was the last man in the world I should have suspected.'—

'Oh, of course! That is the way with every one we pay to look after our interests; they can't see an inch beyond their noses.—You can go, Mr Rawley.' Thus spake the junior partner Mr Croulle; and the old clerk at once disappeared.

'Now, then,' continued Mr Croulle, evidently the most active, and the harshest of the three partners, 'now, then, we shall have this Mavors, if he's above ground and money can do it.'

'He cannot have taken much money,' said Mr Hoybell; 'not actual cash, at anyrate.'

'And the documents he has taken are of no value to him now,' added Mr Weekes.

'No thanks to him for that,' said Mr Croulle, as snappishly as though his partners had been championing the defaulting clerk. 'I'll have him, cost what it may. I'm off to Scotland Yard; unlimited powers to detectives; money a secondary consideration, provided the scoundrel be taken.' He rose as he spoke, and clapped on his hat with the same brusque, resolute air which characterised his every movement.

'But that will be terribly expensive,' rejoined Mr Weekes. 'Would it not be better to leave it to the ordinary channels, as the man can do us no harm? Suppose we give information at the Mansion House, and let them do what is necessary?'

'If the firm won't pay the expenses, I will,' said Mr Croulle. 'If the firm wishes to compound a felony, I don't. You can do what you please in the matter, gentlemen; so shall I.' With this, the partner strode out of the private room, closing the door after him with a bang, and he was gone.

It appeared that one of the clerks, a certain George Mavors—who had been many years in the service of the firm, and although not occupying any influential position, or remarkable for ability, was always considered trustworthy—had suddenly disappeared; and, as is usual in such cases, an examination of his books showed him to be a defaulter. This was to no great extent, the amount pointing to petty pilfering, with the hope some day of making up the money, rather than to wholesale theft. The result appeared to be in keeping with the character of the man, who was of a soft, weak—muddling, if the word be allowed—temperament. But his chief offence—in the eyes of Mr Croulle—was that he had abstracted certain papers from the safe with a special and rancorous feeling against the junior partner. Without going into lengthy detail, we may say that these papers went far to compromise Mr Croulle as a partner in a certain House which was likely to come down with a ruinous crash; and if Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle were involved, the fall might bring them down also.

The matter was so imminent, that legal aid had been retained to prove that Mr Croulle was not technically a partner, however intimate his relations might have been with the firm. But the creditors of the sinking House were equally on the alert to prove his responsibility, and the

possession of the missing papers would go far to strengthen the hostile claim. There had always been an unpleasant feeling between Mr Croulle and the missing clerk; and in a quarrel which had taken place a day or two before, the employer had used threats which he meant to be vague only; indeed it might be said that they meant nothing; but 'the thief doth fear each bush an officer,' and the cowering conscience of the clerk applied the partner's language with a more terrible distinctness than Mr Croulle himself ever dreamed of. So—the most probable theory ran—Mavors absconded, to avoid, as he thought, imminent discovery; and either as a means of revenging himself on Croulle, or by way of holding a hostage which would preclude pursuit, and might possibly enable him to make his own terms for their restitution, he had purloined these important papers.

But fortune was against the culprit, and, as Mr Croulle exultingly said, 'His strongest suit was trumped before he could score a single trick.' The very day he absconded, a foreign mail came in with intelligence of the most surprising kind: a certain mining speculation which was speedily drawing the tottering firm to bankruptcy, had suddenly turned out a golden one. By one of the wonderful chances which sometimes revolutionise such properties, the seam had been rediscovered, the deposit being richer than ever. There was a fortune in every rood of the quartz; and the House was saved. There was no question now as to the jeopardised firm paying twenty shillings in the pound, or forty shillings if required. There would be no difficulty now in Mr Croulle getting clear of the connection, as all those who were previously so interested in proving him a partner, would now be very ready to forego that honour. So the unlucky clerk's weapon had missed fire. The anger of Mr Croulle, however, had been thoroughly aroused, and it was clear that it would go hard with the defaulter when he should be caught.

There was no doubt that the tone of conversation among the partners was far more lenient after the departure of Mr Croulle. There was perhaps a secret feeling that the blow which the absconding clerk had attempted to strike had been intended for the junior partner rather than for the firm itself; and the violent, somewhat domineering language of that gentleman had perhaps raised up a feeling of opposition in his seniors. It was clear, however, that they were powerless in the matter. Mr Croulle had gone to Scotland Yard; the business was in the hands of the detective department by this time, and must go on.

In the course of the afternoon the partners received a telegram from Mr Croulle, saying he should be detained until too late to return to the office; then Mr Hoybell departed, and Mr Weekes prepared to follow. Something seemed to be troubling the last-named partner, which communicated an air of irresolution to his movements, and caused him to linger after his usual hour, or rather minute, of departure. At last he rang his bell, and on the messenger appearing, said: 'Tell Mr Barnes I wish to see him.'

The man vanished; and in a couple of minutes a tap at the door announced the presence of the clerk named, who came wondering what trouble he was about to fall into; but was greatly relieved

on learning from the messenger that it was Mr Weekes alone who had summoned him.

We have not said so before, but Mr Weekes was a kindly, white-headed old gentleman, of some threescore years and ten; and no merchant in the city of London, or out of it, had a warmer heart or kinder manner. The irresoluteness we have noticed still hung about him, and rendered his speech hesitating. 'Er-r, Mr Barnes, let me see,' began the partner. 'I believe, Mr Barnes, you are acquainted with the family or household of that unfortunate creature who has left us—that miserable Mavors?'

'I was—I am, sir,' returned the clerk firmly, but with a deepened colour. This might have been from surprise at the unexpected character of the question, or it might have been from some other emotion.

'He was a bachelor, I believe, but lived with a widowed sister and her daughter,' continued the merchant. The clerk, with a slightly increased colour, bowed in assent; and Mr Weekes proceeded. 'I have seen them, and most amiable, respectable persons they appeared—persons likely to feel such a blow as this acutely.'

'Very acutely,' said the clerk. 'Very acutely indeed, sir.'

'So I should think,' returned the old man, glancing again at the young man's flushed face. 'And I fear they are not too well off. The firm, of course, cannot do anything for a man who has behaved so badly; it will be our duty to prosecute him. But there is no reason why the innocent should suffer. Be good enough to ask Mr Rawley to give you a cheque upon bearer, for twelve pounds ten shillings. The wretched man left, you see, just before his month's salary was due, and his sister had no doubt been depending upon it. Tell him to charge the cheque to my private account.'

The clerk left the room, and returned with the cheque, which the old gentleman signed.

'If it is not very much out of your way, Mr Barnes,' he said, 'I should like you to call upon these poor people to-night; and in giving this cheque, say that I pay his salary in full this time, for their sake only; and that for two or three months longer I will send them half-pay, to keep the wolf from the door in the meantime. You understand, Mr Barnes?'

The clerk muttered a few words to the effect that he knew the sister and niece would be deeply grateful for this assistance, and that it would not be ill bestowed, and left the room.

The old gentleman smiled a curious smile as he drew on his gloves—a kindly smile too. 'Poor young fellow, how he blushed at the mention of the young girl! Well, I was young myself once, though it seems ages ago now, and I think none the worse of a lad for being honestly in love with a good lass.'

As the hour for closing the office had arrived, Barnes was at liberty immediately; and showed his zeal in the commission with which he was intrusted, by hurrying at once to the residence of the missing clerk, in lieu of repairing to his own lodgings, which latter lay in a very different direction.

The house he sought was in a dull street in the Bloomsbury district. Quiet and sombre enough at any time, it looked unusually gloomy in the sullen twilight of a March evening, or so it

seemed to Barnes, knowing what he knew of the trouble which hung over one household there. He stopped at No. 85. On the door was a small brass plate, with the name Mavors. In the window hung a card, setting forth that apartments were there to let, furnished. This last feature No. 85 had in common with at least half the houses in the street.

His knock was answered so promptly, that the servant must have been in the hall. 'She knew him, and said: 'Oh, Mr Barnes! I am so glad you have come. Poor Missis is in such trouble.'

Barnes looked at the hand-maid—a clumsy, smug specimen of a London maid-of-all-work, but with a good broad honest face too, and whose eyes were evidently red and swollen from crying. 'Why, is there anything fresh, Jane?' was his natural query.

'O yes, sir! The—the horrid police are downstairs now; and they have been and searched all over the house. Oh, do go down, sir, for Mrs Hadleigh and Miss Ethel are almost frightened to death.'

Barnes was evidently on terms of sufficient familiarity to need no announcement, for he hurried down at once on hearing this, and guided by the sound of voices, entered the front room on the basement. This was fitted up as a sitting-room, though the only view it commanded was the front area, and here he found three police officers, one being of superior rank to the others; as also Mrs Hadleigh, and her daughter Ethel.

An ejaculation of surprise and pleasure, uttered by both the ladies at once, drew the attention of the officers to the new-comer; but they probably judged that he was welcomed in too open and natural a manner to have anything to do with the business on which they were present.

'We shall not intrude upon you any longer, madam,' said the one of superior rank; 'having searched the house, we are satisfied for the present.'

'I hope you will not consider it necessary to come here again, sir,' said Mrs Hadleigh.

'That we cannot at all promise, madam,' replied the officer, who was very civil and quiet; 'but we shall give you no more trouble than we can possibly avoid.'

'But the neighbours all stare so,' cried poor Mrs Hadleigh. 'They are at their windows, every one of them at this moment, I am confident, watching for you to come out.'

'I can help you in that respect, madam,' returned the officer, 'as I will arrange that our men, should they have to call again, shall come in plain clothes. That will.'—A knock at the street door here interrupted the inspector's speech; and his attentive, watchful face turning at once in the direction of the sound, helped, perhaps, to scare Mrs Hadleigh, who turned deathly pale; Ethel turned pale also, and listened; while Barnes found his heart beating faster in sympathy, although he could hardly have told what it was he feared. Voices were heard, and then the servant ran down.

'Oh, if you please, Missis Hadleigh,' said the girl, 'there's a gentleman come after the parlour and bedroom; he says he has been sent here by another gentleman.'

The announcement brought to Mrs Hadleigh an immediate recollection of her inflamed eyes and

generally dishevelled appearance. She glanced with dismay at the police, who were about to leave the room, and who must inevitably file past the intending lodger.

'Stay, men!' said the chief. 'I see your difficulty, madam,' he calmly added. 'Now, Jane!—to the servant—hurry up at once. Show the gentleman into the parlour; tell him your mistress will be up with him directly; then light the gas, or candles, or whatever you have, and be sure to pull down the blinds.—We will then go out very quietly, madam,' he concluded, 'and your lodger will be none the wiser.'

Jane hurried off in obedience to these instructions; and Mrs Hadleigh thanked the officer for his consideration; and the latter leading his men quietly away, the poor lady followed them, in no very fit state, as she acknowledged to herself, to hope favourably to impress a stranger.

When Mrs Hadleigh entered the apartment, she found the applicant seated. He rose at her entrance, when she saw he was a middle-aged, perhaps elderly man, whose straight hair was well sprinkled with gray. He wore blue spectacles; and by the way in which he thrust forward his head, and looked closely into her face, was probably very short-sighted, and a little hard of hearing also, although he said nothing about it. For the rest, he was a tolerably tall, broad-shouldered man, plainly dressed, and more like a substantial tradesman from a small country town, than the collector for a City firm, as he announced himself.

He informed Mrs Hadleigh that Mr Cobbly had recommended him to her house. She knew Mr Cobbly, no doubt!—Mrs Hadleigh was much obliged by that gentleman's recommendation, but could not just recall his name.—'Well, ma'am, he told me to use it; and he sent his very best respects to you, and Miss Hadleigh, and Mr Mayors,' continued the stranger. 'I met Mr Cobbly at the Jerusalem Coffee House. However, that is neither here nor there. Let us see if we can come to terms.'

Upon this, Mrs Hadleigh gave the usual explanations. Mr Willerton, as he announced himself, was not very difficult to please; he offered a good reference, did not cavil at the terms; and so it was arranged that he should take up his residence there that night, his continuance being subject to the receipt of a favourable reply from the aforesaid reference.

Upon this, Mr Willerton departed; and Mrs Hadleigh hurried down-stairs, to acquaint her daughter and Mr Barnes with the good news of having at this trying juncture secured an eligible tenant for the long vacant rooms. As an additional consolation for her, Mr Barnes hereupon produced the cheque, and told the result of his interview with his kind employer Mr Weekes. The widow was so profoundly impressed with gratitude at this unlooked-for goodsend, that tears took the place of words. Ethel did not say much upon the subject; but she had probably had the advantage of a rehearsal during her mother's absence up-stairs.

'So you see,' added Barnes, 'you have the goodwill of the firm, in spite of what has happened; and I think when the matter has cooled down a little, they will not be disposed to take any very harsh measures against Mr Mayors.'

'Oh, you are mistaken,' sobbed Mrs Hadleigh. 'The others might be merciful; but there is that dreadful Mr Cronle!'

'Yes, he is the worst, I fear,' said Barnes.

'Mr Bracelet—that's the inspector,' explained Mrs Hadleigh—'has told me all about the doings of that dreadful man. He has been to headquarters this afternoon; and every policeman in the country is to be put on the track, detectives and all that; and there is to be a reward of a hundred pounds out to-morrow. Only think, Mr Barnes! I shall not be able to do my little marketing, or go to church on Sunday, without seeing my poor brother's name stuck on every wall and in every shop-window! The idea was too much for poor Mrs Hadleigh, who was again overcome with grief.

'You may be sure, Ethel,' said Barnes, encouragingly, 'that everything in my power with the House shall be done; and I think it a most fortunate thing that Mr Weekes has selected me as his agent.'

'Most fortunate, indeed, Mark,' exclaimed Ethel; 'for your visit has brought the first ray of light we have seen for many weary hours.'

'I have not had courage to ask you earlier; but how did you first know—of—of—' began the young man; but he faltered and stopped.

'We had a dreadfully incoherent letter,' said the girl, 'full of upbuilding for himself, and of abhorrence for that harsh partner who has driven him to the fatal step. O Mark! it will be so wretched here now!' Ethel was a slight, dark-eyed girl of barely nineteen years, and as she broke down here as completely as her mother had done, it was only natural that her lover should do his best to console her. And this, we are bound to record, was at length achieved, and another ray of sunshine was admitted.

#### IN A QUIET ENGLISH COUNTY.

Is it not Jean Paul who, with a fine touch of satire, has described our English summer as 'winter painted green'? Here, in one corner of our silver-coated island where I write on a mid-summer day, the lily at least falls short, for the air is full of warm sun-glow, and the sky as intensely blue as any that ever rejoiced the heart of the genial Bavarian humorist. One might travel far and hardly find so peaceful and lonely a tract of country in which to spend ideal, tranquil days as this Plain of the Roden, with its little cluster of North Essex parishes. It is a wide, bare landscape, in which tower and spire stand out with clear definiteness. Perhaps it is not strictly beautiful, and yet it has a charm of changing light and shadow and warm colour which is all its own. The wind sweeps across it with a fine breezy healthfulness, swaying the poplars, bending the young wheat, and bringing with it a mingled scent of bean-fields and snowy patches of clover. Towards sunset, when the air is still, one can see a long way. The wide land stretches out under the arching sky; pale green fields, marked off by darker green bands, where the lavish hedgerows spread themselves ungrudgingly; here and there, a patch of dark wood, and everywhere white roads, that twist and twine between the little hamlets, and lose themselves at last on the horizon. In all this liberal wealth of country, where there is so

much to arrest the eye, the river hardly counts; its presence being only shown by a more vivid thread of green bordered by stunted alders, as it creeps across the plain to join the Thames.

'She,' as the old historian personifies the stream, 'first appeareth nere Takeley, whence, as she passeth, she greeteth her nine daughters, all the Rodings.' These churches, the Rodings or Rootings, have an old and curious history of their own. Most of them were established before the time of the Confessor. The Domesday Book ceases to be a mere dry, legal record of facts, when one reads the quaint chronicle and, looking up, sees church and hamlet little changed since the days when King William planned and compiled his great tax-book to adjust the rival claims of Englishmen and Normans. The England of that old time and the England of to-day have, here at least, still much in common; 'hundreds and villeins' have only taken new meanings; the footprints of the East Saxons may be traced in more than the mere name of the shire; they are preserved lastingly in many a phrase in daily use among the peasants.

High Rooting belonged in the reign of Edward to the monastery that held sway over the Ely swamps and marshes; Abbots Rooting, to the great Abbey and nunnery ofarking in the days of its splendour, when, in virtue of her high office, the Abbess was a Baroness. But of the nine sister churches under whose shadow the Roden lingers on her way Thameswards, St Margaret Rooting may perhaps claim the largest share of interest. This little church, hidden among the Essex woods, was an offshoot of the great and stately Abbey which King Offa raised over the traditional resting-place of the first Christian martyr. St Albar's had by that time passed from the lax rule of the Saxons, and had grown into vigorous life under a succession of Norman abbots. It had extended its borders on all sides, and made its power felt throughout a wide breadth of country. The luxury, idleness, and vice which later worked its ruin, had not then taken deep root; for at least two hundred years after the Conquest, the monastery was at once an example of saintly life, and a living centre of authority, where severity was tempered by affection. St Margaret's no doubt shared this somewhat austere discipline, and was vigilantly cared for by the great mother Church. Over the bridle-path which ran almost in a straight line between the Abbey and its little dependence, the black-robed Benedictines came and went, driving their sumpter mules before them; the silence of the country was broken by the tinkle of bells; masses were chanted, and day after day the monotony of recurring services went on. In outward aspect the church is little changed since those old times. The walls, which are four feet thick, stand solidly on the ground without foundation; the wagon-shaped roof has been renewed on the old pattern. The south door—a Norman arch supported by Saxon pillars—is an exact counterpart in carving and ornamentation of that of the little chapel dedicated to Malcolm Cammore's queen on the Castle Rock of Edinburgh. Here, too, are the small sloping windows set high and deep in the thick masonry; in some of them the protecting iron bars yet remain. To the period also when the church was a sanctuary—a safe shelter which even the mighty arm

of Law could not reach—belongs the iron refuge ring which still hangs from the door.

Everything about the little place speaks of strength and of age. On Sundays, while the quiet service proceeds, it is hardly possible to keep one's thoughts from wandering backwards through the ages. The door stands wide open while the peasants enter and clatter heavily up the nave; but its massive oak beams and curious hammered iron-work of the thirteenth century testify to other and less peaceful uses in the past. The glass of the little window in the channel is of faint greenish tint and rare oak-leaf pattern; the sunlight which lazily filters through the narrow panes, falls upon an Easter altar where the pilgrims on their way to Rochester and Canterbury were used to halt and, kneeling, say an extra prayer or two.

The faces of the peasant worshippers of to-day present an interest of a different kind. There is a certain stolid, self-reliant quiet written there, as of those who live much alone with Nature, and are used to make her varying moods their chief study. The experiences of these village folks are scanty, their resources few. The crops and the weather, whether 'bunny and munny,' as it may well be in winter-time, or fair and full of promise as to-day, are with them subjects that never lose their zest. With the benediction they rise and tramp out, trudging away by twos and threes, and are soon lost to sight among the narrow field-paths. We too rise to go, but pause a moment under the low Norman portal, to gaze at the breadth of landscape which it frames. It is quiet and peaceful under the evening light. The fields are of every tint and tone of green, with here and there a rich streak of brown where the land lies fallow, resting under the sunlight and the rain; and here and there a patch of brilliant gold, dearer to the heart of the artist than to the farmer. That dark arm of wood by Abbess Rooting has seen strange doings in its day, for there it was that the yearly procession of fensible-men appointed to guard 'the hundred' took place. The defenders were specially summoned to protect the neighbourhood from 'murthers and robbers, for both of which the hundred was liable to pay.' Once more Domesday Book becomes a living voice as it describes the long vanished custom: 'On Sunday before Ilcock Monday—a fortnight after Easter—the bailiff of the hundred gathered and made the said wardstaff of a willow growing in Abbess Roding Wood, and delivered it with great ceremony to the Lord of Buckwood Hall in that parish, who, with due number of tenants "harnished with sufficient weapons," did that night watch and royal service over it at Long Barnes, lurring the linc with rope and bell. The next day he delivered it to the Lord of Bifield Manor, who, with his tenants on Monday night, served in like manner at the *Three Wands* the Bifield watch.' The ceremony was observed in turn by ten landowners, whose names are duly recorded. His watch accomplished, 'each lord successively, in presence of the whole watch, made a score or notch upon the upper rind of the staff, as a mark or token to declare their loyal service done. To conclude, this wardstaff was to be carried through the towns and hundreds of Essex as far as a place called Atte Wode, near the sea, and to be thrown there into the sea.'



From that old past, the mind comes back a little reluctantly to the less picturesque present, when life and property need no such cumbersome, precautionary measures to protect them. Perhaps we pay for our peace and security by a little monotony; life might seem to some of us to flow a thought too evenly in this Essex village—days passed in unchanging toil, till night and rest come at last in the little graveyard under the shadow of the church.

A good many village histories might be summed up in the brief record of birth and death inscribed on the worn old stones; the same names occur again and again, generation after generation of peaceful, uneventful lives ending here. The oldest inscription extant dates little more than a hundred years back, though many remains, Saxon and Norman, testify to the great antiquity of the inclosure as a place of burial. There is a fine dignity—which, however, breaks down somewhat about the middle—in this effort, dated 1774:

Rest, dearest shades, secure from grief and care,  
Afflictive pains, and every hurtful snare,  
Till that dread morn when God revealed will come,  
And troubling Nature meet her final doom.  
Then may you rise renewed in every grace,  
With joy to meet your God, your Saviour's face;  
Then may the hand that now inscribes this stone,  
Which loved you living, and laments you dead,  
Triumphant meet you in the realms above,  
To tune the wonders of Redeeming Love.

We recognise a familiar friend in the following:

Affliction sore long time I bore;  
Physicians all in vain,  
Till Christ did please to give me ease,  
And free me from my paine.

And is there not a touch of latent spite, not uncommon in the words with which the dead address the living, in the following warning?

Reader, behold, as you pass by;  
As you are now, so once was I.  
As I am now, so must you be.  
Reader, prepare to follow me.

As an instance of the pretensions some people carry with them to their graves, we notice the tombstone of a certain H—, who, chief of his family in life, has declined to resign his claims in death, and rests apart from the dust of his kindred. An arrogant temper possibly made H— a trying companion in his day; and doubtless it is long ago since human passions, love, jealousy, hate, entered this Garden of Eden spread in fair undulations before us. The impression it leaves with us, however, is one of marvellous, unchangeable silence and peace. A journey of an hour or two carries us back to London; glad to have been able to forget for a brief space that such things as cities exist.

#### SOME CURIOUS VOWS.

It is a well-known fact that certain devoted adherents to the English monarchy vowed never to enjoy the luxury of a trimmed beard until the 'king enjoyed his own again'; and so in our own time did certain Servian patriots, during the bombardment of Belgrade in 1862, vow never to allow a razor to touch their faces until they could shave in the fortress itself. For five years they had to eschew the barber's services;

but at length the hour of triumph came; and one day in 1867 they marched through the streets of Belgrade with enormous beards, preceded by barbers razor in hand; entered the fortress, to issue forth again with clean-shaven faces, looking years younger for the operation.

Some vows are more honoured in the breach than the observance—

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

During the Irish rebellion of 1641, Mr Brook, an English clergyman, living near Kells, in Cavan county, sought safety in England until the storm blew over, leaving his Irish wife behind him to the care of an old nurse. One evening the nurse's nephew warned them that 'Black Mulmore' was coming there that night, having sworn to sack the English parson's homestead and not leave a feather or an egg in his nest. Although in the worst of all conditions for travelling, the poor lady set out on foot for a friend's house at some distance, where there was a guard of soldiers. Emerging from a wood, she found herself on the banks of a broad river, and saw that the bridge spanning it was occupied by a troop of rebel horse. She turned back; but the leader of the band had seen her, and following after, caught her in the heart of the wood. Drawing his skeane, or short dagger, he told her to prepare to die, answering her appeal for mercy with: 'I must kill you; we are sworn to it. You must die; say your last prayer.' Looking at him steadfastly, Mrs Brook said: 'I have been praying to God, and He has told me that I am not to die by your hand. No; you dare not do it; God will not suffer you!' Three times the sworn assassin pointed the dagger to her heart, while with hands uplifted to heaven, she repeated: 'No; God will not suffer you!' Then, throwing the weapon on the grass, the rebel exclaimed: 'You are right; God will not suffer me. You are a brave woman, and I was going to act the coward. Will you trust to my honour, and let me guide you to a place of safety?' 'With all my heart,' was the thankful answer. He then conducted her across the river, and did not leave her till he had put her in the road for her friend's house. But the sorely tried lady was not destined to reach it that night. She had to crave the help of a frightened farm-wife; and morning saw her the mother of a tiny newcomer, to whom she gave the name of Honor—a name handed down among Mrs Brook's female descendants to this day.

Benedick, finding the charms of his 'dear Lady Disdain' too much for his celibate resolves, boldly cuts the knot with: 'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.' Persons who impose upon themselves a burden unto which they were not born, are not usually so courageous, preferring to save their perjury by a little convenient casuistry:

For as best-tempered blades are found,  
Before they break, to bend quite round,  
So truest oaths are still most tough,  
And though they bow, are breaking proof.

Pepps, pledged to abstain from the juice of the grape, drank hippocras, as being in his judgment only 'a mixed compound drink, and not any wine,' although he well knew that his favourite 'piment'

was a concoction of ginger, cinnamon, sugar, and red or white wine. He pretended, too, to believe his vow against gambling remained unbroken so long as he went to the theatre at somebody else's expense!

Colonel Edgeworth, an inveterate gambler, having lost all his ready-cash at the card-table, borrowed his wife's diamond earrings, and staking them, had a turn of luck, and rose a winner in the end; whereupon, he solemnly vowed never to touch cards or dice again. And yet, before the week was out he was pulling straws from a rick, and betting upon which should prove the longest; keeping as strictly to the letter of his promise as the hard drinker who vowed to eschew intoxicating fluids as long as he had a hair on his head; and an hour afterwards emerged from the barber's shop with a smooth-shaven poll, and then got tipsy with a clear conscience!

In one of Voltaire's romances, the cynical poet represents a widow, in the depth of her disconsolateness, vowing she will never marry again 'as long as the river flows by the side of the hill.' A few months go by. The widow, bethinking herself that there are still good fish in the sea, grows more cheerful, and takes counsel with a clever engineer. He sets to work: the river is diverted from its course; it no longer flows by the side of the hill, and the lady exchanges her weeds for a bridal veil.—A Salopian parish-clerk seeing a woman crossing the churchyard with a bundle and a watering-can, followed her, curious to know what her intentions might be, and discovered that she was widow of a few months' standing. Inquiring what she was going to do with the watering-pot, she informed him that she had begged some grass-seed to sow upon her husband's grave, and had brought a little water to make it spring up quickly. The clerk told her there was no occasion for her to take that trouble—the grave would be green in good time. 'Ah, that may be,' was the frank reply; 'but my poor husband made me promise not to marry again until the grass had grown over his grave; and having a good offer, I don't wish to break my word, or keep as I am longer than I can help.'

More faithful to a partner's memory was Sadar, a native of Samarraug, who, having the misfortune to lose his newly-wedded wife, vowed that so long as he lived he would speak to neither man, woman, nor child; and for the forty-four years he was fated to live, kept his vow, and won for himself a saintly reputation by so doing.—Our American cousins never thought of making a saint of Miss Caroline Brewer, a spinster who died at the age of seventy, in the almshouse at Portland, Maine, although this extraordinary specimen of womanhood had never been known to utter a word for more than thirty-five years, in fulfilment of a vow she made when smothering under a disappointment in love.

Love-lorn daisies are credited with strange freaks. In a London paper, it was lately avowed that the original of Dickens's Miss Havesham still existed in the flesh not far from Ventnor, in the person of an old maiden lady, who, when she was young, had formed an attachment which did not meet with maternal approval, and in consequence came to nothing. The young lady gave up her lover, but accompanied the act of filial duty by a declaration that she would go to

bed and never get up again; and kept her word. 'The years have come and gone, and the house has never been swept or garnished; the garden is an overgrown tangle; and the eccentric lady has spent twenty years between the sheets.' The teller of the story rashly put a name to it; and the friends of the 'eccentric lady' soon published an indignant repudiation of the romance; which in all likelihood was simply an adaptation of the case of a Lady Betty C—, who, it is avowed, took an unhappy love-affair so much to heart, that she went to her bed, and actually lay therein for the remaining twenty-six years of her life!

Brantome relates that a young beauty of the court of Francis I., troubled with a too talkative admirer, bade him be dumb; and he swearing to obey her behest, did it so thoroughly, that all the world believed he had lost the use of his tongue, from melancholy; until one day, the lady undertook to cure him of his dumbness, and by pronouncing the word 'Speak!' brought her lover's two years' silence to a sudden end.

A few years ago, there lived in a village near Glastonbury a man seventy-five years old, of whom the following story, attested by many credible witnesses, was told in the pages of the *Lancet*, for the puzzlement of psychologists. Before Eli H—'s birth, his father made a vow that if his wife should bring him a girl—making the fourth in succession—he would never open his lips to the child as long as he lived. In due time he was blessed with a boy; but this boy would never speak to his father, nor, so long as that rash vow-taker lived, to any one save his mother and his sisters. When Eli had reached the age of thirty-five, his sire died; whereupon his tongue was loosed to every one, and he remained an ordinary individual, rather given to loquacity, for the rest of his days.

The world is supposed to have grown wondrous wise since Erasmus laughed at the sailor promising St Christopher a life-sized waxen effigy if he would save the storm-stricken ship; but faith in such possibilities is not yet extinct. 'Sir Edward Doughty' deposed one of the chief witnesses at the Tichborne trial, 'made a vow, when his son was ill, that if the child recovered, he would build a church at Poole; the child did recover most miraculously, for it had been ill beyond all hope; and Sir Edward built a church at Poole, and there it stands until this day.'—Queen Isabella vowed to make a pilgrimage to Barcelona and return thanks at the tomb of that city's patron saint, if the Infanta Enlalie recovered from an apparently mortal illness. And another crowned dame promised a golden lamp to the church of Notre-Dame des Victoires, in the event of her husband coming safely out of the doctor's hands.—In 1867, a Spanish lady walked from Madrid to Rome in fulfilment of a vow so to do, provided she was restored to health; keeping her word more faithfully than her Portuguese sister, who, having vowed she would make a pilgrimage barefoot to a certain shrine, had herself carried thither in a sedan-chair.

However it may be with the general run of Englishmen, there is one who believes in the propriety and efficacy of personal vows. Mr Ruskin insists that it is wholly the fault of the ladies that swords are not beaten into ploughshares; holding that they can, at any moment they choose, put an end to a war, with less trouble

than they take in preparing themselves to go out to dinner. 'Let but every Christian lady,' says he, 'who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least inwardly, for His killed creatures. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilised Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an evasion into prettiness, no war would last a week.' Should, however, the ladies ever try the experiment, we fear their patience would be over-taxed, and that long before the promised result was achieved, many a fair one would cast her sombre colour off, and 'evade into prettiness' again.

#### DONALD MACINROY.

There is a tradition still existing in the Highlands of Perthshire of a Donald MacInroy, who was the son of a large sheep-farmer in that district, and who being, in the phrase of the North, a 'pretty man,' the heiress of the estate fell in love with him. In order to separate the lovers, Donald was sent to the wars, to serve under the young lady's father; whence he returned, after many years, to die. The ballad tells the rest.

Sitting by the great hall window,  
Gazing at the whirling snow,  
Listening to the wind's hoarse moaning  
In the dark pine-wood below—

Dreaming of the buried summers,  
With their scent of faded flowers—  
Hearing from the Past, faint echoes,  
As of bells in distant towers :

Echoes of the pleasant music  
Of young voices in their glee—  
Voices that are hushed for ever,  
Do they whisper still to me ?

Musing thus, the shadowy darkness  
Crept across the falling snow,  
Till I heard a horse's footsteps  
Clatter in the court below.

'Norman Grant rides hither for thee'—  
Spoke my sister, in surprise—  
'Donald MacInroy is dying,  
And must see thee ere he dies.'

In my plaid she warmly wrapped me ;  
Through the drift we quickly rode ;  
Soon we reached the Highland shieling,  
Donald MacInroy's abode.

'Sir,' said Donald, 'I am thankful  
Thou hast come this night to me ;  
Ere my lips are sealed for ever,  
I've a tale to tell to thee.

'When thy brother, the MacGregor,  
Took me with him to the war,  
'Twas to break a match for ever,  
And a secret love to bar.

'For his lovely daughter Alice,  
With her eyes of sunny blue—  
Alice of the golden tresses—  
Loved me tenderly and true.

'And her mother, high and haughty,  
Sought that passion to destroy,  
Hoping Alice, from me severed,  
Would forget her MacInroy.

'O the dreary, dreary parting !  
O the bitter tears we shed !—  
But her angry mother knew not  
That in secret we were wed.

'Then I followed her brave father  
To that far and fatal shore  
Where he fell, a hero worthy  
Of the noble name he bore.

'But my Alice could not greet me  
When I came back from the strife :  
For the birth-hour of our Colin  
Was the last hour of her life.

'Thou shalt find within my Bible  
Proofs that we were duly wed,  
That the honour's pure and stainless  
Of my lovely Alice dead.

'And our Colin, whom thou lovest,  
And hast honoured with thy name,  
Is the son of love and sorrow,  
But is not the child of shame.

'He is rightfully MacGregor—  
Blessings be upon the boy !  
Let him stand among the proudest,  
Son of Donald MacInroy !

'Grandson of the Great MacGregor,  
Heir of Rannoch and Dunmore ;  
Come of soldiers true and gallant,  
Worthy those that went before.

'Brave and faithful, may he follow  
In the steps his fathers trod,  
True to kindred and to honour,  
To his country and his God !'

And with faltering lip, still praying  
For a blessing on the boy,  
To the strain of solemn pibroch,  
Passed the soul of MacInroy.

#### A CURIOUS LAKE-MOLLUSC.

In a work on the Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life, by Professor Semper of Würzburg, there are some very remarkable observations on pulmonate snails living in the Lake of Geneva. Certain of these lake-molluscs live at great depths with their lung-sac filled with water ; they never voluntarily come to the surface, and actually breathe water all their lives ; but if brought to dry land, they take air into the lung-sac, and will not again return to a submerged existence. If forced to do so, they retain air in their lung-sac, and breathe water by the general surface of the body. 'In no single case,' says Professor Semper—and this also is remarkable—'have we as yet succeeded in proving that such a change of function as is involved in the transformation of a gill-cavity into a lung, must necessarily be accompanied by definite changes in the structure of that organ.' In other words, this curious creature is so constituted that the gills which enable it to breathe in water, serve it also as a lung in breathing air, and yet this without any observable change taking place in the structure of the organ.

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## THE EARLIEST KNOWN LIFE-BELIC.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, the attention of Canadian geologists was called to a curious mineral, or rather combination of minerals, which was chiefly notable from the fact that layers of a dark-green colour were found alternating with white or limy layers in a fashion till then unnoticed by science. These specimens were collected at Burgess in Ontario by a Dr Wilson, who forwarded them to Sir William Logan, the Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, as examples of a new or rare mineral. Analysed, in due course, the dark-green layers were found to consist of a new form of the familiar mineral named 'serpentine'; the name 'loganite' being given to the new substance in honour of the eminent geologist just mentioned.

Some years after the first discovery, which seemed thus to end with the naming of a new mineral, other specimens, presenting variations in their composition, were obtained by a Mr McMullin from the limestones of the Grand Calumet on the Ottawa River. In these latter specimens, ordinary serpentine was the chief mineral represented. Of the age of these curious products no doubt was entertained. They occurred in rocks, named Laurentian from their great development near the St Lawrence; these rocks forming the great watershed which lies betwixt the St Lawrence valley on the one hand, and the plateaux which stretch away to the north and to Hudson's Bay on the other.

When the second find was made on the Ottawa River, the appearance of the minerals suggested to Sir William Logan that possibly the structures might represent traces of once living matter—that, in other words, he might be dealing with no mere collection of mineral particles, but with matter that had replaced living structures, and that had preserved these structures more or less completely as a 'fossil.' After various investigations made by Dr Sterry Hunt of Montreal, the matter was settled by Dr Dawson and Dr Carpenter, who shewed, by microscopic examination, that the limy material represented the shell,

whilst the serpentine had replaced the living matter. Branching out within the limy layers, minute tubes were discovered; and thus whatever the nature of the fossil, it was proved that its limy parts were to be regarded as the actual representatives of the original shell or structure, and the serpentine or loganite as the matter which had filled up the shell and replaced the living matter in Nature's process of fossil-making. The opinion has thus been formed that in these Canadian limestones we find not merely a curious fossil, but actually the oldest known traces of living things. Hence the objects we are considering have received the not inappropriate name of the *Eozoön Canadense*—or in plain English, the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' from Canadian rocks.

In these latter features alone, the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule'—or Eozoön as we may term it for shortness—merits our interest. Popularly, it has been described as the 'first created' thing; but for such a title there is no justification whatever. What the first created organism was, we do not know, and in all likelihood never shall know. The most that can be said of Eozoön's age is that it is older than any other known fossil. It is the oldest recognised fossil—the first preserved trace—so far as we at present know—of life on the earth. Nor was the interest attaching to the discovery of Eozoön limited to the popular mind. When it is learned that prior to the investigation of the dark-green and white layers, the Laurentian rocks were regarded as simply representing a remote period of time in which no living thing existed, it can readily be imagined that the discovery of a fossil organism threw a new light upon the condition of the earth in the days of its youth. These rocks are spoken of by geologists as 'metamorphosed'—that is, their original nature has been changed by forces acting upon them subsequent to their formation as rocks. Whilst, before Eozoön had been brought to light, the more sanguine of geologists had ventured to think of the Laurentian age as not wholly lifeless, and its seas as having been tenanted by lower forms of life, there were others who not merely regarded the discovery of

fossils therein as an utterly hopeless idea, but included these rocks under the name 'azoic,' a term meaning 'without life.'

To understand fully, then, the revolution in scientific ideas which the discovery of this singular fossil brought about, it is necessary to think of the geological position of the rocks in which it occurs. By way of rendering this latter subject clear, let us select a well-known group of rocks, as a kind of geological landmark, and test the age and position of the Laurentian rocks by a comparison with the familiar series. Such a well-known series of rocks we find in the Old Red Sandstone beds, which in turn are overlaid in their natural order of formation by the Coal or Carboniferous series. Most readers are aware that the Old Red Sandstone rocks belong to the oldest of the periods into which, for geological purposes we divide time past. They are infinitely older rocks, for instance, than the familiar Chalk. As, therefore, the Old Red Sandstone is older than the Chalk, and in its natural position in the earth's crust lies so much lower, so the Laurentian rocks in their turn exceed the Old Red Sandstone in point of age. They lie at the very base and root of the rocks which contain fossils. The Laurentian formations thus appear before us as the oldest of the stratified rocks, and probably represent the solidified ocean-beds which held the primitive waters that for many early ages surrounded and covered the solid earth as it was then represented. But it must be also noted that rocks of similar age, and of like or allied mineral composition, occur in other regions of the world. Near ourselves, these rocks are found in the Isle of Skye, in the Hebrides, and in Sutherland. In the Malvern Hills and in South Wales, the Laurentian rocks are represented; the north of Ireland possesses them; and Bohemia and Bavaria recognise them as part and parcel of their respective geological constitutions.

Having thus described the home of the Eozoon, we may now turn to consider the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' itself. And first as to its structure. What does the microscope reveal concerning the nature of the so-called 'shell,' the fossil remains of which are presented to view in the limy layers which vary the monotony of the serpentine of the Laurentian limestones? If we slice a portion of our Laurentian rocks to the degree of thinness requisite for microscopic examination, we may soon discover therein very plain evidence of the nature of the organism which boasts to be the oldest known fossil. The limy layers are arranged in tiers like the seats in a theatre, and inclose between them a space which we may discern has been divided into chambers—once occupied by living matter, but now filled with the green serpentine of the rock. Imagine a series of chambers placed in a line, like a set of rooms *en suite*; and further suppose that many such sets of chambers were placed tier upon tier, and we may form a correct idea of the manner in which the parts of Eozoon are arranged. But it may be also noted that one set of chambers was not wholly shut off from the tier above and the tier below. Definite passages which might accurately be compared to the staircases connecting the flats of a house, appear to have existed between one tier of chambers and another; and even in the partition walls separating one tier from its neighbours, delicate tubes

are seen to branch out. The walls of the chambers were apparently perforated by numerous minute holes, the purport of this arrangement being apparent when a comparison is made between Eozoon and its nearest neighbours amongst living beings.

Such are the appearances presented by a vertical section of the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule.' Other methods of investigating its nature have not been neglected by geologists; and the writer has had the pleasure and advantage of personally inspecting specimens of this fossil, prepared in various ingenious ways and by various methods under the direction of Dr Carpenter of London, one of the highest authorities on the Eozoon and its nearest living allies to be presently mentioned. Thus we may 'decalcify' specimens—or in other words, remove the limy layers by means of an acid, and leave the serpentine unaffected, in the form of a solid cast of the interior of the shell, representing the living matter which once filled it, and which built up the shell from the lime of the primitive ocean in which Eozoon dwelt. Curiously enough, this process of removing the lime of a shell and leaving the mineral matter which filled its interior, is known to occur in Nature and around us to-day. Internal casts of shells, the living matter of which has been replaced by the green mineral named 'glauconite,' and whose limy substance has been dissolved away, are familiar to geologists; and it is noteworthy that some shell-casts thus preserved are nearly related to Eozoon itself.

The next point for discussion consists of the nature of this the oldest relic of life. Its identification is not a difficult matter, since there exists only one group of animals possessed of an outer limy skeleton perforated, as we have noted the shell of Eozoon to be, with holes. The name 'Foraminifera' is by no means unfamiliar to ordinary readers who have interested themselves in the accounts of deep-sea dredging expeditions. But even if the organisms in question be quite unknown, their nature may be readily enough comprehended. Imagine a little speck of living jelly—the 'protoplasm' of the naturalist—to be possessed of the power of taking lime from the water of the ocean, and of building this lime up to form a 'shell' for the protection of its body. Let us further suppose that through minute holes in this shell, the little living speck could protrude its substance to form delicate filaments adapted for movement and for the seizure of food, and we shall then have formed a plain but strictly correct idea of a Foraminifer. The shell of our animalcule as thus figured, consists of but a single chamber. Suppose further that it begins to throw out buds or processes of its substance, and that these buds remain connected to the parent shell, and develop in time into new chambers, each containing its speck of living matter, and we may conceive of our little animalcule duly increasing in various ways. It may bud in a spiral fashion, and thus produce a spiral shell; or may grow into a straight rod-like structure; the form of the shell thus depending on the direction and extent of the process of budding by which new chambers are produced.

Such a description is paralleled by the actual life of the little animalcules which exist in myriads in our existing seas, as in the oceans



of bygone days, and whose shells are forming a thick layer of limy matter in the bed of the present seas, as in the past, when the Chalk rocks of to-day were thus being formed. For the white cliffs of Dover simply represent the shell-debris of these animalcules consolidated to form the well-known formation in question. With these animalcules, then, we readily identify the Eozoon of the Laurentian rocks, despite obvious differences in size and manner of growth. But the differences between the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' and its modern representatives, the Foraminifera, are not incapable of being reconciled. An appeal to certain odd and still living forms of these animalcules serves to narrow the gulf between the Laurentian shell-former and its existing relatives. Take as an example of such connecting links the living *Polytrema* of the zoologist, a member of the Foraminifera, but which differs from its neighbours in that it grows in a branching form, and then comes to somewhat resemble a coral. The many chambers of which this organism's shell consists grow in an irregular fashion, and communicate as freely as the chambers in one tier of Eozoon. Nor must we neglect to remark that in the shell-wall of *Polytrema* a curious set of tubes is found, analogous to those we see in Eozoon, and which are also represented in many other living species of Foraminifera. Allied likewise to the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' are the living *Calcarina*, which also grows in patches, as if imitating the higher corals; and a curious extinct coin-like shell—that of the *Nummulite*—in respect that the structure of its shell-wall exhibits a close relationship to the oldest fossil.

We may now briefly glance at the probable condition under which the life of this 'oldest fossil' was carried on. In such a survey, we picture to ourselves the bed of the Laurentian ocean occupied by vast colonies of the Eozoon-shells, containing—as do the living Foraminiferous shells—the soft living substance, which radiated through the shell-apertures in the form of the delicate threads and processes whereby food-particles were seized and drawn into the organism. A low form of life this: hovering, as it were, on the very twilight of existence, but still exhibiting in its own fashion many of the acts which characterise life of the highest grade. Year by year these colonies extended their growth, and as the colonies of one generation died off, to be replaced by others, the shells of the defunct races would be imbedded in the sea-deposits, there to become the fossils of the future. We can also form some idea of the subsequent changes to which these old Laurentian rocks were subjected as the ages passed; their structure being altered so that their original nature was disguised, and the Eozoon-remains also largely transformed in certain localities. And finally, we see the modern disposition of this world's order wrought out in time; and in time we find the discovery of life-traces to connect us once again with the days when the world was young.

Such is an outline sketch of the progress of events which geological history is prepared to chronicle. It would be idle to speculate on the probabilities of the Laurentian age having harboured other forms of life in addition to Eozoon. But it is only fair to remark that recent research

supports such a suggestion. Of the soft-bodied organisms which may have existed in the waters of these early ages, no traces could be preserved, any more than the jelly-fishes and soft-animals of our own seas can be regarded as destined to hand down their lineaments to the future of the earth—although indeed traces of fossil jelly-fishes are not unknown to geologists. And in this latter view, the Laurentian ocean may possibly have been the scene of a great life-development, which must, however, have been of the lowest grades, represented typically enough by Eozoon itself.

The balance of evidence in favour of the truly animal nature of Eozoon is thus very apparent. From every consideration of its structure, from the resemblances it presents to existing shell-animalcules, as well as from collateral proofs drawn from mineralogy itself, there remains little doubt that Eozoon really represents what its name implies—the most ancient record of life which, so far as we know, has been preserved in the rock-formations of the globe.

#### THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

##### CHAPTER XVII.—TO OBLIGE THE FIRM.

SIX months had come and gone since first Bertram Oakley began, with pen and pencil, with rule and compasses, to execute the behests, the cheaply paid behests, of the great firm of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, civil-engineers, of Westminster. Fresh, fickle Spring, jocond, short-lived Summer, had had their day, and now the trees in park and square were leafless, and it was the blustering November wind that raged and raved among the sierras of chimney-stacks that cut the murky skyline to westward, and the chill November rain that beat against the grimy window-glass and the tiles that were so near. Through the sunny summer and the murky autumn that followed, Bertram had drudged on, never slackening in his careful discharge of such poor duties as were intrusted to him; but he had known, too, the dawning blight of that discouragement which is inevitable when the best that can be done meets with no gerdon of meed, or praise. They were hard masters, that highly puffed and much trumpeted firm, Groby, Sleather, and Studge—hard masters, jealous as Shylock to get their pound of flesh; but coarsely indifferent to the merits, the zeal, the powers, of those who did their bidding. With the laggards and the skulkers, they were excusably severe. Very soon there was a severance of the connection between Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge and those who shirked their work, or who bungled in the tasks confided to their care. But if a man did more than his work, and put his heart and his best energies into its fulfilment, then Groby, Sleather, and Studge appeared to regard that man as a fool, as a crack-brained enthusiast, to be used but not rewarded, especially if he were reckoned among the despised class of 'extras.'

Bertram toiled on, unremitting at the call of duty, but with only too much leisure to spend among his beloved books, or in vague speculations

concerning a future that, to a practical man of the world, would not have seemed overbright. He had husbanded his little store, the residue of Mr Burbridge's gift, for a long time, with a resolution extraordinary in so young a man, left alone among the innumerable temptations of roaring London; but, one by one, the hoarded shillings had melted away to nothingness. Now, he had nothing to depend upon but his irregular and stinted stipend from Messrs Groby; and he was very poor. He had been mindful of his promise to good Dr Denham, and had striven to take some care of the health of which, at Blackston, he had come so near to making fatal shipwreck. There was a tiny fire glowing in his rusty little stove, and he had renounced late vigils and midnight study; but he was growing thin and pale for want of sufficient nourishment, that his rent might still be punctually paid; and that his clothes, if shabby, might at least be neat.

Very uneventful, dull, and monotonous had Bertram's life been during all those months when the gay London season, like a firework, was spluttering and blazing its brief life away; and during those stiller and dustier months when the fashionable Ishmaelites of the Metropolis have rushed off on the hurrying wings of Steam to Highland heather and continental spas, the blue Solent and the bluer Mediterranean, to snowy Alps and seaside shingle, as fancy might dictate. He had no friends in London. The two artied pupils at Groby's, who had taken a kindly interest in him when they had regarded him as their new comrade, had habits and grooves of life so utterly remote from his, that insensibly the acquaintance had faded away. There could be no companionship between young gentlemen liberally supplied with pocket-money, with London parties to frequent, clubs to aspire to, and new interests developing every day, and a needy drudge like Bertram Oakley. The young man had by no means forgotten the daughters of his dead benefactor, but it was seldom, somehow, that he ventured to call in Lower Minden Street; and the best news he had received of their welfare was when, twice or thrice, he had encountered Miss Denham on her way back from the house of some pupil to whom she gave lessons in music.

Bertram was sitting at his writing-table, drawn up to the window, ill as the warped old casement fitted, and damp and chilly as were the draughts that filtered in, to economise the light of the November afternoon. He was putting the finishing touches to his last piece of work for Messrs Groby. They had given him a blurred sketch, with crabbed marginal notes to oko it out; and it was a clear and careful drawing, accurate in every detail, that the painstaking young copyist had ready for them. The care was unremitting, as on the first day when he had begun this work, thankless and unthanked work that kept body and soul together, and no more. But the lamp of Hope in his bosom was burning very low. Yet he completed his task heedfully, almost lovingly, as a

good workman will, and then tied up his black-taped bundle of papers, brushed his hat, and donned his black coat, and, thus accoutred, set forth to walk to his employers' superb offices.

That Palace of Industry, which was the summations hive in which Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Stadge made their golden honey, was full of busy life as usual. But Bertram, who had now come almost to despair of the promotion which, so far as he could hear or see, never did fall like manna on the head of any member of his own order, the extras who were the helots of the place, threaded his way through the competing crowds with few or none of those glorious if vague and formless aspirations for the future which are the heirloom of ardent youth.

Presently he reached Room E, the principal occupant and chief of which, Mr Tomkins, was so overwhelmed with business, that Bertram had to await his turn. Since he had been, in his humble grade, a stipendiary of this great house of business, the only person with whom he had had officially to do was Mr Tomkins. The head-clerk has been already described as a short-tempered man; but if not very conciliatory in his manners, he was not wilfully unkind. That Mr Tomkins had some excuse for the shortness of his temper, Bertram could conjecture. He was himself a hurried, over-worked man, always in a bustle, and doing his utmost to control and stimulate a roomful of young clerks, not all too competent, or perhaps diligent. With the partners themselves, Bertram had no sort of intercourse. Had he seen old Sir Joshua Groby on the steps of his Pall Mall club, or stepping into his big carriage, he would not have known him. And Mr Sleather, when by chance he encountered Bertram on the stairs, had either forgotten him, or feigned to have done so. Mr Stadge, on such occasions, had never pushed recognition beyond the shortest of nods or the most inarticulate of growls. All Bertram's dealings, then, were with the head-clerk of Room E in this great labyrinth of a building.

Mr Tomkins, at last, was for a brief space at liberty, and Bertram was beckoned up to his brass-railed desk of office. The bundle was undone, and the papers and the sketch were scrutinised. There was nothing wherewith to find fault—much, on the contrary, to call for praise—but it was the business of poor Mr Tomkins, who was reported among the juniors to have a terrible time of it periodically in the private study of his imperious and outspoken employer Mr Stadge, to find fault with those under his supervision; and the very highest laudation of which he was capable was the absence of censure. He was silent, then, as he thrust Bertram's work into a drawer, and affixed his signature to the weekly pay-ticket. 'That will be all, Mr Oakley,' he said, with a movement of his head, which implied that the interview was at an end.

Bertram turned away; but before he had got half-way to the door, Mr Tomkins called him back. 'Have you anything particular to do, Mr Oakley?' he asked, in a hurry as usual. 'If not, could you, to oblige the firm, convey this sealed packet to Blackwall for us? It is addressed, you see, to Mervyn & Co., the great shipowners—Thank you!' he added, as Bertram intimated his willingness to undertake the errand. 'One of our messengers—provoking thing—suddenly

taken ill, and to send it by post would lose time. Here's the money it will cost you to go and return. And be good enough, yourself to place the packet in Mr Mervyn's hands."

### EARTHQUAKES IN LONDON.

As from time to time people are interested in reading the particulars of earthquakes, which still continue, and have continued from all ages to intimidate mankind and devastate various portions of our globe, a brief narration of similar physical disturbances, which have in past times affected our own land, may interest many who have never experienced the effects of such dire events.

There is perhaps no species of calamity calculated to inspire the mind of man with greater terror and confusion than these convulsions of nature—no cry more appalling than the cry of 'Earthquake!' To describe with any perspicuity one's feelings during the actual occurrence of such catastrophes, is difficult, as the effects are of so sudden and overwhelming a nature, that calmness cannot be obtained; while the ingenuity of man is utterly powerless to devise a means for common safety. Confusion at once assails the mind, or, with a reverential deference to the irresistible forces of Nature thus displayed, the victim fearfully awaits fortuitous deliverance. Happily, for the inhabitants of England, such visitations to their tranquil shores are unfrequent, and in themselves of little moment. The following are a few of the more remarkable which have occurred in London.

The first notice we have of an earthquake in the Metropolis is by William of Malmesbury, who says that in 1101, all England was terrified 'with a horrid spectacle, for all the buildings were lifted up and then again settled as before.' In 1193, many houses were overthrown from a similar cause, flames being said on that occasion to have issued from rifts in the earth, and to have defied all attempts to quench them. A third earthquake, this time general throughout the country, took place on the Monday in the week before Easter in 1185. Holinshed, with his accustomed eye to prodigies, says it was such an earthquake 'as the like had not been heard of in England since the beginning of the world; for stones that lay covered fast in the earth were removed out of their places, houses were overthrown, and the great church of Lincoln rent from the top downwards.' The next of these mysterious convulsions of Nature connected with London took place on St Valentine's Eve in 1247, when much property in the Metropolis was damaged. The statements of the old writers, from their tendency to magnify wonders, are not much to be relied upon in matters of this kind; but it may be mentioned that they have recorded in this connection a very singular phenomenon, namely, that for three months before the occurrence of the earthquake in 1247, the sea ceased to ebb and flow on the English coast, or the flow at least was not perceptible.

These earthquakes were succeeded, during the next three hundred years, by various shocks at long intervals, felt generally throughout England; but none of them calls for special notice. But

with the year 1580 commences a more memorable period in the history of London earthquakes. Easter Wednesday (April 6) in that year was, for the season, a remarkably hot day. 'The air was calm and clear; not a cloud was to be seen in the sky; indeed, with the exception of the excessive heat—in itself easily accounted for by the weather-wise—nothing in all nature seemed to presage the calamity which was to happen towards midnight. About nine o'clock in the evening, when the citizens were for the most part resting after the business of the day, or indulging in amusement, a violent oscillation of the earth was pretty generally felt throughout the Metropolis; it lasted for about six seconds, and was accompanied with loud subterranean noises resembling the rattling of artillery. A second shock which followed almost immediately after the first, was sufficiently powerful to set the great clock-bell at Westminster clanging; while at the same time, and for the same reasons, the bells of the various churches also gave out a violent and untimely peal, thus adding greatly to the general panic. The people rushed out of their houses in consternation. Those who had been enjoying the play believed that the theatre was falling, and with a unanimous impulse irresistibly fled to the doors, where, unfortunately, during the confusion and anxiety for egress, many were seriously injured. The streets were filled with an excited and panic-stricken rabble. Whole families perambulated the thoroughfares, loud in their lamentations, and anxious in their inquiries; for we may reasonably presume that most of the inhabitants had never experienced the sensation of an earthquake before. From St Paul's Cathedral, some stones gave way, and with a crash fell upon the pavement, but fortunately without injuring any one. A considerable portion of the Temple Church was levelled with the ground; and in Christ Church, during divine service, two of the worshippers were killed by the falling of a stone from the vaulted roof.

For weeks, the excitement remained unabated, as all were in full expectancy of a repetition of those sensations which had so lately terrified them. Business transactions were seriously affected, and riot was of common occurrence in the streets during the night—the latter, indeed, being the main cause in bringing the magistrates to calmness and order, and to the discharge of those duties for the protection of life and property with which they were intrusted.

At last, in order to alleviate the prevailing distress and 'appease the wrath of heaven'—for the cause of this disturbance was, as is usual in such peculiar cases, attributed to special Divine interposition—the municipal authorities, chiefly through the efforts of Queen Elizabeth, caused a form of common prayer to be repeated by all householders every night before retiring to rest, and every morning before commencing the usual business of the day. This shock of earthquake extended its disturbances very generally throughout the kingdom, especially in the county of Kent and at Dover, where a large portion of the cliff was precipitated into the sea.

Again, on the 8th of September 1692, at mid-day, when all attention was absorbed in business and bustle, two distinct undulatory movements of the earth took place, both of which lasted for about four seconds. In an instant, and with fear-

ful effect, the cry of 'Earthquake!' was sounded from street to street. Merchants, at the alarm, rushed from their stores; workmen threw down their implements and fled to the streets, in full expectation of beholding long lines of ruined houses; nothing, however, met their view but a dense agitated crowd. Some fanatically confessed themselves aloud and indulged in various acts of devotion; others eagerly sought for parents, children and friends, who were believed to be somewhere buried under ruins, but who in reality were only lost in the promiscuous mob. This intense excitement continued till the following morning. But beyond the universal fright, no serious damage occurred to either life or property. In Dover Street, however, the walls of many of the houses were cracked in such a manner as to render them unfit for habitation. Here, in particular, as well as throughout the whole of the 'Borough,' the excitement was greatest.

The foregoing instances, while fairly exemplifying the generality of London earthquakes, are nevertheless both uninteresting in incident, and insignificant in effect, compared with those that occurred in the early part of 1750, a year that opened with most unpropitious and unseasonable weather, the heat especially being, according to Walpole, 'beyond what was ever known in any other country.' It is obvious of course that such an unusual circumstance elicited universal discussion as to its ominous meaning; but on the 8th of February the worst fears were realised when a slight but very evident shock of the earth took place, accompanied, as was said, with a 'great roaring.' The usual bell-ringing occurred; and as Timbs states, 'dogs howled, and fish jumped high out of the water,' while the people were drawn together by the tie of common calamity. This shock, however, was but the precursor of a more memorable series of shocks which happened exactly a month afterwards. On the 8th of March, and during the silence of night, or rather of morning between one and two o'clock, the earth underwent several severe and rapid undulatory movements. The worthy citizens, with the recollection of the previous shock still fresh on their minds, were thus abruptly roused from their slumbers, and scantily attired, rushed into the deserted streets to escape what was universally thought to be impending ruin. Here once more occurred those scenes which we have already described. Streets which had till now been in silence, were resonant with horrid din. Mothers swooned, children screamed with terror, while the terrors of the night were augmented by the falling of several old houses. Nor was this all; for the panic was greatly aggravated by hundreds of religious enthusiasts, who, forming into processions, traversed the streets singing funeral hymns, and exhorting all to repentance, for of a truth the last day had arrived.

Walpole wrote concerning this 'shivering-fit of the earth,' as he called it; and the various incidents that arose during the panic, he treats with great levity and satire. Writing his own personal experience, he says: 'I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed; but soon found it was a strong earthquake that lasted nearly half a minute, with violent vibration and great roaring.'

In a letter to Sir Horace Mann, he commences with:

Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,  
That they have lost their name;

and cautions him 'not to be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain springing up in Smithfield.'

For many weeks after the night of March 8th, a frantic terror continued to possess all classes. The management of domestic concerns was neglected, riot ran wild, and as a sequence to all this, business enterprise was suspended. The clergy, unfortunately, in such an emergency as this forgot the true nature of their vocation, for instead of endeavouring to create calmness and order, as their duty pointed out, they considerably accelerated the confusion with their terrifying sermons. 'Modern Babylons' were largely expatiated upon from the pulpits, and this it is manifest would not have a very pacifying effect upon the feelings of the congregations. Bishops Secker and Sherlock, indeed, though wildly hypothetical in their assumptions, yet strenuously endeavoured to mitigate the unfavourable impressions which harassed the public mind.

In the midst of all this tumult, prophets now arose, and astrology was for the time revived. One prophet in particular—a private in Delaware's regiment—predicted a third earthquake in the following month, which would swallow up London. This knave became notorious. But the most amusing and audacious speculation was the case of a country 'quack,' who sold herbal pills as an infallible antidote against mutilation or even destruction by earthquake! After perambulating the country with success, he came to London, and actually made a fortune! Hundreds, in the delusive belief that they were escaping from the internal commotions of the earth, swallowed his vile compounds, only, alas! to suffer internal commotions in their own organisms. Ridiculous as this statement may appear, it was afterwards corroborated by Addison in the *Teller*.

As the soldier prophet, whom we have just mentioned, had foretold a third earthquake to happen in the following month (April), an exodus now took place. Many of the aristocracy, on the validity of his prophesying, fled to the country, while those who, from pecuniary hindrances, could not indulge in this mode of safety, contented themselves with remaining out of doors all night. Hyde Park at this time presented a strange and animated appearance; for there, whole families were induced to spend the night; booths were hastily erected for supplying refreshments; while coaches were let out for shelter to those who could afford it. The tardy hours of night were chiefly spent with the aid of cards and such games as could be played with candle-light. As April rapidly approached, this temporary insanity among all classes increased. Many, however, rejecting prophecy as absurd, boldly remained at home, and enjoyed their domestic comforts; while the more intelligent, finding it impossible to convince the people of their needless apprehensions, turned the whole affair into ridicule; as, for instance, Dick Leveson and Mr Rigby, two wags of the period, returning from a supper—where probably they had supped 'not wisely, but too well'—on the first night of April, amused themselves on the way

home by knocking at several doors and, in a watchman's voice, crying: 'Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!' to the no small consternation of the inmates.

At last, the authorities of the city were seriously alarmed at this exodus, and at once threatened to publish 'an exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.' This had a marked effect; and Walpole advised 'several who were going to spend their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark [pills] for it, as they were so periodic.' April passed calmly away without the realisation of the dire prognostications; and now, people tired of waiting no doubt, returned to their homes, and were once more reinstated in their business habits; while at the voice of an indignant public, the author of the hoax was most properly accommodated with apartments in a lunatic asylum.

From that time the shocks of earthquake that have been felt in the Metropolis have been very slight, and unattended by any circumstances deserving notice. It may be remarked, however, as a curious evidence of the intensity and extent of the great Lisbon earthquake in 1755, that it agitated the waters of the three kingdoms, and even affected the fishpond of Peerless Pool, in the City Road, London.

## A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE

### CHAPTER II.

THE foreboding of Mrs Hadleigh was completely fulfilled; by the very next night, it was impossible to go a quarter of a mile in any direction, without seeing great staring bills headed in the boldest figures, '£100 REWARD'; while a little below, in one single line of heavy black capitals, were the words, 'GEORGE MAVORS.' Whatever else was on the bills was printed in sufficiently large type to be easily read by the two or three idlers who were nearly always before them; but the two lines quoted were horribly prominent, and glared ominously at the widow and her daughter, whenever they ventured out. They felt too, that everybody knew of their misfortune, and that everybody—even strangers who had never been in the street before—turned to each other, and spoke with a cruel smile as they passed the house where George Mavors had lived, the man for whose apprehension a reward of a hundred pounds was offered. No doubt, the poor women may have been wrong in these suspicions; but the bringing of pain and injury to those who are innocent, yet sensitive, is a part of the harm which those who do wrong are sure to inflict, beyond what they may believe to be the consequences of their acts.

It was a great comfort to Mrs Hadleigh to have secured so quiet a lodger as Mr Willerton; yet there was the imminent danger that her new inmate would be shocked at finding himself lodged in a house which had acquired such notoriety; that his mind would be jarred every time he passed one of those odious bills; that, in short,

he would be disgusted at the unlucky bargain he had made, and would get free at a sacrifice. But what with his being short-sighted, and what with his being hard of hearing, and what with his extremely retiring manners, he seemed to be utterly oblivious to what was going on at his very elbow. He was a collector for a City firm, as he had told his landlady on the day of his arrival; but he had finished his regular rounds for the quarter, and now should only have odds and ends to attend to; so he was in and out a dozen times a day. So quiet in his movements was he, that he was sometimes in the house when he was supposed to be out; and sometimes out when he was supposed to be at home; but with all this he was so quiet, and so evidently reluctant to give the least trouble, that Mrs Hadleigh pronounced him to be the best lodger she had ever had, and often told Ethel that she could not be thankful enough for having secured such an inmate.

Only two or three days had passed since the opening of our story; the ascending was still a new theme, and the reports which always follow such an event were in full swing. That each wild rumour was contradicted directly after, and its place supplied by one of an entirely opposite character, never in the least damaged the credit of the fresh ones as they arose. Mavors was taken; he had made a desperate resistance, and shot one of the officers who had arrested him. He had surrendered himself, being unable any longer to bear the agony of remorse. He had escaped by a desperate leap from the train while in custody. He had committed suicide. He had got safely away to Canada, to New York, to Melbourne, to Cape Town—to a host of places. There was no limit to the reports; and as each clerk who heard a new rumour took care to tell Mark Barnes all about it—his intimacy with the family being pretty well known—the young man grew tired and a little out of temper at hearing these reports. But on his coming to business on a certain morning, not very many days after the disappearance of Mavors, rumour was rife that at length a clue had been got, and that the runaway clerk was likely to be captured that very day.

In spite of the multitude of baseless rumours to which he had already listened, Barnes was impressed by this statement, and feared that there was something more substantial in it. He went to the private room, to report upon a piece of business which he had transacted for the firm on his way to the office, and there he found the three partners sitting with a stranger. But it was not difficult to guess the profession of the fourth, in spite of his coloured clothes, for 'police' was marked in every fraction of his straight, close-cut hair, his whiskers, his square shoulders, even his attitude, and his attentive reserved manner. Barnes gave his report of the business he had transacted; and Mr Lloydell was making a note of the information, when Mr Weekes said, addressing the stranger: 'You think then, sergeant, that by leaving London—'

'Mr Barnes!' exclaimed Mr Croulle, with a sharpness and loudness which effectually cut short his partner's speech.

'Yes, sir!'



'You need not wait. If we have anything to say to you, we will send for you,' was the gracious speech of that worthy. Barnes bowed and retired. The junior partner watched until the door had closed after him, then turning to Mr Weekes, said: 'You can go on now; but the less that young man knows, the better. I never trusted him; and I will take care he knows it some day.'

Mr Weekes looked gravely through his spectacles at the speaker, as though he would remonstrate with him, and cleared his throat, as if about to protest against the sentiment; but if he did entertain these intentions, he changed his mind, and resumed his conference with the stranger.

By that inexplicable filtering process which every one has noticed, but which no one understands; by the hidden channels through which so many secrets leak out, another rumour came during the afternoon to pervade the counting-house, and this did not change. It was whispered—but who first whispered it, no one seemed to know—that the House had received certain intelligence of Mavor's movements; that he was to be at Southampton that day, to start by the German liner for New York; that a detective had gone down to arrest him, and that he would probably be brought up by the four o'clock train. That this assertion which circulated in reference to Mr Croulle's excitement, was correct, was easily seen; and Barnes's heart sunk when he thought of the poor fugitive, feeble in mind and feeble in body, and looked at the hard face of Mr Croulle, or heard him chuckle in conversation with the ominous stranger, as he escorted the latter through the warehouse.

The arrival of a telegram at the offices of Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle was a matter of hourly occurrence, and very often this was directed to an individual member of the firm, so that there was nothing in the slightest degree unusual in the appearance of the familiar messenger—bearing the equally familiar brick-coloured envelope—in the office that afternoon, just before the clerks were dismissed; yet some strange instinct told every one of the employes who heard the lad inquire for Mr Croulle, that this telegram referred to the chase after Mavors; and every one knew by the same instinct that the capture was missed.

No announcement of any kind was made; but Mr Croulle, who had waited beyond his time, was heard to speak very loudly, directly after the telegram had gone in, although his words could not be distinguished; and in a few minutes he came out, closing the door after him with a tremendous bang; then striding through the warehouse, passed into the street, with an ominous scowl upon his features. Then Mr Rawley was called in. All the clerks by this time had been dismissed, excepting Barnes and another, who were working late. Then Mr Hoybell and Mr Weekes left; the warehouses were closed; the night watchman came on duty; and the three clerks uninterruptedly pursued their monotonous work. At eight o'clock they left off, and there was a hurried putting on of greatcoats and gloves.

'I suppose you know, Barnes,' said Mr Rawley, pausing as he looked his own desk, 'that they have not caught Mavors to-day?'

'I did not know it,' returned the young man;

'but I thought it very likely, as we had heard nothing of the matter. Yet I have heard only the vaguest rumours relative to the business.'

'That is about all you were likely to hear,' said Mr Rawley; 'and how the office has got hold of even so much, puzzles me. I don't wish any great harm to Mavors, but at the same time I wish they could get hold of the papers he took. At first, they were wanted to answer one purpose; now they are essential for another.'

'What purposes are they?' asked the second clerk, not unnaturally.

'The firm's,' returned Rawley drily; 'and therefore do not concern us.—Now, gentlemen, I will turn down the gas, and say good-evening.'

Barnes was glad to find himself outside the warehouse, for he had been burning with anxiety to get to Bloomsbury. His knock was too familiar for any of the household to mistake it, and he may be certain there was one person there who never failed to recognise it. She opened the door; and a single glance at her face was enough to tell Barnes that no fresh catastrophe had befallen, or was even suspected there.

'I knew you would come to-night, Mark,' said the girl, in their slow progress to the basement sitting-room. 'Although you told me you would be late at the office, I knew you would come.'

'I could not help running up, Ethel, to see if there was anything fresh about him—I felt so anxious.'

'No, dear Mark,' said the girl, a little more dejectedly; 'there is nothing fresh about poor uncle. Not a single person has called here.—Well, mamma, it *was* Mark; I told you so.' This was addressed of course to Mrs Hadleigh, who was standing at the table, and arranging a basin, spoon, sugar-bowl, &c. on a small tray. Barnes shook hands with the elder lady, and remarked that she was always busy—which indeed was pretty nearly correct.

'It's that poor Mr Willerton's milk,' explained the good lady.

'Milk! Does he drink hot milk for supper?' exclaimed Barnes. 'And why is he poor Mr Willerton?'

'Oh, poor man! he has come in so tired and worn-out,' said Mrs Hadleigh; 'he says he has had a most fatiguing and disappointing day. He was out before six this morning, and never got home till past eight—has but just come in, in fact. He never touches anything for his supper but a drop of milk; and I often find half of this small basinful left in the morning.'

Mrs Hadleigh had much to do, for the single servant was absent on some of the frequent errands which arose out of the needs of the numerous inmates, and at the time when the young man rose to depart, she was in some remote corner of the house.

'Good-bye, dear Mark,' said Ethel. 'The time will seem so long until we see you again. I wish you were coming to-morrow night.'

'I would come, if it were at all possible,' replied Barnes; 'but I cannot very well break my appointment. It is with Tom Hardy, my oldest friend.'

'Oh, do not think of breaking it for my sake!' exclaimed Ethel; 'I would not ask it. I only

thought at the moment how long I should be without seeing you, and you are the only one whose coming we do not dread. Your appointment is not near here, I suppose? If so, you might meet Mr Hardy?—

'No. I have to be at the Primrose Hill gate of Regent's Park at eight o'clock to-morrow night,' said Barnes; 'and he will be sure to come, as he'— A sudden start and change of colour in Ethel's face checked him, and looking round, he saw that Mr Willerton had entered the room. The latter gentleman, in his list slippers, had entered so noiselessly, that Barnes was startled to find him close to his elbow.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Hadeligh,' he said, and bowed to Barnes. 'I apologise for troubling you; but could you oblige me with a biscuit of any kind? I did not like to ring for so trifling a matter.'

The biscuit was speedily found, with an assurance that the request was no trouble at all, of which speech it seemed highly probable that Mr Willerton did not catch one single word, he stared so painfully, with so stupidly helpless a look, while it was being delivered. Immediately afterwards, Barnes left, the last remark of Mrs Hadeligh—who having descended, had been told of the above incident—being to the effect, that poor Mr Willerton was so afraid of giving trouble, and what a pity it was he was such an invalid.

The ensuing day at Hoybell, Weekes, and Groulley was not marked by any special incident: the junior partner was in a particularly bad temper; and Mr Hawley went so far, on coming from the private room, as to use a very strong adjective when he expressed a wish that the missing papers would turn up, so that a man might get a civil word now and then. Barnes left this evening with the other clerks; and after a hurried visit to his lodgings in Gwilt Street, he set out to keep his appointment with his old friend, who, being a member of some gymnastic club, had received from Mark a promise, now of long standing, to accompany him to a grand display; and Primrose Hill Gate was about midway between their respective homes.

It was dark enough and cold enough to cause Barnes to hope that his friend Tom would be punctual, for there was a cutting east wind; and although it was not exactly a wet night, there was borne every now and then, on the gusts of wind, small rain or sleet, which it was miserable to face. Mark was to his time; for first one, then another church clock tolled eight, a minute or two after his arrival at the tryst. Tom had not yet arrived; and one or two solitary passengers whom Barnes first heard tramping in the darkness, and then saw go spectrally past, only excited false hopes, for Tom was not one of them.

Once he thought he saw him standing under a tree hard by; and in spite of his staring fixedly in the direction, the impression remained that there was really a man standing in the deep shade. So strong did this feeling grow at last, that he went towards the spot, having to take a somewhat circuitous route, on account of some intervening railings. There was no one there, and he smiled at his own nervousness. Presently the chimneys went the quarter. The night seemed to grow colder and more unpleasant, which was a not

unnatural belief for one who had been some twenty minutes in waiting.

Where on earth could Tom be? Surely Mark could not have mistaken the gate! It was impossible, he knew. Nevertheless, he had the note making the appointment in his pocket, and he crossed to the nearest gaslight to make sure. As he did so, he thought he heard footsteps following his own. Surely Tom was never coming in that direction. He stopped to listen. The footsteps, if such there had been, stopped also; and at anyrate, all was silent. He went on; and he could again have sworn that a tread, sounding like an echo, was behind him. Again he paused, and again all was silent. Vexed with himself for indulging such fancies, he took out the letter. There was no mistake; Tom was in fault. He resolved to wait until the half-hour, and if Tom had not appeared by that time, he would go home.

So he returned to his former post, still persuading himself that he could hear footsteps; and had he been inclined to yield to his previous illusion, he could have fancied that the figure was once more under the tree. The half-hour came, but not Tom; and Barnes, feeling that he had done quite enough in the way of duty and friendship, hurried off to the *York and Albany*, a tavern at some little distance, whence ran a line of omnibuses to his own neighbourhood, and by which line indeed he had arrived. He was not sorry to have the chance of obtaining a glass of something warm, nor to ensconce himself in the warmest corner of the omnibus. The driver had taken his seat, the conductor had mounted behind, and after his final hail to all intending passengers, had uttered 'All right, Bill!' and the first jerk was felt, as a passenger came hurrying up. 'Hold hard, Bill!' cried the conductor. Bill held hard, and the passenger got in. As the whole length of the vehicle, which was nearly full, separated the new-comer from Mark, and as the latter took no interest in his arrival, he merely noticed that he was a big man, with a large rug wrapped round his shoulders, and that he had a bushy beard and whiskers.

After a pretty long ride, on the omnibus pulling up to allow a passenger to alight, Mark said, as is usual in such cases, 'Gwilt Street for me.' The conductor nodded; and in four or five minutes pulled up at the street indicated, and Mark got out. His residence was situated about half-way down the street; and the night being cold, Mark hurried on. As he stood at his door, just about to turn his key, he saw a man passing on the other side of the way; and although it was somewhat darker than usual just there, he was confident it was the passenger who wore the railway rug, and who had been the last arrival prior to the starting of the omnibus.

'And what if it is?' muttered Mark, as he entered. 'Why should I trouble myself about such trifling things? I suppose I am morbidly nervous through recent events.' He entered; and found a telegram waiting for him, delivered—as he heard from his landlady—five minutes after he had left. It was from his friend Tom, explaining that, being detained on business, he should not be able to keep the appointment. This was not altogether pleasant for Mark, after he had got thoroughly chilled and miserable during his long wait; but there was no help for it. It was too late

now to think of going to Bloomsbury, where, as he grumblingly reflected, he might have passed all the evening; so denouncing the telegraph system, his friend Tom, and every one else at all responsible for his disappointment, Mark very wisely went to bed.

### SOMETHING ABOUT EXAMINATIONS.

In these days, when something like a mania for public examination seems to exist, it is by no means an unprofitable or uninteresting task to inquire into the value of examinations as a test of knowledge. Many people are under the impression that if a person is successful at an examination—whether such be easy or difficult—that person is possessed of great talents. Now, no greater blunder could well be made than to suppose, that because a man may ‘scrape through’ an examination, he is necessarily endowed with extraordinary abilities, or even to imagine that he must possess, at any rate, the usual amount of intelligence; for in many cases, a student who is badly taught, and whose knowledge is in no way equal to the requirements of the examination, passes; while one who has been well trained, and who knows well the subjects on which he has to be examined, fails. Many examples of failure under such circumstances could be adduced; but one will suffice.

Not long since, the writer of this had occasion to examine some students, previous to their presenting themselves before a Board of Examiners in London. One of them, a most intelligent and painstaking young man, was exceedingly well read in the subjects of examination, and I had no fear of his passing with credit. But, such is the strangeness of fortune, he failed. On the contrary, the one of those students concerning whose chance of passing there was the greatest doubt, both on account of the slipshod manner in which he wrote down the answers to the questions put to him, and on account of his lack of intelligence, got through successfully.

In order to explain how such a thing could occur, it will be necessary to make a few observations on the causes of failure at an examination. There are four chief causes: 1. A loose method of acquiring knowledge. 2. A want of self-confidence. 3. The inability of candidates to express their thoughts properly in writing. 4. The involved and ambiguous phraseology frequently used by pedantic examiners.

Now with regard to the first cause. Many students, owing to pecuniary circumstances, are precluded from availing themselves of the educational advantages offered by the numerous colleges that now adapt their curricula to the special wants of students, or indeed from receiving tuition from a duly qualified teacher; and thus, having to study alone and without help, they grope blindly along, learning something here and there, much of which may be required for the special examination at which they intend to present themselves, but the greater part of which may be of no use whatever. In this way, nevertheless, they may pick up a great amount of knowledge; but this knowledge, although

useful of itself, may yet be gathered to the exclusion of those very subjects on which the examiners lay the greatest stress. Again, a man who, from the peculiar formation of his mind, often finds it impossible to make a superficial study of a subject, will expend much toil in laboriously committing to memory much that will be useless for examinational purpose; while, on the other hand, he neglects the study of things that are absolutely essential for such purpose. This loose manner of study is probably the most frequent cause of failure.

Another cause, though not so important as the one just mentioned, is a want of self-confidence. Most students, on first presenting themselves for examination, feel a sort of indefinable dread lest, in spite of the efforts they have conscientiously made to acquire a knowledge of the subjects of examination, they should fail to obtain the examiners' approval of their work; and this feeling acting on their nerves, which have already been overtaxed by severe study, produces a state of tension and anxiety which often results in their being unable to do justice to themselves at the critical moment. Now, I would not counsel a candidate to enter an examination-room with an overweening confidence in his own powers; but if a man works properly and with an anxious desire to obtain a knowledge of the subjects he is to be examined in, it is of the utmost importance that he should endeavour to throw aside those feelings of timidity which are so natural to youth, and that he should place a steady faith in his own mental strength. ‘Faith,’ says the poet, ‘shineth as a morning star;’ and he might have added that without this, the sky of our life would indeed be gloomy and lustreless.

The third great cause of failure is the inability of students accurately to express their thoughts, in writing. This fault on the part of students is mainly due to want of practice in what is technically called ‘paper-work,’ and arises from a bad system of teaching. For instance, a student, after having learned the lesson set him by his teacher, is questioned upon it orally; he answers the questions correctly and mechanically, and no more is required of him. Thus his memory alone is cultivated. But in examinations, the questions are put not only with a view of testing the memory, but of exercising in some degree the reasoning faculties; and when a student, taught in the manner above described, attempts to answer the questions given at an examination, he is unable, from want of practice in using his reasoning powers, to render his meaning clear, and so writes down a lot of unnecessary and very often absurd details. Hence his failure.

Now, with reference to cause four—namely, the involved and ambiguous phraseology frequently used by pedantic examiners. If a number of examination papers—no matter on what special subject—set at various examinations throughout the country, be carefully gone over, it will be seen that many of the questions—indeed I might have said the half of them—are couched in such equivocal language, that it is difficult even for teachers, accustomed as they are to the phraseology of examiners, clearly to understand their meaning. What, then, can be expected from young students? Of course it would be impossible and, even if

possible, undesirable that there should be one dead-level of uniformity in the language used by examiners; but it is necessary, as far as such a thing can be, that the questions at examinations should be set in the plainest English, and that they should not, from any ambiguity in the wording, be liable to misconstruction. I have hitherto confined my remarks exclusively to examinations in which written and not oral questions are put. In reference to oral examinations, it is only necessary to say that, like the system of bad teaching to which I have referred, they merely tend to strengthen the faculty of memory, and this to the detriment and injury of the higher intellectual faculties.

Having now briefly explained some of the causes of failure, I will say a few words on the manner in which examinations are conducted. In many examinations, the *real* requirements differ materially from the curriculum or form setting forth the subjects necessary to be learned for such examinations; for in many of them, in order to obtain a 'pass' it is necessary to get only fifty per cent. of marks; while in most of them seventy-five per cent.—which is generally considered high—is required for this purpose; which means that if a student answers one-half or, in the latter case, three-fourths of the questions correctly, he passes. Now, this is a most injurious system, tending, as it must do, to lead to a method of cramming, and is thus destructive of the very purpose of examination; for the purpose of examining is to find out whether a candidate possesses a certain amount of knowledge or not, and certainly this is not the way in which to ascertain a candidate's fitness in that respect. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* makes some very pertinent remarks on this subject. 'Examination papers,' he says, 'which are so meagre that the pupil finds no call on him for intelligence, or in which he can pass by doing a very small portion of the paper, have a most injurious effect. They give the pupil a low view of knowledge, and cripple the teacher, because the pupil is confident of passing with what he thinks he can learn in a week or two before the examination.' It is this system which induces students to waste their time in reading in such a manner as to forget all they have learned as soon as the ordeal of examination is past; and for this reason, examinations are said by some educationists to be detrimental to a proper mode of education.

I have thus endeavoured to explain how it is possible for a man to fail in an examination, and yet possess more real knowledge than another man who passes. But to strengthen the position I have taken up, I will quote an extract from an article in the *Lancet* of September 11th of last year. The article from which this quotation is taken is an address to students about to enter the medical profession: 'Knowledge, it is alleged, is the only condition of fitness, and examinations are the best and surest means of ascertaining whether the necessary knowledge has been acquired. If the student is equal to the examination test, it matters little how or where he gets his knowledge. It is, however, a fair subject of debate, whether this confidence in the efficacy of examinations is not misplaced, and whether a well-arranged curriculum, properly carried out, is not, after all, a

better guarantee of culture than any examination, however stringent.'

I do not go quite so far as the writer of this extract in believing that a well-arranged curriculum, without the stimulus of an examination, would be a better guarantee of culture; but I am fully persuaded that something can—and if examinations are to continue to maintain the position they already hold in the educational world—something *must* be done to make them fair tests of knowledge than they are at present.

#### EL DARWEESH—A TALE OF TUNIS.

TOWARDS the beginning of July 1876, a gentleman, elegantly but rather showily dressed, presented himself at the London offices of Messrs Stoneman and Loader, and requested to see one of the partners. Upon being shown into the private room, he stated, that knowing them to be the largest mine-owners in England, he had come to offer them the concession of a lead mine abroad. He then submitted a few samples of ore, and a document written in Arabic characters, which he said emanated from the Tunisian government, and granted him the exclusive right to extract and export ore from the mines situated near Tabarca on the western frontier of the Tunisian Regency. This document he supplemented by sketches and plans of the mine, estimates of working expenses, cost of carriage to the sea, &c. Messrs Stoneman and Loader having already several enterprises of the same kind on hand, were not at first very anxious to entertain this proposal; but their visitor insisted so much, that they consented at last to examine into the affair and give him an answer in a few days. Their first step was to have the samples analysed and the Arabic deed translated. The assay showed an unusual richness of metal. The deed was in due form, and really granted the concession stated.

The second interview seemed therefore likely to lead to business. But being practical men, they were astonished at the low price named by the seller, and still more by his eagerness to conclude, and his anxiety for complete secrecy. City men are naturally cautious, and when once their suspicions are awakened, it is not easy to allay them. The conduct of their unknown visitor making Messrs Stoneman and Loader suspect that something was being kept back, they felt that, before completing the purchase, it was necessary to get further information, but without exciting the suspicions of the seller. The points on which they felt the strongest doubt were, first the genuineness of the samples—their richness itself creating a fear—and next the vaunted facilities of extraction and transport. His assertions as to cheap labour and good roads, suggested the following question: If the mine really contained an inexhaustible supply of very rich lead ore—if the working expenses were so very limited—if it was, in short, such an exceptionally advantageous affair, how was it that it had not been worked before? How was it that it was now offered to them by a complete stranger at such a low price? There must evidently be some drawback; but failing to elicit from him any further information on the subject, they determined to keep the affair in suspense, to postpone from day to day any definite

answer, and in the meantime to despatch one of their trusted assistants to examine the mine and report upon it.

For this purpose they selected Walter Burnett, whose intimate knowledge of theoretical and practical metallurgy would enable him to appreciate correctly the intrinsic value of the mine, and who, as the only nephew of the junior partner, possessed the full confidence of the firm. But, as he was totally unacquainted with the country, its language, its customs; and as, moreover, he had never had a practical experience of mining-works, they decided upon sending along with him Edward Granville, who was now managing on their behalf a large copper mine near Bona. Having lived several years in Algeria, and acted there for them as overseer, foreman, and lately as general manager, the latter was eminently fitted to examine the undertaking from an engineer's point of view. This arrangement had also another important advantage. Burnett and Granville had been friends since childhood, educated at the same school; the intimacy that had sprung up there had never been broken, never been diminished; and although Burnett's parents were rich, whilst Granville's mother, an officer's widow, had a hard struggle to maintain the outward appearances of gentility, yet the friendship of the two young men had continued unbroken. When, therefore, Burnett entered the offices of Stoneinan and Loader, at his uncle's special request, Granville was also engaged, and for some time the intimacy of the two youths grew, if possible, even closer. It was also said that Walter was not the only member of the Burnett family who enjoyed Granville's visits, but that his sister, Miss Julia, appeared always more cheerful and lively when Edward was there. However, upon the death of old Mrs Granville a year or two afterwards, and the consequent expiration of the small pension she had received, Edward was glad to accept a post abroad that was kindly offered him by the firm.

Altogether, it was clear that the firm could not have chosen two men better adapted to the work required, or on whose cordial co-operation it could rely more securely. Elated at the idea of meeting again the friend he had not seen for three years, Walter eagerly accepted; and in a few hours he had received his complete instructions, and was ready to start. From London *via* Paris and Marseilles to Bona is only a five days' journey; and Burnett, knowing how precious time was, arrived in Bona and met his friend before any letter had reached him, or before the latter knew anything about the proposed journey.

Brimful of joy, and proud of the responsible mission with which he had been intrusted, Walter could not or would not see any drawback to his dream of happiness. On the contrary, Granville, after the first surprise was over, bethought him of the dangers of their expedition. Tabarca, though unknown in Europe, was considered in Algeria as one of the wildest and most dangerous spots on the North African coast. Ensnored amongst barren mountains, midway between the Desert and the sea, its inhabitants were said to be as barbarous and uncivilised as any tribe of Australian aborigines; whilst they were also reported to be ferocious, bloodthirsty, and blindly hostile to any stranger who might happen to set foot on their territory. These rumours, which he had often

heard, did not frighten Edward; but they impelled him to take such precautions as their time and opportunity afforded. At length, having supplied themselves with good breech-loading rifles and revolvers, they started, accompanied by a small escort of native workmen drafted from the copper mine. Their horses being used to the torrid heat, and their followers, on whom devolved the duties of camping out, being all accustomed to the work, they made good and rapid progress, notwithstanding the inherent difficulties of an African expedition in July. By the end of the second day they had reached the frontier, or rather the last village garrisoned by French troops. Here the same tale was told as to the ferocity and utter degradation of the Bedouin tribes into whose camping-grounds they were going to venture. Possessed, no one knows from where, of a few long-barrelled flint guns, these Tabarca Bedouins had dared several times to attack the French garrison; and although soldiers well armed and victualled, in a fortified village, could afford to despise such assailants, the idea of harrying them in their own den was strongly deprecated by all the officers present. But duty, like necessity, knows no law; and after a night's rest, our friends continued their onward march, riding for two days through an uninhabited country, sometimes wooded, but generally barren and sandy, and at last reached the so-called village of Tabarca.

Tired, dusty, and thoroughly exhausted, Burnett and Granville were heartily glad to have reached their goal, although the aspect of the village itself was as cheerless as could be. Unable to build even a mud dwelling, the natives of Tabarca had continued, perhaps for centuries, to live amongst the tottering and crumbling ruins of some Roman walls. Burrowing under the fallen brickwork, availing themselves of every nook or corner, they clung to these remains without attempting to repair them, or even to keep them from further decay. Here and there could be seen a vaulted roof; but as a rule, a few branches of trees thrown across the tops of the walls formed the only protection they had against the torrid heat of the sun or the torrential rain.

Avoiding the village, the little caravan erected its tents on a mound a short distance off, and began to prepare for the night. The usual routine was gone through; the horses were secured, the luggage heaped up in the centre between the fire and the small camel-hair tent which formed the headquarters. Whilst lounging among the attendants and superintending their work, Granville studied closely the behaviour of the natives. He certainly did not expect from them any hospitality; but he was too thoroughly acquainted with Arab manners not to detect at once some trifling symptoms confirming and intensifying his previous misgivings. Squatted on the earth around the camp, but at a safe distance from it, he could see a hundred or a hundred and fifty natives, all armed, all motionless, and for the most part silent. Except these, not a soul was to be seen, not a sound could be heard. No children at play, no women at work, no sign of life, nothing but those motionless watchers. Twilight in Africa is always short, and almost immediately after sunset, the camp was enveloped in gloom; but he could still see the white garments of the natives as they



continued to squat round the camp. Although this persistent watching might be prompted by pure curiosity, yet remembering the well-known fanaticism of these Bedouins, and the warnings of the French officers, and noticing also that the natives had studiously avoided any friendly contact with the Arabs of the escort, Granville could not help feeling a certain uneasiness, which he quickly communicated to his friend. To provide against the possible dangers of a night attack, it was agreed that besides the usual sentries, they should, in turns, keep watch during the whole night. They had scarcely finished their evening meal, and were enjoying their pipes, when a stir occurred in a remote part of the camp. Instinctively they seized their revolvers, and eagerly looked towards the spot whence the noise came; when out of the gloom into the ruddy light of the fire a strange apparition advanced towards them. It was an old man, quite bent with years, with unkempt beard, and head bare, with only the remains of a European sack girded round his loins, and a long thin white mantle round his shoulders. He was leaning on a rugged staff, and walking slowly towards them. The Arabs of the escort, bowing and prostrating themselves before this weird apparition, saluted it by the name of El Darweesh (that is, the mad-man).

It is known that Arabs have a superstitious dread of this class of sufferers, and consider them as beings in direct communication with the spirit world. Every darweesh, therefore, is in their eyes a prophet; to be touched by whom is a blessing, and to hurt whom is a most grievous sin.

No doubt could possibly exist as to the insanity of the intruder, for the eyes, as they came through the matted locks of his hair, were wild enough to dispel such doubt, if it had existed. Approaching, he seated himself in the best place, close to the fire, and in the centre of the circle, and without waiting for an invitation, helped himself to the remains of the travellers' meal, which he rapidly disposed of in an eager and hungry manner. Scarcely deigning even then to notice those around him, he curled himself on one of the woollen rugs lying on the ground; and singing softly some dirge-like meaningless words, was soon fast asleep.

Walter Burnett had gazed with the greatest astonishment upon this strange scene. He was at first tempted to restrain the trespasser, to resent this unwarranted familiarity; but Edward stopped him, and quickly explained the real state of the case. As he lay there asleep, his wan face, gray hair, and gaunt limbs, fitfully lighted up by the glow of the fire, the darweesh might have been taken as the prototype of Shakespeare's Caliban. Long years of exposure to all weathers, of solitary, aimless wanderings in the woods or upon the scorching plains, dirt, want, and madness, all had combined to give a peculiarly brutal expression to the face of the wretched creature. After gazing awhile upon this pitious object, remembering the work that had to be done on the morrow, our two friends placed the night sentries, and retired to rest.

No disturbance took place during the night. At daybreak, when the camp resumed its active appearance, the darweesh had disappeared, no one knew whither or when; but as all had plenty to do—tools to be unpacked and instruments to

be prepared—very little attention was paid to the fact. Right in front of them, and only at a short distance was the dark, rugged, barren mountain they had come from so far to examine. Guided by the numerous heaps of scoria which dotted its sides, and indicated where formerly ore had been found and rudely smelted, they had no difficulty in tracing the remains of the ancient, probably Roman—works. Armed with their rifles and revolvers, and taking with them only a few tools to detach, and a bag to carry some samples of the ore, together with a limited quantity of provisions, Walter and Edward proceeded alone up the mountain-side, leaving their followers to attend to the camp duties.

Numerous galleries and adits were still to be seen; and although now neglected and half-ruined, they plainly showed that ore must have once been found there in large quantities, and that more was probably still left. Following carefully one of the largest entrances near the top, the one which by the larger heap of debris at its entrance seemed to have been the most important, they could see plainly numerous traces of mineral on the sides and on the roof; but the former miners had worked so well, that the vein itself had been completely exhausted. It was therefore evident that to get trustworthy samples and to judge the real value of the ore, it would be necessary to reach the farthest extremity. Progressing slowly over the uneven and dark path, they had reached a certain distance, when they thought they heard a noise as of firing from the direction of their camp. Returning hastily to the entrance, they saw at a glance the most alarming sight. Taking advantage of the absence of the European leaders, the Bedouins had attacked the camp, massacred, or put to flight the escort, killed the horses, pulled down the tents, and were now pillaging the luggage. From where they stood, they could not distinguish every detail; but they saw too plainly the corpses of some of their followers, and the mad, disorderly crowd of Talarqueens tearing, burning, and destroying every article they did not know how to use. How this had occurred, it was impossible to say. Was it caused by an accidental affray, or was it the result of a pre-meditated plan?

Neither could tell. Whatever the causes, the effects were too too evident; and whilst the two friends were looking, awe-struck, at this dismal scene, the wild shouts of the Arabs, as soon as they perceived them, left no doubt as to their intentions. Rushing madly up the hillside, firing wildly their long carbines, their white cloaks fluttering like wings behind them, the Arabs were inciting each other by their harsh horrid shouts to make a savage onslaught upon the two Englishmen, whose position was now truly desperate. Separated by many miles of uninhabited deserts from every possible help, alone, their escort murdered or dispersed, without victuals or water, and with only a few pounds of ammunition in their waist-belts, they could scarcely hope to escape. But prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, they silently determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and crouching behind the heap of scoria, so as to afford as little mark as possible to an enemy, and at the same time to have good rest for their rifles, they carefully covered the two foremost leaders,

and waited. When their assailants had got within easy range, they fired, and the two fell together. This, however, instead of discouraging the Arabs, seemed only to infuse fresh energy into their assaults. Unacquainted with breech-loaders, they hoped to be able to close upon the youths before they had time to reload; but this hope was quickly destroyed. The first discharge was rapidly followed by a second, and a third, and a fourth, until at last, unable to understand the unwonted phenomenon, the Arabs took fright, and retreated rapidly and disorderly down the mountain-side.

Although the defenders had thus successfully repulsed this attack, their position was not sensibly improved, as their stock of ammunition was but small; and it was evident that the Arabs, even if they had definitively abandoned the idea of an assault, were still bent upon maintaining a strict siege, the end of which could not be either doubtful or distant. Cooped up in the ruins of an old gallery, without food and water, the two young fellows could not expect to hold out very long. They were at first petrified by the suddenness and the extent of their disaster. To be starved to death by a horde of savages, or to fall into their hands and be tortured with all the barbarity that Arab hostility and cruelty could devise, were not pleasant alternatives. It was not alone that they were afraid of death; but the thought of the hope deferred, the anguish, the despair that must necessarily be caused to their friends by their disappearance, almost overcame them.

Struggling, however, to repress the feelings that each could plainly read in the other's eyes, they silently shook hands, and crouching behind the natural breastwork of scoria, gazed long and stealthily at their enemies below. Now and then they could see a white burnous fluttering in the sun as its wearer crossed rapidly from one shelter to another; now and then an Arab would deliberately stand up and look defiantly at them, or even fire his long gun in the direction of the cave; but the stock of ammunition of the besieged was so low that they were forced to reserve it in case of another assault. The Arabs, on the contrary, seemed to have a superabundance of gunpowder, and were continually firing random shots whenever they thought they could obtain a glimpse of one of the Europeans.

This one-sided warfare lasted throughout the day. The position occupied by Edward and Walter being near the summit, could only be attacked from below; and their warm reception of the first assault had evidently deterred their opponents from renewing the experiment. Night came at last after the weary hours of watching; but it afforded no relief—they dared not move outside the gallery, since, through the clear transparent atmosphere, the piercing eyes of the besiegers noted their every movement; and because it was probable that under the cover of darkness the Arabs would try to approach unperceived. Besides, Granville well knew that Arabs, as a rule, are more daring and desperate in the gloom of night or just before break of day. Whilst, therefore, he tried to get a few hours' rest during the first half of the night, Walter kept watch. No attack was made that night; and when the sun appeared, its brilliant rays illuminating every stone and

tree on the mountain and in the valley below, the Arabs were seen still watching below. The provisions of our friends were now completely exhausted, and, what was even worse in that climate, they had not even a drop of water. The only liquid they possessed was a small quantity of whisky in Walter's flask, and this was carefully preserved as a last resource.

Again and again, during the heat of the day, the Arabs attempted to surprise the unfortunate prisoners; but although weakened by their already long fast, tortured by thirst, and almost hopeless, one of the two was always on the look-out, and a few well-directed shots sufficed to repel the assailants. By the evening, all their ammunition was expended; and now considering themselves lost, they seriously discussed once or twice the feasibility of a surrender. But Granville knew too well the ferocity, the duplicity of the Bedouin tribes. Surrendering or not, prisoners are slaves, to be tortured, to be worked as beasts of burden, or to be killed in the cruellest possible manner. Determining, therefore, to defend themselves till the last, to die rather than to submit, they again commenced the night-watch, speechless and desperate. Walter undertook the first watch; Edward the second, as being the more likely to witness an attack, in which case his experienced eyes would be able to detect sooner the approach of the foe.

Nothing occurred during the first watch. It seemed as if the Arabs had abandoned the idea of carrying the position by assault, and had decided upon allowing their two allies, hunger and thirst, to reduce the besieged, and bring them helpless into their power. The Bedouins watched as strictly as ever; no movements of the prisoners seemed to escape their eyes. When the first half of the night had elapsed, and the moon rose and added its brilliancy to the starlight, Granville was awakened by his companion, and relieved him from his post. Crouching behind the scoria heap, he sat down to his watch. His brain was weakened by fasting and anxiety, and he fell into a half-dreamy state, in which present events lost some of their hard material aspects, and blended themselves with the fancies of the past. In thought, he was again far, far away on a calm beach at a seaside town, where on a quiet moonlit night, he and a young maiden had exchanged those promises which can never be forgotten. He could repeat word for word those sentences which had changed his whole life, given a new aim, a new energy, to his latent ambition; he could see again the quiet gentle face whose smile had cheered him so often to fresh endeavour. And now, when his last hour seemed to be approaching, when no human help could save him, this tender vision was there to soothe him still.

He was yet absorbed in these meditations, when the morning broke, and the first beams of the sun struck directly in his face, illuminating every projecting rock, and filling all the valley with light. Engrossed for a little by this magnificent spectacle, which he possibly might never see again, he was startled by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder; and turning suddenly round, he found himself face to face with the Darweesh! The youth was inexpressibly surprised; but before he could speak, the darweesh

seated himself by his side, and said: 'Ah! ti sharib' (Give me to drink). At that moment, a new idea flashed through Granville's mind. It was a dangerous, desperate one; but their situation was so utterly hopeless, that it was worth trying. Going over to where Walter was still sleeping, he awoke him, and hastily intimated the unexpected arrival of the darweesh; then pointing out the contents of the travelling flask, which was the only liquor he had to give, he returned to the darweesh, bowed respectfully, and presented to him the cup. The madman drank at a gulp the small quantity of spirits which it contained; and being startled and frightened by the unknown sensation, he sprang up, and wielding his staff, was about to attack Edward, when Walter, who was standing behind the darweesh, caught hold of him, and forced him to the ground. Changing from passionate anger to friendly sentiments, as the fumes of the alcohol began to act on his brain, the darweesh presently began to pour forth a torrent of mutual blessings on the white man's head, and whiningly to implore them to give him some more to drink. Granville thereupon assured him in Arabic, that they had no more drink there; but that if the darweesh would escort them to some distance beyond their camp, they would give him as much more as he liked.

'Fissá, fissá, imshi' (Quick, quick, let us go), was the only answer, and in it lay their only hope of life. Sustained by the two friends, his arms round their necks, their hands on his girdle, his mantle floating behind, they immediately started off at a round pace. Knowing the respect felt by all Belougas for a darweesh, and knowing that as long as they thus held to him, they were sure of his protection, but that if they once got separated, a few instants would see the end of their lives, the two held on to the madman with all the energy of despair. Clinging thus to him who was at once their protector and their prisoner, they sped down the mountain-side, and right through the Arab encampment. Loud and deep were the maledictions which greeted them; even Burnett, who did not understand the words, could not mistake the savage expression of the scowling faces by which they were surrounded, and the threatening gestures by which they were accompanied. But on they passed, without a pause or a look behind, over the remains of their pillaged camp, right on towards Algeria and life and liberty. Shielded by the supposed supernatural power of the darweesh, they had thus passed scathless through the crowd of their enemies.

On they went for hours without a halt, as long as their weakened limbs could carry them, spurred on by the memory of the past anguish and by the hope that now again smiled upon them. Refreshed by a short rest under a copse of cacti, and reinvigorated by a few prickly-pears which the darweesh gathered, they resumed again their march; and after two days of almost continuous walking, footsore and exhausted, they reached the French outposts.

The rest need not be told. Granville and Burnett returned almost immediately to London, and neither of them has been since in Africa. Messrs Stoneman and Loader did not leave the Tabarca mine, which remains to this day in the same state. A good vacancy having occurred in the London staff, Edward Granville was offered the

post, and accepted it. Needless also to say that this Tabarca adventure knits still closer the bonds of friendship between him and Walter; and there are now some whispers about a new and closer tie between the two friends, in which Walter's sister plays a prominent part.

But how did it happen that the darweesh appeared just in time to save them? It is not possible to say, and it is useless to try and fathom the random vagaries and wanderings of a madman; but it is probable that, whilst wandering, as was his wont, in search of berries, of prickly-pears, or of other wild-fruits, feeling thirsty, and remembering their former hospitality, he had appealed to them, as he would have done to any other human being, and become thus unconsciously the means of saving them.

Although years have elapsed, although they are now removed from the scene of danger, although they have never seen, and probably will never see again their benefactor, Granville and Burnett often propose a toast to each other, and drink together the health of El Darweesh.

## A TIGER LOOSE IN RANGOON.

BURMAH is not looked upon as a great place for sport; and many residents there who have gone after tigers over and over again have never met with one. The jungles of Burmah are so dense that, except in a few favoured localities, four-footed game is not often seen. Old residents of Rangoon on the Irrawadi River, therefore, were somewhat startled to hear that a wild tiger had been shot in Stevenson Street, Rangoon, about six o'clock on the morning of the 11th December 1890. Stevenson Street is one of some forty or fifty streets running at right angles from the Strand Road, Rangoon, on the banks of the Irrawadi River. It is inhabited by Burmese principally; and the fact that a tiger should have ventured into the heart of a town of some one hundred and twenty thousand souls, surprised the oldest inhabitant. One had been shot in the outskirts in 1852, just before the breaking out of the last Burmese War; and tradition said that another had been killed in Rangoon immediately before the first Burmese War of 1824. The superstitious portion of the townspeople said that the killing of a tiger in 1890 foreboded some further calamity; and if not war, pestilence or famine was certainly a probable result. The tiger, which measured eight and a half feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, had evidently swum across the Irrawadi River. He was seen about half-past five in the morning by a Burmese woman on the Strand Road, and she at once raised the alarm, and '*Kya, Kya!*' (Tiger, tiger!) resounded from all sides. In a few minutes the whole quarter was thoroughly awake; and men, women, and children in all stages of undress thronged the streets, abusing the tiger and his relations in the vernacular. The tiger—differing considerably from the Bengal variety—seemed astounded at the number of people he had aroused from their slumbers, and leisurely walked under a low-built Burmese house in Stevenson Street,

built, as most wooden houses in Rangoon are, on piles raised about four feet from the ground. Here he crouched down, seemingly undetermined what to do.

In the meanwhile, a European police inspector and another European gentleman who had received information of the tiger's appearance on his beat, appeared on the scene with rifles. As the house under which the tiger had ensconced himself was surrounded by yelling Burmese, the elders of the quarter begged the Europeans not to fire from the street, in case they should shoot some of the bystanders. So, entering the house, these two gentlemen were able to see the animal through the wide crevices of the bamboo flooring, and leisurely shot him through the head at about four feet distance. The Burmese set up shouts of delight at seeing the tiger fall such an easy prey, and crowds of them pressed into and under the house to obtain a nearer view. As the flooring gave unmistakable signs of collapse from the unwonted weight it had to bear, the Inspector motioned the people away; and on their not attending to his signs, he forced them back, using his rifle (still loaded) lengthways. Unfortunately, it went off, and shot a poor Burman in the shoulder. He was conveyed to the hospital, and every attention paid to him; but the poor man died the same afternoon. His deposition was taken by a magistrate; and he expressed himself as perfectly satisfied that his death was the result of an unfortunate accident, and begged that no proceedings might be taken against the Inspector, who was much grieved at the result of his indiscretion, and did what he could to console the widow and family of the unfortunate man he had shot, by a payment in money.

Those who had prophesied that evil would result from the shooting of the tiger, were not long before they had a fulfilment to a certain extent of their prophesies. On Tuesday the 14th December, about 2 A.M., an alchemist was trying what he could do towards making gold, and mixed with his chemicals a portion of the blood of the tiger killed on the previous Saturday. Finding his fire not burn so brightly as he considered necessary, he added some kerosine oil to the flames, with the result that his wooden house speedily took fire. Although no wind was blowing at the time, there was such delay in bringing any engine or appliances to the spot, that the fire was not got under till nearly 6 A.M., when about sixty houses, and property valued at sixty thousand pounds, chiefly belonging to Burmese, Surattee, and Mogul merchants, had been consumed! The property burned was not insured; but as much of it consisted of goods sold on credit by European merchants to native traders, the latter will not be the only losers by the fire. Steps are being taken, somewhat late in the day, to import steam fire-engines to Rangoon; and as a large water-scheme is also under consideration, it is hoped that before the next fire occurs, the municipality will be better prepared to cope with it.

Had it not been for the assistance of a party of marines and sailors from an English man-of-war, which happened to be lying in the Rangoon River at the time, and for the fact that the night was one without any wind, the fire of the 14th December might have laid half Rangoon in ruins, and fulfilled the Burmese prophecy in a terribly complete way.

#### FOOD AND DRINK.

A series of 'Health Lectures for the People,' which were delivered during last winter in Edinburgh, must have been the means of conveying much sound and practical information on subjects closely related to the physical well-being of communities and individuals. From one of these lectures—that on 'Food and Drink,' delivered by Dr J. A. Russell—we give a condensed statement of the chief practical points. As regards flesh-meat, Dr Russell is of opinion that it is not only expensive, but that perfect health may be maintained, and hard work can be done without it. Taken, however, once a day, it forms an agreeable variety, and cannot be said to do harm. Oatmeal, wheat-flour, peameal, maize or Indian corn, and many others, supply the place of meat; and with these, and rice, butter, potatoes, fresh vegetables and fruits, &c., he thinks people may be well nourished at small cost. If economy is absolutely necessary along with hard work, nothing, he says, equals cooked oatmeal with milk. The material of the principal dish at dinner should be changed often, or cooked in a different way, as monotony in diet is to be avoided, especially for young people. Breakfast and dinner should be the chief diets; tea-dinners are not commended. 'Eat slowly, and chew well, if you wish to live long and escape indigestion and low spirits.' Diet should also be regular as to time and quantity. All food, both flesh and vegetable, should be well cooked, not eaten in a partially raw condition.

For heavy work, the best drink is a quarter of a pound of oatmeal well boiled in two or three quarts of water, with an ounce or an ounce and a half of sugar added. Beer or alcoholic drinks should be altogether avoided by young persons, and should only be taken in a diluted form, with food, after the day's work is done. Liebig's Essence of Beef is recommended as the best stimulant of a ready kind for fatigue; strong tea or coffee coming next to it. As to young people, it is mentioned that factory children between thirteen and sixteen years of age were found to grow four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper, as on tea and coffee. When food is given too hot to children, it damages their teeth. For the opposite extreme, old age, the food should be very digestible, and small in quantity. Very old people are always spare in their diet.

#### SONNET TO FORGETFULNESS.

Come! sweet Oblivion—gentle, loving, mild—  
That spread'st a curtain o'er the dreary past;  
That bring'st a lull after the storm's rude blast.  
Dear little, tender, sympathising child,  
That movest hand in hand with Father Time,  
And mak'st his stern and wrinkled brow relent,  
While softness with severity is blent;  
Thou comest from a mild and genial clime—  
The land of dreams, all vague and shadowy;  
The cruel past no more can reach or harm,  
If thou art near. Thou hast a magic charm  
To blunt the keenest shafts of Memory.  
Oh! come to this poor, laden, tortured breast;  
Dispel my fears, and lull my soul to rest.

CATHARINE DAVIDSON.

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## JINGOISM.

THAT accomplished specimen of town Swellödom, Miss Carolina Wilemina Amelia Skeggs—'I love to give the whole name'—expressed her sentiments rather vigorously, on the occasion of a dance at the dwelling of the Vicar of Wakefield, when she made an asseveration 'By the living Jingo.' The Vicar was a little startled by the coarseness of the expression from so fine a lady, but in his quiet placid way let it pass. Since the time when Goldsmith wrote his charming fiction, now more than a century ago, protestations that involve a reference to Jingo have been used principally by those who desire to fight, and are never done urging the nation into enormous quarrels and battles, with a view to conquest, the acquisition of new territory, or the infliction of retributive vengeance. For example, in a boisterous war-song denunciatory of Russia and the late Emperor Alexander, the following bravado occurs in the chorus:

We don't want to fight; but by jingo, if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and got  
the money too.

The right or the wrong of the thing does not seem to concern these ferocious fire-eaters. The ruinous cost, as it may happen to be, is treated as a matter of indifference. There is plenty of money belonging to other people, which they are ready to throw away. The grand object with them is to boast and brag, to keep up the combative principle at all hazards, and never to be satisfied or happy, unless when in a condition of war with some one or other. Such is Jingoism in its well-known popular aspect.

We do not for a moment deny that wars are sometimes absolutely and painfully necessary, as when required in the last resort to protect national interests, to roll back unjust aggression, and to achieve independence. The war, for instance, which the American colonists were forced to declare against England, in order to protect themselves from a cruel course of tyranny—and which

tyranny now almost looks like a piece of insanity on the part of the ministry of George III.—was perhaps the most just, as it proved to be the most successful, ever entered upon by a rational community. But it is notorious that for one just war like this, or on similar grounds, there are a dozen wholly unjustifiable, whatever be the consequences by which they are attended. In some cases, wars of conquest, to relieve the helpless from oppression, and to extend the blessings of civilisation, may be held to be excusable, if not in a high degree commendable. In this category we find the British conquest of India, which after the lapse of a century, may be spoken of as a surprising example of the manner in which the rule of law and justice, of Christian philanthropy, and of solid prosperity, has been planted over a vast region, formerly delivered up to a group of detestable oppressions and superstitions. With the same indulgence we can speak of that remarkable war in which Garibaldi was intimately concerned, and by which Italy was freed from a host of petty tyrants, and put on the independent footing it now occupies as a European power.

Jingoism to a large degree depends on the structure of society. In the United States, it is little heard of; for there, there is no caste with warlike or idle proclivities. Men of intelligence and good education exchange a civil for a military life, and *vice versa*, according to the pressure of national circumstances. Those who figured as commanding officers in the war against the South, will now be found keeping a school, or engaged in some mercantile pursuit; and no one thinks there is anything derogatory in the change of their occupation, in which respect we are reminded of a number of the classic models of antiquity. The structure of society in Great Britain is wholly different. For ages, it has been customary for certain families with aristocratic aspirations to bring up one or two of their sons to go into the army as officers, and who would feel themselves degraded by having to earn their living by any species of commercial enterprise. To get a son into the Guards is the height of their ambition, no matter



that he has not the brains to acquit himself properly, and may have to retire, in by no means a creditable manner. The man who can say, or write after his name, 'late of the — Guards,' occupies a position quite as enviable as the person who has been a member of Parliament, and is unseated after three months, for bribery, but who all the rest of his life can pridefully say: 'When I was in the House!' Small puffs of this kind go for much in our social economy.

On whatever grounds, the getting of sons as officers into the army becomes a sort of superstition, calculated to enlarge the sphere of Jingoism. It is hard to say so, but, to all appearance, the army is in some degree an institute for the cultivation of illeness, and contempt of honest industry. We are fortified in the remark from what has been lately said by Sir Garnet Wolseley, on the subject of military service, in the *Nineteenth Century*. 'Hitherto,' he says, 'our army has been a pleasant home for idle men; generation after generation of officers have been attracted to it by the ease and pleasure it secured to the English gentleman—enjoyment that was only heightened by the opposite extremes of privation and hard work which an occasional campaign afforded.'

Ever since the close of the superhuman struggle with Bonaparte, in 1815, warlike experiences in Great Britain have been kept alive very much by fits and starts, on a comparatively limited scale, though in a sufficient degree to encourage the spirit of Jingoism, and in the aggregate to cost a very large sum of money, which for the most part has been as good as pitched into the sea. It is not worth while to rake up every small war; only two or three are left in remembrance. The chief of them was the war in the Crimea, now acknowledged on all hands to have been a stupendous blunder. It never could have originated except for the Jingoese, who succeeded in raising frightful alarm throughout the nation, by an apprehension of the aggressive designs of Russia. On this as on many similar occasions, the newspapers, generally from party motives, fanned the flame of hostility. Some few tried to calm the disorder, but without avail; the Jingoese had the ball at their foot, and so the game went on to the bitter end. For the amount of slaughter, of suffering, and the derangement of finance, we must refer to the history of the period. When the war came to an end, it was relinquished with a universal sigh of relief, for it had been nothing short of a foolish effort on the part of certain great nations to destroy each other. The cost of this senseless war to Great Britain has been calculated at no less a sum than seventy millions.

It is one of the peculiarities of the wars into which we are hurried by the Jingoese, that their actual cost is never fully ascertained, or at least brought to light; because the payments are made piecemeal, so much from the estimates annually, and so much by borrowing, and making additions to the National Debt. Were the sum-total to be made payable in ready-money, the enormity of the affair would be disclosed with all its aggra-

vations to the unhappy taxpayers. Jingoese, of course, take the money part of the business easily. With caustic indifference, they survey the mass of the community as material out of which taxes can be squeezed. What Jingo ever cared for the soul or the till of a shopkeeper, or for deranging the miscellaneous sources of industrial enterprise? As many of the more conspicuous Jingoese are, from family connection, in the position of never having earned a shilling in their lives, nor experienced the pressure of adversity, an addition of twopence a pound to the income tax is treated as a matter of very trifling concern. Taxes in the gross are beneath their notice. Let England fight everybody, one down, another up, all round without intermission, in order to maintain her *prestige*. Let there be no end to the purchase of ironclads, to the manufacture of cannon, bombs, torpedoes, and Martini-Henry rifles, for therein is the basis of national glory and supremacy. So speak those learned in the profound philosophy of Jingo.

We altogether dispute the soundness of this philosophy. The *prestige* of the British name does not rest on guns or fighting, but on a reputation for honourable dealing, for sentiments of mercy and justice, for the liberty and civilisation it has achieved in the world's history. We can scarcely conceive anything more scandalous and contemptible than the practice of urging the nation to rush into wars of conquest with people, whether black or white, with whom we have no proper concern, and whose country, if secured, would only prove an embarrassment and fresh source of expense. In this view we hold that the encroachments on Afghanistan, and the Transvaal, also the land of the Zulus, and of some other wretched tribes in South Africa, have from first to last been a gross error, wholly imputable to Jingoism. How much money these petty wars of real or attempted conquest have cost, we have scarcely the means of knowing—fifty millions at least, to speak moderately.

As regards South Africa, it would be interesting to know how far northward in the dark continent the Jingoese designed to carry English conquest. Did they mean to master the Bechuans, who run about in natural costume, and whose language resembles the chattering of monkeys? Was it their intention to send our troops, horse, foot, and artillery, across the deserts of Makololo and Londa—where, by the way, there is excellent shooting—and finish off by making a swoop at Abyssinia? An enterprise of this kind—not openly spoken of at first, but coming out bit by bit—would be very grand; it would give work for the next twenty years to no end of gentlemen's sons as officers; and if the cost did reach a hundred millions in the shape of taxes, or by additions to the National Debt, what could the dumb multitude say on the subject? After some grumbling, they would acquiesce, and then no more about it.

In this dumb acquiescence there is not a little to pity but also to complain of. The Jingoese have all along been allowed too much of their own way. They have again and again impelled the country into wars of the most idiotic character; the consequence being that hardly any alleviation of taxes is practicable, however much it may be humanely desired by the Chancellor of

the Exchequer. A conspicuous result is the miserable piling and scripping on salaries, emoluments, and other matters of domestic policy. We could mention a city where a National Museum of Science and Art has, contrary to promise, been left in a shamefully incomplete state, for the last twelve years, on the simple grounds of an excessive pressure on the annual estimates. To speak plainly, the ordinary government of the country, with its widespread magisterial and judicial systems, might almost be said to be half-starved, in order to provide ways and means for expenditure on wars, which are in the main a national disgrace, and would never have been heard of, had the people openly and honestly expressed their opinions regarding them.

There is something more to mourn over; it is the small progress made in reducing the National Debt. At the close of the French War in 1815, the Debt was somewhat over eight hundred millions; and now, after a lapse of more than sixty-five years, owing to the heavy intermediate war estimates, it stands at about seven hundred and seventy millions. We are aware that, owing to the increased wealth and population of the country, the incidence of the burden is now less felt individually. But why should it be felt at all? A Debt which had its beginnings in the seventeenth century, ought long since to have been extinguished. There ought to have been a pride in getting rid of it. On the contrary, it is acquiesced in, as if it were doomed by Fate that it should hang round the neck of the country for ever, entailing an annual charge for interest amounting to twenty-eight millions. More enlightened views are entertained on the subject of permanent debt, by our kindred across the Atlantic. The United States, as we observe, has lately initiated a plan of reducing the debt due by the nation by the sum of twenty millions per annum, so that its final extinction is a matter of calculation. England cannot attempt any wholesome measure of this kind, unless by a very considerable change of policy. Let the great interests of the Empire, within its widely extended bounds, be by all means protected, as is justified by honour; but for any sake let us put a distinct stop to those petty wars of conquest in remote regions of the globe, waged for no rational purpose, which while costing us many valuable lives, help to keep alive the National Debt, and to form a serious drain on our resources. This can only be done by each in his sphere offering every discouragement to Jingoism.

W. C.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XIX.—DOWN THE RIVER.

To stand on the deck of a fast-going river steamer, speeding down the Thames on a cold and blustering November afternoon, may seem but poor pastime to those who are used to better things; but to Bertram Oakley, as, with the sealed packet carefully stowed away in an inner pocket of his coat, he voyaged towards Blackwall on behalf of Messrs Groby, Sleshter, and Studge, the expedition was pleasant enough. The very freshness of the air as the steamer raced along, sending up a slender fathery jet of water in front of her sharp bows, and churning up waves of froth with her swift-spinning paddle-wheels, was agreeable to

one who had stagnated so long in the dull confinement of crowded London. Then, there was so much to see. There were the bridges, and notably that historical one which is the last of all between London and the sea. There was no mistaking that cupola, topped by the gilded cross, soaring above fog-wreath and ragged clouds of vapour. Those gray stern turrets must belong to the famous old Tower. That forest of masts, which to a foreign visitor seems endless, could be no other than the shipping in the Pool. And all these wharfs and giant warehouses, where monstrous cranes swayed and creaked as they grappled with massy burdens—those piles of heaped-up merchandise from every clime, that flotilla of barges and small craft, busy as ants in harvest-time; it seemed to Bertram as though he could never weary of the spectacle, trite though it be.

The long panorama that unrolled itself before Bertram's eyes, as the swift steamer rounded reach after reach, had an especial charm for him, ugly and mean as some of the details that helped to make up the imposing picture might individually be. It all seemed so real, so true, and solid, compared with the pretentious bustle, the whisperings, the mysterious colloquies, that he had left behind him on the palatial premises of his well-advertised employers at Westminster. Sometimes a ghastly suspicion would creep into Bertram's mind, in moments of despondency, that the firm of which he was so humble a satellite was not so mighty a firm as it appeared to be; that there was something fictitious in all this blatant prosperity, something hollow in all this plethora of business.

But what Bertram now saw was genuine enough, to be in harmony with the sterling honesty of his own frank mind. There was no mistake about this heaped-up wealth that lay, mountains on the choked-up wharfs, brought from all parts of the world at a wave of the wand of the magician Commerce, and which was rapidly being carted away in massive wagons and tall vans, or swung aloft to storehouses, whose great jaws gaped wide to swallow the interminable supply of sales and chests and barrels of every weight and size. There was no mistake, too, about the vast merchant navy that clogged the river and encumbered the docks, a foreign flag now and then conspicuous, to vary the British bunting that fluttered aloft. On, and still on, the steamer sped; and presently Bertram set foot on the landing-pier at Blackwall.

The clang of the great steam-hammers, as if the Cyclops themselves were at work at their mythic task of forging Olympian thunderbolts, had been audible before Blackwall—over which waterside suburb there seemed to hang, appropriately, a yet more sable smoke-cloud than over Portsmouth itself—was reached. Bertram could not help shivering a little in the cold breeze as he crossed the slippery planks of the landing-stage, and surveyed the scenery of which an occasional glimpse could be caught. The Isle of Dogs is perhaps as dismal a place as any ale, cyot, or island in Her Majesty's dominions; and its damp and dreary flat can scarcely have altered, for the better or for the worse, since Henry VIII., of bulky memory, established his kennel of hounds there, for the sake of sport in the royal park of Greenwich laid by.

But Bertram had little time to contemplate the stretch of marshy grass-land, embanked with rough masonry, and studded with mouldering posts, whereon old pirates may have hung in clanking chains, so necessary was it that he should deliver the packet with which he had been intrusted before office hours were over.

Mervyn & Co. seemed to be well known in those parts, and it was easy for Bertram to obtain, from those to whom he addressed an inquiry, some indications of the road he should take. But he found Blackwall, as others have found it, a remarkably amphibious place, where land and water were oddly jumbled up together, and in fact mixed, so that the water seemed muddier, and the ground softer, than any of which he had had previous experience. At one moment he would find himself turned from what seemed the direct route by the presence of a natural creek; and at another he was compelled to avoid a pool or bay, wholly artificial, wherein shipwrights plied their clanging trade, where ships were broken or ships were built, repaired, lengthened, scraped, coppered, and cured of all the ills to which sea-going teak and oak, sea-going iron and steel, are liable. Then there were lanes to traverse, with high brick walls on each side, uninviting enough to have dispensed with the sharp-edged fragments of broken bottle-glass that crested the rampart, and with towering brick chimneys overtopping all, and puffing out Acherontic volumes of night-black smoke and showers of ruddy sparks.

At length the yard of Mervyn & Co. was reached. It was a busy yard, or, more correctly, group of yards, water and land being commingled in the way indigenous to Blackwall, and tall ships floating in close contiguity to ranges of workshops, where sooty giants, like prosaic Titans, might be seen by the glow and glare of the leaping smithy fire, wielding their weighty sledges with a force that sent glowing chips and flakes of heated iron into the air at every blow. There was a mightier hammer at work, too, than ever arm of mortal mould has poised and swung, and which obeys to a hair's-breadth the compelling touch of no master less potent than Mankind's half-tamed slave, Steam. Besides these smithies, and others wherein hot metal was shaved and planed and rolled and smoothed and combed into rods, and tortined into wires, there were others again, where wood was dealt with in every way in which timber can be treated; and spots where fires were burning, and caldrons hissed, as for witches' revel, and the maritime scents of tar and pitch came with pungent force to assail the senses of the visitor.

'Stop, stop, young man. Your business, please.' It was the gruff, wooden-legged gate porter of Mervyn's Yard who spoke, as he shuffled forward from his cosy little lodge to arrest Bertram's progress. 'Nobody comes in here except on business,' explained the Cerberus on guard, a tough, scowling old mariner, who seemed as though his purple visage had been salted to its actual colour by the combined effects of sea-breeze and navy-grog; and who looked like, what he very probably was, an out-pensioner of that Greenwich Hospital the domes and colonnades of which, across the broad river, were dimly visible.

'To see you coming in, as if you was on your own quarter-deck,' explained the veteran, somewhat mollified by Bertram's bright smile, 'made

me give you a quickish hail, shipmet! I've had to respect discipline all my life, man and boy, and I expect others to do it too.—Letter to be given into the Commodore's own hand—Mr Mervyn, you said? Pass on!'

'This is Mr Mervyn's counting-house. You can wait? Groby, Sleather, and Studge, eh? I'll let our Mr Mervyn know. He's in another part of the yard just now, occupied—for we've a launch for to-morrow.' It was with these words that a clerk, to whom he had been taken, under convoy of another clerk, inducted Bertram into the private office of the head of the firm, and then went out and shut the glass door. Gas, by this time, was alight everywhere; and by its radiance, Bertram could see across a portion of the yard, and into more than one counting-house, where numbers of heads were bowed down over desks, and numbers of pens were flying over paper, or balanced in air while those who used them were adding up tall columns of figures. Brisk boys went promptly to and fro with slips of written paper in their hands, and a general air of cheerful activity pervaded the place. It seemed to be a glass hive, Mervyn's, in which the human bees made their honey in the midst of light and air.

What had struck the young man from the first, was the tone of almost affectionate respect in which the principal was mentioned. The surly old salt who officiated as gate-keeper had bestowed on his master, quite gravely, the familiar title of 'Commodore'; while the clerk had spoken with the habitual respect that goes hand in hand with liking, of 'Our Mr Mervyn.' Groby, Sleather, and Studge, as Bertram remembered, were rarely mentioned behind their backs without a groan or a snarl by those who did their bidding.

Bertram had to wait some time. He looked curiously around him. He was in a long low room, or rather series of small rooms, all opening into one another, but capable of being closed by sliding panels, like those which we occasionally see in the cabin of a yacht, and on one side completely glazed, so as to command a view of the other offices and the bustling yard. If the master's eye, as the Roman proverb asserted, makes the horse fat, there was every chance that such supervision, in the case of Mervyn & Co., would produce the desired result. There was something nautical, and that smacked of the sea and of marine fashions, in the very manner in which the counting-house, now empty, so far as human occupancy went, was fitted up. Desks there were, and safes; but there were also varnished lockers, and trim shelves and brackets, and swinging lumps, as in a captain's cabin. The well-stored bookcases, a long range of which occupied the central portion of the wall opposite to the long tier of windows, attracted Bertram's notice. The young man's eyes glistened as he read, through the glass doors, the titles of works the very names of which piqued his curiosity, along with those of others which by report he knew, and had long wished, but scarcely hoped, to have the time and opportunity to read. Surveying thus the lettered backs of the treasures which the bookcases contained, he passed slowly on.

Beyond the space allotted to the books, a new surprise awaited him. There were, carefully ranged on shelves, guarded by glass also, and

covered with scarlet cloth, a collection of models, admirably executed, of vessels of every age and clime from the dawn of historical shipbuilding until our own day. There were the canoes of savage races, the straw-sailed proas of the Malays, the clumsy junks of China and Japan. There, too, were ancient galleys, Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, miniatures of the trimmes and quinqueremes that once disputed the mastery of that Mediterranean which was then the key of the civilised world. The poor barks and galliots, the unseaworthy frigates, in which crusaders and pilgrims voyaged, contrasted with the planks and caravels with which Columbus added a new empire to the old. The stately ships of Spain, high-pooped, with carved galleries blazing with gold-leaf, cannon bristling everywhere, flags flying everywhere, ships with real forecables and sterncastles full of arquebusers, in all the pomp and pride of costly war, were placed beside the effigies of the handier and smaller vessels that outmatched the Invincible Armada. There were other ships too, for peace as well as for war, of a later type; but as Bertram was examining them, too intently to overhear a step behind him, he felt a hand gently laid upon his shoulder, and turned in some confusion to meet the kind, keen eyes of a grey-haired gentleman of middle height. 'My name is Mervyn,' said the chief of the firm. 'You have a letter for me, I am told, from Messrs Groby. And I am glad to see that you like, and can appreciate, my models.'

#### CATHERINE AND CRAWFURD TAIT.

NATURE does a great deal for us; but to early training and circumstance, we owe much of our after-success in life. In these, Catherine and Crawford Tait, the wife and son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, were singularly happy. As made known to us through the biographical work, *Catherine and Crawford Tait* (Macmillan & Co.), edited by the Rev. W. Benham, B.D., both mother and son had much to be thankful for in the care and love which marked out their paths, and in the lines that fell to them in pleasant places.

In the beautiful parsonage of Elmdon, in Warwickshire, Catherine, daughter of the venerable Archdeacon Spooner, and chief subject of the following memoir, was born on the 9th of December 1819. Her early home was far removed from the busy and fashionable world, and here she lived in retirement until her marriage. As the daughter of parents whose parsonage-house was regarded as a model, she was thoroughly grounded, by precept and example, in the principles of Christian faith and duty, until they became the leading influences of her life. She is represented as a bright and charming girl in her home, simple-minded, beautiful, full of enthusiasm and energy, and always ready for everything that could promote the happiness and well-being of others. Her youthful days were spent in the simple routine of domestic and parish duties, which, however, left room for mental culture; as we read of 'long mornings devoted to cultivating her powers, teaching in the schools, or

visiting the poor of the parish.' Such was her life to the age of twenty-three, when in 1843 she married Dr Tait, then Head Master at Rugby, and destined eventually to become Archbishop of Canterbury. Their marriage was not without its previous romance, which is interesting. Her sister had married Edward Fortescue, an enthusiastic young priest, a devoted disciple of Newman and upholder of the celebrated Oxford Tractarian movement. His influence over Catherine was great, and in this respect lifelong; and so impressed was she with the teachings of the Tracts, that when the Head Mastership of Rugby was vacant, she was strongly opposed to Dr Tait, one of the candidates for the office, because he had been one of the four protesting tutors who had helped to put an end to the Oxford Tracts. 'It was a strange turn of fate,' he writes, 'which made her open her heart next year to the very candidate whose success she had deprecated, and become the happy partner of his life at Rugby, Carlisle, Fulham, Lambeth, sharing in all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work he was called upon to promote; united to him in the truest fellowship of soul.'

In her married life at Rugby there was very much the same parish-work to do as at Elmdon. With the boys at Rugby, she was always a favourite, her womanly care and sympathy being ever at their service. She used to read to them in the infirmary, and sometimes prayed with them. One boy writes thus of her, when hearing of her death long years afterwards: 'I lost my mother while I was at Rugby School; and through the intervening years I have never forgotten the tender sympathy of the Doctor's beautiful young wife, how she sent for me and soothed my grief, telling me to look up to the Home above to which my mother had been taken, and follow her there!'

It was at Rugby that her three eldest children were born, the youngest of the three being her only son Crawford, whose Memoirs are blended with her own, and who, all through his life, is described as having been 'her true and tender friend.' At Rugby, he was only 'the lovely baby,' the favourite of the school-house boys; but not long destined to remain so, as promotion had come to his father, who, when Crawford was a year old, removed to Carlisle, where he was installed as Dean. The Deanery and Cathedral were in the middle of the town; and here again Catherine Tait had much to occupy her time and energies. After the busy and trying life at Rugby, she welcomed the comparative rest which his new office brought for her husband, and was full of happiness to see him in such an honourable position. She was always active among the poor, about whom she had many interesting and touching anecdotes to tell. One of these is peculiar. As she was coming out of the cathedral one day, she saw a poor old man, well known to her,

standing by the Deanery door, and, as she was busy, she was passing on, after having addressed to him a few words. 'I wanted to speak to you, Mrs Tait,' he said, intimating that he was not well. 'I am come to bid you good-bye, for I am going to die to-day.' She stopped, and volunteered to send the Scripture-reader to see him. 'Better not send him to the house to-day, ma'am, for it is washing-day, and my landlady will be very busy; but I came here to tell you that I am going to die to-day.' Strange to say, the old man did die that day; for when the Scripture-reader visited him later on, he had already breathed his last!

Although the claims of the outside world were never neglected by her, Mrs Tait was essentially a woman with whom the claims of husband, home, and children were ever first. In one sense, she lived but for them. It was at Carlisle that her life was busiest as a mother; for seven children were now the number in her nursery, and they were the chief happiness of her life. To form their minds and strengthen their characters, to bring them up to be good and true, seemed her one aim. 'I think the time I like best to recollect the Dean's wife,' writes one who knew her, 'is as I remember her at the Deanery, surrounded by that flock of little ones, and looking so pretty, like a Madonna, with her sweet expression and lovely soft brown eyes, with a baby on her knee, and teaching the others their hymns and prayers.'

It was now, however, when her happiness was at its height, that she was called upon to drink a most bitter cup of agony. Few records are more touching than the one given in her Memoirs, and penned by herself in memory of that terrible time of trial. Picture it. The bright happy nursery we have just heard described, filled with loving little children. But scarlet fever enters among them, and one by one the little creatures sicken and die; till, within six weeks, five of these beloved daughters are laid in the churchyard of Stanwix, within sight of the old cathedral, and near the quiet waters of the Eden. 'Early in April,' says the Archbishop, 'the day of the funeral of the last who died, we fled with our new-born baby, and were followed by our dear little son [Craufurd], to take refuge for a few days among the hills at Moffat, almost afraid that we should not be received in any lodging from the alarm which the fever that visited the Deanery had caused.' The mother, like a second Rachel, was mourning and desolate, but not comfortless. She desired that the account she left of that time should be published after her death, to console any who might similarly suffer.

After that time of trial was past, the Dean was made Bishop of London, and a totally new sphere of life was opened to Mrs Tait. Hitherto, her life had been one of comparative retirement; but now she had to do the honours of Fulham Palace. Her first effort was to become acquainted with all the London clergy. 'As soon as she could, she threw her drawing-rooms at London House open, and invited as many of the clergy as the house would hold to a friendly gathering,' continuing what Bishop Blomfield had begun; and in no year, we are told, during the whole of her London life did

she fail to receive in succession the whole of the London clergy as her guests.

The establishment of the Ladies' Diocesan Association was also due to her, it being her own idea to utilise the energies of those ladies—visitors and others in London—who were anxious to enlarge the sphere of their work beyond their homes and families, and to extend it to the poor in the work-houses, hospitals, and elsewhere. They were not to limit their efforts to their own parish merely, but, by forming a union with the Bishop at their head, to be ready to assist the overburdened clergy of any district that might need their assistance.

Between the years 1858 and 1860, two other daughters were born, and a family sorrow occurred in the death of the Bishop's brother, Colonel Tait. Mrs Tait's eldest daughter also was taken dangerously ill, but recovered. Then we are given a peep of home and social life from her diary, of 23 April 11, 1860: 'Craufurd is greatly enjoying his holidays, and is very dear and good; healthful in body and mind. Next Wednesday, we have our gathering of all our clergy in the garden at Fulham.'

Speaking of the garden-party, we must tell an anecdote of a scene which took place at one. An emu, sent from Australia as a present, had been turned out into the meadow to be inspected by the guests. 'But the cows resented the intrusion, and gave chase to the unfortunate bird. "Hallo!" exclaimed Dean Milman excitedly; "there goes Colenso, and all the Bishops after him!"' Another story may be told. Mrs Tait, after her husband had been made Archbishop of Canterbury, gave a party at Lambeth at the time the Irish Church was in process of being disestablished. The Primate of Ireland, who had been invited to meet Mr Gladstone the Prime Minister, stumbled as he was conducting Mrs Tait into chapel before dinner, entangling his foot in her train. On recovering himself, he exclaimed 'that the best thing he could do was to hang on by the skirts of Canterbury.'

When the cholera broke out in London in 1860, Mrs Tait took an active and energetic part in visiting the sick; and by her presence in the hospitals, she helped to encourage those who were compelled to minister to the sick during that trying period. But the work that was most especially her own was the Orphanage for Girls at Fulham, established in memory of the five little ones she had lost. The idea occurred to her after a visit to the motherless children left destitute by the cholera. The Bishop and she had driven one day into the district of Ratcliffe to see the Sisters engaged in the work, also the poor desolate orphans under their charge. On returning to their carriage, they found it surrounded by a crowd of the very poorest of the people and dirtiest of the children. As well as her overfull heart would let her, Mrs Tait said kind words to all, and her eyes brimmed over with tears at the sight of the wan and suffering faces. A few months later, the Orphanage was established as the result of this day's visit. Of her feeling for children, we are told that she never forgot a child in the Orphanage, but gave them both care, love, and individual interest, softening the roughest by her sympathy. She was always hopeful of every one, and never despairing of any.

In 1869, she saw her husband enthroned Arch-



of Canterbury. The life at Fulham had been a preparation for this; and she was equal to the duties required of her as the wife of the Primate of all England. It must not be omitted, that while Bishop of London, the Archbishop had been offered the Archbishopric of York on the death of Archbishop Langley; but by Mrs Taite's advice, he declined it. But when, seven years afterwards, the offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury was made, it was accepted, although it involved the trial of leaving Fulham; still Lambeth was London, and in London they had created interests that could not be broken without pain. The Archbishop, who has written the opening pages of the Memoir, says of his wife at this time: 'Few but herself could have sanctified this busy and exciting life, which were consecrated upon the enthronisation at Canterbury, and the social and other duties that followed, which, as the first Archbishop's wife who had inhabited the Palace for twenty years, she had to fulfil.' Some one staying with her at that time, says of the variety in her life: 'One never knew what to expect, for at one hour she was driving you to visit a poor person, and the next you were calling on a Duchess. Her energy was immense.' So many were the Hospitals, Penitentiaries, Homes, and other centres of philanthropic and charitable work in which she became interested, that her husband says they used to have a joke that one day when she said to the footman at the carriage door, 'Home,' he answered, 'Which Home, ma'am?' She was also an admirable woman of business, and the Archbishop says of her: 'If my affairs have been well managed, it was her doing.' Not only did she undertake her domestic and family accounts, but also those of the Orphanage; and the trustees after her death found everything discharged, and every item entered in her own hand, up to the day she left Lambeth for Scotland on her last journey.

It now remains to speak of the son, who, spared to his mother from the wrecked home at Carlisle, became doubly endeared. Her diary from time to time shows with what pride she watched his career; first as a school-boy at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford; and when he grew up, he turned out all that a mother's heart could desire. He is described as one of the most modest of men, simple of character, and wonderfully unselfish; sociable also, and genial, welcomed everywhere, yet not insuared by popularity. A young fellow fond of boating, riding, and cricket; fond too of company and fun, but at all times practising self-restraint and moderation; doing his appointed work, and forgetting himself and his own merits. So little did he think of his abilities indeed, that we find a letter from his father, after he had passed his 'mods,' saying: 'You deserved it, for your work; and now I hope you will rest convinced that you really can do, in a quiet way, everything that you work for, and not disparage the good abilities God has given you.' In his final examinations at Oxford, his name was in the first class. In his letter home on the subject, he says: 'No one could be more surprised than I was, except my "coach" and examiner.'

Both from his inclination and the desire of his parents, he was destined for the Church; and with a view to gaining a practical knowledge of the countries of the Bible, he travelled in the Holy

Land previous to his ordination. His letters home during that time are full of interest, as he took every opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies and festivals of the various Eastern religions that he met with on his journeyings. His travels are described with the heart and pen of an enthusiast who felt as if he were indeed treading on holy ground. Returning from the East by Beyrout, Smyrna, Athens, Rastchuk, and Vienna, he reached England in the early spring, and was ordained on the second Sunday in Lent, 1874.

His first curacy was at Saltwood, a pretty quiet village, not far from Hythe, whence, after a certain time, he returned home to act as domestic chaplain to his father. On this occasion, the Archbishop writes jocosely: 'In addition to rooms at Lambeth and Addington, I should suggest a travelling van with a green door and brass knocker, also a chimney.' So may the *capellanus* of the period make personal acquaintance with the diocese? Still, the office of private chaplain was and is no sinecure, for the correspondence alone is enough to occupy a secretary, and which work he has to carry on in addition to his many other duties.

His next move was to America, where he became a great favourite, and left but one opinion about his good and amiable qualities. The diary which he kept in that country is full of interesting details of the people and places he saw in his travels. He speaks of Longfellow as a most agreeable old man, whose genial manners made him feel quite at home in a few minutes. A pleasant humour is occasionally observable in his notes, as when he tells his friends of a church at Washington in which the service was nice, but the singing *Petherish*. This epithet was well understood in the family, being derived from one Pether, a butcher in the Archbishop's first parish, who constituted the sole choir, and sang the hymns in solo in front of the gallery every Sunday. Hence the name became a synonym in the family for any elaborate display of music somewhat out of place.

It was in America, unfortunately, that the first seeds of the disease were laid of which he died. On his return to England, his family were struck by his altered appearance; still they did not apprehend anything serious, and his father gave him the living of St John's, Notting Hill. He was engaged to be married, and full of interest in the life and the work before him. But alas! at that moment, when everything seemed brightest, he received that summons which none can disobey. To the unutterable grief of his family and friends, his health gave way entirely. After lingering a few brief months, he died on the 20th of May 1878, at the age of twenty-eight.

There is little doubt that bravely as his mother bore the crushing blow of the loss of her only and much loved son, it left a wound that was never healed. Always an unselfish woman, she was never more so than at this time, when, having lost such a son, she hid her own grief, to strive to support and console his father, and to promote the happiness of her remaining children. One of her daughters was engaged to be married; and in the following November the ceremony took place. No shadow of her own grief did she suffer to mar the brightness of that day; but the strain seemed almost more than human heart

could bear. In a very short while the end came for her also, and after a brief illness, she passed away on the 7th of December of that same year which witnessed the crowning sorrow of her life.

## A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

### CHAPTER III.

MR WILLERTON, the tenant of the parlours at No. 85 Spackham Street, was much worried by a great deal of irregular business which, as he explained to Mrs Hadleigh, he had to transact for his firm. As the good lady said, in talking over the matter with her daughter: 'Look at last night, now!—a wretched, cold, wet night, not at all fit for an invalid like him to be out in; and yet he wasn't home till past ten o'clock, and you could see by his boots that he must have been tramping in the mud, or standing about in the wet, best part of the evening.'

Possibly, Mr Willerton did not feel so well in consequence; for on the following day—the day after the close of our last chapter—he was at home somewhat more than usual, and was particularly pleasant and civil in his conversation with Mrs Hadleigh. He evidently—quite evident it was to the good lady—saw she was in trouble, and although, from his retiring habits, he probably did not know the cause, was anxious to show his sympathy, and desire to assist her. He said as much to Ethel; it was on but a very trivial subject he spoke, but it showed the kindness of his disposition. He said to the girl: 'I am afraid your good mother is unwell; she seems to suffer from low spirits.'

'We have had some very serious trouble lately, sir,' replied Ethel, 'and we cannot help showing, I suppose, that it is so.'

'Ah, dear me!' sighed Mr Willerton; 'we all have our troubles. Such is life! But your mother should take more amusement—should go out a little; should rouse herself, you know. I often have orders for the theatre. I am sure I should be very happy to give her a few now and then, if she would make up her mind to use them.'

Ethel thanked him, and in spite of her own depression, her eyes sparkled; for, like most young people, she was passionately fond of theatrical amusements, the more so, perhaps, from the extreme rarity with which such treats had fallen to her share. Until the advent of Mark, she had not taken an evening's amusement once in a year; and although it was a little better now, yet the prospect of frequent glimpses of fairyland, set her all aglow. It was on going down to her mother, and reporting Mr Willerton's kindness, that Mrs Hadleigh spoke as detailed in the commencement of this chapter.

As Mark Barnes had not been round on the previous night, he was of course expected to be very early this evening, and Ethel was listening for his knock an hour before it was possible that he could come. There had been much to trouble

Ethel and her mother that day, for some police-officers—in plain clothes, it is true—had come, and had insisted upon searching the house; and although their search was fruitless, the shock to the timid women was very great. But that Mr Willerton happened fortunately to be out at the moment, he too would have been subjected to the indignity of intrusion by the police, and of seeing his apartments ransacked before his eyes. Had this occurred, he would probably have left, in consequence of the annoyance; but happily, although he was out less than usual on this day, he was from home when the intrusion took place. Hence poor Ethel was very anxious to see Mark—to tell him of their troubles, and to be soled by his sympathy; hence also the minutes seemed slow and tedious in their progress beyond all other minutes, until his usual hour of calling arrived. Even then, he did not come. The lapse of a very short time was sufficient to fill both mother and daughter with vague forebodings that some evil had happened to Mark, or that he had heard of some greater evil. At last, there came a knock.

'There is Mark!' exclaimed Ethel, springing up.

'No, my dear,' said her mother; 'that can never be Mark's knock.'

It was not much like it, it is true; but Ethel was right, for all that, and she found Mark at the door.

Quite contrary to his usual manner, he made scarce any response to her exclamation of delight, or her anxious questions as to why he was so late; but hurried past her, and went straight downstairs. She instantly followed; and as Mark came into the stronger light of the sitting-room, both she and Mrs Hadleigh uttered an ejaculation of alarm; for there was something so wild, pale, and scared in the expression of the young man's face, that he looked like one who is stricken with sudden illness, or who has just received a terrible shock.

'What has happened now?' exclaimed Ethel. 'Are you ill, dear Mark?'

Without immediately replying to the anxious girl, Mark paused to step to the room door, and close it; a proceeding which, simple as it was, tended greatly to awe the others. He then said in a very low voice: 'I am not ill; but I have just seen and spoken to Mr Mayors. Listen quietly, and I will tell you. It is very little I have to say, but it is important. I was coming from the City as usual, and as I believe you both know—he knew it, evidently—I go up the new road at the end of Farringdon Street, past the prison, and so into Doughty Street. Well, I was hurrying on this evening, for it was rather late, and the wind was bitterly cold, when, just as I passed the end of a narrow, gloomy turning, I heard my name pronounced. The sound was low, but quite distinct; and turning round, I could just distinguish the figure of a man standing in the deepest shade, a few feet from the street in which I was.'

Here both his hearers uttered a suppressed exclamation of anxious expectancy.

'I did not recognise the voice at the instant,' continued Mark; 'but I was nevertheless quite prepared to find that it was Mr Mavors who spoke. I felt it—I knew it. I went close to the figure; and then, although he was very much disguised, I saw who it was at once. I was so staggered and amazed at meeting him, that I did not know what to say; so he began: "I have waited about here three nights, to see you, Mark. Two nights ago, you passed me; but there was a man close behind you who looked dangerous, and I was afraid to speak. Last night, you did not come, Mark, I want to restore the papers I took."'

'Thank God for hearing that!' ejaculated Mrs Hadleigh. 'I knew poor dear George was under some dreadful delusion, and never meant any harm.'

'He went on to say,' resumed Mark, 'that it was for the sake of Mr Weekes he intended to return the documents. If Mr Croule alone had been concerned, they should never have been restored; and the object of his waylaying me was to ask me to call at his hiding-place—in a most miserable neighbourhood—to fetch them to-morrow evening. He could not give me his exact address, for he was about to remove this very night, having grown suspicious of the people with whom he was staying; or he feared that they had grown suspicious of him. But he would post a letter to my private address the last thing to-night, so that I should know in plenty of time. I promised I would go, or send some safe agent; for when he spoke of my being followed by some one who looked dangerous, he revived in my mind a suspicion which I have had for some days, that I am watched.'

'Watched, Mark!' exclaimed Ethel, who with her mother had been listening with painful intensity.

'I am sure of it,' continued the young man; 'and I am sure too, that the house where I live is watched. Mr Mavors was very reluctant to allow any one as a substitute; but when I told him my reason, he gave way. Of course, if I really am watched, I might be unconsciously leading the enemy right upon him; and so, while coming here, I have decided upon two plans by which it can be managed without my appearing in the matter. One is to trust some one completely—tell him everything. He must be a respectable trustworthy person, and not given to gossiping, because this is a business that we do not wish to have talked about.'

A great deal of time was spent in speculation as to what could be done, or rather who could be obtained. Mark's first idea was to seek the help of his friend Tom Hardy; but he felt that if he did, he must tell him everything, and he shrank from such a course, as did Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel.

'Oh, if he only would do it!' suddenly exclaimed the elder lady; 'if he should be going anywhere near this neighbourhood!'

'If who would do it?' asked Barnes. 'Of whom are you talking?'

'Tell me where it is—in what neighbourhood,' continued Mrs Hadleigh.

'In Westminster, near Strutton Ground, he says. But who is?—'

'Why, if he should be going that way, Mr

Willerton would do it, I know,' explained the lady. 'We might tell him to take a cab, if the parcel should be very large; but he would not want to know any particulars about it at all. He is such a quiet-going, kindly man. I am sure he would do anything to oblige anybody; and, poor man, his sight is so bad that he would not recognise Brother George, even if he had seen him before, and would not be likely to recognise him again.'

'Um—it's not a bad idea, certainly,' said Barnes. 'He is almost a perfect stranger, it is true; but in some respects, that is the better for our plans. Then, again, what little we do know of him is in his favour.'

'Oh, we may trust him!' cried Mrs Hadleigh, with something like enthusiasm. 'I am seldom deceived in my judgment of any one, and I could stake my life on Mr Willerton. There is a truthfulness, an openness, a simplicity about him which— O yes, we can trust him.'

'Well, I daresay he is all you describe,' replied Barnes; 'but how on earth are we to introduce the subject?'

'I don't think there will be much difficulty about it,' said Mrs Hadleigh. 'I will first ask him if he will be going anywhere near Westminster to-morrow; then, if he is not, of course we must try some one else; but if he should be, I know he will call for the parcel. If he is willing, you had better come up and speak to him, and write the note. He won't know who Mr Mavors is.'

'Whatever you do, don't speak of Mr Mavors!' exclaimed Barnes. 'I forgot to tell you that he has changed his name. You must speak of Mr Tunnell; so, if he consents, I will go up, as you propose, and give him a note to Mr Tunnell, and for that name he must ask. I don't suppose there will be much danger; you can say that the papers are some maps or plans which belonged to one of your relations, or—or anything.'

'I will go at once,' said Mrs Hadleigh. 'It is quite a load off my mind to have thought of the dear old gentleman.'

All unconscious of the discussion which was taking place with such direct reference to himself, Mr Willerton sat in front of his fire, his feet on the fender, as was allowable on a bleak March evening; and leaning forward, his hands on his knees, he gazed long and thoughtfully into the grate. Apparently his thoughts were not of the most pleasant character, for ever and anon his brow would knit, and he would rub the back of his head with a vexed air, as many men do, when some knotty problem defies solution; and then he would resume his fixed, steadfast gaze into the fire. A pocket-book lay near him on the table, and by its side a confused heap of papers. Presently he turned to these documents, not for the first time, and pored over them intently. The papers seemed to be a disjointed collection of memoranda, notes of dates, places, single words, figures, and the like; yet it was remarkable that—earnest as was Mr Willerton's study of them—his blue spectacles also lay by the side of the pocket-book; and he sought to decipher these confused notes without their aid. Had Mrs Hadleigh been there at the moment, she would probably have remembered that Mr Willerton had

once told her his sight was much better sometimes than at others.

She was not likely to make this reflection just now, however, for on her tapping at the door—a gentle tap, but Mr Willerton managed to hear it at once—he immediately resumed the blue spectacles; then, as he said ‘Come in,’ quietly but quickly gathered up his loose papers, and restored them to his pocket-book.

‘Good-evening, Mrs Hadleigh,’ began Mr Willerton, in his usual affable style, the style which was so thoroughly appreciated by his landlady. ‘It is not yet time for my milk, is it?’

‘Not yet, sir,’ Mrs Hadleigh commenced. ‘I came up, sir, about—about something else.’

‘Yes, ma’am, certainly,’ said Willerton, as his hostess stopped here, and he knew not what better to say.

‘I hope you won’t think me presuming,’ continued Mrs Hadleigh, having at last screwed up her courage to the sticking-place, ‘but might I ask if you are likely to be near Westminster at any time to-morrow?’

‘O yes,’ answered her lodger promptly; ‘I am almost certain to be there. I hope I can have the pleasure of executing some commission for you!’

‘Yes, sir; I am sorry to say you can,’ said Mrs Hadleigh, and her self-possession giving way here, her handkerchief was brought out and applied to her eyes.

Mr Willerton watched her with an intendment to which the blue spectacles hardly did justice, but did not interrupt her.

‘If you would not mind calling at an address which I shall have by to-morrow afternoon. I hope, sir, you will be able to look in during the afternoon, as you generally do,’ said Mrs Hadleigh, a new and hitherto unforeseen difficulty presenting itself. But the reply of her inmate was propitious.

‘I shall be indoors during the greater part of the afternoon, madam,’ said Willerton; ‘in fact, I think I must trouble you for an early cup of tea to-morrow, as it will be rather late when I have to go to Westminster.’

‘Oh! that is fortunate,’ exclaimed Mrs Hadleigh. ‘If it would not be troubling you too much, we should be glad if you would call for a parcel—not a very big one, I believe, but a parcel of very valuable papers—at least I mean some maps or plans which belong to a relation of mine; and we have had so much trouble, the deepest trouble, about these papers—and so, of course, we are anxious to have them, in case my relation should want them again.’

‘I shall have the greatest pleasure in calling for them,’ said Mr Willerton. ‘What time do you wish me to fetch them, and where, dear madam, shall I call?’

‘Any time after dark will do, sir,’ returned Mrs Hadleigh. ‘Mr Barnes—you have seen him, I believe, sir?’ Mr Willerton bowed assent—‘he is below; and I will ask him to come up, if you will allow me, and he will give you a note to our poor—to Mr—Mr—I forget the name now; but if you will kindly oblige us, you will confer the deepest obligation upon us, and we shall never forget your kindness.’

‘Oh! don’t make so much of so trifling a service,’ Mrs Hadleigh, said the gentleman. ‘At any time

I shall be most willing, most particularly willing, to do as much for you, or anybody. By-the-by, where did you say it was?’

‘I cannot tell you exactly, sir,’ responded Mrs Hadleigh. ‘Mr Barnes will hear from—will forward it to-morrow. I will send him up now.’

Mrs Hadleigh disappeared; and Mr Willerton remained motionless, with his back to the fire, and his blue spectacles fixed on the open doorway, until Mr Mark Barnes appeared therein.

‘Come in, sir, come in,’ cried Mr Willerton cheerily, stepping forward at the same time and handing him a seat. ‘Mrs Hadleigh has informed me that you will give me a letter authorising me to receive some papers. Here are writing materials, if you have not already written it.’

‘Thank you. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble over a matter of so little consequence.’

‘It is no trouble for me, my dear sir,’ returned Willerton; ‘I am actually going to Pimlico. It was Pimlico, Mrs Hadleigh said, I think.’

‘Westminster,’ interjected Barnes.

‘Ah! Westminster, to be sure. But I am going to Pimlico, and can easily take Westminster on my return—so, where is the trouble?’

‘Well, it is very good of you to say so,’ returned Barnes. Then, after a pause: ‘The note which I shall send to you to-morrow will be directed to my friend Mr Thomas Tunnell. The papers are only a few plans and pamphlets, of no great consequence, but he wishes to get rid of them; and as they belong to a relation of Mrs Hadleigh’s, why, you see—’

‘O yes; exactly,’ interrupted Mr Willerton. ‘But would it not be better to let me have the note at once, to save troubling you in the morning?’

‘Unfortunately, I cannot give it now,’ said Barnes; ‘I have forgotten— But there! I shall be sure to send it; and I repeat, we are much obliged to you for taking so much trouble.’

The obliging old gentleman repeated his assurances that he considered it no trouble; then Barnes left him; and joining Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel in the family sitting-room, agreed with them in their praises of the good-nature and ready kindness of Mr Willerton.

The gentleman last named had bidden Mr Barnes ‘good-night,’ and sat with a composed smile on his face until his visitor had left the room and duly closed the door. The ears that were supposed to be so dull, but which seemed, nevertheless, always capable of rendering their master efficient service, were strained to listen, till Barnes had descended the flight of stairs leading to the basement. From the attentive expression of Willerton’s face, and a certain motion of his lips, he appeared to be counting or checking off each step. ‘Seventeen!’ he muttered; ‘he has gone right down. Well, if ever I knew such a go in my life!’ As he said this, he rose from his seat, stretched out his arms, and took a great breath. Once more his spectacles were laid on the table, and the appearance of the man seemed suddenly changed. Without these, his face had a set and stern expression, which the glasses altered or softened, and over his features stole gleams of wonder, with an occasional half-repressed smile. ‘If ever I did!’ he exclaimed again, bringing his hand down

upon the table by way of emphasis, but softly, as though careful not to draw attention. 'Tom Jackson, you are in luck! I thought something might turn up by my being on the spot; but such a thing as *this*—whoever could have dreamt of it?'

With thoughtful brow and calculating face, he paced in his slippers feet to and fro the length of his apartment. 'Was ever anything clearer? The old lady in dreadful anxiety and trouble about her papers—valuable papers, that were afterwards maps—or plans—forgot the name of the person who has them, but will never forget the obligation. Then comes our smart young friend, who takes the other tack, and is so painfully anxious to let me see there is nothing extraordinary in the matter, that he tells the secret almost as plainly as his mother-in-law, that is to be, does. I really must admit that in all my experience I never came near such an utter flat as that poor old lady. If I were as big a noodle as either—Come in!' In answer to this permission, the subject of his uncomplimentary reflections presented herself; and on opening the door, she saw Mr Willerton placidly smiling as he stood in front of the fire, and again he gazed at her through his blue spectacles.

'How punctual you always are, Mrs Hadleigh!' said the lodger, drawing out his watch as he spoke. 'I need never ask the time when you present yourself with my milk.'

'I am so glad you are pleased, sir,' returned the landlady, with a gratified smile. 'It is very little to do for a gentleman so obliging as you are.'

'Oh, don't say any more about that little affair,' said Mr Willerton, waving his hand; 'although I may as well ask if these engravings—did you say engravings?'

'N—no—I don't think they—I don't know—O no! maps—I said maps,' replied Mrs Hadleigh.

'Maps, certainly,' assented Mr Willerton. 'I was going to say that if it be a wet night, I had perhaps better take a cab. It would not do, I suppose, to let them get wet?'

'O no, sir,' said the landlady. 'Pray, have a cab by all means; we would not have any harm come to them for the world.'

After a few more words, she left; and the lodger, turning his key in the door, secured himself against intrusion. The basin of milk was steaming on the table; he smiled as he saw it; then unlocking a chest, took from thence a bottle. 'Rum and milk is recommended for invalids, I believe; and as I am an invalid, I take it, though I shall be glad to get some decent suppers again. How the old lady would be astonished, if she saw me flavouring her innocent draught! Yet not half so much as she has astonished me to-night. What with the astonishment she has caused me, and the astonishment I shall give her, and the great surprise and flooring all round, I should say that nobody—since the time of Guy Fawkes at any rate—ever prepared purposely for such a grand flare-up as this blundering, whimpering old noodle of a landlady has done by accident! Ha, ha, ha! I wish I could laugh aloud; it would be a relief to me. Upon my word, I don't think I shall be able to sleep to-night, and it isn't often that anything in the way of business keeps me awake, or gives me the nightmare.'

Soliloquising thus, the genial Mr Willerton quaffed his medicated milk, which had been fortified so as to become a most potent draught, and retired to rest.

# SITES OF BUILDINGS MYSTERIOUSLY CHANGED.

Nothing is more striking to the student of popular traditions and folk-lore than the frequency with which the same legend occurs again and again in different districts, with only slight changes in detail answering to each. One of this class of legends is that which refers to cases of mysterious and supernatural opposition made to the building of certain edifices on the spots originally designed for them. The root of these legends is probably to be found in the skillfully devised means that may have been occasionally taken by monks and other Churchmen to effect a change that was to them desirable in fixing the site of a building. This is strengthened by the circumstance that most of those legends have reference to ecclesiastical edifices. But whatever their origin may be, the peasantry still adhere to the traditions which ascribe the mysterious changes to supernatural agency.

Without, however, further discussing the history of these legends, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief survey of such of them as refer to well-known localities. Thus, the legend runs that the fine Norman church of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, was to have been built in the valley; but the builders every morning found the previous day's work had been destroyed during the night, and the stones carried to the top of the hill. Considering this as a divine indication where the holy structure was to be built, they accordingly reared it on that prominent site, where, for miles round, it still forms a graceful and beautiful object. A similar legend is related with reference to the church of Ste Marie du Castel, in Guernsey, where it is currently reported that fairies were the agents; while others assert it was the work of angels. Indeed, it would appear that, in days gone by, the invisible beings, of whatever nature they were, who according to tradition, so often interfered in the building of some sacred edifice, generally selected for its site the most inconvenient spot, and not infrequently a steep hill. The Church of Breckon, in Leicestershire, for instance, stands on a high hill, with the village at its foot. Tradition, however, says that when the site of the church was first fixed upon, a central spot in the village was chosen. The foundations were not only dug, but the builders commenced the fabric. It was to no purpose; for all they built in the course of the day was carried away by doves during the night-time, and skillfully built exactly in the same manner on the hill where the church stands. Both founder and workmen, awed and terrified by this extraordinary procedure, were afraid to build the church on its original site, and agreed to finish the one begun by the doves!

Again, the church belonging to the village of



Churchdown, four miles from Gloucester, stands on the top of a steep hill, whence there is an extensive view over the vale to the Malvern Hills. Local tradition asserts that it was first commenced on a site at the foot of the hill, but that the materials employed by day were conveyed each night by the Evil One to the top of the hill; until at length, when repeated efforts to adhere to the original spot were found to be ineffectual, it was resolved to leave off building the church below, and to erect it at the top of the hill.

In Lancashire, a county famous for its superstitions, the feats of the 'Goblin Builders' form a portion of the popular literature of almost every locality. The foundations of Rochdale Church are supposed to have been removed by them from the banks of the river Roch, up to their present elevated position. A similar tale is told of Samlesbury Church, near Preston. A 'demon pig' not only determined the site of St Oswald's Church at Winwick, but gave a name to the parish. The foundation of the church, it seems, was laid where the founder had directed, and the close of the first day's work marked some progress in the building. But the approach of night brought with it an event which not a little disquieted the inhabitants around the spot. A pig was heard to scream aloud as it ran hastily to the site of the new church, where, taking up a stone in its mouth, it carried it to the spot sanctified by the death of St Oswald. In this manner the pig employed itself through the whole night until it had succeeded in removing all the stones which the builders had laid. In support of this tradition, there is a figure of a pig sculptured on the tower of the church just above the western entrance. There are other churches in Lancashire that have similar legends attached to them. The parochial church at Burnley was originally intended to be built on the site occupied by the old Saxon cross in Godly Lane; but however much the masons might have built in the daytime, it was all undone before the next morning, the scaffolding and stones being invariably found where the church now stands. In this case, too, the goblins took the form of pigs.

The village of Stowe, near Daventry, is said to derive its adjunct of 'Nine-Churches' from one of these weird occurrences. In days of yore, say the villagers, a lord of the manor was desirous of raising a church in his native place, at that time known by the simple appellation of Stowe. A hill was chosen for the site, and the foundation laid; but on the following day, no traces of yesterday's work were visible—trenches, stones, and tools having completely vanished. After a long search, they were discovered some distance off. The lord of the manor, however, was stubborn, and was not to be so easily baffled. Nine times, therefore, he renewed his attempt; but in vain, as each night the mischievous spirit continued to remove what the workmen had raised during the day. At last, after great difficulty, a man was induced to watch these midnight proceedings; when, to his astonishment, he discovered that the opponents of the church were the tiny legions of Queen Mab. A more matter-of-fact origin for the appellation 'Nine-Churches' is that it was so called because there were nine advowsons appendant to the manor.

In the parish of Talland, in Cornwall, there is

a spot known as 'Palpit,' which, the legend tells us, was selected for the site of the church. Soon after its commencement, a voice was heard at night-time repeating, again and again, the following lines:

If you will my wish fulfil,  
Build the church on Talland Hill.

On the dawn of the next morning, it was found that the stones had all been removed to the spot chosen by the mysterious rhymster. The church was, however, again begun on its original site; but with the same results. This went on for some time, until it was determined to build it on Talland Hill. With the omission of the name Pulpit, and the substitution of St Mary's Hill for Talland Hill in the couplet quoted above, the same story is told of the church in the parish of St Mary-Church, adjacent to Torquay. The parish church of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, stands some distance from the town, although it was intended to have been built on a field in its immediate neighbourhood. As soon as its foundations were laid, tradition has it that the materials were carried away in the night by witches, and deposited where the church now stands. The field at first selected for its site was ever after termed the 'Witches' Meadow.'

Among the many other curious legends associated with church-building, may be mentioned one relating to St Mary's Church, Kidderminster. This church, it is said, was formerly built on the western side of the river Stour, but that its walls were thrown down by the Evil One—a spot which was consequently called 'the Crust-field,' now corrupted into Cussfield. It was then built on the eastern side of the river, where it remains to this day. Holme Church, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, six or seven miles from Market-Weighton, stands on the top of a hill, although tradition says it was first commenced at the bottom; but when nearly finished, all was found in ruins; the work of the fairies, who had previously warned the founder against erecting it on this site.

Similar legends are related of the Church of Bughton in Sussex; Ambrosden Church, in Buckinghamshire; and of the churches of Great Brington and Oxendon in Northamptonshire. The traditions, too, concerning St Cuthbert and the foundation of Durham Cathedral are too well known to need description. Glyde in his *Norfolk Garland* alludes to the Chapel of Our Lady at Walsingham, which was, it is alleged, built after the exact model of the Santa Casa at Loretto, the Sacred Cottage which, according to the legend, had been miraculously transported by angels from Nazareth till it found its last resting-place at Loretto. An ancient account tells us that the foundations of this chapel were originally laid where 'the Wishing Wells' are now seen, but that they were continually disarranged in a most unaccountable way, till the founders at last recognised this circumstance as a token of a higher will; and the site was changed to the north-west, where the chapel afterwards stood.

Several instances of this species of legendary superstition are recorded to have occurred in Scotland. Thus, according to the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, during the building of the old church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, the work was

impeded by supernatural obstacles, and at length the Spirit of the River was heard to say:

It is not here, it is not here,  
That ye shall build the Church of Deer;  
But on Tappillerry,  
Where many a corpse shall lie.

Legends of this kind, too, are to be found on the continent, especially in places where the church is inconveniently situated, as, for example, on the top of a steep hill, or at one of the extremities of the parish. The Church of Høierup, in Denmark, on the top of Stevns Klint, a long ridge of chalk cliffs, was built in the fourteenth century—some say by a skipper, others by a pirate, as a votive offering to heaven for preservation from a fearful tempest, and constructed on the klint's edge to serve as a landmark to those at sea. While it was being built, however, the walls constantly fell down, and could not be made to stand straight; an occurrence which ill-natured persons attributed to bad architecture. This was not the case; but the fault of these mysterious personages the trolles, one of whom, when the masons were about to begin their task again, was heard to exclaim: 'Høier up!' (Higher up). Following this advice, the masons built the church on the top of the cliff, and called it Høierup.

Once more, the church of the village of Rachlöv, near Kallundborg, in Denmark, stands at a considerable distance from it, in an open field. This circumstance is accounted for from the fact that when the church was building, the work performed by day was undone in the night. Two red bulls were therefore placed on the spot, to drive away the evil spirits. But on the following morning, one of the bulls was found killed on the outskirts of the town; and the other was discovered standing out in the field on an eminence, wounded. Hence it was resolved to change the site of the church.

Sacred edifices are not the only buildings that have met with this mysterious opposition. Thus, the late Canon Kingsley, in his *Westward Ho!* speaking of Bideford Bridge, says: "All do not know how, when it began to be built some half-mile higher up, hands invisible carried the stones down stream each night to the present site; until Sir Richard Gurney, parson of the parish, going to bed one night in sore perplexity and fear of the evil spirit who seemed so busy in his sheepfold, beheld a vision of an angel, who bade him build the bridge where he himself had so kindly transported the materials, for there alone was sure foundation amid the broad sheets of shifting sands."

A similar story is connected with Callaly Castle, which stands near the brook-side about two miles from Whittingham, in Northumberland. A neighbouring hill was originally the site chosen; and as soon as the building was commenced, it was undone during the night. At last, a watch was set; when, lo! stone after stone, as if endowed with supernatural power, was seen to rise silently and to fall to the earth noiselessly, till the result was a heap of ruins. In the meantime, a voice was heard saying:

Callaly Castle stands on a height,  
Up in the day and down in the night;  
Set it up on the Shepherd's Shaw,  
There it will stand, and never fa'.

Crouch Hill, a lofty eminence one mile from Banbury, owes its origin, we are told in Beesley's *Banbury*, to the following circumstance: "The three churches of Bloxham, Adderbury, and Kings Sutton were built by three masons who were brothers; but his Satanic majesty served them all as a labourer, and one day he fell down with a hod of mortar, and made Crouch Hill."

The late Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, records amongst other instances of this legendary lore, how in Lanarkshire, the building of Mauldslo Castle was hindered every night; till a watch being set, a voice was heard to say:

Big the house where it should be;  
Big it on Maul's Lee—

to which spot it was accordingly transferred. A similar tradition is told regarding the Castle of Melgund, in Forfarshire, an ancient property now belonging to the Earl of Minto. Mucross Abbey has also a curious legend, not unlike some of those already given, attached to it, a reference to which will be found in Croker's *Legends of Kilkarey*.

#### AN INVITATION TO BREAKFAST, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

'WALK out to my house, and have breakfast with me some morning' Such was the invitation given me one day by Mr Robertson, a genial, middle-aged solicitor to whom I was article'd, in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now, I had only been article'd for a few weeks; and what I had seen of Mr Robertson in business, made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterwards, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove; and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which, generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old Abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what at one time had been tracery windows; these, with numerous mounds of stones and masonry, were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightfully secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of the Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating charms of an early walk on a summer's morning need no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering birds, all tend to exhilarate one's spirits and to make the day pleasant and happier throughout. All these experiences were mine on the day I write

of. As I approached Abbey Grove and saw the houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued, I wondered what kind of a breakfast there would be, to appease the appetite stimulated by the morning breeze.

I walked down the short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half-dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck up on most suburban residences. No; nothing savouring so of the town for this group of country residents; they all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chance of having to go to each of the houses in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favoured me, however, by sending across my path a travelling directory in the shape of the local milkman; and in response to my inquiry as to which house was Mr Robertson's, I received the straightforward reply: 'This 'ere one as I've jist come from, sir.' Walking up the path, I found the door invitingly open, and the housemaid putting the finishing touches on the bell-handle.

'Master is not down yet, sir,' she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

'Oh, then, I will come in and wait,' I replied.  
'What name shall I say, sir?' asked the girl.  
'Just tell him Mr Brookes has called, and he will understand.'

So saying, the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast-room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should hold possession of the room, with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two open French-windows, which opened upon a tastefully arranged lawn and flower-beds outside. Whilst noticing these things, the housemaid had gone up-stairs to announce me; when something like the following dialogue ensued. 'Please, ma'am, Mr Brookes is down-stairs.'

'Mr Brookes! Who is he?' was the response in a muffled female voice.

'I don't know, ma'am,' the maid replied. 'I've never seen him here before. But he's a young gentleman, and says he'll wait till master comes down.'

'Whoever can he be, and what can he want,

bothering here, at this time of day?' continued the muffled voice; and thereupon the door was shut.

Now, this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended; so I commenced examining the pictures on the walls. They were not very interesting, and I soon concluded my inspection, and looked round for something else to occupy the moments, which began to hang rather heavily. The newspaper of the previous day was upon a small table by the window, so I took that up, just to pass away the time, and I was soon listlessly perusing the advertisements. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two, when I heard a slight rustling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room; and before I could look up from my paper, or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with 'Good-morning, uncle; here is your button-hole.'

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily shaped head; her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened too by a rosy blush, when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me, holding out the little knot of flowers destined for her uncle's button-hole—how I envied her uncle!—a very picture of health and life and happiness and beauty. Her expression of unrestrained enjoyment had changed in a moment to one of embarrassment and dismay, mingled with a gleam of amusement in her bright eyes as the humour of the awkward situation we were in broke upon her. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We both broke into a merry little laugh; and I have often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course, if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between us! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast-table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door, when I heard again the greeting, 'Good-morning, uncle,' followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused, as a tall gentleman entered

the room whom I had never seen before in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp 'Good-morning.' I was too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was: 'He is some visitor;' but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind, that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin, that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misunderstanding; that I humbly apologised for my intrusion, and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking, I made a frantic dash at my hat, maddened at my stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking again to that charming little lady, who in less than five minutes I found I was absurdly in love with!

I said a hurried, 'good-morning,' and was trying to make a ghostly attempt at a smile as I left the room—when, who do you believe it? That tall dark man burst out into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gaily discussed at that breakfast-table, before *her*, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation deeply; but this open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. 'You really must forgive me; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house; but in all my experience, we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one.'

Now, this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart. 'Mr Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favour of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning!' So saying, he took my hat out of my hand, and led me into the room again. Of course, it did not need much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before I had been ready to knock this man over; I now thought him the kindest and most considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people. I found their niece even more sensible, more genial, and kind-hearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr Robinson into their pretty flower-garden, I received from her a rosebud for my button-hole, which I kept for some years afterwards. When saying good-bye, I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow, I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town, I lost no time in explaining 'the situation' to my worthy employer Mr Robertson, who rallied me good-naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be! Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr Robinson's

house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me, and that 'fairy-like girl' is now my wife. That local milkman, bless him, got a handsome 'tip' upon our wedding-day.

#### INDIA IN 1855 AND INDIA IN 1880.

A CORRESPONDENT in India has transmitted to us the following notes, shewing the progress recently made in railways, &c. He says:

On looking over an old number of *Chambers's Journal* (March 31, 1855), I find the following passage: 'In India too, the railway is open for one hundred and twenty miles, and a train leaves Calcutta one day and returns the next. This, for Hindustan, is good progress; but the Indian telegraph may be cited as an instance of praiseworthy enterprise, three thousand miles having been erected in less than twelve months, at a cost of forty-two pounds per mile. The news conveyed by the mail to Bombay is now flashed to Madras, Calcutta, Agra, and Lahore in about three hours! Think of the wires being stretched to within a few miles of the fatal Khyber Pass! A line is to be carried also to Trane, Rangoon, and to the capital of Ava; so that our great Governor-general will receive daily or hourly reports of what is going on in the remotest parts of his wide dominions.'

These words were printed twenty-six years ago. Let us compare them with the facts of to-day, facts which have been established in our own experience during our service in the country. 'The railway open for one hundred and twenty miles' was the first effort of the great East Indian Railway Company, and ran as far as Ranegunge, one hundred and twenty-one miles from Calcutta; this morsel of line, tapping the neighbouring collieries, was opened with great élan by Lord Dalhousie, and up it came all our Mutiny reinforcements. It was a great thing in those days to travel by rail to Ranegunge, and there meet the carriages which hauled us up the Grand Trunk Road to all parts of the north-west. This was and is a metalled road, running up from Calcutta to Meerut and Delhi, from which stations onward progress was in palanquins. It used to be said in those early days that if we were then turned out of India, the Grand Trunk Road would be the only monument we would leave behind us; and this was true until 1854, when the mighty Ganges Canal was opened, starting from the Ganges at Hurdwar, and rejoining it at Cawnpore.

To return to railways. Let us open the map of the current number of *Newman's Indian Bradshaw*, and note the marvellous ramifications of railway begotten by that mite of one hundred and twenty miles. Let us start from Tuticorin, in the extreme south-east of the peninsula, and opposite the northern end of Ceylon, and travel northwards; four hundred and forty-three miles will bring us to Madras, three hundred and fifty miles to Raichur, and four hundred and forty-three miles to Bombay. Starting from the western capital in a north-easterly direction, six hundred and sixteen miles will land us at Jubulpore, and two hundred and thirty-nine miles more at

Allahabad, the capital of the North-west Provinces. From thence, three hundred and seventy-eight miles will take us to Cazeerabad, opposite Delhi; and three hundred and thirty-five more to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab; whence two hundred and twenty-four miles will land us at Attock, on the left bank of the mighty Indus. Thus we have traversed three thousand and twenty-eight miles of rail at the fair average of twenty miles an hour, and have passed over twenty-seven degrees of latitude; and this has only been along one system of railways in one particular direction. We have quite ignored other great lines ramifying all over the country, but have shown enough to exhibit the marvellous progeny of that little Raneegunge line.

Our railways, as a rule, are triumphs of engineering skill. Note the great works at the Bore and Thull Ghats; admire the huge bridges thrown over mighty rivers, those over the classic Panchāb (Punjab)—that is, five waters) being each of them remarkable specimens of engineering skill; the sacred Jumna and Ganges are each spanned by two huge bridges; and a third over the latter, at the sacred Benares, is to eclipse all the others.

With the development of railways, the post-office necessarily expands, and now there are more than six thousand scattered over the length and breadth of the land, not including Ceylon. And so too with the telegraph; but with us, the telegraph preceded the rail, and now its wires stretch over the whole country like a gigantic web. In 1855, it was thought a great feat that they 'stretched to within a few miles of the fatal Khyber Pass.' During the late war, they not only passed through the historic Khyber, but found their terminus at Cabul itself. The western submarine cables come in at Bombay or Kurrachee, putting us in communication with the west and Africa; and the eastern cables start from Elephant Point, below Rangoon, and stretch to the Straits, China and Japan, and on to San Francisco. I was out here at the birth of the telegraph under the auspices of Dr Sir W. O'Shaughnessy, watched it in its infancy, and now admire it in its adult manhood. During its infancy in 1854, I was marching with Sir Robert Hamilton, the then Resident at Indore, from Indore to Agra; and on entering the Gwalior state, we met the Maharajah Scindia at one of the camping-grounds—Sipri, I think. In our conference or durbar, the conversation naturally reverted to the telegraph line which was then being pushed along the great Bombay Road on which we then were, and the Maharajah asked what was being done, and what was the use of it. Sir Robert replied: 'I will show your Highness'; and then and there scribbled off and despatched a message to Goomah, several miles away, telling the Maharajah what he had done, and receiving an incredulous smile in return. The answer came in a few minutes; and Sir Robert read it to the Maharajah, who burst out laughing, and exclaimed: 'It is a fib, my lord; your clerk wrote it.' Now the State Railway, to which he contributed ninety lakhs (nine hundred thousand pounds), has a station close to the Palace, and he largely uses the telegraph.

Such are a few illustrations of 'the past and present' in India; and I think it will be conceded that this great country is not so far in the rear of civilisation as it is popularly supposed to be.

While writing the above, I extract the following paragraph from Sir Richard Temple's speech before the Royal Colonial Institute, on December 14, 1860, as exhibiting what India has contributed financially towards railways and canals: 'Public works have been carried out to a very great extent. The government has invested one hundred and twenty-five million pounds upon railways, of which about ninety-three million pounds has been expended by guaranteed Companies, and the rest directly by the state. As to the canals, India has the finest canal system to be seen anywhere in the world. Twenty million pounds have been expended upon them, and six per cent. is being paid to those who advanced the capital.'

#### THE WEDDING-CAKE AND THE WILL

WILL TESTER's father made a will;

To Will, the younger, thereby, *willing*

His lands and tenements; and nil

To Tom, his first-born, save a shilling.

Will was a wily, cunning lad;

And Tom a true outspoken Briton;

The younger always pleased the dad,

And bent to those he couldn't sit on.

Will wedded one his father chose;

Tom wouldn't wed for love or money;

He painted life *couleur-de-rose*;

Good temper spread his path with honey.

Will sent his sire a piece—how sweet!—

Of wedding-cake, 'from Will and Phemie,'

With loving lines that filled a sheet

Of post octavo, gilt-edged, creamy.

'Dear father' put the cake away,

Stowed safe amongst some other treasures,

And there it lay for many a day,

Forgotten quite 'mid passing pleasures.

Remorseless Death, with ruthless hand,

Took father from his home for ever;

The 'parting' Will could hardly stand;

'Twas feared his grief his heart would sever.

Still, *duty* must be done at last,

In spite of death, in spite of sorrow;

To father's drawer, Will hurried fast,

To find the will to prove to-morrow.

He found it 'neath a lump of cake—

*His* wedding-cake: O Fate, thou blinding!

The will was there—for Will's dear sake—

But, gone the signature, past finding.

The cake, which as a rule we eat,

Had eaten what lay underneath it;

The ink absorbed,—and left a sweet

Sad trace upon the words 'bequeath it.'

Where loving dad had boldly signed,

Was but a hole, just tinged with yellow:

Will did not think Fate had been kind,

Tom quietly smiled, the lucky fellow!

JOHN DAVIES.

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## IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

ALMOST everything relating to Egypt is of undying interest. Its vast antiquity, its colossal monuments, its strange history, its mystic religions, its peculiar physical characteristics, have each and all formed the subject of investigation by the scholar, the antiquary, and the naturalist. Once the centre of learning and religion to the civilised world, it has, by the strange mutations of time and chance, become transformed into a kind of charnel-house, where the dead are more remarkable than the living, and where the relics of a past age supersede in interest the living attractions of the present. The ancient race of men, whose figures still adorn their crumbling sepulchres, and whose mummified remains are scattered broadcast throughout Europe and America, have passed off the active stage of life, and their place has been taken by a new people, whose condition of servitude is in affecting contrast to the grandeur and glory of the old possessors of the land.

To that land itself there is attached a peculiar interest. In its physical characteristics, it stands alone among the nations. A rainless country, whose soil would soon be transmuted into endless wastes of drifting sand, but that its river, the mysterious Nile, periodically rises and overflows its banks, leaving athwart its course a stretch of submerged country, which, when the waters once more retire to their wonted channel, is found to have become fertilised and enriched, ready to 'scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.' But this tract of cultivated and cultivable soil bears but a small proportion to the boundless areas of desert and wilderness, extending to thousands of square miles, which lie *beyond* the valley of the Nile. These deserts are mere wastes of blown sand, with rarely a pile of grass to refresh the weary eye, and scarcely a living thing to be seen for miles, except the hungry vulture that follows in the track of the caravan, as the shark is said to swim in the wake of the doomed vessel. Little is known of this wild and weird wilderness, 'a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought

and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt.' Any authentic information, therefore, which comes to us on the subject is necessarily of interest, as few travellers have chosen to explore these forbidding byways of African travel. One of those few is General R. E. Colston, an American officer, for nearly six years in the military service of Ismail Pacha, Khedive of Egypt, and who has given an account of his experiences in those deserts, through the medium of a lecture to the American Geographical Society, as published in their Proceedings.

General Colston did not visit these districts as a mere tourist, but as an explorer, student, and observer. His immediate and official object, indeed, was to make a scientific survey of particular districts, and to examine certain ancient gold mines worked by the Egyptians before the Christian era. His first expedition was from Cairo to Kenneh on the Nile, by steamer, about four hundred miles. Thence he passed across to the Eastern Græco-Roman city of Berenice on the Red Sea, where he remained exploring the shores for three months. From this place he proceeded to explore the Eastern Desert, and especially the ancient gold mines of Wady Allaki; thence to Berber on the Nile, then to Abou Hamed, whence he traversed the great desert of Korosko across the bend of the Nile. In a second expedition, he crossed the western deserts from about the same point to the province of Kordofan. Here he was prostrated by sun-stroke, and partially paralysed, and lay six months at Obeiyah, in what was supposed to be a dying condition. At the end of this time, he was transported twelve hundred miles in a camel litter across two great deserts, till he reached Suakin on the Red Sea, whence he was conveyed by ship to Suez. This outline of his journeys, which can be traced on any map of Africa, will render his description of the routes travelled more intelligible.

To his powers of great and accurate observation, General Colston adds those of literary skill in the statement and description of what he saw, the

places explored being represented in his lecture with a vividness and force of characterisation which bring the scenes before us as in a picture. He begins by referring to what is to be seen in the sail of four hundred miles up the Nile to Kenneh, the starting-point of his first desert-journey. 'Sometimes the valley of the Nile expands like a green carpet on either side, with its rich harvests, its whitening cotton, its green sugar-canes and waving palms, in the midst of which sits embowered here and there a native village, with its quaint pigeon-houses and its lonely minaret. Further up, under the fig-trees and mimosas, shines in the magic moonlight of Egypt the white dome which covers the tomb of a Mussulman saint. As we pass the villages at sunrise and sunset, we see long files of veiled women in their dark-blue robes, their water-jars gracefully poised on their heads, coming down to fill them at the river-bank, and then walking away with a grace and stateliness astonishing in mere peasants. At other points the utterly barren hills of the Arabian and Libyan chains come down to the very water's edge, and nought is to be seen but the most dreary and desolate desert, without a blade of grass, or a sign of human or animal life—nothing but the rugged red or yellow cliffs, with the heated air visibly quivering on their surface under the fierce rays of the African sun. Then, again, on one shore or the other, sometimes on both at once, the mountains recede for a mile or two; and as the panorama unrolls itself before us, we see majestic temples and ruins, pyramids and obelisks, flitting before our fascinated gaze; to be succeeded in turn by the huge and prosaic chimneys of some of the Khedive's great sugar-refineries.'

Then follow the arrangements for the land-journey. The Sheikh and Bedouins who are to guide them on their explorations are selected, the necessary riding and baggage camels provided, with other fifty camels carrying water in skins along over their backs; and then, after much strong language on the part of the drivers, and loud groans and protestations from the camels as they receive their respective loads, the huge caravan begins its journey through the wide, monotonous waste of sand.

'The moment we leave the banks of the Nile, we enter a world entirely strange and new—a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets, or springs; nothing but scanty and more or less brackish wells, at long intervals; and in the mountainous regions, some natural rocky reservoirs, where the rare rain-water collects in the brief and uncertain rainy season.' When the writer crossed the Eastern Desert in the fall of 1873, there had been no rain for three years; so that the first thing to be provided in starting was a supply of water sufficient to last from the Nile to the first well, and then from each well to the next.

In carrying the water, the natives employ exclusively goat and ox skins. When a goat is killed, they cut off his head and his legs at the hocks and knees; and after splitting the skin a short way down his breast, turn him out of his pocket by pulling it off like a stocking. After the skin is cured, the legs are tightly tied up, leaving only the neck open; and thus a large bottle is formed capable of holding from six to ten gallons

according to the size of the defunct goat. These water-skins, called *girbabs*, after a few days' use, keep the water very sweet. In the excessive heat of the desert, however, they lose a great quantity of their contents by evaporation. Military trains, in addition, are supplied with flattened zinc barrels, whose shape is adapted for hanging to the pack-saddles. These have screw stoppers, which prevent all leakage and evaporation. The water carried in the *girbabs* in the sun, gets quite warm, and that in the zinc barrels almost boils. As soon, therefore, as the traveller gets to camp, a portion of water is poured out into open skins, and hung on tripods in the shade; when, in the course of half an hour it becomes drinkable, and by mid-night is as cold as fresh spring-water.

As a consequence, water in the desert is a very precious possession; for should the traveller find that the well on which he relied has gone dry, it may mean death to him in one of its cruellest forms. In that waterless land, therefore, even the pious Arab abstains from his religious ablutions before prayer, his law permitting him in such a case to wash his hands and feet with sand. As a rule, the water found in the scattered wells is very bad. 'The first thing on arriving at a well is to taste its water, and every one takes a sip, rolling it in his mouth and testing it, as epicures do rare wines. Great is the joy if it is pronounced "sweet water;" but when the guides say "not good," you know it is a strong solution of Epsom salts.'

The writer has some interesting observations on the camel. The specimens, he says, to be seen in the zoological collections of Europe and America are very poor, and give us little knowledge of him except his ungainly and unsymmetrical appearance, his gawky and lumbering gait. These are mostly Tartar or Syrian camels, with large frames, big heads and necks, coarse legs, and long hair, adapted for protection against the cold winters of Syria, Persia, and Tartary. General Colston calls the Arabian camel 'the most wondrously curious animal that God ever made.' Arabia has produced the best breed of these animals, which differs greatly from the Bactrian or Tartary camel. The Arabian camel has but one hump, and seldom exceeds nine feet to the top of it. His proper home is the desert. In richer lands, where food is very abundant, he becomes larger and coarser, and loses his most valuable quality, that of being able to live on little food, and of passing many days without any water at all. The camel and the dromedary are the same animal, differing only in breed, as the cart-horse differs from the race-horse. The dromedary corresponds to the latter, and is used to ride on. He is distinguished by his small head and ears, slim neck, and especially slender and wiry legs. With no load but his rider, water-skin, and a little food, he may travel a hundred miles a day for four or five days without injury. On an emergency, he can even go one hundred and fifty miles a day, a stress, however, which renders the poor animal useless afterwards. The burden-camel, corresponding to our dray or cart-horse, carries a load of four hundred pounds, and walks two and a half miles an hour, regularly as a clock. He is coarser, heavier, and slower than the dromedary.

The complaints which have been made of the difficulty of riding a camel—of the headache and

nausea it causes—proceed, in the writer's opinion, from travellers who do not know how to ride him. After the rider has once mastered the art of mounting and dismounting, there is no further trouble; and any one accustomed to horse-back may, in the General's opinion, learn in a single day to ride and manage the camel. 'He is the most docile and manageable of all animals, excepting only the Egyptian donkey.' The simple art of easy camel-riding consists chiefly in not permitting your camel to walk except in deep sand, or over steep rocky ground, where you cannot help it. 'There is not a more back-breaking, skin-abrading motion than a camel's walk; but if you press him into a gentle pace, which is the natural gait of a dromedary, he moves both legs on the same side together. Thus he will go all day, with perfect ease to you, and no fatigue to himself, at the rate of about five miles an hour. In that gait his motion feels exactly like that of a very easy trotting horse, though, of course, camels are like horses, some moving easier than others. With every increase of the rapidity of his gait, he goes rougher.' The higher speed of the dromedary enables the traveller to ride on in advance, and take two or three rests in the course of the day, in order to allow the slower burden-camels to come up. But they all camp together at night.

To turn from the camel to the inhabitants of the country, the writer notices that as you ascend the Nile the population become darker in complexion; but it is not till the limits of Nubia are passed, that people with negro characteristics begin to be found. The Bedoween or Bedouins are the inhabitants of the deserts. Their wealth is in flocks and camels, and no consideration can induce them to move into fertile places and work the ground. They act as carriers and camel-drivers, and often suffer great privation; yet the freedom of the desert is more precious to them than the plenty of the settlements, and they look down with unutterable scorn upon the inhabitants of towns, whom they contemptuously call 'dwellers among bricks.' Their condition at the present day is very much like their ancestors in the days of Abraham and Lot and Ishmael, and their customs have changed but little since that time. Each tribe is governed in an absolutely patriarchal way by its sheik. The subjects of some of these sheiks number as many as seventy thousand souls.

The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. The first they call wildernesses, being diversified by valleys or water-courses, where their flocks can wander and find pasture. The second is the *amrou*, or desert proper, consisting of hard gravel, diversified by zones of deep sands, rocky belts, and rugged defiles. 'It is absolutely and entirely destitute of all vegetation. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass relieves the eyes, which are painfully affected by the fierce reflection of the sunlight upon the yellow sand. No shade whatever is to be found, unless it is cast by some great rock. These *amrou*s, generally nine or ten days' journey across, are like oceans, which you may traverse on your four-footed ship, but where you may not carry, and where caravans cross each other like vessels on the ocean.'

Here is a picture of a desert journey, with its terrible privations and experiences: 'It is now

May 1875. The sun has again crossed the line, and is shining vertically over our heads. We are on the west of the Nile, on the desolate *amrou*s which separate the river from the hardly less barren plains of Kordofan. A more parched, blasted, and blighted country than it is at this period, cannot be conceived. It is the end of the dry season, and half of the rare wells are exhausted; and those which are not, furnish only a scanty supply of brackish water at temperatures of eighty degrees or more. The deeper the wells, the warmer the water. The marches are perfectly terrible, and yet it is worse to halt during the day than to keep moving; for under the tents the heat redoubles as in a hothouse, making it impossible to rest or sleep. Thus we march from earliest dawn often till night; for we must make the distance between the wells before our water gives out. On the burning sand the sun beats down with a fierceness which cannot be described. The barrel of your gun, the stirrup of your saddle, blister your hand and your foot. The thermometer rises to a hundred and fifty degrees in the sun; and in spite of the protection of your white helmet, a heavy silk scarf over it, and the umbrella you carry, your skin peels off in blisters, and your brain almost boils in your skull.'

Deserts such as Koroako and Shégré, which are nine or ten days across, seem to be all but bereft of animal life. 'The ostrich,' says our author, 'and hyena cross them swiftly by night, and the ever-present vulture wings his ceaseless flight over them. No one can realise the combination of complete silence, solitude, and infinite space, who has not been in those deserts. When night comes, and the Bedouins are all asleep in their bivouacs, walk away from the camp in the ungalloped moonlight of Africa, beyond the first ridge of sand or rock; around you stretches an immense sea-like horizon. The sand gleams almost as white as snow in the moon's rays. Not a sound falls upon your ear, not the murmur of a breeze, not the hum of the smallest insect, not the rustle of leaf or grass; silence, only silence as profound as death, unless it is broken by the distant howl of a prowling hyena. Thus we travel the weary days, longing for night to come; while the sun, our fierce enemy, not only drinks our blood, burns our flesh, and blisters our tongues, but also dries up our *garbels*, which, full at starting, are shrivelled to half their size by evaporation before the end of the first day.'

'No more jokes and laughter now along the column. The soldiers and servants, covering their heads with blankets and turbans, bring over all the hoods of their heavy cloth burnouses, leaving only a narrow aperture sufficient to see; but, strange to say, the Bedouins, "to the manner born," trudge along on foot, bare-headed and almost naked, without suffering as much as we do. The air that blows is literally like blasts from a furnace or a brick-kiln. Over the surface of the plain it quivers visibly in the sun, like that which rises from a red-hot stove; and now the mirage, seen on all plains, appears with redoubled vividness, as if in mockery of our suffering. It distorts and magnifies every distant object. When we come to some portion of the plain dotted with low bushes less than a yard high, they are extravagantly magnified. We long for some slight

shade for our noonday meal. We see some trees half a mile ahead, and we hasten towards them; but as we approach, they dwindle down to small bushes. But surely there are trees a little farther on, and we ride towards them, and on, and on, with the same result, until experience teaches us it is all a delusion, and we have at last to take our lunch under the shadow of our camels. On the plains, the herbage, if we find any, is so dry that it crumbles to dust under the camel's tread; and the few trees are utterly bare of all foliage, exhibiting the paradox of a wintry aspect under this intense heat.

It says much for the courage and self-denial of our race, that such scenes as these can be faced, to glean for us who stay at home a knowledge of those strange and distant lands. And yet how many risk themselves in the attempt—wandering over boundless wastes of burning sand, trackless but for the whitened bones of the fallen camels which the preceding caravan has dropped lifeless by the way. We have only given a tithe of the information to be found in General Colston's paper; but it may be sufficient to indicate not only his ability to depict what he saw, but the fortitude and physical endurance which enabled him to traverse that desert land.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XX.—OUR MR MERVYN.

BERTRAM was fairly taken by surprise. 'I hope, sir,' he said, half timidly, as the blood rushed to his pale dark cheek, 'that I have not been intrusive, or prying, in'—

'No, no,' interrupted the great shipbuilder, patting him lightly on the shoulder as he spoke. 'This is no Bluebeard's chamber, and you are very welcome to inspect whatever it contains. My models, however, are especial pets of mine; and I take it as a compliment when a stranger looks at them so fixedly, and for so long a time, as I observed you to do.'

Again Bertram reddened. 'I must beg your pardon, sir, for trespassing on your patience as I have done, quite inadvertently, I assure you.' And he began to grope in the inner pocket of his coat for the thick letter which represented his credentials, and the production of which he felt he should no longer delay.

'No hurry, no hurry!' answered Mr Mervyn, with so genial and natural a frankness that it set Bertram almost at his ease. 'You shall give me the packet presently; but first we may chat over these toys'—pointing to the models—'hobbies of mine, as I said just now. I conjecture that you are fond of reading, and must have read books, whatever they were, which have taught you something about ships? Otherwise, you would hardly have cared for my miniatures.'

'The sight of them, sir, was a treat to me,' said Bertram, emboldened by the great kindness of his host. 'It so happens that I was born, or at least reared, on the coast, within sight and sound of the sea, and I got to be so useful in the fishing-smacks, that my good friends thought me cut out for a sailor. But I do love books; and I have read so much of the Roman galleys—and others

too—that I felt just now as though I saw for the first time the real craft, the shadows of which had been visible to me only in fancy. And here, too, are the ships of a later day, such as *Elmgham*, *Raleigh*, *Drake*, may have sailed in. I was amusing myself, when you found me,' added Bertram, with his bright smile, 'by giving names to some of them, as my memory prompted.'

'Name me that one,' said Mr Mervyn quickly, pointing to a bearded model that stood a little apart from the rest, on a blue cushion ornamented by tiny golden roses.

'I think I can guess right, sir, in this case,' was Bertram's ready reply. 'Less gold, sir, than with the Spanish four-deckers, fewer guns, and not so lofty a poop; but a tall, wall-sided, crank man-of-war, first-rate for her age. I should christen her the *Great Harry*. Even the roses on the cushion, King Henry VIII.'s favourite emblem, would give me a hint of that; just as yonder big ship of the seventeenth century, with the white flag at the peak, and the L. R. on the stern-post, may be the *Royal Soleil*, the French flagship of which Louis XIV. was so proud—a fine vessel too,' added Bertram, with a glance towards the shelves.

'Upon my word!' exclaimed Mr Mervyn, 'for a messenger of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, you are a very extraordinary young man.'

'I am a bookworm, sir, by nature,' was Bertram's gentle answer. 'I have lived much alone, and have had no family ties, and little to distract my attention, in leisure hours, from my books—when I can get books. But I am not simply a messenger of our house. I work for Messrs Groby, but in other ways.'

Mr Mervyn's quick eyes had noted the shabbiness of Bertram's well-worn hat and well-brushed coat; he contrasted the signs of decent poverty which his visitor perforce exhibited, with the young man's cultured mind and modest manliness of deportment, and knowing somewhat of Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge, divined the rest.

'Well, I am glad,' said Mr Mervyn, in his shrewd, pleasant way, 'that my correspondents have sent me their communication, this time, by some one whose tastes coincide so well with mine, as yours appear to do, Mr'—

'Oakley—Bertram Oakley,' replied the young man.

'Sit down a moment, Mr Oakley, then. Here, nearer to the stove,' said the old gentleman, seating himself near the cheerful blaze, and motioning to Bertram to follow his example. 'I should like, with your leave, to talk a little about yourself. Even if you had not told me that your boyhood had been spent beside the sea, I should never have taken you for a Londoner born and bred. Town-made youngsters, to my mind, are as irreverent as so many town sparrows.'

'I came up to London last winter,' Bertram explained, 'and I feel strange to the great city yet. Perhaps that is partly because I have had little to interest me, little to care for, in it. And yet there was a time when I dreamed of London, as if'—

'As if it had been *El Dorado*, or the New Jerusalem, I suppose,' chimed in Mr Mervyn good-humouredly. 'So did I, as a boy in old Yorkshire; but I have lived long enough to have got over my first disenchantment, and to be able to

rate big London as no better and no worse than it deserves. But with respect to yourself, you did not become a sailor? Even your hands, though they are limber and lithe enough, would tell me that. But there is a tarriness, an indescribable something, which sticks to Jack, that sticks to him through life. Did you notice our old gate porter, as you came in?

'He noticed me,' replied Bertram, quite confidential now with this great magnate, of whom he had vaguely heard, for there were dealings between the Westminster house and that of Blackwall; and rumours as to the extensive business of Mervyn & Co.—the clippers they built for the Australian and China trade—the contracts for transports and ironclads which they undertook for all governments, home and foreign, had reached even Bertram's ears. It was a great firm. It had launched vast ships, that were cited, for steam-power and stability, for fighting force and capacity of freightage, as types of what ocean-going steamers ought to be; and here was the chief of this great firm, he who had dealings with Emperors and Presidents, with all authorities and private plutocrats of the Old World and the New, finding time to chat with Bertram Oakley, and apparently less in a hurry to curtail the interview than Bertram himself!

'An old sea-dog,' said Mr Mervyn thoughtfully; 'so old, so tough, so seasoned, that he has outlived the generation that followed his comrades, and the generation which succeeded that. I never cross-question him. He has seen battles, and lost his leg in one of them. That is enough for me. I rather think it was when Lord Exmouth boarded Algiers; but if Old Joe prefers to fancy that he fought under Nelson at the Nile, or under Rodney at the West Indian victory over the Comte de Grasse, it would be the same to me. I like a hero, and I have got one.'

Bertram thought afterwards, that this digression as to the qualities of Joe the gate-keeper had been intended to put him at his ease; for there is nothing more embarrassing to a young man, not naturally conceited, than a conversation which turns upon himself.

'I did not turn sailor, sir, as you see,' said Bertram presently. 'If I had, I should have slipped as a boy on board some Bristol merchantman, or an ordinary seaman for coasting-craft. I had read of mechanical contrivances, and went to Blackston on foot, to seek a livelihood. There I got work in a mill, and earned tolerable wages; but somehow'—

'Somehow, spent them faster than they were earned,' interrupted Mr Mervyn, with an indulgent shake of the head. 'You were very, very young, and boys will be boys.'

'I spent them, sir; but it was in books and—I am afraid you will laugh at me—in scientific apparatus, and'—

Again Mr Mervyn broke in. 'I understand,' he said. 'I was like you, as a lad, only perhaps luckier; and the more credit for you, my brave boy! And so you came up to London at last, and got into the employment of Messrs Groby? Well, well. Mr Studge may come to pay a visit—he does sometimes—and if he does, he and I will have a talk about your future, Mr Oakley. I shall send an answer to their letter to-morrow.'

Then Bertram shook gratefully Mr Mervyn's offered hand, but declined the wine that was pressed upon him; and then came the wending his way through the tortuous lanes of Blackwall and the journey back to London.

## OUR RARE OLD HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

THE popular notion of an old manuscript is that of a musty, discoloured, dog-eared piece, or pieces, of paper, parchment, or vellum, written in a crabbed hand, and in characters only to be deciphered by an antiquary of the Dr Dryadust school. Manuscripts are really, however, the foundation of much of our authentic history; without them the labours of historians would be of little worth. All records on paper or parchment must necessarily be of this kind if more than four centuries and a half old, seeing that printing was not until then invented. And even when Gutenberg, De Woebe, and Caxton had given the world their invaluable inventions, the progress of the new art was slow, and throughout the following century manuscript records continued to be the rule.

The State Papers belonging to our own country comprise a vast body of manuscripts which for years, nay for centuries, never saw the light of day. They were stowed away in holes and corners in various buildings, without arrangement or catalogue. At length, learned men urged the government to collect, arrange, and catalogue the heterogeneous mass, and to print such of them as might be useful to statesmen, legislators, historians, journalists, and literary men. This really great undertaking is now being proceeded with, the Master of the Rolls being the official mostly concerned with the duty. The new Record Office is the building in which the treasures are now for the most part stored, arranged with scrupulous care in fireproof rooms. The papers thus printed and published from time to time, evince the desire of the authorities to place the more important documents within reach of the class of persons most fitted to appreciate them. The expense is heavy, but parliament readily grants the supplies.

These published State Papers have been the means of suggesting a further development in the same direction. The fact has become known to literary men that large collections of valuable old manuscripts are possessed by cathedral chapters, colleges and universities, grammar-schools and chartered bodies, municipal corporations, church and parochial authorities, and private individuals. Not only are the contents of these collections unknown to the general public; they are in many cases almost unknown to the owners. It is very dry work, except to a practised reader of old documents, to pore over manuscripts in many of which the writing is more or less obliterated. Hence gradually arose the question: Can these old treasures be in any degree placed within reach of the same class of persons that now experiences the advantage and value of printed copies of the State Papers? Would the owners consent to such a course; and who would undertake the work and bear the cost?

It is more than fifty years since these questions were first pressed upon public attention; but it was a long time before the government took any



practical interest in the matter. In Scotland, a number of scholarly and public-spirited gentlemen formed themselves into clubs and societies for the purpose of printing early manuscript records of various kinds. The chief of these combinations were the Bannatyne, Maitland, and other clubs, and the Wodrow Society; and under their auspices, and at the sole expense of the members, a number of most valuable volumes were issued. Among these were such mines of historical wealth as the cartularies of the Abbeys of Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Newbattle, Dunfermline, St Andrews, &c.; and there were also reproduced many curious and interesting papers on special periods in the history of Scotland. In England, such bodies as the Early English Text Society, the Shakespeare Society, &c., are now engaged in similar work.

But in course of time, the government saw it to be their duty to interest themselves in the publication of the more important State Papers hitherto kept in the pigeon-holes and recesses of the State Office; and eleven or twelve years ago, they appointed a body called the 'Historical Manuscript Commissioners.' Their functions were: 'To make inquiry into the places in which documents illustrative of history, or of general public interest, belonging to private persons, are deposited; and to consider whether, with the consent of the owners, means might not be taken to render such documents available for public reference,' by means of printed abstracts and catalogues. The Commissioners comprised the Master of the Rolls, two or three other *ex officio* members, and several learned men; together with noblemen and gentlemen who were themselves the owners of valuable old manuscripts which they had signified their willingness to make public. These Commissioners, who rendered their services gratuitously, had a paid Secretary and paid examiners or searchers. When an organised plan had been formed, a circular letter was drawn up, and copies transmitted by the Secretary to numerous persons and bodies known or believed to possess rare old manuscripts.

That the documents were to be scrupulously treated in accordance with the owners' wishes will be seen from the following passages in the circular: 'If any person expresses his willingness to submit any paper or collection of papers within his possession to examination by the Commissioners, they will cause an inspection to be made by some competent person; and from the information derived by this means, the Commissioners will make a private report to the owner on the general nature of the papers. Such report will not be made public without the owner's consent. Where the papers are not mere isolated documents, but form a collection which appears to be of literary or historical value, a chronological list or brief calendar will be deposited in the public Record Office.' The circular proceeded to point out how careful the examination would be, so as not to obtrude upon private affairs: 'I have to call your attention to the fact that nothing of a private character, or relating to the titles of existing owners, is to be divulged. If in the course of his examination any title-deeds or other documents of a private character chance to come before him, they are to be instantly put aside by the examiner, and not to be reported on or calendared under any pretence whatever.' In short, what they wished to make public are those details only that throw light

on the civil, political, ecclesiastical, scientific, or industrial history of our native country.

So well arranged were the plans of the Commissioners, and so great the reliance placed on that body, that the possessors of curious old manuscripts came forward promptly and numerous. In the first year, the manuscripts belonging to the House of Lords, to nine colleges of Cambridge University, to the chapters of four cathedrals, and two minsters (York and Westminster), to the corporations of fourteen municipal cities and towns, were, with the consent of the respective owners, examined and reported on. The calendars or chronological catalogues, with brief descriptions of the manuscripts individually, filled for the first year a massive folio volume of small print. Subsequent years—for the Commission has thus far partaken of the character of a permanent one—have presented similar testimony to the labours of the Commissioners and their staff of able searchers and examiners. Some of the volumes reach a thousand pages each; and so much interest has been taken in them by learned societies and individuals, that two or three editions of some of the volumes have been called for; while stray copies of such as are out of print and not yet furnished with new editions, readily find purchasers at much more than the original published price, in accordance with the well-known commercial tendency of supply and demand.

Dip where we may into this storehouse of authentic jottings relating to the past history and characteristics of our land, we are sure to meet with something curious or important, or both.

Take, for instance, the collection of manuscripts belonging to the House of Lords. There is a Petition dated 1645 from workmen employed in repairing (old) St Paul's Cathedral, praying that some scaffolding, timber, &c., belonging to it, 'which as the work goes not forward will decay and be lost,' may be sold for their benefit, as they are ready to perish for want of the money due to them. A bad time was that, when Charles I. had begun to topple over to his ruin, for the prosecution of any public works. Another manuscript contains a Petition from the New River Company, complaining that of late certain disaffected persons had in many places dammed up the passage of their river—made by Sir Ingh Myddleton—and cut the banks and pipes, and praying that some course may be taken to prevent the like offence in future. If the experience of householders in the Metropolis be taken as a test, the New River Company are more than able to defend themselves, bullying, as they do, the owners of cisterns and water-butts in a somewhat tyrannical fashion. Another Petition—called at random—was from the minister and inhabitants of Twickenham, complaining that the ancient custom of bringing two great cakes into the church on Easter Day, to be distributed among 'the younger sort of people,' caused much disorder, by reason of the scrambling and contention; and praying that it may be discontinued. We may presumably infer that the cakes were some old annual endowment, dole, or charity, which could not be withdrawn or extinguished without the sanction of some superior authority.

The Monument Room at Westminster Abbey contains many old manuscripts of an interesting

character. One is a letter from Maude de Clare, Countess of Gloucester and Hertford, to the Prior and Monastery of Westminster. In this letter, she expresses a hope that 'they will not take in ill part the long stay which their friar Dan Henry is making with her; and that they will allow him to sojourn with her some time longer, with the relic which they had allowed her to retain so long, and which had done her so much good during an illness; its removal would be a great unhappiness to her.' The relic may have been a reputed bit of the true cross, or a bone of some saint; but whatever its nature, the contemplation of the relic was believed by Countess Maude to have been beneficial to her. Brother Dan Henry was evidently the custodian, out of whose hands the much-prized relic was not to pass.

The Westminster Abbey manuscripts, as we have said, comprise many other curious and interesting examples; but our limits prevent us from noticing more than four or five of them. Under date 1385, in the time of Richard II., a petition appears from several of the friars to the king, complaining of the great misgovernment by the Abbot, and praying that the visitor of the Order may take steps thereon. A later document tells of the proceedings against Abbot George for his extravagance and mismanagement; the arrangements for the liquidation of his debts; and his retirement from his position until they were paid. A manuscript dated 1518 (*temp.* Henry VIII.) presents a supplication by a friar to the Bishop of Rome, complaining of having been falsely accused of robbing the Prior, and of being forced to perform services when sick; praying that compensation may be given to him. A remarkable contest for the honour of burying King Henry VI. is recorded in another of these manuscripts. The body had been removed from Chertsey to Windsor by command of Richard III. In the time of Henry VII., the Abbot of Chertsey requested that it might be sent back to his Abbey; the Dean of Windsor resisted this, while the Abbot of Westminster also put in a claim. The tripartite contest was referred to the king in council to settle. The decision was in favour of Westminster Abbey, on the ground that it had been the place of sepulture of so many English sovereigns. And there, we presume, are the bones of the Lancastrian King Henry VI.

The Cecil Manuscripts, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, and kept at Hatfield House, are regarded as among the most valuable possessed by any of our noble or county families. They are specially noticeable for their connection with an important period of English history. The first Marquis was eldest son of the great Lord Burleigh, for many years prime-minister to Queen Elizabeth; and thus it arose that the Cecil Collection is rich in letters to and from the leading personages of the age. The Queen herself, the king of Scots, Lord Burleigh, his eldest son when plain Mr Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Essex, Howard of Arundel, Bolliwell—all figure in this correspondence. These documents, sooner or later to be put into print, on account of their bearing upon a stirring period in our annals.

The Commissioners have ascertained that some of the smaller English towns possess old manuscripts which deserve to be brought to light. Fordwich, for instance, now little other than a

mere village, was at one time a considerable commercial town. Small as the place is, however, it still possesses the honours of a corporate town, and an old hall in which some curious manuscripts are preserved. Among the churchwarden's accounts for a part of the sixteenth century is one written by a functionary whose knowledge of orthography appears to have been rather peculiar: 'Many gylvered [gathered] in the church, 4s. 1d.' He acknowledges the receipt of 6s. 8d. per hony made by the church bees—bees, we presume, hived within the church precincts—probably in the roof. 'Payd unto the wax chandler for all manner of lyghts, as hit a parith (it appeareth) in his boke, elevepence.'

Another small place where ordinary folk would scarcely look for old manuscripts of any interest is Mendlesham, in Suffolk. The belfry of the church was found by the Commissioners to contain the documents, kept in very creditable order. Under date 1564, the churchwarden's books contain an entry concerning meat and drink for a journey to bury St Edmunds for the visitation of the Bishop, fourpence. Other entries relate to a pound of candles for Christmas morning, five pounds of wax and the expense of making it into candles to use in the mass. In 1574, when Catholic Queen Mary had been succeeded on the throne by her Protestant sister, Queen Elizabeth, we find that Mendlesham had conformed to the changes of the times. Items now occur of 33s. 8d. for one quarter's salary to the schoolmaster (a good omen!); 13s. 2d. for a wey of cheese, and half a reawell (7) of butter; 'three pyntes of claret wyne for the Communyn, ninetee [nineteen] pence for claret'; three pyntes of muskade for the Communyn; tenpence; two dozen Calachians, 3s. 4d.' There was also a small sum 'payd to Ries wyfe for drink for the ringers when they ronge for joy of that day that the Queen's Maistey was crowned.'

We have touched lightly and rapidly on a few only of the more curious entries in these valuable reports. We cannot, of course, enter here into others of more weighty character, which historians, philosophers, men of science, statesmen, legislators, judges and lawyers, political economists, literary men, and the higher class of journalists, will appreciate more and more as they become better acquainted with them. 'The Historical Manuscript Commissioners are doing their work right well.'

## A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

### CONCLUSION.

SEATED at his breakfast table on the following morning, Mark Barnes was painfully anxious to hear the familiar rat-tat of the postman; and it required continual reference to his watch to convince himself that the official was not extremely late, or had actually forgotten the street altogether. At last—in reality at his usual time—the train of sharp double knocks was heard exploding as the letter-bearer came down the long street; and sure enough there was a letter for Barnes, and the writing was in a hand he had seen many times before. He tore open the envelope. It was a very brief epistle—merely an address, followed by these words: 'Please ask for Mr Tomkins. I thought it might perhaps confuse any undesired inquirers if they had suspected Tunnell, to find no trace of him.'

Mark at once proceeded to write the promised note to Mr Willerton, not failing to advise him of the change in the name, which he felt to be a somewhat awkward point. As he closed this and put it in the breast-pocket of his coat, he muttered: 'I don't half like trusting a total stranger such as this man; but then I don't see what better we can do; and after all, we do not intend to tell him anything, or let him behind the scenes in the least; so there cannot be much harm in it.' His breakfast ended, he hurried to the point whence he always took the omnibus, and at his usual time presented himself at the office.

They were very busy in the counting-house at that period, and the staff of Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle were scarcely sufficient to carry on the business, so there was not a moment's pause for any of the clerks; and at twelve o'clock, Mr Rawley spoke to Mark: 'Here, Barnes,' he said; 'I am sorry to interrupt you, much more to send you out; but I must ask you to go at once to Limehouse, and see Casker's people about shipping the goods on Tuesday, for certain. Here is the letter.'

Of course, there was nothing left for Barnes but to start off immediately; which was not only awkward, as interfering with his office work, but unpleasant; for it was a pouring wet morning, with every prospect of the rain lasting all day.

Mark was tolerably damp before he reached the railway station; got worse before he reached Casker's, and worse still before he regained the railway, so that he was in no very pleasant mood; and short though the trip was, yet various little delays had so used up the time, that it was fully two o'clock when he returned from Limehouse to the London terminus. If he had felt vexed and out of temper before, his mood was not improved by finding, when he thrust his hand into his pocket for the railway ticket, that the letter to Mr Willerton was still there, unposted! What was to be done? It was fully the time by which Mr Willerton must have expected to receive the letter, and Barnes knew that the old gentleman was going out after an early tea, before the post could now reach him. He would be offended at being treated with such a want of attention; Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel would pronounce him very lukewarm in their interest, and when they learned the truth, would be still more mortified. He knew too, that directly he went back to the office, he would be up to his eyes in business, and unable to move from his desk. He would make a desperate determination, and go straight on to Bloomsbury with the letter himself. If he did not first go to the office, the authorities could only think he had been a long time in running down to Limehouse and back, especially as he was entitled to his time for dinner. Yes, that was what he would do, as the only means of preventing a mischief his neglect would otherwise create; he would have a hasty lunch, and then proceed direct to Bloomsbury.

To avoid a chance rencontre with any one of the clerks from his own firm—a contingency not at all impossible—he would not enter any of their more familiar eating-houses; but plunging down a narrow way, he found a quiet tavern at the end, very well known to the business

people of the immediate neighbourhood, but not greatly resorted to by strangers. Here, as the readiest viand, he was served with some cold roast beef, and was about to attack it with the extreme haste the exigency of his position demanded, when he laid down his knife and fork, and glanced cautiously but eagerly across the dining-room. Fortunately for him, the old-fashioned tavern had the equally old-fashioned boxes, topped with little blue curtains, which partially screened the occupants, and under cover of these, Barnes was able to look and listen without much danger of himself being seen.

'Bring me a steak, John,' said a voice, 'and look sharp about it.—What will you have?'

'Bring me a steak as well,' said a second voice.

'Two steaks, as quick as you like, John,' said the first speaker; 'for I ought to be out of here by this time.'

Two men, evidently connected with the police force, had entered, and given the above orders while standing in the centre of the room, so that they were plainly visible to Barnes. One was dressed in the uniform of a superior officer of police, the other was clad in plain clothes; but in their build and carriage they might have been twin brothers; and the latter had the voice, the dress, and the face of Mr Willerton. It was Willerton, whom Barnes was picturing as waiting anxiously at that moment for his forgotten letter. He had no blue spectacles on, it is true; but his keen eyes did not need them. This was a suspicious fact in itself; but what was it to the awful fact, that he was dining with a policeman, an inspector of police, and that he too evidently belonged to the Force!

The cold perspiration gathered on Mark's forehead, as the whole mystery stood revealed, and he saw what a narrow hairbreadth escape he had experienced; how nearly he had fallen into an abyss, and had dragged those he most wished to help, into the trap. The two officers chose a seat in the very next box to Barnes, so that he could not see them. But then they could not see him, which was something, and he strained every nerve to pick up any fragments of their conversation. They were too guarded, however, to speak loud enough for him to overhear a great deal, but a little he did hear, and that little was by no means reassuring. The waiter looked oddly at Barnes once or twice, as being surprised to see a customer who had laid such stress on his requiring his dinner in a great hurry, taking his time so much, and making such slow progress. Of course Barnes saw that, come what might, the officers must be allowed to leave the room before himself, or perhaps the winning cards might pass from his hands. He thought he held them now.

'It seems to me to be a certainty, Tom,' said the first voice.

'Certainty! It is as good as over,' said Mr Willerton. 'The old girl let out so much this morning, that I know if she could have told me all, she would have done it. I wish she had.'

'Shall you'—began number one, but he dropped his voice so much that Barnes could not distinguish what was said. When next they spoke aloud, their words coloured Mark's cheek, and made him tingle with anger—and shame too, for he felt that they were not wholly undeserved.

'Oh, he's a fool!' said Willerton; 'not much better than the old woman herself.'

'Worse, I think, from what you say,' growled number one.

'Well, perhaps he is,' continued Willerton. 'He's a clerk in the City in the same house. Pretty place it must be; half rogues and half fools. However, it is out of such people we make our living; so I shall just have a little whisky cold for luck, and then be off to Bloomsbury.'

Some more mumbled conversation followed, until the waiter brought the cold whiskies in obedience to order, when Willerton said: 'You would laugh, Sam, to see me coming the invalid dodge; milk every night, because I am so delicate. I have drunk more rum to flavour the mawkish stuff, in the week I've been there, than I ever did in the same time before, in the whole course of my life. Well, here's luck!'

The two glasses were tossed off, and the two officers stalked from the room. As they went out, Willerton, seeing that it still rained, threw a plaid—which he had carried on his arm—round his shoulders, and this action revealed a great deal more to Barnes. By a single flash, as it were, he recognised at once the man who had followed him into the omnibus, who had followed him out of it, and whom he had seen lingering at the street corner when he looked out some half an hour after entering his house.

His resolution was taken at once. He saw now where the danger had been, and terrible as was the shock of discovering whether his blindness had led him, he felt that now he knew his danger, he could evade it. He returned to his office and wrote a brief note to Willerton, giving an address in Westminster, for it might perhaps create suspicion to give it elsewhere—but in a very different part from that in which the fugitive really was hiding. As a matter of course, he said nothing about the change of name, and he asked Mr Willerton to call as near to half-past seven o'clock as possible. This was exactly the time at which he now intended to go to the right address himself; and thus he expected to make sure of the detective's absence at the most critical moment. He threw in some few special directions and cautions to be observed, which he thought would read very mysteriously, and strengthen the detective's belief that he was about to effect a grand coup. This note he sent by a messenger, who would only reach Mr Willerton in time for him to start.

The unremitting work in which he was engaged during the whole of the afternoon, was a positive benefit to him, as it prevented him from growing as nervous and excited as he would otherwise have done. He was especially glad, nevertheless, when he was able to leave his desk, and feel that he was really about to do something to make up for the awful mistake he had fallen into. As he was too early for the time he had named—half-past seven—and as he of course wished, above all things, to avoid being seen loitering in the neighbourhood of Mr Tomkins's hiding-place, he had to spend an hour in a City coffee-house, and this was the worst part of all the trying day to him. Every voice made him start; at every creak of the door he looked nervously round, dreading to see the now hateful and ominous face of Willerton; but at last the time came for him to go, and he

left the house with an ejaculation of thankfulness.

He found the place readily enough; and on asking for Mr Tomkins, was joyfully received by the unlucky criminal. The packet was ready; and Mavors not unreasonably asked him how it was that he came, in lieu of sending, as arranged. Barnes told him.

His listener's cheek grew very white as he proceeded. 'What an escape!' he exclaimed. 'My dear boy! how much I owe you. But do you think they will follow me up, now I have sent the papers back?'

'I fear they will,—Mr Croulle will,' said Barnes. 'He seems very bitter against you. And there is the money, you know; you will be followed on that.'

'But my good gracious me!' exclaimed Tomkins, 'I don't owe them twenty pounds, and I left a month's salary due. I know it was very wrong to take the papers, but I did so, solely to spite Croulle. But I won't say any more about it, as I know I have no excuse. Write to me here, my boy; I think I am safe in this place for a bit. And now, go to poor Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel; they will be so anxious to know how you have got on.'

Barnes remained a few minutes longer, chiefly speaking of Mavors' chances of escape, and of living if he did escape; then, charged with many messages of affection to the outcast's sister and niece, he left. He did not think it safe to go direct to Spackham Street with the papers in his possession; accordingly, he made a circuit, and called at a private restaurant where he sometimes lunched, and where he was known, and asked the waiter to place the parcel in some safe place for him till morning, as it was for the office, and he had a call to make, and did not wish to carry the parcel with him. The obliging waiter at once took charge of the parcel; and Barnes slipped again into the street, this time with a light heart. It was like a great weight taken off his mind, this happy, and he knew safe, disposal of these dangerous papers. He reached Spackham Street without adventure, and felt pretty certain that on this occasion at any rate he was not watched.

Here he found the mother and daughter all anxiety about Mr Willerton and his errand. He had gone out in the rain, poor dear man! Mrs Hadleigh said, so cheerfully on their account. Their pleasure at seeing Mark was great; but their horror—dismay—there is no word sufficiently powerful to express what they felt when he told them what had happened. The wolf, the absolute tiger in sheep's clothing that they had been trusting and admiring! 'The dreadful, cruel, treacherous man, who, no doubt, had handcuffs in his pocket while he was talking to them; and slept—no doubt either—with a policeman's rattle and truncheon under his pillow! Well, there was no trusting anybody, and for her part, Mrs Hadleigh never would trust any one again. But this she could and would say, and woman-like did say it; she had never liked the man from the first moment she saw him!

Barnes had to narrate the minutest particulars of his mission, to tell Mrs Hadleigh how her brother looked, and what he, Barnes, thought Mavors intended to do.

'I fancy,' said Mark, 'from what he told me,

that he hopes to get abroad as waiter or cook upon some of the cheap sailing-vessels.'

'Cook! Why, he never could even boil an egg, poor dear!' exclaimed Mrs Hadleigh.

The details which Barnes had to furnish occupied them until the step of Mr Willerton was heard in the room above, he having let himself in, and some one with him, with his latch-key. Each of the conspirators turned pale at the sound, and paler again when the parlour bell was touched. Mrs Hadleigh, with the most composed countenance she could assume, went up-stairs, and returning quickly, said: 'He says he is very sorry he could not find the house out; thinks you made a mistake in the number, as there is no No. 90 in the street. But, Mark, he asked the very first thing, if you were here; and when I said "Yes," he said he should like to see you; and I said you would go up.'

'Oh, I will go!' exclaimed Barnes, with a show of greater alacrity than he really felt, and at once left the sitting-room.

'Good-evening, Mr Willerton,' he began, by way of having that first blow which is said to be half the battle. 'Mrs Hadleigh tells me that you could not find Mr Tunnell from the direction I sent.'

'Mrs Hadleigh is perfectly right; I could not,' said the other drily, staring through the blue spectacles at Barnes, with the sharp eyes the young man so well knew were covered by that veil.

'You found the street, I suppose?' began Barnes.

'I did,' said Mr Willerton; 'but I did not find No. 90, and I did not find Mr Tunnell. But I have brought a friend with me, who would like to look about Mrs Hadleigh's rooms, and see whether she may not have got those valuable maps she spoke of lying beside her. In the meantime, you will just sit where you are, Mr Barnes, and not interfere with my friend's operations.'

The other man, clearly another detective officer, left the room, and proceeded down to the apartments occupied by Mrs Hadleigh and her daughter. He remained there for a considerable time, during which Barnes congratulated himself a thousand times that he had had the forethought to place the papers elsewhere. Dy-and-by, the other officer returned to the room, empty-handed.

'Then,' said Mr Willerton, with a decidedly malicious look, 'I won't detain you any longer, Mr Barnes, I only want to tell you this: when I go to find Mr Tunnell again, I shall not ask you for his direction.'

Do what he would, a conscious look would struggle into his face, and Barnes was glad to make a hasty exit, quite satisfied that no further disguise was intended by Mr Willerton.

The next morning, Mr Weekes, who was first at the office, had the great gratification of receiving from his clerk the precious documents which the firm had so desired, with a message—which Barnes said he had received, but did not say how—expressive of Mavors' regret at his conduct, and his intention to make up the trifling loss the House had sustained by him. Mr Croulle's pleasure at receiving the papers was almost blighted by his vexation at the culprit still being able to evade the police, and his passion almost choked him when his partners insisted upon withdrawing the reward.

Barnes was called into the private room again and again, to be catechised by Mr Croulle and by various police emissaries; but he would reveal nothing; and when he was threatened by one partner, the others spoke up for him. Yet Barnes felt he should have but an unpleasant time of it in future, and he would probably have soon found he was right; only that in a very short time, within a week from the dénouement, Mr Weekes sent for him to say that his (Mr Weekes') nephew was about to take a share in a large concern, and would wish to have his own confidential clerk; that if Barnes chose to accept this post, it was at his service. 'And from what I can see,' added the kindly old gentleman, 'you had better leave at once, Barnes.' He went on to say that if that poor creature Mavors, whom he only regarded as half-witted, chose to begin the world again, and would go out to China, he might have a chance of redeeming his character; 'of which I can see little chance if he stays in England,' concluded Mr Weekes, 'for he has an inveterate enemy, whose spirit is not to my taste.'

It need hardly be said how eagerly both these offers were accepted, Barnes feeling sure he might answer for Mavors; and directly he was at liberty, he hurried up to Spackham Street with the intelligence.

Great was the delight his news diffused. Mrs Hadleigh wept for joy to think that her brother would be respectable and honest again; Ethel was almost as much pleased at this as her mother; but she had another cause for delight mingling in the intelligence. Mark's advance of salary would enable him to make certain arrangements at once, which he had hoped to do in some two or three years' time. Mark was not very much surprised to learn that Mr Willerton had quitted his apartments without any formal leave-taking, though his rent and the money in lieu of a week's notice were duly paid.

Matters having now assumed a somewhat brighter aspect for those whom our story chiefly concerns, it only remains to be recorded that Mavors was got safely away to China, and died there some years after. Mark pleased his new employers, and in course of time rose to be head-clerk in the firm, quite an apex of dignity in the eyes of himself and his clerical brethren; while a certain young lady became Ethel Barnes that very summer.

Willerton had apparently disappeared; and never again, save in one trifling incident, did anything occur to remind Mark of him, or of the troubled days at Hobbell, Weekes, and Croulle's office. He was one evening, two or three years afterwards, passing a certain very showy restaurant at the West End, when he was tapped on the shoulder and his name was pronounced. Looking round, he saw a gentleman of clerical aspect, whom he could not remember to have seen before. His face expressed his astonishment; but the clerical gentleman smiled. 'Come in here,' he said, 'and have a glass of sherry.' He seized Barnes by the arm, and led him into the restaurant, the young man being too much astonished to offer any opposition. It was Willerton! Mark ejaculated the name; and the other continued: 'Yes; it's me. That is, I was Mr Willerton. Now I'm somebody else.



My name is Jackson—Tom Jackson. I daresay you have often heard of me. I don't bear any ill-will, you know; on the contrary, I admire you for it; but you did not die out of that hundred pounds cleverly."

"I am afraid I cannot claim much credit," said Barnes, "as it was only by accident!"

"Oh, ah! yes; entirely an accident, of course," interrupted his companion, winking and tapping his nose with a knowing expression. "It was accidental, of course, your taking me up to that precious Regent's Park! Accidental, your sending me to a wrong street with an impossible number, while you quietly walked off and got the papers! Directly I got to that blessed street, and found there was no No. 90, says I: 'I'm done! That young fellow has been too much for me.' I knew it. But I didn't expect it of you; I must own that. I am glad to hear you are doing well, for your own sake, and for the sake of that pretty little girl, your wife. As the reward was dropped, I am glad you got Mavors off. I know where he is; but of course it wouldn't pay to fetch him.—Well, here's your health, Mr. Barnes. It was a near thing; but then a Miss is as good as a Mile."

#### SCRAMBLES UP THE HILL OF LIFE.

We are all familiar with instances of men who, spurred on by ambition or the love of approbation, have snapped the chains which in early life held them in poverty or obscurity; and by sheer perseverance have borne down opposing agencies, reaching in course of time the coveted goal of competency or distinction. But the instances which are known are few when compared with those which are not known; that is, with persons hid from all except a very few who, observing their early struggles, have watched and marked their progress and its consummation. Almost every village can point to its man who, born in indigence, and brought up in ignorance and toil, has waited for, and at last secured a chance of bettering his lot; who has lived for years a life of usefulness, and at last died a public character, his career a model for imitation, and his success an incentive to persevering enterprise.

The writer is acquainted with a man, now wearing the 'sere and yellow leaf' of age, who, when he had reached the stage of manhood, knew not the alphabet of the language he spoke. Passing a hoarding one day, he heard a very little boy read, with marked fluency, one of the bills posted thereon. 'This is what I, a man cannot do,' said the listener; and such a feeling of shame crept over him that, to use his own words, 'if I could have squeezed myself into a mousehole, out of sight, I would have done so.' Happily his next thought was 'I am not too old to learn, and learn I will.' His first effort was directed to the Sunday-school, where, by dint of close attention, he speedily got to know the names and powers of most of the letters of the alphabet. Then, instead of spending his pocket-money foolishly, as had been his wont, he bought a slate and pencils, a Reading-made-easy, and a pound of candles, and shutting himself in his bedroom, he spent his evenings in adding to the knowledge gained on Sundays. Thus in a few months he was able to read any bill

posted on the hoarding, as well as to teach intelligently in the Sunday-school. This man has held posts of public usefulness and responsibility which he could not have held had he remained as illiterate as he was when he heard the boy read the poster; besides, he has created a business which will enable him to spend his last days in independence, instead of within the walls of a workhouse.

Some years ago, the writer was talking with a friend—since deceased—in that friend's elegant sitting-room. We will style him Mr. Jay. Starting to his feet, as though excited by his recollections, and looking out of his bay-window, which commanded a view of at least three of the four points of the compass, he said, with pardonable pride: 'I am the architect of my own fortune; the monarch of all I survey!' Amongst the 'all' was a pile of buildings filled with costly machinery, the buzz of which fell each moment on our ears. 'And yet,' said Mr. Jay, 'I have not got this by speculation; nor do I now speculate; all my possessions have been secured by honest trading. I'll tell you what I've done. Believing that it is well to follow up a good beginning, I have for many years bought the cargo of a certain ship, because my first purchase thereof turned out well. I said, "I'll try the *Zephyr's* cargo next year." I did so. It did just as well for me; and thus I've gone on year by year. The other week, the moment I saw the *Zephyr* reported as being in the Channel, I telegraphed the owners that I would buy her cargo. I did so; fifty thousand pounds-worth. I had some thousands offered me for my bargain before it was landed; but I declined the offer, for I could make more of it by bringing it here and working it up."

Forty years before I had this talk with the prosperous manufacturer, he was a poor man, living in a scantily furnished cottage, which he was assisted in keeping over his head by his wife's industry in making and selling toffy and gingerbread. Unlike many of his neighbours, he saved up whatever money was not wanted for food and clothing. It accumulated. With two hundred pounds thus saved, he bought in a time of panic what could not then find a market; he kept it until the tide of trade turned, and then he cleared cent. per cent. by the transaction. Soon after, he began to manufacture cloth on his own account. He did well. Afterwards, he built a mill, which has been enlarged many times since, and in which most of the villagers find employment.

"We have not had a strike since I began to run the mill," said Mr. Jay. 'I give my work-people a wage upon which they can live in comfort; I neither raise it nor lower it with changes in trade; and as my work-people know they cannot mend themselves, we get on without quarrels and stoppages. Many work for me to-day who worked for me thirty years ago.'

I have in my mind's eye a man who was known amongst his fellows in his native town when a youth, by the cognomen of 'Gentleman Robert.' Not that he was a gentleman in the common acceptance of that word; far from it; few had a poorer home or more painful surroundings than he; and yet he was called 'Gentleman Robert' because he always had a genteel

appearance. Never did he leave his lowly home of a morning without his clothes, though poor, being scrupulously clean; and his shoes were as bright as blacking and brush could make them. He wore a neat necktie, surmounted by a collar as clean as a newly-made pin; and as Robert was tall and well built, and had a very fair skin, he looked 'every inch a gentleman.' Besides, what he looked, he was. He had a smile and a kind word for all. In early life, he was put to learn a trade with a person, who, not being married, had no children to inherit his business. At this time, Robert had a penny or two a week for pocket-money allowed him. He kept a strict account of the way in which he spent it, so that he added system to his other acquirements. As he rose to manhood, he grew in the confidence and esteem of his master, and began to be noticed by the gentry of the town, who predicted for him a useful and prominent place amongst the tradesfolk. Nor were they out of their reckoning; for Robert had not been many months out of his apprenticeship before his master put him behind the counter in his sale-shop; and in a while gave him a partnership. It is many years since I saw 'Gentleman Robert;' indeed, I do not know whether he yet lives; but, living or dead, he is another instance of a young man rising superior to his position and surroundings, and achieving an honourable position in early manhood and in after-life by the force of his native character.

I will give another case, even more noteworthy than the last. One of my early companions was a youth whom I will name George Calvert. His mother was a widow in such indigent circumstances, that poor George could never ask a friend to go and see him, or spend an hour in his society, at his home. It is a mystery to me at this day where and how the poor fellow spent his evenings, and how he gathered the respectable amount of knowledge he possessed. From leaving the charity-school to his being fifteen years old, he was a grocer's errand-boy, and it would have been better for the lad had he been allowed to remain with the grocer, and learn the business. However, for some reason or other, perhaps the consideration of a shilling or two a week, his mother put him to acquire a trade for which he had neither taste nor aptitude; hence he was unhappy during his apprenticeship, and made nothing out of his business. When one who liked the occupation, and was physically adapted to its manipulation, had had a month's experience thereof, he could leave poor George far behind; so, before he had reached the end of his term of bondage, he had made up his mind to bid farewell to his profession, and go back to the vending of sugars and the mixing of teas. He did so. During the twelve months which he spent at the business after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he had contrived to save five pounds, with which he bought a second-hand watch. Just at this juncture, a grocer in a small way, giving up the business, had his stock and good-will to sell. George turned his watch into money, borrowed what made his capital into the sum needed to pay the retiring grocer his valuation; and thus getting the business, he became the head of a concern which though very small, he liked and could manage. It is over forty years since this transaction took place. Our hero began

wisely, and went on with thrift and caution; hence, while he has seen hundreds fail, he has gone up the hill of prosperity with slow but sure steps, and like Mr Jay, he can now buy a shipload of the commodities in which he deals, and pay for them in hard cash!

I have so far treated of men who began life on a low rung of the social ladder, but not on the lowest. And lest such as may be on that rung, or even on no rung at all, but in the very mud of wretchedness and misery, may say: 'There is no hope for such as we; we are too far sunk; we are hopelessly involved,' I will relate a case or two which will meet even their condition.

It is now more than forty-four years since a youth, all in rags and tatters, and with an expression of face which indicated abject destitution and misery, presented himself at the house of one whom I well knew, and said: 'If you will help me, I will try and make myself into a useful man.' The poor wretch was then in his eighteenth year. His father had died years before; and his mother a hopeless drunkard, had lived a vagrant's life, taking with her this poor lad. For five or six years, however, he had begged on his own account, travelling the country round, and taking a yearly excursion into Scotland. He was on his way thither when, caught in a storm of wind and rain, he took refuge in a barn between Lancaster and Carlisle. Falling asleep, he dreamed that his father came to him, and casting upon him a look of intense pity, said: 'Willy, my lad, give up this vagrant life; cast yourself on the generosity of Mr So-and-so'—naming the person upon whom the youth waited, as already narrated—and he will help you to get a living in a manly way.'

Willy awoke. The dream so affected him, that he then and there resolved to turn over a fresh leaf in the book of his life; so, instead of pushing on to Carlisle, he turned his face towards the town wherein his hope now lay, never swerving in his resolve until he stood before the friend named by his father in the dream. The last time I saw Willy, it was in his own well-furnished house in a beautiful suburb, surrounded by a well-trained and industrious family. The greater part of his reformed life had been spent in commercial pursuits, wherein he had earned the good opinion of all who knew him, and the esteem of those who knew him best; and at the time I refer to he ranked with the sober, industrious, and useful inhabitants of a flourishing seaport town.

Another case, and the last out of many which I could narrate. One Saturday night, in the month of April, many years ago, a man and his wife, footsore and weary, entered a small market-town in North-west Yorkshire. They were tramps. The man had just four-and-sixpence in his pocket. 'We've had enough o' this sort o' life, lass; let's turn over a new leaf.'

'I's vary willin', lad; but what can us do?'

'It's my opinion we may live onywhere if we're but willin'; and I've a notion as we may git on here.'

'I's willin' to try,' said the woman; 'for I find as a rollin' stone gethers noa moss.'

One-and-sixpence was spent in provisions for the next day; so, with three shillings, the man went on Monday morning to a general-dealer's,

and bought needles, pins, and tape. With these and a borrowed bag wherein to put rags, bones, and whatever else might turn up, he set off among the farms and hamlets round about, collecting whatever he believed he could turn into cash, and giving his smallwares in return. Twenty years afterwards, I became acquainted with this family. They then possessed a well-furnished house, and a shop filled in every corner with furniture for sale. Besides this, the man had a county vote as a freeholder. I need not describe the way in which this couple had gone on and up from the time the tide of their lives took this favourable turn.

There are few who, having health and the use of their faculties, may not improve their lot, whatever it may be. It needs but a fixed resolve and a persistent use of available means to get out of any hole into which they may have fallen. Let such not despise the means of rescue at hand, even if it be but the selling of matches. Let their spendings come short of their earnings; and if they act on the motto, 'He that tholes, overcomes,' their success is sure.

### THE STORY OF ROLF.

ROLF was a collie. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance. He was a handsome animal certainly, but I have seen handsomer. He was simply a purely-bred, good-sized, well-formed black and tan shepherd dog. But although I have had a long and extensive acquaintance with dogs of various breeds, it has never been my fortune to know one that could match Rolf in keenness and breadth of sagacity and in versatility of acquisitions. He became my property when we were both very young; he, a fat, unshapely, little pup, just able to lick milk on his own account; I, a boy of fourteen. I was proud of Rolf, and soon got to be very fond of him; and he speedily attached himself to me, and acknowledged me as his sole master. We were inseparable; he followed me everywhere like my shadow; and we soon came thoroughly to understand each other. I have always been excessively fond of boating, fishing, and shooting; and in the Shetland archipelago—in one of the islands of which, close by the sea, we lived—I had ample scope and freedom to indulge in such pastimes.

Rolf was a present from my father. I began his education almost immediately; and he soon showed himself endowed with rare intelligence. He speedily became as fond of sport as his master. I had him under thorough command; and in a very short time he came to understand and obey my slightest wish. To please me was evidently his greatest pleasure; to win my approval and caress, his greatest ambition; and to live with me and for me, he seemed to regard as the final cause of his existence. I encouraged him to swim, and no spaniel was ever a better water-dog. He was pointer, retriever, friend, and companion all in one. Once I had winged a duck of a rare species flying over a small loch. Rolf plunged in, in pursuit; but as often as he was about

to seize the prey, the duck dived. Time after time, this was repeated. My last percussion-cap was expended, and I was therefore terribly mortified at my helplessness. Nothing for it but to trudge home several miles for a fresh supply; so ordering Rolf ashore, I left him in charge of my gun and shot-bag till my return. I knew he would not leave the gun; and I was pretty sure the duck would not dare to leave the protection of the water while the dog was so near.

On my way, it occurred to me how much more convenient it would have been if I could have sent Rolf home for the caps. It might often be useful to be able to send him home with a message; and I forthwith resolved to add another accomplishment to the many he had already acquired. I began with short distances—only a few hundred yards—ordering him to go 'home, home' (repeating the word 'home'). In a short time he perfectly understood my meaning; and after a little, I was wont to send him many miles home with some indifferent message, written on a piece of paper and tied to his collar, just for practice; but occasionally I found it a most useful acquirement. Those at home were instructed to be sure, when he appeared with my message, to pet and praise him, and send him back with a reply of some sort, a note or small parcel, and instruct him to go to his 'master.' I was amazed and delighted at his quickness of comprehension and readiness to obey. Teaching him was the easiest thing in the world. My order, conveyed in the invariable stereotyped formula, 'Home, Rolf, home, quick!' in a very short time came to be instantly and cheerfully obeyed; and the return order, 'To your master, Rolf,' with at least equal alacrity. I little thought that a day would come when I should owe my life to Rolf's faithfulness as my messenger.

Our house, which was on a large island, was situated at the head of a fine bay or fiord, which ran inland some three miles. Right across the mouth of the bay there stretched a small narrow island, which formed a complete natural break-water, and effectually protected the bay itself from the fury of the ocean waves. Barely half a mile separated the two islands at the nearest points. The smaller island was uninhabited, except by a few sheep and multitudes of rabbits. One fine autumn day I embarked in my little pleasure-boat, and sailed down the bay to the little island to shoot rabbits, Rolf my only companion. Near the extreme point of the island, and just before landing, I caught sight of a Great Northern Diver swimming along-shore. It had never been my good-fortune to shoot one of these magnificent birds, and I was anxious to secure a specimen; so I at once gave chase. It is useless to fire at any of the divers when swimming, unless they are very near, for they are certain to 'dive on the fire,' as the phrase goes; it is a trick they all have. This particular bird was an old and wary fellow, and for a long time I could not get

within range. He would appear for an instant just a few yards too far off, and then dive, while I continued the pursuit in the same direction. I was in this way beguiled a considerable distance round the seaward coast of the island, which is formed of steep precipices, detached rocks or stacks, skerries, and sunken rocks. At last I got a fair chance, and, to my great joy, bagged the diver.

As by this time I was fully half-way round the island, and the light wind, which was off shore, was slightly on the quarter, and the sea perfectly smooth, I kept sailing on with the intention of circumnavigating it. Gliding smoothly and silently along, and just as I was passing a small rock called Skarta Skerry, I caught sight of an otter on its top busily engaged in discussing his dinner. He was within easy range; and to snatch my fowling-piece and give him the contents of the right barrel, was the work of an instant. He was wounded, but not killed, so I gave him the *coup de grâce* from the second barrel. Luffing up, I ran my boat along the Skerry. Seizing the diminutive kedge attached to the end of the long rope which served as painter, I sprang on shore, giving the skiff a little shove off, to prevent her rubbing against the sharp and limpet-covered rock. With sails flapping in the light breeze, she fell off to leeward. I fixed the kedge in a little crevice; but turning to see that the boat was swinging clear and safe, to my horror I observed the other end of the rope running over the bows and dropping into the sea. In some way never accounted for, but most probably by some idle meddling hand, it had been unloosed from the ring-bolt, and in my hurry and excitement I had not observed it. My boat was adrift, and I was a prisoner. In an instant I knew and felt the peril of the situation. It was low-water at the time; but the tide had already turned, the flood was coming in, and at high-water the low-lying rocks of Skarta Skerry, I was well aware, would be covered some feet. Had I been a good swimmer, I should doubtless instantly have stripped, and swum to and regained my boat, or at anyrate could easily enough have reached the smaller island, or even our own larger one; but unfortunately, at that time I could not swim at all. The Skarta Skerry was barely fifty yards from a steep smooth precipice of several hundred feet in height, and the nearest landing-place in a little creek where the shore was sloping, was at least a hundred and fifty yards distant. To me in the circumstances, this was an impassable gulf.

I sat down, and tried to think. For a few terrible moments, no hope of rescue or means of escape presented itself to my mind. I daresay some audible expressions of despair burst from me, for I was roused by Rolf laying his paw on my knee and looking up wistfully in my face, as if to inquire what was wrong. 'Ah! Rolf,' I cried, 'you can reach the shore, and are safe enough; but your master will perish miserably. What will they think at home?' His quick ear caught the word *home*, and he was instantly on the alert, as if for orders, and even ran to the water's edge with an eager whine, which expressed as plainly as words

could have done: 'Send me.' In my first excitement, I had not thought of this before; and even now, when there really seemed a gleam of hope in it, the thought of parting from my companion and being left alone on that terrible rock, was dreadful. But what else was there that could be done? 'You are right, Rolf,' I said. 'It is my only chance, and you shall go.' I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and wrote: 'I am on the Skarta Skerry, boat adrift. Send help instantly, or it will be too late.' Hastily but securely, I wrapped my missive in my handkerchief, which I tied firmly to Rolf's collar, all the time saying to the intelligent creature: 'You must go *home* with this, Rolf, *home*. Now, Rolf, will you be sure to take my message *home* and *quick*?' He was already at the water's edge. 'Come here, Rolf,' I cried. He rushed back to my arms. For an instant I hesitated, and tried to think. 'Yes,' I said; 'it must be so; it is my only chance. Rolf, Rolf, your master is in sore straits; his life depends upon you. Brave dog, good dog! Now, *home*, Rolf—*home*, and *quick*!'

Two bounds, an impatient bark, as though he meant to assure me he knew it was a case of life and death, a plunge, and Rolf was cleaving the water towards the nearest shore. I sat still and silent on my dismal perch, and watched his rapid progress. I saw him approach and gain the rocky shore. I saw him shake himself hastily. I saw him scramble up amongst the boulders, up the sloping path at the head of the creek, and reach the brow of the cliff. For an instant I saw him clear against the sky, and then he disappeared. He had never paused or looked back. And now I felt indeed alone and miserable beyond description. A depression of spirit weighed me down. It happened long ago, and yet, I well remember my thoughts and feelings and fancies as though it had been yesterday. They were too deep and intense to be other than graven on memory as with a pen of iron.

Scarcely had Rolf passed beyond recall, when it occurred to me that it might have been a better plan to have tied a strand of rope to his collar and my own wrist and made him tow me on shore. He could have done it; and I might have reached the rocks alive. Why did I not think of this sooner? But it was too late now; and I feared I should certainly perish miserably. Then I wished the end were come. When it did come, it would be only a brief struggle. But to be doomed to sit there and think, and watch the rising tide for two or three long hours, hope and despair alternately possessing me—it would drive me mad, I said to myself. But I resolutely thrust from me the ghastly picture which fancy conjured up, and tried, as calmly as I was able, to calculate the chances for and against a rescue.

Everything depended upon Rolf. On all previous occasions, when I had sent him home with messages, he had only at most a few miles of hill or moor to traverse. But now he had to cross the smaller island, then cross the sound—nearly half a mile in width, as I have said—and still he was three miles from home. I knew there were many things that might distract, deter, or detain him; and a very short detention would be certain death to me. Suppose Rolf started a rabbit on the way, might he not forget his errand, and pursue?

Then another terrible fear took possession of me. Rolf always rolled and rubbed himself on the grass when he came out of the water. What if my handkerchief got detached, and was lost? What if my pencil-scrrawl, soaked with water, became unreadable? But even should none of these things happen, would Rolf be noticed as soon as he reached home? It would need to be as soon. Men, I knew, could not be got at a moment's notice; they must be sent for from some little distance; and after manning the nearest and handiest boat, fully four miles of sea must be traversed ere help could reach me. And there was now left but the slenderest margin for possible delay. The flood-tide had been running for an hour. In three hours at most, the Skerry would be covered. What should I do? I well remember the lines kept recurring to me again and again:

Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
Did he not desperate impulse feel,  
Headlong to plunge himself below,  
And meet the worst his fears foreshew?

It was not a dream with me, but a terrible reality, and the 'desperate impulse' became well-nigh overmastering. I fought against it with all the strength I could command. Would it not be cowardice? Would it not be suicide? I would not listen to the temptation; I would not think of it, not while there was a gleam of hope, not while reason remained, not at least till the water had risen to my feet. I was no coward. I had often been in positions of utmost peril, when coolness of head, readiness of resource, or promptitude of action, had carried me through; and I rather prided myself on my presence of mind in circumstances of difficulty or danger. I had once been driven far out to sea in a storm. On another occasion, my boat had been swamped. I had lost my way in a snow-storm. I had once been condemned to spend thirty-six long hours of tempest and snow and sleet in the dead of winter on an uninhabited island, when no boat could possibly come with help. But in these and other cases of emergency, I had never lost coolness or courage or hope, for there was always something to *do*, something that could be done. There was the need and the demand for action of some sort. But here it was very different. Sitting on this terrible rock, perforce so utterly passive and powerless, with nothing that I could do, and little of promise to hope for—the thought and suspense and anticipation were torturing.

I well remember the horrible fascination of watching the water rising inch by inch, creeping, with a cruel, slow persistency, higher and higher every moment. I remember thinking of the Martyr maiden—

Margaret, virgin daughter of the Ocean wave—  
bound to a stake, and left to perish by the flowing tide. This and other dismal pictures of the imagination would, spite of all my efforts, force themselves upon my mind. It was the very Valley of the Shadow of Death through which I was passing. Then thoughts and memories of another kind—of the home and friends I should never see more—thoughts too of a more solemn kind, bearing upon the future which comes after death—reflections, retrospections, regrets, hopes, prayers, came thick and fast. Anon my reverie

was interrupted. As I sat there, silent and motionless as the rock itself, a cormorant rose from beneath the water close by, and made for the Skerry, with the evident intention of coming to rest upon it. Catching sight of me when only a few feet off, he instantly dived with a splash. How I envied him! He was at home in the water; and I—oh, fool, fool, to have neglected the art of swimming!

Thus two and a half long hours slipped past; long they seemed—almost a lifetime—and yet all too short. The tide was rapidly rising. Only a small space of the topmost point of the rock now remained above water, and still there was no indications of rescue. Not a sound was to be heard but the ripple and splash of the water, or the wild scream of the sea-gulls overhead. If all had gone well with Rolf, and he had been expeditious, it was fully time—it was something more than time that succour should have come. Rolf had not returned to me, which I was sure he would have done if he had not carried my message home. That was now the only slender thread to which fast-fading hope still clung. And thus another miserable, torturing half-hour passed; and now the water was washing my very feet, and scarce enough rock for a cormorant to perch on was left uncovered. I sprang to my feet with a despairing groan. I looked at the cruel sea, the black frowning rocks, the bright sun, and blue sky. 'O horrible! Will no help come? Must I thus miserably die? so young and strong too! Ah, Rolf! I have failed me in my need!'

But Rolf had not failed me. Standing there with strained senses and bursting breast, just then, I seemed to hear a sound different from the monotonous splash, splash of the waters around me. Was it the sound of oars, or was it only fancy? I held my breath and listened. Again that sound! Joy, joy! I knew it well—the stroke of oars, regular, but more rapid than usual—quick, quick like those who pulled for very life, as indeed they did. Loudly, wildly, half-mad, I shouted my welcome. Another minute, and round the point, scarcely fifty yards from my perch, swept a light four-oared boat, urged on to utmost speed by four stalwart fellows, who knew too well the need there was for it all, and bent to their work with a will; while high in the bow, like a figure-head, with paws on the gunwale, ears erect, and trembling all over with excitement, the first sight that caught my eye was my noble, faithful Rolf! I had done him injustice when, for a moment, I thought he had failed me; and my heart smote me. The instant he saw me, he sprang with a joyful bark far ahead, and swam to me. I took him in my arms all dripping as he was. I was saved, and to him I owed my life! Not his the cause of the delay which had so nearly made the rescue come too late. He had carried my message safely and swiftly home. But notwithstanding that all haste was made, it took a considerable time before a crew of men could be collected.

My darling Rolf lived to a good old age. He has long passed away to the 'happy hunting-grounds.' Since those days of my youth, he has had several successors, but never one to equal him in intelligence and fidelity, never one I loved so well, and never one that so well deserved to be loved and cherished.



I shall only add that, after that day's terrible experience, I lost no time in putting it beyond possibility that I should ever again encounter a like mishap, for I soon became an expert swimmer, and found myself as much at home in the water as Rolf did.

## RENOVATING OLD FURNITURE.

BY THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY.

It is, a melancholy fact that furniture will grow faded and shabby looking in course of time, notwithstanding all the care and pains one may take for its preservation. Such being my own experience, as I have no doubt it is the experience of all housewives, it gave me pleasure to hear that by means of black paint and a little gold ink, wonderful effects in the way of restoring old chairs and tables might be achieved. Accordingly, I resolved to put the pleasing assertion to the proof, and invested in half a pint of black japan, for which I paid one shilling, a sixpenny bottle of Judson's gold ink, and a paint-brush. Thus provided with the requisite materials, and my children's Christmas card albums from which to derive models for the decorative part of the experiment, I rummaged out an ancient chest of drawers from which all the paint had long been scrubbed, a venerable washstand and dressing-table, a looking-glass, two antique cane-bottomed chairs, and a towel-rail which has been used as a favourite plaything in our nursery for the last half-dozen years. It was truly a motley group. I confess to a feeling of dismay as I surveyed the deplorably antiquated suit on which I proposed to try my skill, and was at first half-tempted to abandon the project, as little better than an absurdity. I made a beginning, however, and gave each of the articles in turn a thorough coating of the japan, and left them to dry. I may say that I was careful to wear a pair of old gloves when using the paint-brush, also to spread old newspapers underneath the various articles before they were painted; for the japan hardens directly and leaves a stain, however quickly it may be wiped, wherever a drop of it has fallen.

The next day I was charmed to find all my despoiled furniture looking quite renovated, with a smooth black surface, and a general appearance of having suddenly risen in the world. The next part of my experiment now was the decorative one; and after some little time spent in the selection of designs from the Christmas cards, I set to with the gold ink, and was very successful with most of my work. On the looking-glass I made a not unsuccessful attempt to depict *Little Boy Blue*, of nursery rhyme notoriety. *Little Boy Blue* himself turned out rather an artistic failure, being exactly like a tree-stump with a broken branch attached; while an insane-looking cow in a frenzied attitude, and a sheep of decidedly stained-glass aspect, rewarded my efforts to portray those domestic animals. Ferns, sprays of flowers, birds on twigs, moths and beetles, and other Christmas card devices, formed admirable models; and my renovated furniture was so great a success, that I have more than once been taunted with extravagance in 'going in' for expensive suites in black and gold, at a time when business is so dull, and husbands have to work so hard to make both ends

meet. I smile inwardly at such innuendoes, for the whole business has only cost two shillings; while, as to the time expended on the experiment, only five days elapsed from the time of purchasing the paint and brush till the once despoiled furniture was elevated to the dignity of the 'spare room'; the whole work having been executed in the spare time of a 'mother of a family' who takes a very active share in household duties.

It will thus, I hope, be seen that no very great demand upon either time or talent is made in doing the best one can to keep our household goods and chattels fresh and presentable. A slight faculty which I have for sketching proved very useful to me; but I have since heard that paper birds, flowers, ferns, &c. may be bought at a trifling cost, which are first gummed on to the article to be decorated, and then painted over with the gold ink. I trust that no one who reads this will turn away with the idea that such work is beyond the power of any lady's manipulation. I have honestly related my own experience in renovating things which were supposed to be utterly past using, and can say with perfect truth that a child might easily accomplish all that is here related. In this way, at a cost in money of the most trifling kind, and with but a small expenditure of time and labour, things may be made to all appearance new, and a tasteful and tangible result be obtained, adding to the pleasure which all tidy housewives have in their furniture and other domestic surroundings.

## GENTLE INFLUENCES.

VIOLETS, in the leafiest shade,  
By their odours are betrayed;  
Soft winds, over flower-fields blown,  
By their fragrant breath are known;  
Dew, by freshened leaves confessed,  
Wets unseen Earth's slumbering breast;  
Rills, from out the bleak hill-side,  
Swell to rivers, deep and wide;  
Rivers, flowing fast and free,  
Widen to the boundless Sea;  
All great things that move the Earth,  
To gentle issues owe their birth;  
And soft influence still is best,  
Bringing comfort, love, and rest.  
Sweet domestic love is strong—  
Leads to Right, and warns from Wrong;  
Kindly whispers mightier prove,  
And to loftier action move,  
Than the fretful voice of Scorn,  
Of Contempt and Anger born.

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## SEA-WEED HARVEST IN JERSEY.

A TWELVEMONTH'S sojourn in Jersey enables a visitor to become acquainted with usages which, if not peculiar to the island and its neighbours, at least present themselves to his notice under novel and specially interesting forms. Some of his leisure will of course be spent in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, where he will be brought into contact with that portion of agricultural labour which consists in reaping and collecting sea-weed, or as it is locally termed, *vraic*, an article of paramount importance to the husbandman.

In many districts of the United Kingdom, in Denmark and other northern countries of Europe, sea-weed is utilised for manurial purposes; but nowhere is the value of these marine plants as fructifiers of the land more highly and justly appreciated than in Jersey, where the soil lacks those chemical properties which are supplied by *vraic*. As statistical evidence of the importance of this manure, it may be observed that, as approximately as can be estimated, not far short of a hundred thousand tons are annually applied to about twenty-five thousand statute acres of land.

*Vraic*, or *varech*, is of two kinds, *vraic venu de mer*, and *vraic taillé*; distinguished not by any great difference in nature or fertilising properties, but by the manner in which they are obtained. The former term applies to sea-weed torn from the stones and rocks by the waves and cast upon the shore; and the latter to that which is cut or reaped from the rocks on which it grows.

With an eye to his crops, the husbandman secures drift-weed all the year round. Unless otherwise very busily engaged, he exercises a watch over the beach or cove nearest to his homestead, especially when there has been a gale of wind or a storm; and as soon as he knows the receding tide is likely to deposit the coveted *vraic*, he starts with horse and cart for its collection at low-water, either on the broad and level sands, or among the gullies, where his experi-

ence has taught him to expect the greatest quantity, according to the direction of the wind. The quantity of drift sea-weed which finds itself washed up in some of the small creeks is truly amazing. In one of them, *Le Pulec*, the width of which averages about thirty yards, it is not unusual to obtain, during or after a south-westerly gale, over forty tons of this manure in one tide. Numbers of poor people who live near the beach earn their livelihood by labour of this kind. They dry the weed, and afterwards sell it in stacks; or burn it, and dispose of the ashes.

Local records show that the business has, almost from time immemorial, been regulated by the authorities; and definite legislative enactments have been passed on the subject since the commencement of the sixteenth century. No surprise is therefore created by hearing a Jersey farmer use the local proverb, *Point de vraic, point de haultgard* (No sea-weed, no corn-stacks). Very stringent are these regulations; and from the extreme difficulty of avoiding detection, as well as from the interested motives of the officials and others concerned, it is probable that no law is so well observed in the little *quasi*-republic. The statute now in force was passed by the States of the island in 1866, and duly confirmed by Her Majesty in Council.

On the west coast, cutting is allowed during three spring-tides, commencing usually with the highest tide in March, and never extending beyond the 23d of April. Only two tides are allowed for cutting the *vraic* on the east coast at this season; but the balance is adjusted by the permission to cut it during the highest tide in the month of May. Early in the year, the Constables or mayors of the different parishes hold meetings of their respective vestries, to confer with them as to the most suitable tides; they then present themselves before the Royal Court, convened in full strength, which fixes the time in accordance with the opinion of the majority of Constables. In the first decade of the seventeenth century, the Royal Commissioners, Gardiner and Hussey, definitively confirmed the right of the Royal Court to fix the

time for harvesting the *vraic*, 'the saide Bayliffe and Jurats only, being,' in their opinion, 'men of the best understanding and experience to deal in a matter of that nature.'

In the six western parishes, the *vraic venu* or drift-wrack in most of the different localities is divided into portions, and allotted in proportion to the quantity of land occupied by the claimants. In January, the vestry of each parish meets; and those who intend gathering *vraic* during the year have to produce a properly authenticated statement of the size of their holdings, a list of the same being transmitted to officials whose sworn duty it is to superintend the allotment. These officers have to be present at day and night tides; and for their services obtain a bonus of two lots each tide. In certain of the most important bays, it is forbidden to gather drift-weed before sunrise or after sunset, or before the receding tide has left uncovered well-defined marks. The gathering of this kind of sea-weed on the east coast is free from sunrise on Monday to sunset on Saturday; and the *vraickers* may collect it in the sea, provided they do not wade beyond two feet in depth. *Vraic* officers are instructed to apportion lots nearest to the shore for the poor who have neither horse nor cart, and who may often be seen wearily wheeling barrows through loose shingle or sand to deposit their share beyond high-water mark. Heavy fines hang over the heads of any whose covetousness might induce them to alter the marks of a neighbour's allotment.

When the red-robed but wigless justices have proclaimed the day for the commencement of the harvest of *vraic taillé*, or cut-wrack, preparations for the anticipated event commence in every agricultural home. Those who have boats, at once turn their attention to that quarter. The heavy but capacious craft is emptied of the odds and ends which have there found a lodging-place in the long months during which it has been safely housed in the shed. Its timbers are well overhauled, and then tarred; and the necessary gear and oars also undergo rigid survey; and a day or two before it is required, it is taken to the shore. The horses are fresh-shod, and the ordinary sides of the carts are replaced by hurdle-like frames, which answer the double purpose of being lighter and of greatly relieving the horses, by allowing free drainage to their load. Odd moments are spent in repairing the old harness and straw horse-collars; the waste end of a new tether does very well to replace a damaged strap, and the discarded breeching is found to merit one more trial. The large steel forks are seen to; and the short sickles, used for no other purpose, are brought to light, and young *patate* gladly turns the handle while his senior gives them the benefit of the grindstone.

Be the great day ushered in by sunshine or rain, a temperate southerly breeze, or a keen, biting north-easter, with occasional showers of snow or hail, the party is ready to start at the appointed hour. The husbandman with his sons and more daughters, servants, and perhaps a stray friend or two from town, ride in the carts which, thus loaded, present a striking appearance from the immense variety of attire. The sterner sex have thick woollen gabardines or jerseys; old coats, the colour of which has been mellowed by age into neutral tints; inexpressibles of corduroy, with

perhaps but one small patch of the original material still to be seen; and stout, well-nailed boots. The fairer portion of the group wear an alpaca or linsey dress, the thick jacket or warm plaid shawl, and the sun-bonnet, or chip or straw hat, trimmed with ribbon and artificial poppies. Hard and soaking work for hands, arms, feet, and legs, and often in exposed situations, renders care of the inner man of prime importance; and an unstinted provision is made of *vraic* cakes—the ingredients of which are flour, eggs, milk, butter, sugar, and currants or raisins—boiled pork, a large keg of cider, and a smaller one of brandy.

Want of company cannot be made a source of complaint, for at every turning on the journey seawards, the number of carts increases, until each arrival on the selected beach forms but a unit in a goodly procession. Among some stretches of rocks, such as those near the Corbière light-house, the *vraickers* may be numbered by hundreds, some of them being five or six miles from their homes.

Arriving on the shore about one to two hours after high-water, some proceed in the boats to the more distant rocks, where, long before low-water, goodly heaps will be ready to be carted. The others, following the lead of some experienced guide, wend their way through the yet partly submerged cart-tracks, cut among the rocks; and for the repair of which the vest Constables are authorised to sell sufficient *vraic*, and those of the east to levy an annual contribution of sixpence upon such as habitually make use of them. When once the selected spot is reached, cutting has to be carried on in good earnest, for 'time and tide wait for no man.' By the side of each worker, a heap soon accumulates, and the horses as well as the *vraickers* come in for heavy work. Load after load is carted above the reach of the next flow; and if more is cut than can be thus secured, recourse is had to the process of 'stoning.' This consists in covering with large stones the heaps, which are afterwards carted away at the night-ebb. The turn of the tide gives warning to prepare for the journey homewards. The carts are laden with extra care; and the small but muscular and well-bred horses, whose ability to make sure their footing among the slippery rocks and weed-grown pebbles is wonderful, drag along their heavy loads, from which the brine is copiously dripping. The boats are coming up with the tide; and their former passengers have to make their return-journey on foot, trudging along like a line of skirmishers moving in slow time. Day after day, until the tide commences to neap, the work is the same; and on the last day or two, some members of the party usually spend their time in 'fishing' limpets or crabs.

The termination of the season was formerly made the occasion of hot suppers for all, generally followed by singing, card-playing, dancing, or other amusements; but these harvest-home festivities are rapidly becoming numbered among the things of the past.

A great portion of the *vraic* is carted directly from the shore to the fields and meadows, where it is spread on the grass; and its effects, especially if the season be moist, are extremely beneficial to the grass and hay crops. Some is ploughed in as manure for potatoes, wheat, barley, or other crops; and on this subject the Rev.

Philip Falle, a trustworthy historian of Jersey, who wrote in 1734, says: 'The Winter Vraie being sown on the Green Sward, and after buried in the Furrows by the plough, 'tis incredible how with its fat unctuous Substance it meliorates and fertilises the earth, imbibing itself into it, softening the Clod, and keeping the Root of the Corn moist during the most parching Heats of Summer.' The remainder, as well as most of that which is gathered at other times during the year, is dried on the commons near the shore, and used as kitchen fuel in the farms, or burned in stacks. The ashes are applied as a top-dressing to cereals and other crops; and they unquestionably increase the returns very materially. The burning vraie has a strong briny smell; but it is believed to be excellent for invalids, and the healthy soon become accustomed to it, and like it.

Guano and other fertilising agents are, in Jersey as elsewhere, coming into general use; but they will never be made to replace vraie, which is efficacious, cheap, easily obtained, and apparently inexhaustible.

### THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—WORSE AND WORSE.

WINTER at its bitterest and blackest had set in—a sharp winter, one of those old-fashioned seasons that only schoolboys, skaters, and ice-curlers enjoy—a bleak, white Yule-tide. And, very unfortunately, it was not only the Thames that froze, so that some rash adventurers were said to have crossed from Wapping to Rotherhithe dry-shod, but the lifeblood of Commerce appeared to be congealing too, and something was amiss with the great world of buyers and sellers. There was a depressed money market. The Bank rate of discount went up as the mercury sank in the thermometer. Reports of foreign failures were followed by the nearer crash of British firms hollow at the heart, and something very like a Panic had set in. Down sank the stocks, trade stagnated, and mills worked half-time, and furnaces were blown out, and there was a general hurry to clip and pare and prune, and cut down working expenses, everywhere.

Among the firms which felt the altered state of things was that of Bertram's employers. At the best of times, there had been wise old heads in the City which were shaken when mention was made of the vast wealth and extended operations of Groby, Sleather, and Studge. As to the extent of the operations, no doubt existed. There was hardly a constructive pie in Europe, from a Swiss Alpine railway to a grand scheme for regenerating the silted-up harbours of dead old Provençal and Italian seaports, into which Groby, Sleather, and Studge had not thrust their bold fingers. But whether the house had capital enough to meet its widespread liabilities, with a falling market and at a moment of adversity, was quite another affair.

Bertram even, in his humble and exotic relations with the grand Westminster firm, began to find the difference. Summer, so to speak, was over, the golden summer of speculative prosperity, when projects were easy to float, and bankers trusting, and a prospectus pleasant reading to

*bonâ fide* investors, as when money is abundant and hopes are high. There came to be dreadful gaps—*lacuna*, as the Romans would have phrased it—in the continuity of Bertram's work. A week without copying meant a week of semi-starvation, and the young man began to apprehend the day when there should be no more employment, and Hunger should reign supreme. That the house of Groby and partners was in a bad way, was pretty clear. Many petty signs pointed out the unwelcome truth, as straws show which way the wind blows. Discipline was relaxed. The clerks in Room E read their newspapers quite openly, and gossiped in knots, neglecting their regular routine, yet almost unreprieved by Mr Tomkins, now strangely moody and despondent, and given to biting his nails as he sat with drooping head behind the brass rails of his desk. Studge the terrible, seemed now to have lost the art of inspiring fear. His very bell rang less shrilly, and when it rung, nobody started up or rushed, as if at the sound of an alarm-signal, to answer to the call. And when Mr Studge was seen in the flesh, it was with his felt hat pulled down over his brow, and an air of silyly despair.

'Soon have a total break-up here,' whispered one of the satellites to another, just as private soldiers venture in a losing campaign to express their opinion. Indeed, it seemed only too probable. Where were the throngs of anxious visitors who had once stood so importantly for an audience? Where were the corpulent German capitalists, with thumb-rings gleaming on their unwashed hands? Where the Parsees, cap-eyed, the glossy foreign Jews, the sharp-eyed Yankees, the pushing Greeks, the sallow Portuguese, whose feet had once been so familiar with the spotless stone stairs and the fair crimson carpeting? They were gone, all gone. Rate, it is said, are warned by some subtle instinct to quit a house that totters to its fall.

Bertram's meditations, as he sat before the stunted modicum of fuel faintly burning in his rusty stove, in his garret in the Old Sanctuary, were none of the pleasantest. What was he to do, expecting, as he did, the speedy cessation of all work, all pay? He might have envied the old vine below, for its tough endurance, as it slept through the cold chill of Winter, waiting till its sap should be stirred into motion by the first caress of Spring. His sages plan, it might be said, would have been to provide himself with other employment. But such counsel would in his case have been almost a mockery. Who would give him work, at a time when labour seemed a drug in the market, and powerful men in fustian were lounging discontentedly about the streets, vainly looking for something that their strong hands might do? Labourers, clerks, shopmen, all seemed to be in excess of the demand for their services. It was a hard time for the poor.

Bertram had led but a secluded life in London, the life of a quiet student, who makes few friends, and none that were in a position to help him in the opening a new career. There are turning-points in human fortune when even the strongest and most self-reliant of us all feel the want of a friendly hand to guide, a friendly shoulder on which to lean for a breathing space before breasting the uphill road. Bertram Oakley, the foundling of the beach, the ex-mill-worker, had no kindred

to turn to, no comrade with whom to hold counsel. There was no cohesion, no bond of union, between the helots of Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge. Most of Bertram's fellow-toilers were shambling, disappointed men of middle age, red-eyed, bowed as to their shoulders, white as to the elbows and seams of their closely buttoned coats, shabby-genteel men, who might have been broken-down butlers or provincial actors in quest of an engagement that never could be found.

Of the two frank-hearted, young artied pupils, who in their honest way had recognised in Bertram their natural superior, so long as they had regarded him as an officer, not a private, in the industrial army, the occupant of Mr Browse's garret had very easily lost sight. No real intercourse is possible between those whose work is routine, and their leisure a blithesome holiday, and the genuine toiler for daily bread. And now both were gone, Brooks having been withdrawn by his father, who had found a better opening for him at Melbourne; and Davis having seen his sanguine hope of being 'sent foreign' realised, and being accordingly stationed in some airless, sun-baked oven of an island, the crumbling rocks of which jut out into the Red Sea, and in company with five telegraphists or electricians, a surveyor-in-chief, an interpreter of no particular nation, a score of Arabs, and half as many English navvies, there to establish a coaling dépôt for a brand-new line of steamers, in competition with the P. and O. Nobody at Groby, Sleather, and Studge's knew or cared about Bertram Oakley.

Of Dr Denham's daughters, Bertram had for several weeks seen and heard nothing. He had become ashamed of calling in Lower Minden Street, as his coat gradually became shabbier and more threadbare, lest the poverty he could not hide should indirectly excite in the mind of Mrs Conkling, the landlady, a prejudice against her young-lady lodgers. And then, he had nothing to say. High hopes, a high estimate as to his capabilities and his future, had been entertained both by his former kind benefactor and by Louisa and Rose. Louisa was working—Louisa had work to do, had pupils, had houses where she was welcomed. But Bertram, what had he? Merely a few dwindling shillings a week, threatening soon to come to an end altogether, and earned by mere painstaking drudgery, never, so it seemed, to lead to anything better.

Bertram's acquaintance in London was very limited. There was Mr Walter Denham, to be sure, who had, oddly enough, shown a personal liking for the clever stripling from Blackston, that contrasted with his unnatural harshness towards his bereaved nieces. But Bertram could not readily have brought himself to ascend the doorsteps of that pretty Kensington villa, or to confront its mocking master, a second time. And if he did, what would be the use of it? Uncle Walter was never serious for two consecutive minutes. And Bertram would sooner have starved in real earnest, than have craved a boon at such hands.

Whom else, within the Bills of Mortality, did Bertram Oakley know? So very, very few, that he took himself to task for permitting his memory to wander so often as it did to the recollection of the nameless vagabond whom he had picked, battered and half-dead, out of a ditch. And yet,

when Bertram came to think of it, the vagabond was not exactly nameless. He had spoken of himself, in the course of his rattling talk, as 'Nat Lee.' Bertram was quite sure that the man was unaware of the slip which he had made in social tactics, always under the supposition that he desired to conceal his identity. But quick-witted, scampish persons, such as Mr Nathaniel Lee, by his own showing, certainly was, and whose brains, moreover, are always more or less under alcoholic influence, are apt to blurt out inconvenient truths without even being aware that they utter them. Bertram knew that. Even his short experience of the world had taught him how habitual drink flusters and muddles a man's intellect and nerves—how it unlooses the tongue and fuddles the brain. He had no more doubt that Nat Lee was the man's real name, than he had that the man was unconscious of having mentioned it. Such men bear many names, changing patronymics quicker than the chameleon of the classic poets changed its colour; but somehow, the true name always lies uppermost, ready to be blabbed in a moment of confidence.

Bertram was almost angry with himself for wasting a thought upon the wayside wretch whom he had succoured in the hour of need. Never did he repent of his kindness. He would have done ten times what he did, willingly, to lend a helping hand to one far viler and more degraded than Nat Lee, who had not seemed wholly bad. But he could not conceive why his mind should so often dwell upon the remembrance of the self-denounced scoundrel, save that he was somehow mixed up with the prosperous past and the changed fortunes of his benefactor's family. He had spoken of Dulchester and the Old Bank and Dr Denham's wealthy father. He had spoken, grinding his teeth the while, of some one who should pay for it, in purse or person, if Nat Lee's fortune, long sought by crooked ways, were not made at last. Could this, Bertram thought, be Mr Walter Denham?

Uncle Walter and Nat Lee! the juxtaposition of those two names appeared the climax of absurdity. What could there be in common between the brilliant dilettante, the accomplished, elegant voluptuary, and this fierce, half-educated adventurer? Grant that Mr Lee's account of himself was correct, and that he had really been one of the clerks at Dulchester Old Bank, a smart, well-dressed provincial coxcomb, of decent parentage and tolerable schooling—still, there was no probability of anything beyond the barest acquaintance between the banker's younger son and Nat Lee, much his junior. And what could Nat Lee have to tell of the cruel testamentary dispositions of old Mr Denham, who had changed his mind so groundlessly, and hardened his heart so abruptly against his noble-minded elder son? Bertram could not divest himself of the idea that the man he had found in evil case in a ditch, really had something to tell which, if told and substantiated, would redeem his dead friend's daughters from undeserved misfortune. The very malignity with which this Lee had spoken of some person unnamed, seemed to mean much. In mentioning the ruffians who had dogged his course, had set upon him unawares, had beaten, trampled, and robbed him, leaving him for dead where he lay, the victim had be-



trayed no resentment. He had spoken humorously, tolerantly, of his assailants, smarting, as he yet was, from the effects of their violence. It was plain that he considered the ill-usage he had received as a natural episode in his dubious career. A wolsheer—Bertram had by this time learned that the word is typical of the tribe of unscrupulous knaves who bet on race-courses, repudiate their losses, and trust to their heels to escape savage mishandling by mob and creditors—must expect ill-treatment. But Nat Lee had been bitter as he alluded to some nameless foe. Could that foe have been Mr Walter Denham?

Bertram, who, as has been said, had only too much time at his disposal, had found his way not once or twice, but three, four, or five times, to Limbo Street, Piccadilly, where stands Rundle's Hotel, to which Nat Lee, hatless, blood-stained, and in tattered garments, had directed himself to be driven. He was quite familiar with the aspect of that fourth-rate sporting hostelry, always with a Hansom cab, empty, waiting on speculation before the door. On the mat would often be visible, cigar in mouth, one, two, or three horsey-looking personages, in tight Newmarket coats and natty trousers; or in loud-pattered suits of tweed, but always with coarse, mean, ignoble features—guests presumably at Rundle's. These delectable customers would growl out a sentence or two among themselves; and sometimes pocket-book and pencil were produced to write down the terms of a wager; but Nat Lee was never of the group. Once, when the doorway's only occupant was a thick-set, black-whiskered waiter off duty, napkin in hand, and staring about him, Bertram crossed the street and ventured on a question.

'Lee? Which Lee?' asked the waiter in return. 'Mr Lee was staying here, I know,' said Bertram. 'His Christian name was, I believe, Nathaniel, or Nat.'

'Gone to Queer Street, long ago,' answered the waiter, with a broad grin.—'I say, Dick!' he added, turning to the Boots, in a striped waistcoat, who had now come up, and was leering sympathetically; 'there's a young gent asking after flash Nat Lee!'

It was Bertram's last visit to Limbo Street.

(To be continued.)

## MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

### CONCLUSION.

SOME years ago, it was my good-fortune to be a frequent visitor at a fine old manor-house in Dorsetshire, built in the reign of James I., but much altered during the last half-century. Like all old country mansions, the house was of course 'haunted.' Strange sounds, like footsteps, had been heard coursing about at the witching hour of night, in the vast empty garrets and along the great passage or corridor, running from end to end of the building, into which the garrets opened; and odd and mysterious rattlings and clatterings, as of metal or chains. The country-folks and servants, and especially the old people—always the most ready to stick resolutely to a good ghost-story—firmly attributed these nocturnal noises, without thought or question, to supernatural agency.

When my friends acquired the property, they were quite aware of the evil reputation regarding ghosts, that clung to the fine old place; but not being believers themselves, they felt pretty sure that the mysterious noises, when boldly investigated, would be found to proceed from purely natural causes. Their opinions, however, were met by ominous shakes of the head on the part of the neighbours; and the great fact was invariably brought forward and solemnly insisted on that, as the original builder of the house, a certain Sir Thomas Stafford, had died of a fit of jealousy, cruelly killed his young wife, the house must, as a matter of pure reason, be haunted by her perturbed and restless spirit.

Nothing daunted, however, my friends entered on possession, and very soon discovered that the stories they had heard were by no means unfounded. The mysterious footsteps, the strange rattlings and clatterings, were distinctly heard, but always at the top of the house—in the huge empty garrets and the long corridor—but nowhere else. A little patient intelligence, assisted by the sagacious investigations of a clever bull-terrier, soon disclosed the fact of the presence of a perfect army of rats, which generally selected the silent hours of the night as the time, and the corridor and garrets as the place, for their nocturnal parades, exercises, or gambols; and the rattlings and clatterings, so metallic in sound, were simply due to certain of the large heavy roof-tiles which were loose, and to the old and very shaky iron rain-water pipes, which, just under the eaves, rested on equally shaky iron brackets; and the two certainly made up a very peculiar and ghostly sort of sound when working together in a moderate wind and heard in the dead of night. When this was explained to the peasantry, they looked incredulous, and evidently did not at all appreciate this way of extirpating ghosts.

But the house was not disposed to give up all at once its ghostly reputation. As I have already said, the old mansion had undergone many alterations, some of them dictated by reason, others by expediency. One of these was the removal of the fine old staircase, and the erection instead, of one of small confined dimensions, and very awkwardly situated and contrived. These stairs sprang from the foot of a wall, in which was placed, high up, a large window, so that any one going upstairs would have this window above his head and behind his back. It was exactly opposite the wall of the first landing-place, whence the stairs branched away to the right. I am thus particular in the description, because it is very necessary to comprehend the relative positions of wall and window, in order rightly to understand distinctly what follows.

One brilliant moonlight night, the family were about to retire to rest, when they were startled by a loud scream from one of the maids, who rushed into the dining-room, eyes staring, and mouth wide open, exclaiming wildly that she just 'see'd a awful ghost on the stairs, and was 'most frightened to death!' All the party with one consent arose from their chairs and ran into the hall, some carrying the candles with them. But nothing whatever was to be seen. The girl, however, positively declared she had seen a tall dark figure in a long cloak and hood standing on the first landing; adding, that she saw it all the more

clearly on account of the white vainscoted wall just behind, which served to throw the figure into relief. A general search, and a regular hue-and-cry all round the house, now followed; but with no result. Nothing was discovered in any way irregular, either in flesh and blood or in ghostly appearances.

About two nights after, however, the very same thing occurred again, at nearly the same time; the spectre was again seen by the same maid, and by the footman, who happened to be just entering the hall; the man most positively declaring that the figure stood, hooded and cloaked, exactly as the maid had described, on the top of the landing. The young men rushed into the hall with lights, as before, and with the same result—they saw nothing. Two of the sons—genuine ghost-hunters, who thoroughly entered into the ‘fun’ of the thing—determined to sit up and watch through the night, with the pleasant accompaniments of plenty of warm fire and bright light; but I need hardly say the brave watchers saw nothing, discovered nothing. His cloaked and hooded ‘ghostship’ did not appear again that night at any rate.

About a month afterwards, however, the same thing occurred again. A great commotion was heard in the hall—the ghost had again appeared, and, what was even more remarkable, had slowly disappeared just as the man-servant caught sight of it. This was almost too much for my friends, especially the junior branches, who were highly indignant at being so completely ‘sold’ by the spectre. But there was nothing to be done or discovered; so, after many threats of what they would do if they could only catch him, the whole party went off to bed.

Nothing further occurred to disturb the family peace until three days afterwards, when Jack, the youngest son, rose from supper to let in a favourite bull-terrier, Jinks by name—the doughty hero of the garrets and corridor—who was whining piteously, and scratching vigorously at the garden door. Jack had hardly entered the hall, when he rushed back into the dining-room post-haste, and holding up his finger in a mysterious manner, intimated in a regular stage whisper: ‘Here’s the ghost on the stairs again, hood, cloak, and all!’ His brother instantly jumped up, and both ran into the hall; and there, sure enough, on the first landing of the staircase, stood a tall dark figure robed in a long cloak and high hood. The young men both regarded the apparition intently for a few moments, and then boldly ascending the stairs, both burst into a loud ringing laugh, crying out that they had caught the ghost, and shouted for the family to come out and see, but to bring no lights, and they could judge for themselves.

The terrible mystery was now at an end. Just outside the staircase window at the rear of the house, was a small detached building used as a laundry; but, as the fireplace smoked very much, my friends had had a new and very much taller chimney erected. This was narrow at the top, and gradually got wider as it went downwards, and was capped by a large and peculiarly shaped cowl. The ‘ghost’ proved to be merely the shadow of this chimney and cowl outside, projected by the bright moonlight, through the staircase window, on to the clear white-painted

vainscoted wall of the first landing. The sloping sides of the chimney gave the appearance of a cloaked figure, and the broad cowl looked exactly like a hood, whilst the dead white of the flat wall behind served to throw the dark shadow into very strong and bold relief. The reason now was clear why the ‘ghost’ was not seen oftener. It was simply that the shadow was only projected when the moon was just opposite the window; and its appearing gradually to fade before the footman’s terrified gaze, is easily explained by the passage of a dark cloud at the moment over the moon’s bright disc. Further, he it noted, that when the family entered the hall on the first alarm a month previously, many of them carried lights, and thus of course destroyed the appearance altogether. The window, moreover, was sometimes covered with a blind.

Yet, it will hardly be believed, that even after these perfectly clear, and equally natural and simple explanations of both the noises and appearances which had been heard and seen in the old manor-house, it was found very difficult to convince the peasantry and workpeople of the neighbourhood of the real and true nature of the occurrences. The people had, in fact, been rather used to their old friends the ‘ghosts,’ and to the reputation possessed by the old house of being ‘haunted,’ and did not at all relish parting with them on such very ordinary, commonplace grounds.

I will now give another instance, which partakes rather of the absurd than the terrible, though certainly mysterious enough in its way.

An American family resident in England occupied a large old-fashioned house in one of the southern suburbs of London. They kept two or three small but very valuable birds in a light cage inside their dining-room window. The cage rested on an odd-shaped sort of stand, made of hollow tin, painted green, having one leg in the centre supporting the cage, but spreading out at the bottom, and apparently resting flat on a square piece of smooth oilcloth. But in reality the stand had three small American casters inside, by which, as the whole was very light, it was easily and readily moved about if required. The family were remarkably neat and trim in their ways; the cage always stood in the middle of the square oilcloth, and that again just in the middle of the window. One morning the servants, on entering the dining-room, found the stand moved out of its regular position, and resting, sideways, at the edge of the oilcloth. Little notice would probably have been taken of this at all, had it not occurred again and again morning after morning; and great was the surprise of all when, on inquiries being made throughout the family and servants, it was found that no one had ever touched the bird-stand, far less removed it out of its position in the centre of the oilcloth. Investigations and inquiries alike were vain; the stand was repeatedly found to have been moved first to one side of the oilcloth, then to the other; but as nobody ever appeared to have done it, the family found themselves in the greatest perplexity to account for it; and matters began to look desperate, when the real cause of the mysterious movements was discovered by the merest accident.

It happened that one of the sons was one night

sitting late in the dining-room, waiting the return of a brother from the country. He appears to have dropped asleep, and the lamp to have gone out, when, just as he woke up, he was aware of a peculiar soft sort of scratching noise proceeding from the direction of the cage. Knowing that the birds must be fast asleep at so late an hour, without moving hand or foot he quietly raised his eyes, and saw, by the bright firelight, the stand slowly moving off towards the right! 'Ho, ho!' thought he; 'here's the mystery of the moving bird-cage'; and kept his eyes intently fixed on the stand. With many stops and little jerks, it was proceeding, in a wriggling, odd sort of way, to the edge of the oilcloth, when a big heavy lump of coal fell out of the fire with a loud crash, into the fender; which had the effect of frightening a couple of large mice, both of which had been busy at work under the stand, but, alarmed at the noise, had run out from the opposite side, and disappeared under the window-curtain.

Here, then, was the mystery at once explained. A hole in the skirting-board, concealed by the curtain, admitted these audacious little intruders, who were attracted to the spot by the bits of bread, sugar, corn, or seed which were dropped or spilt all round the cage and under the stand; and one caster being a little higher than the others, enabled the sagacious little foragers to get in underneath on that side; and their attempts to get out or pick up grain, just under the broad edge, easily caused so light a structure to move on its casters over the smooth oilcloth, until obstructed by the thick Turkey carpet on which the cloth rested.

I will conclude with just another story, partaking, like the last, more of the ridiculous than of the sublime, which was related to me by a relative, now deceased, who was staying in the house, many years ago, when the occurrence actually took place.

The house in question was situated on the north-west coast of Devonshire. It was large and very old-fashioned, with immense cellars, long passages, &c.; and there was a legend devoutly believed in by the villagers, that a notorious and peculiarly wicked and wealthy smuggler, known as 'Old Peter,' had committed suicide, long years before, in one of the caves amongst the rocks just below the house, rather than be taken by the soldiers who were in hot pursuit of him. It was also believed that these caves once communicated with the cellars of the mansion above; and that Old Peter's ghost on stormy nights often walked about the rocks and caves, and even the mansion itself, looking after his many sacks of gold, said to be hidden or buried somewhere thereabouts; although nobody could ever be found who at any time had seen him either in the house, on the shore, or indeed anywhere at all.

One summer night the household were greatly startled by one of the maids, in a fearful state of fright, declaring that on going to the cellar to draw the beer, she saw an appalling sight at the end of the dark passage—namely, a frightful and, what was far worse, a luminous ghost, with great glaring eyes and wide open mouth; which, of course, could be none other than Old Peter himself, because the old rascal saluted her with a terrible groan! One of the men-servants at once

entered the passage, but far more quickly retreated from it, with blanched face and staring eyes, declaring it was quite true. One or two others just peeped in, only to run screaming away; but all confirmed the statement of the undoubted presence of a hideous fiery ghost, with huge burning eyes, which every one, without a moment's hesitation, at once settled must be the veritable old smuggling villain Peter—it could, in fact, be no one else.

The proprietor of the house, Mr S—, now appeared upon the scene; and on being informed that the ghost of Old Peter was in the cellar passage, at once divining the true state of the case, he called for lights, and bade those who were not too great cowards to follow him, and he would soon show them how to manage Old Peter. One or two of the servants—but by no means all—plucked up courage to obey, though with trembling steps. As they entered the passage, whilst the heavy old door closed behind them, the same hollow groan which had so startled the maid was again heard, and found to arise simply from the grating of a very rusty old hinge, which Mr S— immediately pointed out. Then proceeding down the passage straight up to the end, they found Old Peter looking fearfully hideous, and still glaring in all his fiery radiance; when Mr S—, holding aloft the lights, bade his terrified followers say truly what they there saw. 'Whoy, I declare if it beant only the big ling what Measter cotch'd in the bay t'other day!' And so it really was, and nothing more—a splendid ling, nearly five feet long, which was suspended by the head, about six feet from the ground, at the end of the long passage; and being a little stale, the whole fish was phosphorescent, and beautifully luminous in the dark. The great round eyes no doubt had a peculiar glare; whilst the open gill just below would, to a startled imagination, look not unlike an open mouth.

But for this simple explanation, a good story would soon have got about that Old Peter had been seen in the cellar passage of the hall; and as the sight had been witnessed by several persons, it must as a matter of course be strictly true. And thus it is no doubt that many of the so-called 'ghost-stories' occur, and get repeated again and again, until at last they come to be steadfastly believed in by foolish and credulous people.

#### THE FENLAND OF TO-DAY.

WONDERFUL changes have passed over the Fen country even during the last few years. Draining and banking by dike and river, night and day the pumps are at work, forcing the water from the sodden lowlands to the higher levels of the brimming lodes; the black smoke pours from the tall chimneys, and the monotonous throb of the engines is ever audible to the passer-by. These grimy pumping-stations form hideous landmarks for miles and miles around; nor do they improve in appearance on a nearer acquaintance. But as we stand beneath them, with our back to the blank walls, lounging over the tiny bridge, the furnace, the sooty smoke, and the groaning of the machinery behind, are all forgotten in the cool fresh splash of the water below, as it rushes, gurgling

and foaming in its narrow gorge; then broadening on every side, it laps with tiny wave the grasses by the marge, where the iris and bulrush nod their heavy heads, and dance like shadows on the ceaseless ripples.

There is good fishing, too, below the race—roach and dace, perch and eels; and farther down toward the river, among the tangled water-weeds, great pike lie motionless beneath the banks. Here, where the swifter stream meets the sluggish river, it forms little whirlpools, bending the rushes as it curls eddying round their stems, ere it merges into the great volume of water that creeps lazily onward between its level banks, till it finally loses itself in the salt water of the Wash by Deaver, where the great sluice keeps back the rising tides, guarding many a mile of fair rich cornland from the baffled sea. More picturesque are the old windmills, which, until the introduction of steam-power, forced the water from the Fen. Perched on green artificial mounds, with their black hulks and dark skeleton sails, they form conspicuous objects in the level landscape; but the mill-wheel usually lies rotting by, half-hidden in the rank herbage, and the sails are still. Quaint and spectre-like they stand, these relics of bygone days; though here and there, one still remains at work.

Long and unlovely are these Fen lodes. Inclosed on each side by high grass banks or *drowes*, the tops of which form the highways through the Fens, and thus serve the double purpose of confining the water within its channel, and affording, when the floods are out, the only means of communication between farm and hamlet. As far as the eye can reach, the long stretch of water extends in endless perspective without a curve, slowly creeping along in its bed, cut through the black peat-mound, straight as a wall, the steep banks descending abruptly into the water on each side. Here and there, the edges are fringed with stunted reeds, cut and jagged by the haling-lines of the barges that pass to and fro. Then, after a course of some miles between these monotonous banks, the water finally empties itself through a tiny lock into the river below, where the willow-shaded cottage and garden greenery form a welcome oasis after its weary, shadeless course.

Less than fifty years ago, Whittlesea and Ramsey could boast of their famous meres. Where now, in autumn, wave broad leagues of corn, the shallow water stretched for many a mile, the reed-beds teeming with wild-fowl, while carp and tench, pike and bream, were abundant in the clear water below. Then one fowler could in a single day take scores of ruff and reeve, grebe or mallard; whereas now, the first two birds are practically extinct, and the two others are fast following after. Whittlesea was the largest lake in the southern shires, with an area of one thousand six hundred acres. Ramsey, although of smaller extent, seems to have been a very paradise. Its shores were rich and fertile, abounding with corn and fruit, pastures and gardens; and 'where the waters lapped gently on a sandy shore, and above towered stately woods of ash and willow, it was a delight to all who looked thereon.' Fair was the prospect along the sandy beach, and that not many years ago; but all is drained now. In winter, black peat-flats stretch

away on every side where lay 'the fair wide mere;' in summer, a rolling campaign of rich green corn. In autumn, it is fairest of all, when the heavy wheat-ears bend, and the soft rustle stirs along the broad expanse, gently heaving as a sea, amid which scarlet poppies rise and fall, now blazing in the sunlight, now hidden as the shadowy waves pass softly on.

It is early morning. The fields around are still wrapped in darkness; and above, the stars are twinkling in the huge vault of sky. Slowly and imperceptibly, a grayness steals over all; here and there, clumps of willow rise—dark, shapeless masses, from the surrounding gloom. Then low down in the east, first a pale cold light; then, as it broadens, a rosy flush tinging all the eastern sky; and above, the stars waning fast. Suddenly, from the twilight, far overhead, trilling clear and strong, a field-lark breaks the deep silence of the sleeping Fen, followed by another and another, until above, around, on every side, the skies seem breaking into song. The light broadens; the stars have faded, save westward here and there, a planet shines like silver in the pale azure of the sky; and the first breeze of morning sighs through the quivering aspens. Slowly the daylight creeps along the fields, and the dark reed-strips by the dikes grow green; patches of meadow-sweet, which a moment before glimmered feebly in the gloom, display their feathery cymes of crowded blossoms, hanging heavy with dew. Over the far-off dikes and lodes, the white mists lie in long lines of moving vapour, blurring the landscape; and nearer, from the lower ground, like steam from a caldron, the white clouds, clinging to the earth, travel on toward the water. Up leaps the sun. The slanting rays strike far along the dripping herbage; from each blade and leaf, all drenched with dew, the sparkling drops, hanging like jewels, flash and twinkle in the sudden light, and all the land awakes. A moor-hen flies low across the water, and with its harsh grating note, disappears where the steam curls thick among the reeds; and high overhead, lazily flapping through the clear blue sky, a heron sails away from the higher woods to his fishing-haunts by ditch or broad.

At noonday, in summer, beneath a cloudless sky, as we look over a Fen landscape, those miles and miles of hazy flats suggest but one word—Heat. White-heat, a scorching glare. The sun above beats pitilessly over the shadeless Fen; even the tall heads of purple willow-herb and iris droop over the tepid water by the river's brink. The growing corn lies motionless in languid curves; only the poppies, blazing full in the sun, lift up their scarlet heads, and glare defiantly. Beyond the dikes, over the distant fields, the heat rises flickering and quivering in thin transparent vapour, and finally melts into the white horizon. The cattle in the low pastures by the river instinctively seek the coolest spots; some under the nearer trees, where they stand patiently whisking their sides, surrounded by a dense cloud of insects; others in the water, where they stand motionless, with their broad dewlaps dipping in the stream, or wrenching in mouthfuls the tall umbels from the beds of wild parsley and fennel that fringe the river. Others congregate on the high flood-banks, to catch any possible stray breeze that may wander across the parched fields. Brindled, black, and

brown, they stand in sullen contemplation, or with massive head raised defiantly, as some unusual far-off sight or sound attracts their notice—studies such as Paul Potter or Vandervelde loved to paint.

By the look where the lole falls to the river, we catch a glimpse of the keeper's cottage, white and cool among the monotonous foliage of the willows. The water is like glass, save at the weir, where it murmurs sleepily, dribbling over the great black gates in tiny streams. Far below, in the clear depths, great perch glide solemnly in and out between the rushes; and on the surface above, that curious insect the water-boatman plies his tiny oars, darting round and round in the shadow of the banks. The tar on the gates and posts around bubbles and blisters under the burning rays; and the stillness is only broken by the hum of some passing insect, or the splash of a dace or roach leaping among the cloud of flies that dance and travel up the stream. The only movement above or below is the ceaseless ripple of the water-reflection on the blistered boards; all else—cottage, lock, willows, and water—dozing to the murmur of the weir.

Here and there along the course of the river, in the low land behind the flood-banks, nestles a little homestead, surrounded by its plantation of aspens and willows, their soft gray foliage contrasting with the cooler green of towering ash-trees. Here too, around the garden and paddock, the hawthorn hedges grow high, mingled with the darker shades of alder and elder, the broad umbels of the latter hanging in creamy clusters over the stagnant ditches beneath. We might imagine ourselves far from the Fen country now. The tall bryony-tangled hedges are a welcome relief to the monotony of the miles of dikes. The pigeons on the reed-thatched barn ope softly in the sun, now skimming down to strut daintily on the straw below. Without innumerable geese gabble incessantly among the duckweed in the shallow ditches, or waddle solemnly in single file over the high banks towards the river. In the low garden at the back, the flowers grow luxuriantly from the rich mould; a blaze of geraniums and calceolarias fringes the grass-plot, and tall hollyhocks rise behind. The wild flora of the Fenland too, mingles with the garden flowers. Here, by the dikes that bound the meadow, against the green background of the hedge, tall clarkias and willow-herb lift up their purple heads four or five feet above the grass; and, lower, rising from the water, the yellow iris with its bright petals mingles with the darker umbels of the flowering rush. On the surface float the waxen cups of great water-lilies, white and yellow; and along the bank, the spreading veronica, with its brilliant blue flowers, creeps over the surface, smothering the stream as it oozes beneath. Pungent whiffs of peat-smoke are blown from the red-stacked chimneys; and on the door-step, a shaggy dog lies blinking in the sun. His duty is to guard the lonely homestead by night, and hunt up the cattle from the Fen.

But it is at sunset that Nature dons her most gorgeous attire. All is silent by the river, which gleams in the long straight reaches, or is lost to view between the banks; while farther on, the water again flashes as it curves out once more, and once more disappears. Above, the sky is

warm with a rosy glow, where waves of cloud, like flakes of burning foam, spread afar from north to south. The sun is hidden behind dark masses in the west; but the bright rays stream upward high overhead in long leagues of yellow light, that strike along the sky, till the cloud-flakes throb and flicker in the glow, their crimson edges touched with flame. Then, as the bright tints fade, the cloudlands shift, and pale rifts of golden green break here and there like far-off islands in a purple sea. The shadows deepen along the land, and the green on the distant fields is fading fast. Here and there, piercing through the gloom, the straight dikes flash as threads of silver; and the wider surfaces of the brimming lozes gleam pale and cold, broad bands of reflected light. No object breaks the level of the darkening Fen save a line of spectral aspens that mark some far-off boundary. They stand in long sloping files, each bare trunk leaning towards its neighbour, branchless, surmounted by a tiny tuft of foliage left unlopped; their tall stems rusting gaunt and black against the sky. In the reed-beds by the water, and where the land lies low, white mists are steaming and curling above the rushes; and far away, the dark Fen is streaked with thin lines of filmy vapour. The cattle couch beneath the banks among the dew-drenched herbage, their white breath steaming in the chilly air, and through the sodden grass above, the Fenman is plodding homeward, and night falls softly over the wide expanse.

But these broad green flats melting into the horizon are not the only landscape the Fens can display. Along the borders, woods and heath mingle with the peat-land. Westward, the higher grounds, by Huntingdon and Northamptonshire, rise crowned with their woods of oak and elm, where the massy foliage forms a refreshing variety to the soft monotony of the interminable rows of willows, the haunts long ago of kite and hawk and buzzard. Kite and buzzard have disappeared; but the sparrow-hawk may occasionally be descried sailing grandly along in sweeping circles, with his wide wings extended, hovering a moment, till mounting upward higher and higher, and balancing motionless, he falls swifter than the eye can follow in some distant field.

Away on the eastern border, by Brandon and Thetford, vast sandy heaths slope downward to the Fens; here, in long bare stretches; there, waist-deep in gorse and bracken—like the broad wastes of silver sand that border the fens of Holland, stretching away in naked ridges fringed with scrub—like these, but infinitely more beautiful. The blossoming gorse flashes a brilliant yellow light among the sombre bracken like tongues of flame; and above, the odorous fir-woods stand dark and solemn against the sky. It is in these bordering woods that the heron still breeds, no longer in the numbers of former years; still, we may see them at sunrise, or sunset, sailing away to fishing-haunts, now sadly restricted, from the broad meres of old, to the lonely margins of the rivers or reed-choked dikes. Here one stands in the stagnant water, motionless, with one leg drawn under him, and to all appearance utterly unconscious to everything around. But not so. At the crack of the broken twig, or the least rustle of the grasses, he spreads his broad wings, and flaps away with a lazy motion, sailing off high in air to some



more secluded spot. Over these heaths, once roamed the great bustard, swift of foot, coursed by greyhounds in the sporting days gone by. Not very many years ago, this noble bird was still to be met with; but now it has shared the fate of the crane and bittorn, ruff and swan, and other exterminated wild-fowl. One instance of its appearance, we believe, has occurred within the last twenty years. Not so the pewit. This handsome bird may be seen wheeling above the heath in scattered pairs, upward and downward, now turning suddenly, and darting off again in short abrupt flights, ever uttering its plaintive cry. Its broad wings and glossy black-and-white plumage flash in the sun as it turns swiftly in its dizzy flights. By night, they wail and shriek with a weird unnatural cry; one moment just overhead, shrill and piercing; the next, a long-drawn wail from the darkness far away. As the winter approaches, they descend in vast flights to the low oozy swamps left by the receding tide.

Northward along the coast of Lincolnshire, the Fen scenery changes again; the crested waves roll in before the wind, the foam-flakes driven far inland along the pasture-land. Look which way we will, as the sunshine strikes along the land and sea, it is the same—on the one side, long green pastures fading to the horizon, with Boston's famous steeple rising gray against the sky; on the other, a rolling plain of tumbled waves, that brighten like emerald as the sunbeams pierce through the leaping crests.

One lingering look at the great Fen beneath an autumn sky. The low sun strikes along the stubble-fields, touching the distant willows with a silvery light; olive shades are stealing where the foliage lies thick, and the fawn tints of the aspen trees wave into gold. Far away, the ploughman moves slowly over the broad 'forty acres,' where long black furrows already streak the stubble; along the fallow lands where the twitch-gatherers are at work, long lines of pale-blue smoke wander on before the wind, filling the air with the smell of burning peat. All colour has faded; even the rushes by the dikes droop low; only the high droves by the river-sides are green, and these too melt as they recede into the soft haze that mingles with the pale and cloudless sky. Above, around, on every side, turn which way we will, all the world is gray; the land sleeping in a hazy stillness, is like the calm of mid ocean, as peaceful, and as monotonous.

#### A COLLIERY-MANAGER'S STORY.

'If you please, sir, t' pit-hill's o' fire!'

Such was the news I received one wild November night some years ago; and as I looked across the park which lay between my house and the colliery, I could see by the glare, which grew intenser every moment, that the fire had already gained considerable hold upon the wooden platform about the pit's mouth, which in Yorkshire is called the pit-hill or bank. It was then twelve o'clock; and I knew that two hours before, nearly a hundred men and boys must have gone into the pit on the 'night-shift.'

In a few minutes I was on my way to the scene of the disaster. As I approached, I saw that the sides and floor and roof were already

burned away, and nothing remained but the thick timbers which formed the framework of the 'bank.' Some of these beams were of gigantic thickness and height; but the fire quickly swept around them and leaped up to the very top, until the whole vast 'skeleton' of the structure could be distinctly seen. The great pulley-wheels, high over the pit-head, were of course motionless; and the strong wire-ropes which passed over them down the pit, made two dark lines in the midst of the glare, which seemed to point perpetually to the men imprisoned below. It was a stormy night, and as the wind swept through the burning timbers, it carried off great masses of blazing wood—not mere sparks—and sent them flying over the yard and into the adjoining fields.

When I reached the burning bank, I found there was little hope of saving any part of the pit-hill. Fire-engines were at work; but the water did nothing but hiss and spit against the red-hot beams, and the fire continued to rage more fiercely than ever. The engine-house, containing the powerful engines that worked the great winding-drum, was close at hand, and a little beyond was the 'upcast' or ventilating shaft. It was quickly perceived that our only chance of rescuing the men lay in cutting off the fire from this building and the platform which led to the second pit. To do this, it was necessary to saw through two beams of timber nearly two feet square. This was a hard and perilous task; but there were men there brave enough and strong enough to do it; and it was done, and the engine-house saved. As soon as these beams were liberated, a great portion of the burning pile came crashing down; and as the falling timbers fell upon the wagons that had been partly filled with coal the day before, fresh fuel was added to the flames, which now rose up in columns that towered even above the head-gear. Every eye now was fixed upon the ropes and the pulley-wheels at the top. The thick iron band began to swell, and the strands to break; snap, snap went the wires; the hempen core within the wire took fire, and then at last the rope gave way, and down went the iron cage to the bottom of the shaft. Shortly afterwards, the pulley-wheels dropped from their lofty perch, and were buried in the blazing heap far below.

There was nothing left now but to let the pit-hill burn itself away. But what about the men in the pit? Experienced underground-stewards, and a mining-engineer who had been summoned to give his advice, were busy all through the night devising plans of rescue. Some of them indeed gravely doubted whether the work would not prove to be the recovery of dead bodies, rather than the rescue of living men; but they did not tell their doubts to the weeping women who gathered eagerly about them whenever they came out of the office. The first thing to be ascertained was whether the men in the pit were still alive. The ventilating shaft had formerly been used as a 'drawing-shaft'—that is, a shaft by which men could be sent into the pit, and coal drawn from it—and fortunately the pulley-wheel still stood in its place over the shaft. A rope was quickly fixed to the old drum, and the long-disused 'tub' swung at the pit's mouth ready to go down. A lamp was placed inside the tub, and with it a note, written by the manager, asking for information as

to the condition of the men and the state of the workings, but warning the poor fellows against getting into the tub, as we were not as yet certain that it would be safe for them to ascend in it.

While these preparations were being made, the crowd about the old shaft increased both in numbers and in noise; old colliers eagerly discussing various methods of 'getting 'em out'; and the wives, mothers, and friends of the imprisoned men impatiently urging the workers to 'luke sharp and fetch 'em up.' As the tub began to descend, however, a sudden silence fell upon the throng, and every eye followed the rope as it disappeared in the smoky shaft. It was decided to leave the tub at the bottom half an hour, before drawing it up again; and for those thirty minutes no sounds were heard except the crackling of the still burning timber, and the low moaning cries of sorrowing women. Now and then, one of the banksmen leaned over the mouth of the pit, in the hope of catching some sound of a movement in the dark depths below; but nothing was heard; and at length the signal was given to bring the tub up again. Eagerly did the watchers peer down the shaft; and when the solitary lamp was seen glimmering amid the ascending smoke, stronger whispers of hope were breathed than had been heard before. But, alas! the letter came back unopened, by the side of the lamp. It was clear that no men were at the bottom of that shaft, and that the light had not been seen by those below.

After a short interval, the lamp was again placed within the tub, and again the tub was lowered into the pit, and left standing at the bottom for half an hour. Occasionally, the rope seemed to quiver and shake, as if some hands were clutching it below; but this could not have been the case, as, when the tub came up again, the light was extinguished and the letter was still untouched. Even the most hopeful were now inclined to despair; for it was argued that if the lamp could not 'live' at the bottom of the pit, no human being could live there. But still we decided to repeat the experiment. Again the tub, with the lighted lamp and the letter, was carefully lowered; and after a short interval, it was brought up once more. This time, the lamp still burning, raised our hopes that the men might, after all, be living; but the untouched letter told us that they had seen nothing of our silent messenger.

When the fire, which had now been burning nearly seven hours, had almost spent itself, and the smoke coming up the ventilating shaft grew less dense, several miners heroically volunteered to descend the old shaft in search of their 'mates.' The descent was extremely dangerous—it might even prove fatal—still no one, not even the wives and children of the volunteers, sought to keep them back.

'Let 'em go,' said one of these brave women. 'If my man were down 't' pit, sudn't I want somebody to try to get him up? Let 'em go; but God save 'em, and them as is at 't' bottom too!'

This encouraged, three men took their 'Davy' lamps in their hands and stepped into the tub. The signal was given; and slowly, very slowly, the tub went down into the darkness; but the lights had scarcely disappeared, when shouts from the men bade us reverse the engine and bring

them up again. The shaft was so 'foul' with smoke and bad air, that they had been almost choked.

The failure of this attempt to reach the poor prisoners in the mine sorely tried the spirits of the strongest and most hopeful among us; and big stalwart men, who had faced many a danger without flinching, turned aside to hide the tears that would steal down their grimy cheeks; while women and children ran down the hill despairing, and sat down to weep and moan in little groups, amid the weird light of the slowly expiring fire. It was a heart-rending sight, one never to be forgotten. My sympathies led me to go among these poor stricken souls, and try to comfort them with such hopeful words as I could command. I could not say much to them, and they could say nothing to me but, 'O sir, do you *think* you'll get him out?' 'We'll try,' was all the answer I dared give, but even that seemed to comfort the half-despairing creatures.

Again we tried the lamp-and-letter plan of reaching the men. This time, we let the tub remain at the bottom of the shaft only fifteen minutes; and as it came up again, Jack Lucas, our chief banksmen, stretched himself so far over the mouth of the pit, in his anxiety to see what was in the returning tub, that he was in danger of losing his balance and falling to the bottom. I knelt by his side; and presently he whispered to me: 'There's summat in 't' tub as didn't go down in it.' As the tub came nearer, he said: 'It's a powder-can.' And then we knew that some of the men were safe; but we dared not speak as yet. At last the can came within reach. Jack snatched it out and handed it to me. I opened it; and there, on a piece of dirty paper, was the long-looked-for message from the mine: '*We have got all the men and boys to the bottom of the shaft, and they are all right at present. I put the ventilation on again as soon as I could, and it is now in working order. Some of the ponies were nearly done for, but I hope they'll get over it. Now, if you think it will be long before you get us out, you had better say; and please, send us something down, for some of the lads are sick and numb with smoke! I had great difficulty in reading this simple letter aloud; my utterance was half-choked with emotion; and fervent cries of "Thank God, thank God!" from the overjoyed people who crowded about, interrupted me at almost every word.*

We were not long in sending 'something' down to the prisoners, in response to their appeal, as we had provided refreshments of various kinds, to be ready, in case we opened communication with the men. This done, the next step was to arrange for bringing the poor sufferers out of the pit; which we found to be a most tedious and difficult task. There were no 'guide-rods' at the sides of the shaft, to keep the tub steady, and therefore it had to be lowered and raised with very great care. The three men who had before attempted to descend, claimed the privilege of going down first to superintend the actual work of deliverance. Only four persons could get into the tub at one 'lift,' and so the patience of the prisoners at the bottom and of their friends at the top was severely tried. The sixty ones were first cared for and sent up; then the boys, and after them the men; the old 'deputies' or 'overseers' being last to ascend,

until at length the joyful words were heard: 'The last man is out!'

I will not attempt to describe the scenes that were witnessed on the 'bank,' as the rescued colliers stepped out of the tub. Wives led away their husbands, and mothers led off their sons; some speechless with gratitude and joy, and others hysterically alternating between laughing and crying, hardly knowing what to say or do to give vent to the strong emotions which filled their hearts.

As soon as the excitement had passed off, I sought to learn what had been the experience of the men while in the pit. It appeared that the first sign observed that 'something was wrong' was the smoke, which at first went creeping down the big shaft, and then began to roll in great clouds into the workings of the mine. What the 'something wrong' was, the overseers could not at first make out—a pit-hill on fire is fortunately a very rare spectacle, and neither of the overseers in the pit that night had had any experience of such an occurrence. They soon came to the conclusion, however, that the 'hill' must be on fire, or so much smoke would not come down the shaft; besides which, when they rang the signal-bell from the bottom to the top, they could get no reply. Strange to say too, one of the 'deputies' had dreamed the day before that he saw a pit-hill on fire, and he now instantly exclaimed: 'My dream's come true—'t' benk's o' fire!' This sad conclusion was no sooner reached, than the two men set about warning their comrades who were at work in various parts of the mine. One of them ran along the 'roads' in what was known as the 'west district'; and the other scoured the north and east 'districts,' calling upon men and boys to cease working, and hurry to the bottom of the shaft as quickly as possible.

Having raised the alarm, the deputies on returning found that the ventilation of the pit was being disturbed, and that smoke was fast penetrating into all the air-ways. With great presence of mind, though running tremendous personal risks, one of them took a step which undoubtedly prevented the sacrifice of many precious lives; he went back to close the doors, through which the smoke was rapidly sweeping into every part of the pit, and then made a clear course in the passage leading direct from the downcast to the upcast shaft, so that the smoke coming down from the fire above might be drawn towards the upcast or ventilating shaft, and so pass out of the mine altogether. This being done, all the men known to be in the pit were got together in the 'deputies' office, and a consultation held as to what was best to be done. Some of the poor fellows were sick with smoke, others were faint with fright, and a few sank into a state of unconsciousness, from which they did not recover for two or three hours. At the underground furnace—used to promote the ventilation of the pit—the smoke was terribly dense; but in spite of the discomfort and suffering he had to endure, the furnaceman had stuck to his post, and so preserved himself and his fellows from actual suffocation. In spite of all that could be done, however, the smoke at last began to tell upon some of the older men and the boys, and a great number of them sank down helpless, hardly expecting ever to rise again.

When the fire at the bank was raging most fiercely, the condition of affairs with those below was painful in the extreme; one after another succumbed to the hot fumes, and hope forsook the hearts of such as retained consciousness. When they heard the cage come thundering down the shaft, they knew that all access to them by the usual means was effectually barred, and they had scarcely enough energy left them to think of any other possible way of escape. How long they might survive, they could not tell; but the hope was but faint in the most confident heart that they would ever greet their beloved ones on earth again. In this extremity, one pious soul burst forth in earnest prayer; when he had ceased, another voice was heard, and yet another. Sounds were then heard in that dismal place such as had never been heard there before; a well-known hymn was sung—*Safe in the Arms of Jesus*; sung with choking voices, and while tears rolled down every cheek.

By-and-by it occurred to one of the overmen that perhaps those on the surface might attempt to reach them by means of the upcast shaft; at anyrate, he would find his way to the bottom of that shaft, and see if it were possible to hear any voices. He went, and as he passed through the last gate, he thought he saw the glimmer of a light. What could it be? Had some comrade, who had been overlooked, found his way thither out of some distant part of the pit? Was it the lamp of a fellow-prisoner that he saw? He hurried on, and found, to his heart's deep joy, the tub, containing the lamp and the letter, which had been sent down as a message to himself and his fellow-prisoners. Hastily returning to his companions with the welcome news that rescue was possible, a reply to the manager's note was scribbled and inclosed in a powder-tin, and placed in the tub. All now made their way to the bottom of the upcast, the strong helping the weak along the rough road; and in due course, as we have seen, the imprisoned miners stood once again on the bank, and saw the light which they thought had vanished for ever, and saw too the familiar faces which they had hardly expected to see again. It would have been difficult to say whether rescued or rescuers were the happier, as they shook hands and parted at the old pit-bank after that terrible night.

## THE MONTH.

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE largest refracting telescope yet produced has just been finished by Mr Grubb of Dublin, for the Vienna Observatory. The steel tube, measuring thirty-three feet six inches in length, and weighing with the attached parts nearly seven tons, has a diameter of three and a half feet in the centre, and tapers towards the ends. The aperture measures twenty-seven inches. In the meantime, the Americans are constructing a refractor with an object-glass thirty-six inches clear aperture; and another of fifty inches is contemplated. Seeing that there has been much difficulty in procuring perfect discs of glass for the Vienna instrument, it is not easy to see how lenses of larger size can be constructed without flaw. The fact that the giant telescope has an object-glass only one inch

larger than the biggest previously made, would tend to show that the limit in size is being nearly approached.

The terrible earthquake at Agram has been quickly followed by the frightful disaster at Casaniaciola, where in one instant three hundred houses fell with a crash, burying their unfortunate inmates. And another earthquake of still greater violence has occurred at Ohio in the Greek Archipelago, whereby some thousands of human beings were instantly killed or rendered homeless. With respect to the Casaniaciola catastrophe, it was at first conjectured that the movement of the earth was connected with certain disturbances of Vesuvius the day before; but Professor Palmieri states that the delicate instruments at the mountain observatory were perfectly quiet during the calamity. He traces the cause to the manner in which the island has been honeycombed by the natives, for the purpose of finding the mineral springs which bring them in such a rich harvest from visitors. In addition to this, the ground is being continually robbed of a species of fine clay much used for pottery. Signor Stefani, rejecting this theory, also points to the circumstance that earthquakes often occur in places where there are no active volcanoes, and that the usual explanation, referring them to the pressure of liquid underground lava, is not sufficient. The solution of the problem which he offers is based upon a well-known natural law, and is as follows: 'Rocks of volcanic origin, which have been subject to the influence of a very high temperature, are expanded by heat to a greater extent than any metal. They are therefore subject to strong contraction under the influence of cold; such contraction cannot take place without causing fractures in the rock, which create violent oscillations capable of producing an earthquake.'

A Stenographic Machine is now in use at Paris. It is worked by means of a keyboard, and an alphabet of six elementary signs, from which are combined seventy-four phonetic letters. As fast as a person can speak, the operator can print his words in these signs, which can be learned in a few months. It is suggested that blind people would probably make good operators, from the acute sense of hearing which they commonly possess. The Stenographic Machine, the maker of which we have been unable to discover, is adapted to any language; and if the words are spoken with deliberation, the operator can record them, although they may be to him in an unknown tongue.

An American novelty takes the form of an imitation wood for floor-boards, &c., made from compressed straw. In appearance it is said to resemble a hard, close-grained wood. It can be worked under a plane, will hold nails and behave in every way like ordinary timber. But it has not the disadvantages of real wood; for it owns no flaws—technically called 'shakes'—is not subject to dry-rot, has no inconvenient sap, is waterproof, will not warp, and has greater tensile strength. Whether it can be made commercially to rival timber in a country like America, which is so rich in forest-land, remains to be seen. But if all that is reported about it be true, various uses will doubtless be found for it.

The restaurants and large cafés in Berlin have lately rejected ordinary stoneware and china plates

for those made of *papier-mâché*. The change seems to be pleasing to all concerned. Breakages are at an end; and the articles have so little intrinsic value, that the guests are at liberty to carry them away, for the sake of their prettiness.

The last application of the Luminous Paint promises to be a very serviceable one. Mr Browning, of 63 Strand, London, the well-known optician, has hit upon the idea of coating compass dials with the pigment, so that the belated traveller or seaman need have no fear of losing his way for want of light.

A French doctor has called attention to a case of illness caused by sleeping in a newly papered room. Upon examination, it was found that the paste used for attaching the paper was in a state of putrefaction. Further inquiry brought to light other cases of illness, which were also traced to the impure odour from paste or size undergoing septic change. This change can easily be arrested by the addition of salicylic acid, oil of cloves, Condy's Fluid, or any other antiseptic medium. Most people are familiar with the unpleasant smell of a newly papered room, and when they know that it is sometimes accompanied by actual injury to health, they will be careful to point out the easy remedy to the careless workman.

M. Alfred Dumesnil is said to have discovered a method of preserving plants in a vigorous state without any earth. The process, which at present remains a secret, does not put a stop to the usual phenomena of plant-life; for the subjects experimented on—hellebores, daisies, arbutus, roses, &c.—blossom almost abnormally, and throw out new buds. If all this be true, the floral decorations of the future will be something to look forward to.

Professor Hughes, the inventor of the Microphone, has lately published the result of some experiments he has made with the Gower Telephone. This form of instrument is the one adopted by the Post-office, and is generally admitted to give the best results. From exhaustive trials, Professor Hughes is led to believe that its superiority is mainly due to the Microphonic Transmitter which is used with it. With the same Transmitter, he found that the original telephone of Professor Bell was 'more perfect in its articulation, and louder.' We may remind our readers that the Microphone is public property, for its gifted inventor refrained from protecting it by patent. But if our future telephonic system is to owe its efficiency to that invention, Professor Hughes is entitled to the honours.

At a recent lecture at Glasgow on Gas and Electricity, Dr Siemens pointed out that the usual method of heating the gas retorts was as wasteful as coal burned in any open grate must be. He suggests that the coke left in the retorts after the gas is made, should be used as the heating material, and that the red-hot mass should be fed with jets of steam. By this means, the steam would be decomposed, and a quantity of hydrogen of great heating power would be produced. The experiment is to be tried at the Dalnarnock gas-works; and if successful, it will point to a method of firing, which may be used for other purposes besides the manufacture of gas.

The Report of the National Lifeboat Institution for the past year represents a document in which

all dwellers in Britain must feel some pride. The Society now owns two hundred and seventy life-boats; and during the past year, five hundred and seventy-seven persons were rescued from wrecked vessels, in most cases under circumstances which called for the greatest coolness and courage on the part of the rescuers. The number of lives saved by the men since the establishment of the Society has been nearly twenty-eight thousand. Subscriptions towards this beneficent object should be remitted to the Secretary, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London.

Dr C. M. Beard, of New York, lately visited Europe for the purpose of studying the methods adopted by different countries in the treatment of the insane; and the results of his inquiries have just been published in a pamphlet. He puts Great Britain first of all nations in its care and treatment of these afflicted ones; and of the three British Isles, Scotland has, in his estimation, earned the first place. He holds that the insane should be treated with no more restraint than children; for, as a matter of fact, diseases of the brain deprive them of the advantages that come with maturity and education. He noticed during his tour that the most successful asylums were not imposing buildings, but consisted of detached houses or cottages. With regard to treatment, we may here mention that in Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh, amusements in the shape of music, dancing, &c., are encouraged; and a newspaper, edited by one of the inmates, has flourished for many years in the institution. In Germany, which Mr Beard places on his list next to Britain, he was surprised to find that the lunatics were taught trades; and that in many cases, a better day's work was done than by an average workman in full health.

In the treatment of another class of unfortunate sufferers—namely, deaf-mutes, Germany takes the first rank. An International Conference held at Milan last September, for the purpose of collecting evidence as to the best mode of teaching those who have mouths, but speak not, came to the conclusion that the German, or pure oral method, was the best; one hundred and sixty-four out of one hundred and seventy experts giving testimony in its favour. This Congress has lately been followed by one in London, the first of its kind in this kingdom. Resolutions were here passed in favour of the pure oral, or mute lip-reading method; and to the effect that government should undertake the education of deaf-mutes by that method. We may mention in this connection that Professor Bell, who first taught a telephone to articulate, has been most successful in teaching this system of lip-reading to the deaf and dumb. Some further particulars regarding this interesting subject may be gleaned in *Chambers's Journal* for June 21, 1879.

A Conference of another kind has recently been held in London, its purpose being to consider the advisability of compelling people to notify to the proper authorities the existence of infectious diseases, such as small-pox and scarlet fever. In the course of the proceedings, it was suggested that any person suffering from such disease, and being without proper lodging and accommodation, should be removed to a hospital without delay; and that any justice should have power to direct such removal. In Scotland, the magistrates of

burghs have already this power under the Police Act.

Those who object to vaccination will perhaps reconsider the matter when they are assured that the vaccine lymph can be readily obtained direct from the calf. In the Civil Service estimates for the coming financial year, provision is made for salaries and other expenses incidental to an 'Animal Vaccine-lymph Station,' founded on the model of those successfully established on the continent. In the meantime, Mr J. L. Hamilton proposes to introduce an artificial lymph, produced without animal contact, by isolating, and then breeding the vaccine organisms in suitable germ-nutritive solutions.

Mr Fletcher, of Museum Street, Warrington, whose name has more than once appeared in these columns in connection with mechanical inventions, lately delivered at Manchester an interesting and instructive lecture upon Labour-saving Appliances for Domestic Use. He showed how, with properly arranged gas connections—stoves, water-heaters, &c.—one pair of hands could do the work of two. He explained how a gas-stove of good construction could do the kitchen-work of a house better and more economically than a coal-fire; and illustrated his remarks by cooking in a gas-oven, presumably of his own manufacture, some salt herrings, a fowl, and a fruit-pie; showing that such strange partnerships may exist without transfer of flavour from one to the other. The subject seems to us to be one of considerable economic importance.

A new application has been suggested for the Detective Camera to which we called attention last Month—namely, for the treatment of suspicious visitors to bankers' counters; the pressure of a button being sufficient to secure a carte de visite of the customer for future identification. It is said that in France a camera has been for some time employed for this purpose. It is further proposed to use this hidden artist as a kind of over-looker in factories. Connected with a clock, the Detective Camera could be made to furnish pictorial records of the behaviour of the operatives, and those given to obstreperous conduct would be taken in the act!

An ingenious and effective means of transplanting trees has been recently contrived by a gentleman signing himself Philodendron. The apparatus employed has the appearance of a large fork, weighing about fifty pounds. This fork is urged into the ground by a see-saw motion in front of the tree to be uprooted. A fulcrum is then placed underneath it, and a tubular lever about eight feet long is attached as a prolongation of the fork handle. One or two men then exert their strength on the lever so formed, and the tree rises from the earth. The roots are drawn out entire, so that the growth remains uninjured. The entire operation for a tree ten feet high occupies about three minutes. The agent for this Tree-lifter is Mr J. Charlton, Parade, Tunbridge Wells.

A Berlin oculist recently saved the sight of a workman who had a small splinter of steel imbedded in his eye. It became necessary to find a means of relief, or to remove the eye. The operator used an iron probe, which, when in contact with the fragment of steel, he converted into an electro-magnet; and thus the foreign body was removed. Ordinary 'permanent' magnets have



been used for the purpose before; but this, we believe, is the first time the electro-magnet has been so employed. Its superior power at once points to the advantages it offers, particularly in cases where the metallic fragment is firmly fixed in the cornea. Such accidents are by no means rare; indeed, in iron-works they are so common, that very often the workmen get most expert in removing the intruders by far more simple means.

Farming on joint-stock principles, although hitherto unknown in this country, has met with great success in America and also on the continent of Europe. A Company has just been formed to try the experiment in England, as a remedy for the present lamentable state of the farming industry; and the progress of the movement will be watched with great interest. At the present time, when thousands of acres are lying idle, because no applicants for the land present themselves, there is a peculiarly favourable opportunity for the success of such an enterprise. The land is of course cheap; and the introduction of first-class machinery—impossible to the small farmer—would give it a good chance of paying a fair dividend. The Company starts with a nominal capital of a million in shares of five pounds each, one-tenth only of which will be called for at the outset. Ninety-six thousand acres, at present bringing in little or nothing to the owners, have already been offered to the Company on very favourable terms; and in a short time we may hope to see the new and praiseworthy venture in prosperous condition. We may also mention in connection with this subject that English proprietors are now inviting Scotch farmers to cross the Border.

M. Muntz has for some time been occupying himself by studying the phenomena occurring when grain is stored for future use. Contrary to the behaviour of a growing plant, the grain so treated absorbs oxygen and gives off carbonic acid. The amount of gas given off varies with certain conditions of temperature and moisture. It is a curious fact that very dry grain gives off little carbonic acid, and is therefore exposed to the ravages of insects which are no longer deterred by the presence of an asphyxiating atmosphere.

So many patents have been brought out in the direction of newfangled shapes for the blades of screw-propellers, that one would imagine that there was nothing fresh to invent in that well-explored field of research. Some misgivings were therefore aroused as to the alleged performance of a new form of screw-propeller introduced by a Mr De Bay; for engineers were loath to admit that anything could be produced to beat in efficiency the best forms in common use. The new propeller is a double one, the two screws moving close to one another, but in opposite directions, the effect being that the whole power of the propeller is utilised in driving the ship through the water. A vessel—the *Cora Maria*—was recently fitted with the new apparatus, with the surprising result, that the accession of speed was equal to that which would accrue from her engine-power being doubled. Many engineers and representatives of the large steam-ship Companies have watched recent trials of the propeller, which, if found to withstand wear and tear, will probably be largely adopted.

The Ashton Moss Colliery Company may be congratulated upon having successfully accomplished a work commenced just six years ago. At that time, a shaft was commenced upon an unworked portion of Ashton Moss, with the hope of finding coal. This they have just achieved at a depth of eight hundred and ninety-five yards from the surface, and the available field of labour measures about two thousand acres in extent.

Mr Eyre, of the firm of Heathfield, Eyre, and Co., London, has introduced a new form of Smith's forge, in which the waste heat is utilised in blowing the fire, thus dispensing with the ordinary bellows. A small boiler suspended under the hood of the forge furnishes a two-inch cylinder with steam; and this little engine actuates a fan which supplies the necessary air. The motor can be used for other purposes, such as turning a lathe or a drill, and represents one horse-power.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### SINGULAR METHODS EMPLOYED BY SMALL BIRDS OF CROSSING WIDE STRETCHES OF SEA.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* has recently communicated to that paper some interesting information, partly from his own observation, and partly from inquiries, regarding the methods adopted by small birds, but particularly by the wagtail, for crossing the Mediterranean from Europe to the coast of Africa, and to Crete and the adjacent islands. The writer, while passing the autumn on the island of Crete, often heard the song and twittering of small birds when flocks of sand-cranes were passing overhead towards the south. Upon mentioning the circumstance to one of the priests on the island, and suggesting that the noise was caused by the wings of the cranes, his reverend friend assured him that it was caused by the small birds which were *being carried on the backs of the cranes*. After again suggesting that possibly the small birds might be in the habit of going out from the shore for a short distance and then returning with the cranes, the answer was: 'No; they come over from Europe with them.' Convincing proof was shortly afterwards given, when the writer happened to be cruising one day about fifteen miles from the land, and a flock of cranes passed quite close to the yacht. The men drew his attention to a peculiar chirping; and upon discharging his gun, three small birds were observed to rise up from the flock, and shortly afterwards to disappear again among the cranes.

Upon another occasion, during a visit to Chairo, the writer observed numerous wagtails among the palm gardens, and this he was at a loss to account for, having always been under the belief that these birds wintered in Southern Europe, or at furthest in Sicily or the Grecian Islands. He was also unaware at that time that they were birds of passage. Happening one evening to notice some wagtails hopping and 'tilting' at a short distance, he pointed them out to an old Bedouin chief, at the same time expressing his surprise that these birds were able to perform the journey across the

Mediterranean. The Bedouin at once replied: 'Do you not know, Hadretch [noble sir], that these small birds are borne over the sea by the larger ones?' He also intimated that this fact was well known among the natives. Upon pointing out the birds to two Bedouin boys who were standing near, and inquiring: 'Do you know whence come these small birds?' they answered: 'Certainly: the Abu Saad [the stork] carried them over the sea.' Von Heuglin, the famous African ornithologist, afterwards informed the writer that he believed this curious story, and only waited for further proof before publishing the fact.

Mr Rae of the Royal Institution, in a communication sent to *Nature*, mentions a somewhat similar story, told and believed in by the Indians in different parts of North America. It appears from the testimony of the Indians round the south-western parts of Hudson's Bay, that there is a species of finch which performs its northern journey on the back of the Canada Goose (*Anser Canadensis*), and arrives with it about the end of April. Mr Rae believes that he has himself seen the small birds fly away from the geese, and he has also shot and preserved the species; but it is so long ago, that he cannot recollect the name.

If the foregoing statements can be borne out by further investigation, it will serve to explain how it is that small birds—or at least some species—contrive to cross wide seas, and even oceans.

#### 'PHASES IN CANADIAN HOME-LIFE.'

Since this article appeared in *Chambers's Journal* (January 1), we have received various communications from correspondents in Canada, from which we learn that the particular experience of our contributor while in that country cannot be said altogether to represent the general experience of those who have had a longer and more extensive acquaintance with the Dominion. With regard, for instance, to the tomato-worm and the potato-bug, we are assured that neither of these two creatures can now be distinguished as a persistent 'pest'; while wolves and bears have in the present day almost, if not altogether, disappeared. The progress made by a new and flourishing country such as Canada, is so rapid and decisive, that descriptions which might hold good of it to-day would within a comparatively few years seem erroneous and antiquated. In the article in question also, it was stated that farms could be bought in Canada for 'from one to five dollars' per acre; this should have been from one to five *pounds*. While cleared farms near towns frequently bring a much higher price than five pounds per acre, there are, on the other hand, as we have before stated in these columns, thousands of acres of excellent land to be had in the more westerly districts of Winnipeg and Manitoba at a merely nominal price. Good farms in the neighbourhood of towns bring from nine to thirteen pounds per acre; but the price generally decreases in the ratio of the distance from market. Those of our readers who are interested in the question of farming in Canada, will find much valuable information in the recently published *Reports of Tenant Farmers' Delegates* from England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the Dominion of Canada as a field for settlement, which are sent free on application to J. Dyke, Canadian Government Agent, Liverpool.

#### REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY.

A correspondent writes to us as follows: 'At present there is living at Dunoon, Argyllshire, an old man named McArthur, who, if he lives till next September, will have attained the patriarchal age of one hundred and four years. Living for a part of each year in the neighbourhood, I have often had an opportunity of seeing him walking about his garden, with the help of a stout stick. He was able to attend the Free Gaelic Church—of which I understand he is a member—several times during last year. His eyes are weak, but his hearing is very acute. He was born at a place called Achadunan, at the head of Loch Fyne, in September 1777. He was employed for fully fifty years at farm-work in the vicinity of his birth-place, and for the past fifty years has resided at Dunoon. Last year, being desirous of seeing and conversing with the old man, I paid him a visit. I found him seated in an arm-chair at the fireside, and he shook hands with me very cordially and with a firm nerve. He appeared to be cheerful and contented, informed me that he ate and slept well, and, strangest of all, that he was still able to shave himself without the aid of a looking-glass. He is wonderfully hale, with a freshness of complexion one would scarcely expect to see in a person of his years.'

'Waiting upon him was an old woman, who observing one of the ladies that accompanied me looking at her, said she "thought the miss took her for the wife;" at which remark the old man smiled. The woman, continuing, explained that she was "only the daughter;" that she was, however, seventy-eight years of age; and that *her* daughter, whom we also saw, was fifty-six. The old man's wife, who died twenty-three years ago, would now have been one hundred and fifteen years old, being thus about eleven years older than her husband. Besides the daughter above mentioned, he has two sons living, both of whom follow their father's occupation; but they are much troubled with rheumatism, and not able to do much.'

'Since the foregoing was written, I have again visited the old man, who anticipated some amusement when his census paper came to be examined by the district enumerator!'

#### A LOVE'S LIFE.

'Twas Spring-time of the day and year;  
Clouds of white fragrance hid the thorn;  
My heart unto her heart drew near,  
And, ere the dew had fled the morn,  
Sweet Love was born.

An August noon, an hour of bliss  
That stands amid my hours alone,  
A word, a look, then—ah, that kiss!  
Joy's veil was rent, her secret known,  
Love was full grown.

And now, this drear November eve,  
What has to-day seen done, heard said?  
It boots not: who has tears to grieve  
For that last leaf yon tree has shed,  
Or for Love dead?

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

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## OUR COMPETING COUSINS.

THE complaint of our merchants, that the Americans are running them hard in foreign markets; the dependency of our farmers as they recoil before the vast quantities of American food and the mountains of Australian wool, are evidences that our trans-oceanic Cousins are very much alive. They are becoming very numerous also, and in their totality far surpass the population of the mother-country. There are now upwards of fifty millions in the United States; from four to five millions in British America; and about two and a quarter millions in the Australian colonies. But these numbers are merely factors in a multiplication problem, which by the end of the century will produce results of startling magnitude. The tide of European emigration will run in a greater volume and at a greater speed. Last year, nearly half a million strangers were added to the population of the United States, and still greater numbers may be added this year. As Europeans become densely compacted, the drift of humanity westward and southward must continue. There is, in fact, for millions no choice in the matter. Go they must, where bread is to be had, be it in the land of the setting sun, or in the wilds of the antipodes. Either from necessity or choice on the part of the emigrants, the United States have obtained about three millions in the past ten years; most of them people in the full vigour of life, or children who have grown into strenuous workers. The total increase of population in the ten years is eleven and a half millions, from which we are enabled to predict that the United States may have eighty million people by the end of the century, should conditions remain unaltered. The estimate is low, for there are at work all the causes that favour human increase.

Territory is unlimited, and much of it is of surpassing fertility. There are climates suited to every constitution. There is remunerative employment for every capacity—for brute toilers like Caliban, for genius as high as that of Caliban's inventor. Never since man attained to civilisation

have so many favourable conditions co-existed for the growth and consolidation of a young nation. From these must result a phenomenal increase of population. Our Cousins will spread over the American continent with the rush of a conflagration, or the sweep of a sea which has surmounted all barriers. Besides every natural aid for multiplication, the United States have all the secondary aids for increase in almost greater profusion than in the most advanced states of Europe. Science is more widely cultivated, and bent to economical results; education is universal; political freedom is almost complete. To these must be added the eager desire for prosperity which permeates the whole people, and which has created an almost distinct type—the go-ahead Yankee. Certain bumptious Britishers have amused themselves therewith. It would have been more profitable to study the causes which have made our Cousins more devoted to business than ourselves. A brief examination shows that the difference between Americans and Englishmen is owing to the broad opportunities the former enjoy, compared with the narrow possibilities afforded in our over-crowded isle. Given abundance of food, an unfettered career, religious and political freedom, and a profound belief in the gospel of 'getting on in the world'—what will be the effects upon an average Englishman?—Progress towards independence, most assuredly, and ultimately a condition of permanent success. From these must follow an unflinching self-confidence and love of action—the go-ahead type of man.

When a community of fifty millions are of this pattern, and with illimitable fields of enterprise, we cannot wonder that its development is marvellous. Everything favours it; nothing opposes it. The frontiers of European states are iron-like in their rigidity. Armed millions on the one side brandish their weapons at other armed millions facing them. Neighbours are not permitted to visit neighbours without permits and passports. In brief, every impediment that cultivated barbarism, financial ignorance, and intense

nationalism can erect, is placed between men haunting from conterminous geographical areas. Worse still, the progressive elements among the peoples are ruthlessly eradicated, and the type forcibly restrained to its ancient form. Fortunately for the good of mankind and for the peace of laggard political systems, the energetic minds of Europe cannot be prevented from reaching the United States. But the consequence is to give new energies and broader vistas to Americans; to quicken the march and swell the triumphs of the young giant of the West. The discontent of Europe finds content in America; and discontent, translated into mechanical formula, means a search for lines of least resistance. The United States have no rigid boundaries. Our own line of colonies is the most yielding of barriers, through which people pass freely. It is true that hostile tariffs bristle on each side, but these do not produce the deadening paralysis and the hatreds that obtain in Europe. The Mexican frontier is even more flexible than the British, and in time will become merely an atmospheric line. Nowhere does an armed people menace the Great Republic. Hence it goes forward untaxed by the militarism under which every European state is stagnating.

Then again, the United States have no colonies demanding maternal succour; nor is the mind and pocket of the commonwealth perturbed by such a step-child as India. The Republic has no external duties or anxieties, no need of diplomatic finesse in keeping up or dissolving the concert of foreign powers. All its inordinate force, its peerless superiorities, are free to be employed for furthering the material advantage of its citizens. That such a state should advance with bewildering rapidity, is in the nature of things; that its attractions should be irresistible to many Europeans, is also in the nature of things. No wonder its people are go-ahead beyond compare. But so far from objecting to the characteristics of our Cousins, we should rejoice. American prosperity helps British prosperity, its progress compels our own progress, its grandeur throws a halo of splendour around ourselves. The interests of both peoples are so closely interwoven, that they cannot exist apart, and the sympathies grow stronger with the years.

In competition with their Cousins, our merchants and farmers must find new ideas and new stimulations. It is undignified to grumble at the inevitable; it is ruinous to stand still; it is impossible to check the progress of those who trust to self-help. 'Work' is the legend on the shield of the Great Republic. Its 'arms' are human arms tremendously active. Our Canadian Cousins pursue a career differing little from that of their fellow-Americans. Work is the rule, and independence the goal to which all strive. The splendid cities of Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, show how high is the ambition of the people, and how considerable their wealth. The great railways traversing its immense territory are evidence of the confidence of capitalists in the future. Already the railways are planting the seeds of what may be one of the mightiest peoples of the earth. The fertility of the Dominion is almost incredible. Were its great wheat-growing capabilities fully availed of, it could furnish food for the majority of the human race. We all know what magnifi-

cent cattle are raised in its pastures. The choicest British herds improve by transplantation into its keen and invigorating atmosphere, and attain to a stature, massiveness, and quality of flesh that closely competes with the choicest beef of Old England. So with men and women. British America brings out in our kindred a vigour and breadth of life little known in the old country. Competent observers from the United States have frequently commented upon the strong and tireless farmers of the Dominion, to the prejudice of their own countrymen. A shrewd traveller, upon his return from a tour through Canada, said, that a race of giants was up-springing there, who would some day descend upon the weaklings of the States and subjugate them, as the Goths did the Italians.

The climate of British America, though severe, is undoubtedly favourable to British people; and from the extraordinary progeny of the French colonists, there is foreshadowed a densely peopled region in coming ages. There is untold wealth in the soil, under the soil, and in the gigantic rivers and lakes. Ere long, a trans-continental railway will create on the Pacific coast one of the great commercial depôts of the world. This will give a vast impetus to trade, will open out the resources of the country, and cause the current of immigration to run faster than ever. The dawn of an amazing prosperity has already begun for our Canadian Cousins, and they will know how to profit by the coming day. Their produce will pour upon our shores with an abundance greater than has been dreamt of in the most terrible nightmares of British farmers.

The object of all citizens is peaceful progress; and, if differences arise, they are solely as to the best means of attaining that object. So far as can be seen from our stand-point, our Cousins will not be afflicted by war, or even disquieted by rumours of war. There is no conceivable *casus belli* likely to arise between Canadians and their southern neighbours. The territorial space of each is so great, that ages must elapse before irritating proximity arrives. By the time that both peoples are reckoned by hundreds of millions, the predatory and selfish instincts of mankind will, it is to be hoped, have given place to more rational feelings. In taming the wild earth, in ransacking its stony heart for metals, in building great cities and railways, some of the fiercer savagery of our Cousins will disappear. Wickedness exhales in the sweat of free industry, and man learns to recognise his need of his brother. Nay, he learns that his own perfect joy and true security are bound up in his brother's life and welfare.

The young nations which owe their origin to Britain, differ in their genesis from the nations of the Old World. They are planted upon regions remote from the influence of military empires. They are based upon self-organised industry. The social systems rest upon civic equality. European states were founded by conquerors; the conquered became slaves. The subsequent history is an endless conflict between rulers and ruled for an equalisation of rights. When Britons had almost ended their conflict, the colonies were founded, and by men who demanded still loftier rights. Hence the development of the colonies tends towards an ever radiating liberty.

Co-operation has done much for Englishmen,

but it is doing more for their Cousins. The poorest are reaching the point of financial intelligence attained by our middle class. Joint-stock enterprises have created the banks, railways, and industrial Companies which have made our stupendous trade of the past forty years. The example is being scrupulously followed by our docile Cousins. As their capital increases and becomes more mobile, their advances will be swifter than heretofore, and they will appear as rivals in new fields. The competition of which we complain to-day, is trifling to what is impending, and behoves us to look at the future with steady and discerning eyes.

We must not leave out of the reckoning that our Cousins eschew all sorts of wasteful employment of money and time far more pronouncedly than we do, and are less addicted to drink—with all our temperance enthusiasm. A sober simpleton is more than a match for an intemperate sage. But when industrious, wealth-desiring men are fortified with temperate and frugal habits, they are as resistless as the flight of time. It is well worth laying to heart that our pushing Cousins are formidable on every side; and, knowing what their advantages are, we ought the better to adjust ourselves to the struggle.

Our Australian Cousins are displaying the same traits as their kindred in America. Distant as they are from us by the breadth of the world, we nevertheless begin to feel the approaching night of their young strength. In the brief space of a generation, they have increased from thousands to millions. They have reared great cities, and made railways on a vaster scale, population being considered, than has been done in England. The deserts, which dismayed the early settlers, have been explored, and now are covered with countless flocks and herds. These and its incalculable mineral wealth have brought the great southern world into startling conspicuousness. The adventurous and the cupidous of all nations have been drawn thither by a power strong as Fate. These people have helped to make the rough places plain, to erase savagery, and to plant a civilisation that must become one of the most wonderful in the history of our race. As in America, our Southern Cousins are free from hostile neighbours. There is no power to stay their march across the island-continent. The aborigines melt before their appalling energy as unable to breathe the same air, vanishing and leaving not a trace of their empire behind them. In Tasmania, the natives have died out, and our Cousins possess it as absolutely as though they were the primal owners. In New Zealand, the Maoris shrink into thinner volume day by day—a grand race, but doomed to give way to the march of civilisation. On the continent of Australia too, the remnant of the ancient tribes retreats, growing dim and shadowy as it treads the path to extinction. Thus, almost without a struggle, our Cousins have won an empire whose possibilities are more magnificent than those attained by Alexander, by the Cæsars, by Charlemagne.

The future of the Australian colonies must be peaceful progress. We cannot conceive any other occupation for its people than that of developing industry, guided by science and the arts. There is reason to believe that the two and a quarter millions will multiply into huge populations,

whose energy will increase with the mass. Life promises to be more fervid, more eager, more competitive, than even in America. Australian climates are stimulating almost to excess; but for the temperate, they leave no ill effects. The cost of maintaining animal energy is much less than in Britain, owing to solar wealth. Life is not hampered by hard conditions, as it is here, and mind and muscle have a better chance of extended development. Though but the creatures of yesterday, they are showing a nascent superiority to ourselves. The Australian Eleven have amazed our cricketers by their strength and agility; the Thames has recently witnessed the triumph of a Sydney carman. In trade and commerce, they show themselves worthy of the race which gave them birth. The exports of wool, corn, cotton, sugar, and wine are truly marvellous for colonies so young. Immense steam-fleets are needed to carry on their commerce. Melbourne has been brought within forty days of London; but that does not satisfy the colonists. They wish to be still nearer the mother-land; and so they are going to construct a railway to the north of Australia, which will enable them to reach us in thirty days!

But that is not all; they are preparing to supply us with incredible quantities of beef and mutton in as perfect a state of preservation as that coming from America. They hope to export about one hundred and fifty thousand tons this year; a pretty fair beginning, as our farmers will agree. As the organisation of transport becomes perfected, the food-products of Australia will reach us with as much facility as those of the western continent.

Finally, our competing Cousins are as busy as they can be; and farmers and all interested in British agriculture must be up and ready to defend themselves. The first thing is to understand the resources and power of our Cousins, their methods of corn and cattle growing. The second is to examine our own resources and methods, and to lay the foundations of a new system. Everything shows us that we have to deal with a totally new set of circumstances at home and in the new worlds beyond the sea. Already these have begun to deluge us with the contents of their exhaustless cornucopias, and thousands of farmers have been financially swamped. If with good harvests the home-farmer finds it difficult to make both ends meet, we need not wonder at his succumbing to the wretched seasons of the past year or two. We foresee a vast exodus to those boundless regions of corn and cattle-wealth across the seas, which await the enterprise of Britain's crowded-out sons.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER XXII.—THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

It had come at last—the crash, long expected, of the fair-seeming, high-standing firm of Groby, Sleather, and Studge. Already the shutters were up; the names in the dishonouring columns of the *London Gazette*; the palatial premises sacked and overrun by auctioneer's satellites, note-book in hand, cataloguing, appraising, ticketing, whatever of the costly furniture and expensive deco-



rations could be brought to the hammer. Already newspaper critics, in the City article of influential journals, had nibbled their sharpest pens, to point a moral and adorn a tale, albeit a stale moral and a hackneyed tale, with Groby, Sleather, and Studge for a text, concerning the abuse of trading, and the over-credulity of the public. Already it was known that the assets of the great blatant firm were not expected to realise half-a-crown in the pound.

There are commercial houses that fall, as Cæsar fell, with dignity. They, or more correctly, their human representatives, take with them into retirement the pity and respect that we bestow on unmerited calamity and honest, loyal resolution to be faithful to the last. Groby, Sleather, and Studge were not of these. The more their books came to be overhauled, the more their accounts came to be sifted by competent examiners, the louder swelled the indignant chorus of reprobation. Out upon the bankrupts! They had dragged down, in their fall, honest houses than theirs. When strict investigation came to be made, it was found that Mr Studge and Mr Sleather were certainly, Sir Joshua Groby probably, liable to a criminal charge of cooking accounts, of misrepresenting this and uttering that, and, in fact, of every fraudulent practice that lax usage condones, but harsh law condemns. Nobody thought that Sir Joshua Groby was much to blame. Public opinion, when sufficiently enlightened, is rarely unjust; and the old man, stripped of two-thirds of his fortune, fiercely chick-pecked—the word is a new-coined one, but it serves to express the verbal assaults of his daughters Regan and Goneril, or whatever their baptismal names may have been, when the smash came—was more an object of compassion than of blame. But Mr Sleather went to Brussels, and Mr Studge went to Spain, pursued by the heartiest execration of press and public, and Bertram Oakley and a few score of others were left breathless.

'I am afraid, Mr Browse, that this is the last of it,' said Bertram, with a sickly smile, as he paid over his small weekly rent into Mr Browse's horny hand. And the old cobbler, who had seen the breakdown of so many hopes, ambitions, fortunes, who once may have had wholesome day-dreams of his own, reddened as he took the money, and would have liked to have given it back, only—that money, in Mr Browse's experience, was hard to come by, and when got, to be tenaciously held fast. And even if the old bird-fancying, shoe-repairing landlord could have made up his mind to return the rent, his legal due, would the proud boy have taken it? He thought not.

'I'm sorry, mortal sorry, Mr Bertram,' said the hard old fellow, relenting more towards this bright bold young man, than he had done towards mothers with young children clinging to their threadbare skirts. 'If you could knock on here for a day or so, we'd blink the business part of it.' It was a great concession, an immense concession, for Mr Browse to make. All through the cobbler's tenure, as householder of his quaint old tenement in the ancient Sanctuary of Westminster, he had kept the rusty old organ which he called his heart in check, as beast-tamers keep a caged wild animal down with drugs and hunger and the whip. His was not a business that could be managed on sentimental principles. Yet, when Bertram paid his rent and gave his notice, the

grim old cobbler could have sobbed at losing him, his pattern lodger.

'What are you to do, Mr Bertram?' asked the man of leather. There is something to be learned, always, from observing how an elderly man speaks to a young one. An ordinary youngster, in Bertram's case, would have been Sam or Dick or Harry to all the court. Sir Charles Grandison himself, in his peerless priggishness, could not have met, had he been no baronet but plain Mr Grandison, with such reverence under Mr Browse's roof as to be called by his surname alone, with Mister prefixed. But Bertram won, without effort, wherever he went, a sort of affectionate respect, and so he was 'Mr' Bertram to all who knew his handsome young face well enough to exchange a 'good-morrow' with its owner. 'What are you to do?' asked Mr Browse.

'I do not know, though I thank you for thinking of it,' answered Bertram. 'I must seek work somewhere, and live somehow.'

'Come over to the *Duke of Cambridge*!' exclaimed Mr Browse, in an outburst of generosity, 'and have some hot brandy and water—along with me!'

'That would not be much in your way, Mr Browse, nor in mine,' was Bertram's gentle answer; 'but I thank you for the kind offer.'

And indeed, Mr Browse was habitually almost as abstemious as Bertram Oakley; but he had known so many sorrows hushed by spirituous comfort and maudlin discourse over the steaming tumbler at a tavern bar, that he could not avoid suggesting such saturnalia when once his hospitable impulses were unlocked.

So Bertram went up to his tiny room, his, for one night more, and where there still remained a scoopful of coals and a few sticks, to relink the extinguished fire in the rusty stove that would be used no more. What was he to do? How very, very often, had he asked himself that very question, which we have all asked ourselves, sometimes, in our lives. At anyrate, he must go. He was sorry to go, for we soon become fond of a place. Even the hardy stump of the old vine, nestling among paving-stones and rooted in London clay, had become as a dumb friend to him. It seemed to Bertram as if the ancient vine itself would miss him, when it should awaken from its winter's sleep. Where should he be then, when green leaves should again clothe the trees of Park and garden, and Nature dress her face once more in the joyous smiles of a youth eternally renewed? Who could tell!

With early light on the ensuing morning, Bertram was astir. His few arrangements for departure were soon made. He packed his clothes—his wardrobe was but a scanty one, we may be sure—in the trunk which was to be left under the charge of Mr Browse. He dressed himself as neatly as he could, knowing how much, in our judgment of our fellow-creatures, depends upon the impression, favourable or the reverse, which a first glance creates. A few things which seemed necessary, Bertram had put apart, just what would fill a tiny black bag; better suited to one of his appearance than the traditional bundle of the ordinary workman. Breakfast, when it consists of a crust, to be presently supplemented by a cup of steaming liquid at a coffee-stall, can speedily

be despatched. And then Bertram was ready to go. He had wished to make the most of the daylight, and to reach the great centre of metropolitan business as soon as the earliest offices should be open for the day. He threw a glance of farewell around him at the inanimate objects he was leaving, and then, bag in hand, left the room and descended the stairs.

Bertram's departure, and the cause of it, were matters of household discourse to the gossips of the place; and as he passed, one of the printers, his paper-cap on his head, and his drowsy eyes the redder for his long vigil over the type-cases at the newspaper office for which he worked, opened his door to say, 'Good-morning, and good-luck!' While another of his fellow-lodgers, the widow who, with her daughter, lived by clear-starching, and whose intercourse with Bertram had been limited to a neighbourly nod or civil good-morrow, now not merely waylaid him on the narrow landing-place to say 'Good-bye!' but pressed into his hand a thick lump of something wrapped in paper. 'It's only some cake that was given us—given to Lizzie and me, I mean—at my niece's wedding, over in Lambeth—that's all; but I thought it might be useful, as you're walking.' And Bertram accepted the gift in the kindly spirit of the giver, shook the worthy creature's toil-roughened hand, and said a word of adieu rather huskily. Even some of Mr Browne's birds, now brought indoors for warmth, and dangling in their cages wherever a nail could be driven, knew the young man as he passed, and chirped their greeting shrilly, squeezing themselves against the wires to peck playfully at the fore-finger with which he was wont to stroke their glossy heads. Then one hearty hand-shake exchanged with the cobbler-landlord, who had wished him well, and Bertram was out upon the world.

## REMINISCENCES OF ROUEN.

A FRINGE of long, low, irregular, zebra-striped houses hangs about the outskirts of Rouen, and makes a picturesque approach to the charming old town nestling among its wooded hills. Pleasant it is for the English traveller—linked as he feels himself to be by hereditary interest to the land of Rollo—to wander at will through the quaint streets of the old Norman capital, admiring the time-chastened beauty of antique gables, half-ruined *tourrelles*, disused bellries, steeped like all his surroundings in 'the tender grace of a day that is dead.' Temples of the present, and temples of the past—the latter beautiful still, although in many cases fallen from their high estate to ignoble uses—abound on every side. But among the many interesting buildings of Rouen, the majestic church of St Ouen holds its own with a peculiar dignity. St Maclou has its triple portal and spiral staircase; St Patrice boasts of its stained windows; the Cathedral attracts with its famous tombs and historical associations; but none can rival St Ouen in simple majesty, as it stands calm, lofty, awe-inspiring, girdled round by the old wistaria-draped walls of the Jardin St Ouen.

Harmony, dignity, unity, are the characteristics of this pure ideal of Gothic architecture. A passing visit fails to reveal all the details of its chastened and dignified beauty. One must return again and again to that dim interior of cruciform outline—must study those wonderful rose-windows, that majestic square pierced tower—in order rightly to apprehend the simplicity, the delicious sense of repose, which are its peculiar charm. The past of Rouen is more vivid than its present. *That* is the reality; *this* the dream. The ceaseless hum of the work-a-day world hard by recedes into the distance; we forget the restless life of toil and moil coming and going upon the broad Seine river as it flows by the busy *quais*. And as we pass through the Place de la Puelle, and stand before the handsome *façade* of the Hôtel de Bourghetroude, we remember only that in the beautiful old tower close by, with frontals of carved stone and flowers blooming at its base, the ill-fated Maid of Orleans languished—poor deserted captive! during her shameful trial.

Memories of Jeanne d'Arc are rife in Rouen. The stately walls of St Ouen looked down upon the misery of her public recantation. Through the city streets, with that pitiful cry: 'Rouen! Rouen! must thou be my last abode!' which the girlish lips could not quite repress, she passed to the old market-place, there to undergo the cruel sentence of death, in the shame and the blame of which sentence it is difficult to decide whether France or England bore the greater share. A tardy justice has been done to La Puelle's memory; and an indifferent statue of Joan now occupies the place on which she suffered.

That fifteenth century, which witnessed the tragedy of Jeanne d'Arc, was an eventful one for Rouen, and fruitful of much woe for its wretched inhabitants. It was in the year 1418—in the beginning of those troubles for the country and its kings which were afterwards to rouse the peasant-girl's sympathies to fever-pitch—that our warriorking Henry V. laid siege to the Norman capital, and there—like his brother in years to come—tarnished his fame by cruelly unworthy of him. Provoked by the sturdy resistance offered by the inhabitants, he caused gibbets to be erected around the walls, and suspended upon them all prisoners who fell into his hands. But this barbarity only stimulated the obstinacy of the brave Normans within the walls, and their desperate sallies worked destruction among the English sometimes almost to the royal tent. When the siege had lasted four months, and the provisions of the garrison were almost exhausted, famine drove the Rouenois to a cruel expedient. The garrison expelled from the city as 'useless mouths' no less than twelve thousand inhabitants, including women and little children! But the besiegers refused the poor exiles a passage through their lines, so that the houseless wanderers were driven back into the ditches beneath the ramparts, and there remained exposed, not only to wind and weather, hunger and thirst, but also to the missiles of both friends and foes.

While they lay thus dying by inches between two armies, their friends within the city exhibited in a curious manner one of the characteristics of

the Middle Ages—namely, the superstitious observance of religious rites. The garrison lowered baskets from the walls to receive the newly born infants, who were drawn up to be received into the Christian Church, and then—having been baptised—were lowered again to their dying mothers, and to their earthly heritage of misery and death! Yet still the siege went on, and no expedients availed to save the Rouennois from their persevering enemy. After a brave defence, which lasted six months, famine and treachery together at last overcame the endurance of the besieged. But it is pleasant to find it recorded by the old chroniclers that the victorious English king made it a special condition of the treaty of surrender that the survivors of the ill-fated twelve thousand should be welcomed back into the town, and supported for a whole year at the expense of their fellow-citizens.

Every stone of these venerable streets seems eloquent with traditions of ancient days, and not the least marvellous among them is the legend of St Romain, the city's patron saint. The local chronicles have ever kept in mind the memory of his valiant exploit in the olden times, and if the tale be true, a debt of gratitude indeed do the Rouennois owe to their brave bishop. Once, when all Rouen trembled with fear because of a cruel dragon which devastated the country round, devouring all who came in his way, St Romain, we are told, went forth alone, robed in episcopal state, to the encounter of the public enemy; and overawing the beast by the mere majesty of his episcopal countenance, re-entered the city in triumph, leading the dreaded monster captive by his stole! Thinking of these things, filled with dream-visions of 'vanished hands,' hearing everywhere time-softened echoes of 'voices that are still,' one comes and goes by shallow stairs, by red-tiled floors, by dark and narrow ways overhung by richly carven frontals. Sweet little pictures await one at unexpected corners: quaint figures frame themselves unconsciously in odd little creeper-shaded casements. How can one paint the bright, many-coloured life of these foreign streets, where, amidst so much apparent gloom, *la bagatelle* seems to be the serious business of life! The irregular houses throw capricious shadows of many varied lengths upon the black and white lozenges of the marble pavement, and the shade makes more striking the bits of high light which force themselves into notice now and again: the milk-seller's white cap frills—the snowy flapping headgear of a Sister of Charity who is coming down the street with her dangling rosary—the cheerful faces and spotless bibs of some passing *religieuses*.

The picturesqueness of a foreign town seems to culminate on market-day. Then the wide place is crowded with wares both animal and vegetable. The vendors—in little nooks sheltered from the sun by awnings overhead—are doing their best in single-handed combat with many a bargaining customer. The purchaser threatens, cajoles, argues in turn, while a *petite portouse* stands patiently by with her basket to await the result. The scene does not strike her; she has seen so many of them; but an Englishman, to whom it is a novelty, looks on amused at the chatter around him, and admires the perfect good-humour with which it is carried on. These light-hearted French

are as merry over their business as John Bull is serious in his pleasures.

Close by is the flower-market, where a lively group of English girls—the matron-housekeepers yonder are busied about more material wants—are hanging admiringly over some fresh-blown roses. '*Un sou; deux sous la pièce!*' So much sweetness to be bought for a halfpenny! This is a pleasant country, surely—a place whence dinginess is banished, and even the useful must be made beautiful before it can be appreciated. We English, on the contrary, deck life in Quaker colours, and wear sober, if not glum faces, to correspond with our surroundings. On this important day, there is life and bustle everywhere. Down the street out of the country come the peasant-women driving their heavy-laden, well-conditioned donkeys, upon which one or two may be seen mounted and ambling along comfortably in the midst of their bales and baskets.

But on each and every day from early morn—say four or five o'clock—until bedtime, which is early to correspond, a busy life in the street beneath one's windows utters itself continually in all sorts of odd musical discordant sounds, which jumble themselves together, and make a strangely harmonious whole. Your ears soon become accustomed to the involuntary concert. After a time, '*Une belle brioche!*' is no longer startling as it comes betimes round unexpected corners. At last, one even takes a pleasure in listening to the strange, sing-song, monotonous cry as it dies gradually away far down the street. It seems to blend in so prettily with other voices clamouring for notice of other wares; with the jingle of horses' bells; with the inevitable clattering of wooden shoes; with the high-pitched shrill chatter of sundry citizens gossiping at the street corner; with the martial sounds of the *rappel*; and with the sweet full-toned clang of innumerable deep-mouthed bells, chief of the many characteristic features of Rouen.

This abundance of soft bell-voices is, as we have said, one of the most striking features of the quaint old Norman city. It seems that here their tones have an especial mellowness, a rare flavour of the antiquity which pervades everything. All day long, from belfry and chapel and convent and towering spire, comes the never-ceasing clang of melodious tongues, meeting out the time with their gentle admonitions. One thinks there must needs be something sweet and deep and pure about lives set to the music of those chimes! 'Bells,' Elia asserted to be 'the music highest bordering upon heaven.' There is a pleasing sadness, a tender melancholy in the harmony of bells, which yet exorcises melancholy, and chases sadness from us.

We have read somewhere of a good old custom belonging to those northern lands, which we have to thank for many a strong, tough ingredient in our national character. After the harvest, when the fruits of the field have been gathered in, and hearts are tender and thankful for 'garners rich and plenteous with all manner of store,' one little sheaf is tithe-wise separated from the rest, and set up on high above the house-portal, that the birds of the air may have their share in the rejoicing, and be glad with the grateful household.

There are some who in these busy days have no

leisure to glean for themselves a harvest of delight for mind and eye. To them we dedicate this little sheaf, gathered together out of the pleasant memories of a summer trip.

# MY UNFORTUNATE PATIENT.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LONDON DOCTOR.

## CHAPTER I.

ONE brilliant, sunshiny morning in the month of June, I chanced to be passing St George's, Hanover Square, that wondrously fashionable church, wherein all who are united in the bonds of holy matrimony are supposed to enjoy a larger share of good fortune and happiness than falls to the lot of those whose vows have been uttered within less auspicious precincts. I was on my way to Brooke Street, to visit a patient; for I was a young doctor then, just struggling into a fair practice, with sufficient prudence to postpone setting up a carriage until a little more firmly established; so I was on foot; and though not generally curious, when I perceived a crowd of persons clustering round the gates, I paused for an instant to gaze, with the rest, at the happy pair, who, just as I reached it, were issuing from its gloomy looking portals. The bridegroom I rapidly scanned, seeing in him a good-looking young fellow of perhaps seven or eight and twenty, with a stalwart well-knit figure, which his closely fitting frock-coat showed to the greatest advantage. His whole face shone with the most evident pride and happiness, as he led his newly made wife down to the well-appointed carriage which awaited them. The glistening white robe shone out in long graceful folds. The gossamer veil fell in soft cloud-like pureness, and the glittering diamonds might have been worth a king's ransom, for aught I knew. One glance at the adornments was enough; they were forgotten when I beheld the face of the bride—a face lovelier, I thought, than any I had ever before seen. She was neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair; but she was so beautiful, that even in the crowd I heard more than one expression of intense admiration as she passed by leaning on her husband's arm. A slight restiveness on the part of one of the horses caused her to pause just as she was about to enter the carriage, and perhaps it was due to that circumstance that her features impressed themselves so firmly upon my memory. The delicate oval face was slightly pale, and the perfect lips were drawn rather closely together in a scarlet curve, as if some effort had been made to retain her self-possession during what I should fancy most women must find a somewhat trying ordeal; but the violet dark-fringed eyes were raised with wonderful calmness as she stood for a moment almost, surveying us with an inquiring expression in them, as if marvelling at the curiosity of the bystanders.

Certainly, she was fair to look upon; and as they drove off, I could not help thinking him a fortunate man who could call so fair a flower his own. They were most probably rich too; as was evidenced by the dazzling diamonds, by the gay company assembled to do them honour, and by the string of handsome carriages.

I hurried on, wishing them well, and wondering at the different lots in life—some so rich, so free

from care, so favoured by fortune; others so poor, so worn by sordid anxieties, so pursued by misfortune. My meditations were interrupted by my arrival in Brooke Street, after which my patient for a time blotted out the recollection of the gay scene and the beautiful face of the bride. Nevertheless, I remembered it again; and a few days afterwards, when my eye caught an announcement in the *Morning Post*, I read it, fancying, as the date corresponded, that it must refer to the very wedding I had seen. It ran thus: 'At St George's, Hanover Square, on the 10th instant, by the Reverend Martyn Wentworth, Rector of Compton Vesey, Northamptonshire, MONTAGU MEREDITH, Esq., of Monkwell Abbey, to CLARICE, only child of the late John Delacour.'

Clarice Meredith! It was a pretty name, I thought; and then half smiling at my own absurdity in taking such an interest in strangers, I finally, as I imagined, dismissed the subject from my mind.

## CHAPTER II.

About six months after the foregoing circumstance, I was myself married; and if my wife could not boast of perfect beauty, she was fair enough in my eyes; and a very happy home she made for me. My prospects were steadily improving; and my balance was so satisfactory, that we felt justified in moving into a more imposing house than the one which had hitherto been mine. So about two years passed by. I had been more than usually occupied one very gloomy day in November, when the densest of London fogs seemed bent upon penetrating even into the comfortable bright little drawing-room where my wife and I were seated, hoping most devoutly that no summons might arrive to take me out on such an evening; when suddenly the bell rang. A carriage had driven up to our door; and I was told that a lady wished to see me on particular business. I immediately descended to my consulting-room; on entering which, I perceived a lady seated. She half rose at my entrance, but sank back with an air half-languid, half-graceful. Then she raised her veil; and I could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise when, as she turned her face towards me, I recognised, perhaps lovelier than ever, the bride I had seen at St George's. She was exquisitely dressed, in the richest of black velvet, trimmed with sable. Her delicately gloved hands were resting upon the tiniest of Maltese dogs, which nestled down upon the costly garments with the most perfect air of security and comfort.

'Mr Darrell?' she asked, in a sweet silvery voice, with a half-inquiring smile.

I bowed my affirmative; and she continued: 'I must introduce myself to you, Doctor Darrell. I am Mrs Meredith; and I have been advised to come to you—you attended a distant relative of mine—and I am anxious to have your opinion upon what is to me a matter of almost life or death.'

My professional eyes had meanwhile failed to discern any symptoms of illness in the beautiful changeful face before me. But presently Mrs Meredith explained that it was not of her own health she wished to speak, but of her husband's.

'Has he been long ill?' I asked.

'Yes,' she replied. 'I think I can almost fix

the date when I first became anxious about him. We have been married nearly two years; but it was only lately that I began to grow uneasy."

"And what are the symptoms?" I asked. "What is supposed to be his complaint?"

"Ah," said she, "that is just what we wish to discover; and I—oh, doctor! here she passed a very fragile pocket-handkerchief slightly over her eyes—"I dare not say what I think. I want him to have the very best advice, every possible care, but"—And again she paused. "I hope you understand that this interview is in the strictest sense confidential?"

I assured her she might rely upon the utmost respect being paid to her confidence; and she continued.

"He was the best and kindest of husbands for some time. We were so happy—in fact there seemed not a shadow—till he got ill. I can't think what brought it on; but it seemed to change him totally; not to his friends merely, but to me, who loved him best. I tried to conceal it, and I think did for some time; but latterly he has grown much worse—both mentally and physically. I am terribly anxious—sometimes terribly afraid."

"Has his family physician seen him?" I asked, growing more and more interested in my fair visitor.

"No," she replied. "You can readily understand that I shrink from anything like publicity, as I dreaded what he might say was necessary; and my poor husband has a rooted dislike to him. I want you to see him—to come wholly unbiased, and if necessary, to have a consultation with whoever we may agree would be most likely to understand his case."

She had a habit of not finishing her sentences, leaving me to infer perhaps more than I ought. However, of course I could form no medical opinion of the case until I had seen the patient, though my conclusions from her account pointed naturally towards one direction.

She conversed with me for a short time longer, once or twice giving way to considerable emotion; not to be wondered at under such trying circumstances; for I gathered that she had no near relations to turn to; nor had Mr Meredith, excepting a sister, who was married, and with whom Mrs Meredith had never been on very cordial terms. They were rich—I could see that—and no doubt had no lack of fashionable acquaintances, but perhaps none quite fitted to be a support and comfort to the anxious wife.

She gave me her card, with their town direction—Grosvenor Gardens; and after promising to call at an early hour next day, she rolled off in an elegant carriage.

It was quite a coincidence, after my having been so struck by her on her wedding-day, that she should have come to me; and I felt more than a usual amount of curiosity and interest with regard to my new patient. I went to Grosvenor Gardens according to my promise, and was ushered into a magnificent drawing-room, furnished with the most lavish disregard of expense, and adorned in every direction with exquisite flowers. There was an almost heavy fragrance in the room; the *tout ensemble* was both brilliant and striking.

In an inner room, separated from the one into which I had been shown by heavy velvet curtains,

a gentleman was seated. He threw aside his newspaper, and informed me, with much courtesy, that his cousin would be down directly. He was a slightly built, rather dark man of about five or six and thirty, with dark and, I thought, rather shifty eyes, but good features, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. His fingers were decorated with some handsome rings; and he wore a diamond pin in the centre of a somewhat expansive neck scarf.

"Mrs Meredith is my cousin," he explained. "It was by my advice she applied to you, Mr Darrell. We are seriously uneasy about Mr Meredith. He does not seem to get better. In fact"—and here the jewelled fingers tapped his own forehead significantly—"it is a case of not all there, or I am much mistaken."

"Let us hope you are," I replied; and at that moment the drawing-room door was softly opened, and Mrs Meredith herself, dressed in dark blue velvet, and looking wonderfully lovely, came in. She greeted me with a mixture of cordiality and nervousness, and went through a form of introduction between 'her cousin Mr Henry Stretton, and Doctor Darrell,' after which she immediately proposed that I should accompany her up-stairs.

The bedroom was a spacious one; but the light was so dim, I could at first just discern a canopied bed in the centre of the room, shaded also by curtains, and the outline of a figure underneath the coverings.

Mrs Meredith approached the bed, and bent over it, murmuring in a low but distinct voice: "Here is Harry's doctor come to see you. You will speak to him—won't you, Montagu?"

The reply was inaudible; and she continued: "He won't hurt you. It is to do you good. Do, Montagu!"

"I am afraid it is almost too dark," I interrupted. "If Mr Meredith will allow me, I will let a little light in upon us."

"He dislikes light," she answered. But I moved the curtain of the bed slightly, and discerned a wasted hand lying listlessly upon the coverlet; and on the great square lace-trimmed pillow his head was to be seen, the face turned from us.

"I want no doctors," he uttered in a weary tone. "Leave me in peace. I am dying. Leave me alone."

Mrs Meredith turned a hopeless look towards me; but I drew still nearer him, and cheerfully assured him that I did not intend to let him die if I could help it.

A heavy sigh was the only response. But I interpreted it as a sort of permission to do my best for him; so I laid my finger upon his pulse, which I found extremely feeble. The next point to which I directed my attention were his eyes. I asked him to look at me; and immediately he turned them slowly with a strange expression that startled me. But I found the pupils of natural size. The sounds and action of the heart, which I next examined, were normal. He was very thin, and evidently in a state of unnatural depression.

"How is your appetite, Mr Meredith?" I asked. "Very indifferent," replied his wife promptly; "in fact, sometimes he won't eat at all."

I made some other general inquiries with regard to his health; all of which Mrs Meredith answered, the patient himself remaining perfectly silent.



'I will give Mr. Meredith some medicine,' I said at last. 'My idea, however, is that perfect change and a little cheerful society would do more for him than anything else.' As I spoke, I looked towards the sick man, and observed that the averted eyes were now filled with tears. I felt intensely sorry for him.

'He hates society,' said his wife. 'I wish he liked it.'

'We must hope he will like it by-and-by, when he gets stronger.—I will do my best for you, Mr. Meredith,' I concluded as I took my leave; 'but you must help yourself too. You must cheer up—that's the great thing.'

I gently took his hand; but there was no responsive movement, only another weary sigh.

'It is terrible,' said Mrs. Meredith, when we had returned to the drawing-room, now vacated by Mr. Stretton. 'This is one of his gloomy days; he won't say a word. But it is less dreadful than his violent ones. What do you think of him, Doctor Darrell?'

'It is impossible to form an opinion until I have seen more of him,' I replied.

'I fear it is his mind,' said she; 'that is my terrible dread. Death is nothing to that.'

'Has he any anxieties, Mrs. Meredith?' I asked. 'Do you know of any special trouble which might account for this depression?'

'O no; none,' she answered readily, just the faintest tinge of colour rising on her fair cheek—'none whatever.'

'This medicine which I think of giving to him is merely a soothing safe kind of sedative. I shall know in a day or two better what course to follow. In the meantime, I should advise you to make the room more cheerful. Draw up the blinds; talk to him, and endeavour to interest him in the papers, or anything.—Pray tell me, is there any insanity in his family?'

She hesitated, paused, and then, in great agitation, admitted that there was.

This, of course, made me feel the case was a very responsible one, and I resolved to study it most carefully. I gave the strictest orders as to his diet. He might have stimulants, if he fancied them—in moderation. She said he was extremely temperate. And above all, I enjoined her not to leave him alone. Of course he had a valet; or one of the footmen could be in waiting, if she herself were compelled to absent herself. She agreed to all that; and I promised to see him the next day.

#### CHAPTER III.

I thought a great deal about my new patient. A vague suspicion kept floating through my mind that there was some mystery about his illness, of a kind which I must discover if I wanted to save his life. Her introduction of me as 'Harry's doctor' had evidently created an unfavourable impression on the invalid. Could Harry and Mr. Stretton be one and the same personage? Doubtless so. Striving hard to dismiss a growing feeling of distrust in the beautiful Mrs. Meredith, I paid several visits, without, I must say, getting much beyond where I had been the first day.

He was very ill; but there seemed no actual disease—mere prostration. The remedies I ordered had no visible effect—which surprised me, as I had latterly prescribed a somewhat powerful drug.

Mrs. Meredith was apparently always in close attendance upon him; and during my visits, she invariably remained present, thereby, as I felt certain, exercising a silent control over her husband. I resolved to pay an evening visit without notice; and as the case demanded attention, I felt no compunctions in driving up to Grosvenor Gardens about eight o'clock at night.

Mrs. Meredith was out; she had gone to the theatre with Mr. Stretton. There was an evident unwillingness on the part of the butler to allow me to see Mr. Meredith; but I took not the smallest notice, and walked quietly up-stairs. To my astonishment, I heard the sounds of very unmusical laughter issuing from the dressing-room which communicated with the bedroom; but my patient's room was in total darkness. The fire was out, and I had to grope my way to the dressing-room; and pushing open the door, beheld two most forbidding-looking men regaling themselves with supper, and sundries consisting of the contents of several suspicious-looking bottles.

'Who are you?' I asked.

'Who are you?' echoed one of them, evidently more than slightly elevated.

'I am Mr. Meredith's doctor,' I replied sternly; 'and I shall know the meaning of this. What are you doing here?'

'Why,' he replied, in an insolent half-tipsy tone, 'we are a-lookin' after the gent in that 'ere apartment—wrong here, you know—tapping his head—very violent at times—takes Joe and me all our time to sort him.'

'Have you been often here?' I asked.

'Every night as we are asked—ain't we, Joe? And we does do it pleasant. Lady and gentleman out—at the theatres, and hoppers, and all that sort—plenty meat, plenty grog, good fire—no disturbance—go away morning, come back night again—and so on etcetera. What has you got to say again?'

I was utterly shocked by the speech and conduct of the men, but thought it wise to make no disturbance at that moment, and only asked for a light.

It was no wonder that my medicines failed to soothe the poor fellow, if this was his usual fate. I found him cold and trembling; and upon my speaking kindly to him, he burst into a flood of hysterical tears. 'You mean well by me, don't you?' he nervously inquired.

'Of course I do,' I answered, patting him, as I might have soothed and patted an infant.

'Then get me away from here,' said he. 'They are killing me. They say I'm mad, doctor; but I am as sane as you are, only weak—oh, so weak!'

'I will do all I can for you,' I answered. 'But your wife would not injure you?'

'Ah,' he cried in an agonised tone, 'my wife!'

'I will speak to her to-morrow,' I said, 'and we will arrange some change for you. Do not be nervous. You are safe—perfectly safe.'

'They are killing me,' he still repeated—'killing me.'

But for the shock I had got on discovering the hands into which his wife confided him, I should have almost been inclined to think, from the steady monotone he kept up, that his mind was affected. Under the circumstances, such custodians would have made any one feel queer, to

say the least of it; and in the state of extreme weakness in which he was, I could imagine nothing was too frightful for him to conjure up. He was reduced to the feebleness of an infant.

I could not leave him to the half-intoxicated men; so I sent for the housekeeper, and told her I would consider her responsible for Mr Meredith's safety. I was certain Mrs Meredith would make other arrangements, when she heard what I had to say. Meanwhile, I desired the fire to be relighted, and ordered some nourishment to be immediately given to the invalid; and extracted a promise from the woman, who seemed to be trustworthy, not to leave Mr Meredith, at all events until his wife returned.

'I will, sir,' she promised; 'but I know it's just as much as my place is worth. Mr Stretton's orders are that none of us comes near these rooms.'

'And my orders are that you remain in them,' I felt she was friendly to her master; and I saw he looked relieved when I briefly detailed the arrangements I had made, especially that I had ordered the two men down-stairs, and that they were not to come up again that night.

Just as I was preparing to leave, I saw he wanted to say something to me. I approached the bed; and the thin hands clutched at my coat, dragging me down closely to his face. 'Write to my sister,' he whispered. 'They are killing me by inches.'

'Where is she? Who is she?' I asked. 'Where does she live?'

'Mrs Royston,' he whispered, 'Manor End, Surrey. Send for her.'

'I will,' I said; 'rest assured, I will; and then he sank back like a weary, but satisfied child.'

The light of the gas, which fell now fully upon him, showed me his countenance better than I had before seen it. He was unshaven, which gave him a grisly look; the cheeks were pale and sunken, and the eyes had great hollow circles. He was rapidly growing worse; and what was more, I had suddenly formed the suspicion that he was the victim of some kind of slow and subtle poisoning.

I decided on requesting Mrs Meredith to let me have a consultation with one of the first London physicians on the following day, and also to insist upon her allowing me to engage a nurse for him, in whose kindness and trustworthiness I could place implicit confidence. I would not mince matters with her; I would do my duty to my patient. In the meantime, I wrote to his sister, as he desired.

### WHAT IS A MOLECULE?

MODERN science declares that every substance consists of an aggregation of extremely small particles, which are called molecules. Thus, if we conceive a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth, each molecule being magnified to the same extent, it would exhibit a structure about as coarse-grained as shot; and these particles represent real masses of matter, which, however, are incapable of further subdivision consistently with their existence as matter. A lump of sugar crushed to the finest powder, retains its qualities; dissolved in water,

the mass is divided into its molecules, which are still particles of sugar, though they are far too small to be seen by the highest powers of the microscope. The physical subdivision of every body is limited by the dimensions of its molecules; but the chemist can carry the process farther. He 'decomposes,' or breaks up these molecules into 'atoms'; but the parts thus obtained have no longer the qualities of the original substance. Hence the molecule may be considered as the smallest particle of a substance in which its qualities inhere; and every molecule though physically indivisible, can be broken up chemically into atoms, which are themselves the molecules of other and elementary bodies.

No one has ever seen or handled a single molecule, and molecular science therefore deals with things invisible, and imperceptible by our senses. We cannot magnify a drop of water sufficiently to see its structure; and the theory that matter is built up of molecules depends, like the philosophy of every science, on its competence to explain observed facts. These are of two kinds—namely, physical and chemical. A physical change in the condition of a body is illustrated by dissolving a lump of sugar in water. The sugar disappears, but remains present in the water, from which it may be recovered by evaporation. But if we burn the lump, we effect a chemical change in its condition. The sugar again disappears, and in its place we get two other substances—namely, carbon and water.

Similarly, water is converted by boiling into the invisible vapour, steam; but the change in its condition is physical only, for the steam condenses to water on being cooled. If, however, we pass water through a red-hot iron tube, it disappears, and is replaced by the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. In the latter case, the liquid suffers a chemical change, or as we say, is 'decomposed' into its constituent elements. Those changes, therefore, which bodies undergo without alteration of substance are called physical; while those which are accompanied by alteration of substance are called chemical.

Turning our attention first to the physical side of the question, let us inquire how far some of the fundamental laws of science are illustrated by the molecular hypothesis. Among the most important of these is the law of Boyle, which declares that the pressure of gases is proportional to their density. The theory under review is based at present on the phenomena of gases, and considers these as aggregations of molecules in constant motion. Their movements are supposed to take place in straight lines, the molecules hurrying to and fro across the containing vessel, striking its sides, or coming into contact with their neighbours, and rebounding after every collision, like a swarm of bees in a hive flying hither and thither in all directions.

We know that air, or any gas, confined in a vessel, presses against its sides, and against the

surface of any body placed within it. This pressure is due to the impact of the flying molecules; and the constant succession of their strokes is, according to this theory, the sole cause of what is called the pressure of air and other gases. As each molecule strikes the side of the vessel the same number of times, and with an impulse of the same magnitude, the pressure in a vessel of given size must be proportionate to the number of molecules—that is, to the quantity of gas in it; and this is a complete explanation of Boyle's law. Let us next suppose that the velocity of the molecules is increased. Then each molecule will strike the side of the containing vessel not only more times per second, but with greater force. Now, an increase in the velocity of the molecules corresponds in theory to a rise of temperature; and in this way we can explain the increase of pressure, and the proportions of such increase which result from heating a gas. Similarly, Charles's important law, that the volume of a given mass of gas under a constant pressure varies directly as its temperature, follows obviously from the hypothesis.

Priestley was the first to remark that gases diffuse through each other. This fact is familiarly illustrated by the passage of odorous gases through the atmosphere. If a bottle of ether is opened in a room, its vapour diffuses through the air, and its presence is soon recognised by the sense of smell. In this case, the ether molecules may be figured as issuing from the bottle with great velocity; and if their course were not interrupted by striking against the molecules of the air, the room would be instantaneously permeated by their odour. But the molecular particles of both air and ether are so inconceivably numerous, that they cannot avoid striking one another frequently in their flight. Every time a collision occurs between two molecules, the paths of both are changed; and the course of each is so continually altered, that it is a long time in making any great progress from the point at which it set out, notwithstanding its great velocity.

We must next inquire how these velocities are measured, and what is their amount. We have seen that the pressure exerted by a gas is due to what may be appropriately called the molecular bombardment of the walls of its containing vessel; and knowing this pressure, we can calculate the velocity of the projectiles, if we can ascertain their weight; just as we can estimate the speed of a bullet when its weight and mechanical effect are known. Now, a cubic centimetre of hydrogen at a pressure of one atmosphere weighs about one-thousandth part of a gramme; we have therefore to find at what rate this mass must move—whether altogether or in separate molecules makes no difference—to produce this pressure on the sides of a cubic centimetre. The result gives six thousand feet per second as the velocity of the molecule of hydrogen; while in other gases the speed is much less.

The question of molecular weights brings us face to face with the chemical aspect of the hypothesis; and we have now to examine the support which is given to it by chemical phenomena, and show how wonderfully these are correlated with the physical proofs. Bearing in mind the distinction between physical and chemical changes, we know that we can make a mixture of finely

divided sulphur and iron, for example, in any proportion. But these bodies when heated combine chemically to form a new substance called sulphide of iron; and the two classes of products exhibit great differences, which are indicated by a most remarkable characteristic. Chemical combination, unlike mechanical mixture, always takes place in certain definite proportions. Thus fifty-six grains of iron combine with exactly thirty-two grains of sulphur; and if there is any excess of either substance, it remains uncombined. This principle is known as the law of definite combining proportions, and the Atomic Theory, which, in one shape or another is as old as philosophy, was first applied to its explanation by the English chemist Dalton in 1807. He suggested that the ultimate particles of matter, or atoms between which union is assumed to take place, have a definite weight; in other words, that they are distinct masses of matter. In the combination of the two elements in question, therefore, an atom of iron unites with an atom of sulphur to form a molecule of sulphide of iron; and the union takes place in the proportion by weight of fifty-six to thirty-two, simply because these numbers represent the relative weights of the two sorts of atoms. Now, Dalton may be wrong, and there may be no such things as atoms; but every science postulates fundamental principles, of which the only proof that can be offered is a certain harmony with observed facts; and the chemist assumes the reality of atoms and molecules because they enable him to explain what would otherwise be a chaos of unrelated facts. The combining proportions of substances, then, indicate their relative molecular weights; and bearing this in mind, we must turn again for a moment to the physical side of the question, to inquire whether, and in what way, the physicist can determine the weight of a molecule.

Water, alcohol, and ether expand when heated, like other forms of matter, but they do so very unequally. Their vapours on the other hand are expanded by heat at exactly the same rate under like conditions. The theory supposes that the molecules which are close together in the liquids become widely separated when these are converted into vapours; and the action of the particles on each other becomes less and less as they are driven farther apart by heat, until at last it is inappreciated. When the molecules of the vapours in question are thus freed from other influences, it is found that heat acts in an exactly similar manner upon each of them; and this is found to be true of all gaseous bodies. The obvious explanation in the case before us is, that there are the same number of particles within a given space in the vapours of all three liquids. This is the law of Avogadro, which is formulated as follows: 'Equal volumes of all substances when in the form of gas, contain the same number of molecules;' and we shall see how simply this conception is applied for the purpose of determining the molecular weights of all bodies which are capable of being vapourised. It will be understood that we are still dealing, as in the case of chemical combination, with relative weights only. We have no means of ascertaining the absolute weight of a molecule of any substance; but we can state with perfect accuracy what relation these weights bear to one another. For this purpose, the molecule of hydrogen, which

is the lightest body known to science, has been selected as the unit. Calling the weight of a litre of hydrogen one, we find by the balance that a litre of oxygen weighs sixteen; and as, by Avogadro's law, both litres contain the same number of molecules, the molecule of oxygen is sixteen times heavier than that of hydrogen. The molecular weight of any substance, therefore, which can be brought into the gaseous condition, is found by simply determining experimentally the specific gravity of its vapour relatively to hydrogen.

In this way the physicist ascertains the molecular weights of all easily vaporisable bodies, and these are found to be in uniform and exact agreement with those which the chemist deduces from the law of combining proportions. The molecular hypothesis is thus brought to a crucial test; and two entirely independent lines of inquiry agree in giving it support of such a character as compels conviction. The law of gravitation and the undulatory theory of light do not command more cogent circumstantial evidence than this.

We have now briefly reviewed the fields from which the certain data of molecular science are gathered. We have weighed the molecules of gases, and measured their velocity with a high degree of precision. But there are other points, such as the relative size of the molecules of various substances, and the number of their collisions per second, about which something is known, though not accurately.

With regard to the absolute diameter of a molecule and their number in a given space, everything at present is only probable conjecture. Still, it may be interesting to state the views which are held on these questions by such investigators as Sir William Thompson and the late Professor Clerk-Maxwell; but we give these without attempting to indicate the character of the speculations on which their conclusions rest.

Summing up then both the known and unknown, we may say that the molecular weights and velocities of many substances are accurately known. It is also conjectured that collisions take place among the molecules of hydrogen at the rate of seventeen million-million-million per second; and in oxygen they are less than half that number. The diameter of the hydrogen molecule may be such that two million of them in a row would measure a millimetre. Lastly, it is conjectured that a million-million-million-million hydrogen molecules would weigh about four grammes; while nineteen million-million-million would be contained in a cubic centimetre. Figures like these convey no meaning to the mind, and they are introduced here only to show the character and present state of the research.

A few concluding words must indicate the tremendous energy residing in the forces by which the molecules of matter are bound together. The molecules of water, for example, cannot be separated from each other without changing the liquid into a gas, or in other words, converting the water into steam; and this can only be accomplished by heat. The force required is enormous; but since the determination, by Joule, of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we are able not only to measure this force, but also to express it in terms of our mechanical standard. It has been found that in order to pull apart the molecules of one pound of water, it is necessary to exert a mechanical power

which would raise eight tons to the height of one hundred feet. Such is the energy with which the molecules of bodies grasp each other; such is the strength of the solder which binds the universe together.

### ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT SONNETS.

THE sonnet—which as a rule, consists of fourteen lines of verse—is a form which is more popular among poets themselves than among the majority of their readers. The difficulties of sonnet construction are so obvious, that they seem to challenge the poet to grapple with them; and the glory of a complete triumph is so easily recognisable, that he can seldom resist the temptation to take up the gage. It is only in rare cases, however, that a decisive victory is won; sometimes the struggle ends in ignominious defeat; oftener perhaps in what may be described as a drawn-battle; frequently in a partial and equivocal success; and but occasionally in some supreme and splendid conquest. This being so, the greater number of sonnets must be, to say the least, productions of second-rate excellence; and as a second-rate sonnet has no legitimate reason of being, the indifference of the general reader is not altogether inexcusable. Still, sonnets occupy so large a space in the poetical literature of England, that no one who cares at all for poetry can fail to feel some measure of interest in them; and there are a number of stray facts relating to these cameos of verse which will hardly be altogether devoid of attractiveness to any student of literature, though they will of course be most attractive to those who really find it pleasant to wander through 'the sonnet's scanty plot of ground.'

Every one knows that the sonnet was originally an exotic form imported from Italy into England early in the sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey. Petrarch, the most distinguished Italian sonneteer, had by his practice conferred a recognised authority upon certain laws of sonnet construction; and the Petrarchian model was for a few years faithfully copied by his two English admirers and imitators. After a time, however, the Earl of Surrey seems to have come to the conclusion that the law of Petrarch, which ordained that the first eight lines of the sonnet should have but two rhymes, was decidedly difficult to obey, at any rate in England; so he became a law unto himself, and began to write sonnets consisting of three quatrains, each having two rhymes of its own, and a concluding couplet, which made up the requisite fourteen lines. Of course this change almost destroyed the peculiar character of the sonnet; but nevertheless what may be called the 'Surrey variety' of the new flower of poetry became decidedly popular—so popular, that when Shakspeare came to write his immortal series of sonnets, he instinctively followed the lead of his lordly predecessor.

The Earl of Surrey was, however, by no means the only early English experimenter in sonnet-craft. Spenser was even bolder than he; for while the former simply increased the number of rhymes, the latter poet conceived the brilliant idea of doing away with them altogether, and produced

a few sonnets in blank verse. He then contented himself for a time with the Surrey model; but he evidently had an ambition to invent a form of his own, a feat which he at last performed, though he can hardly be congratulated upon it, as the Spenserian sonnet has the double disadvantage of being less simple than Surrey's, and less artistic than Petrarch's. A few poets—among whom may be mentioned the Rev. R. S. Hawker, the celebrated Vicar of Morwenstow—have made the last line of the sonnet an Alexandrine; that is, a line of six instead of five iambic feet, or twelve instead of ten syllables. Barry Cornwall wrote a sonnet with fifteen lines, and his example was followed by Sydney Dobell, a poet who was rather fond of flouting the ordinary traditions of poetry; though in this case the apparent defiance of sonnet law may have been the result of carelessness rather than of deliberate intention.

In a series of very beautiful sonnets, addressed to his Mother, by Julian Fane, a young patrician poet, whose biography was written by his friend Lord Lytton, there appears a sonnet with a line too few, instead of a line too many. We give the sonnet here, not merely because of its tenderness and beauty, but because it seems clear that, as originally written, it must have had the usual number of lines, though now the tenth line, which should rhyme with 'again,' is missing.

When the vast heaven is rent by ominous clouds,  
That lower their gloomful faces to the earth;  
When all things sweet and fair are cloaked in  
shrouds.

And dire calamity and care have birth;  
When furious tempests strip the woodland green,  
And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing;  
When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene,  
And breathes a blight on every living thing;  
There, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried,  
Half fears, half hopes, that Death be at his side,  
Out leaps the sun, and gives him life again.  
O Mother, I clasped Death; but seeing thy face,  
Leapt from his dark arms to thy dear embrace.

There is a well-known sonnet of Keats's which is imperfect in the same way, but not to the same extent, only half a line being wanting. It is one of the two addressed to Haydon:

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning:  
He of the cloud, the catarract, the lake,  
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,  
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:  
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,  
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:  
And lo! whose steadfastness would never take  
A meaner sound than *Heh! heh!* whispering—  
And other spirits there are standing apart  
Upon the forehead of the age to come;  
These, these, will give the world another heart  
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum  
Of mighty workings?—  
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

One or two poets, and writers of prose, have distinguished themselves as sonneteers by a solitary effort. Among the former is Gray, whose sonnet on the death of his friend West, though not without beauty, would probably have been forgotten by all but literary students, had Wordsworth not kept its memory green by a savage attack, in one of his prefaces, on what he considered the rigid artificiality of its language. Blanco White wrote two sonnets; one of which has been entirely for-

gotten by everybody, while the other has been vividly remembered and enthusiastically honoured by all lovers of high poetry. Every one knows this sonnet on *Night and Death*, which Coleridge spoke of as 'the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in the language'; but every one does not know that there is an earlier version than the one with which general readers are familiar. Here is the text of the ordinary version:

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay  
concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stode revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

The earlier version is published in the notes to Mr David M. Main's *Treasury of English Sonnets*—one of our most delightful and scholarly anthologies—from a manuscript in the possession of the Rev. R. P. Graves of Dublin, transcribed from an autograph copy. In both forms the sonnet is a magnificent composition; but of the two—with the exception perhaps of the change in the eighth line of 'on his view' to 'in man's view'—the version with which the public has long been familiar must be pronounced superior to its predecessor.

Other well-known sonnets have undergone in greater or less degree similar transformation. In that noble address of Milton to Cyriack Skinner occur the well-known lines:

Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.

It appears that Milton originally wrote 'steer uphillward'; but, as one of the editors of *Gloucester at Truth* remarks, *steering uphillward* being a kind of pilgrimage which he alone practised, or which, at all events, is only practicable where the clogs of this material world are not dragging us down, he altered it into *right onward*.

One of the most notable of that series of sonnets which Wordsworth 'dedicated to Liberty' is addressed to the Haytian patriot Toussaint L'Ouverture. In editions of Wordsworth's poems published prior to 1827, it stood thus:

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men;  
Whether the rural milk-maid by her cow  
Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now  
Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den;  
O miserable chieftain! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet do not; do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and  
skies;  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.



The second, third, and fourth lines were then altered, and became :

Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed  
His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head  
Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den.

This reading, however, sacrifices the perfection of the Petrarchan form ; and perhaps for this reason another and a final change was made, and now the lines run :

Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den.

In this, as in White's and Milton's sonnets, the latest version is on the whole the most satisfying ; and though these touchings and retouchings may dispel pleasant but fanciful notions of poetic inspiration, there is an interest in watching the stages through which dear and familiar works of art have passed on their way to that ultimate perfection which is so precious and admirable.

Then, too, there are a number of interesting odds and ends connected with sonnets which defy classification. Wordsworth once informed Crab Robinson that there were to be found in *Paradise Lost* fourteen lines of blank verse in which the completeness and unity of the thought were so marked as to constitute them an unrhymed sonnet. Unfortunately, Wordsworth did not say even in what Book they appear. Some readers will remember that Wordsworth, in speaking of his sonnets on 'Personal Talk,' said that a line in one of them had nearly cost him the friendship of his neighbour and admirer Miss Fenwick. This line has not been identified by any of Wordsworth's editors, and indeed it does not readily strike even the seeking eye ; but it is just possible that it is the line in the first of the four sonnets which reads :

Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk ;

the italicised words describing elderly maidenhood in a manner which we may suppose Miss Fenwick resented as personally uncomplimentary.

Literary compositions may be said, as a rule, to treat of *something* ; but the following is an exception to the rule, for its deliberate object is to treat of nothing. Nothing is its theme, and *Nothing* is its title.

Mysterious Nothing ! how shall I define  
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness ?  
Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size is thine,  
Nor words nor fingers can thy voice express ;  
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,  
A thousand things to thee may likened be,  
And though thou art with nobody nowhere,  
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.  
How many books thy history contain ;  
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue ;  
What labouring hands thy portion only gain ;  
What busy-bodies thy doings only do !  
To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,  
And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.

There is a little lack of rhythm in the twelfth line of this sonnet ; but on the whole it must be considered an exceedingly clever trifle—happy in conception and adequate in execution—the form of the sonnet and the force of an epigram. Still, ingenious as it is, in mere ingenuity it has to yield the palm to a still more remarkable *tour de force* which is to be found among the poems of Edgar Allan Poe. It is a sonnet which is at the same

time an acrostic ; but the acrostic is most deftly concealed from all who are unacquainted with the mystery of its construction, the name to which it is devoted being spelt not by the initial letters of each line, but by the first letter of line one, the second letter of line two, the third letter of line three, and so on through the whole fourteen. And with this curiosity we conclude our odds and ends of sonnets.

'Seldom we find,' says Solomon Don Dunce,  
'Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.  
Through all the flimsy things we see at once  
As easily as through a Naples bonnet—  
Trash of all trash !—how can a lady don it ?  
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff—  
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff  
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it.'  
And veritably Sol. is right enough.  
The general tuckermanities are arrant  
Bubbles—ephemeral and so transparent—  
But *this* is, now—you may depend upon it—  
Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint  
Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.

## INSECT LIFE IN BURMAH.

PERHAPS in no part of the British possessions is insect life so vigorous as in Burmah, and more particularly in the months of May and October, when the change of the monsoons takes place. The rains commence usually about the 15th of May, and are ushered in with storms of thunder and lightning. The first showers seem to awaken myriads of all kinds of flying insects, mosquitoes being the most troublesome both to man and beast ; whilst flying ants are not far behind. Against attacks of the former, with vigorous punkah-pulling and placing a newspaper on the cane-bottomed chairs, which are almost universally used, for the sake of coolness, the old stager can get through his dinner in comfort, and forget his cares afterwards in a long arm-chair amid the grateful fumes of a so-called 'Burmah' cheroot. But the flying ants, which only emerge from the ground at certain periods, on perhaps twenty to thirty nights of the whole three hundred and sixty-five, carry all before them. They do not bite, like the mosquito ; but coming in battalions, the only resource for the besieged is turning out the lights, or an ignominious flight into darkness until the plague has passed. It seldom lasts more than an hour or two ; but in a minute or two, if the lights are not put out, these flying pests will have found their way into the soup, or have covered the joint or entree, or be drowning themselves in the glass of beer of the new-comer—for few Anglo-Burmans now drink that old-fashioned but liver-damaging beverage which used to be so universally consumed in years gone by, but which is now replaced by the lighter wines of France or Germany.

I have seen a well-lighted ballroom invaded by these flying ants in Moulmein, effectually putting a stop to dancing, as the low dresses of the ladies made it impossible for them to remain in such close proximity to the lights, round each one of which literally thousands of these insects swarmed, covering with their wings and bodies any one who ventured near. The usual resource of darkening the room proved effectual ; and in about an hour's time the ants had done their worst, had had their fling, and all that remained were swept up from the floor, filling several good-sized baskets.

The Burmese—to whom little comes amiss in the eating line—fry the flying ants in oil, and pronounce them of excellent flavour. I have met with but one Englishman who is of the same opinion, and he relishes a Burman ant curry quite as highly as a gormand at home does a peculiarly fine Stilton cheese. After all, it is perhaps only a matter of prejudice. An English clergyman has written in praise of 'rat-pie,' which, I fancy, but few of your readers could look upon without feelings of disgust and aversion. The flying ants of Burmah have this in their favour—in their short life they only emerge from mother earth and fly towards the light, and in their winged career at anyrate, they eat nothing before they immolate themselves at the nearest lamp, when what remains of them is gladly turned to account by Jack Burman, and often forms a savoury meal, with rice, for himself and family!

Stories of mosquitoes have been innumerable, principally, I think, hailing from America. The Burman varieties are numerous, and all eagerly thirst after human or animal blood. Elephants and buffaloes suffer from their attacks almost as much as human beings, but protect themselves in a measure by wallowing in mud, or covering their bodies with mud and dust. At night, when cattle are tied up, the Burman cultivator usually makes a fire of green wood; and the smoke to a certain extent protects the animals from the attacks of insects. At Macabong, which has the reputation of being the most mosquito-haunted station of British Burmah, the European residents, after four p.m., have to resort to mosquito rooms—large frames covered over with net—and thus pass their time as best they can until the following morning. In some parts of the Bassein district, humane owners of cattle and ponies have mosquito curtains even for their beasts. The Irrawadi river, on which Rangoon, the chief town of the province, is built, is also celebrated for the large size of its mosquitoes and the venom of their bite. At Dallah, opposite Rangoon, they are particularly bad; and residents here are mostly provided with mosquito rooms similar to those used in Macabong. There was a story current at the last Burmese war that a sailor on board one of Her Majesty's vessels lying in the river deliberately jumped overboard, to escape the torments which he suffered from those tiny pests. We have just at present three of Her Majesty's vessels in harbour, but possibly our gallant sailors are more accustomed now to mosquitoes than they were in 1852.

Our life in Burmah, however, is not one perpetual war with our insect foes, as a recent writer—I think it was Mr Archibald Forbes—made out. When the rains once set in, from June to September, the insect invasion considerably diminishes. From December to February, except perhaps for an hour or two in the afternoon, we have a climate which dwellers in Great Britain might envy. The thermometer in the mornings is always below sixty degrees, and seldom rises in the shade above eighty degrees. About the middle of February, the hot season commences, and continues until the first rains in May, though even in the hot months the mornings are usually cool and pleasant. The insect pest, except in the worst stations, seldom lasts over four months in the year. From flies, which are often so trouble-

some in England during summer, Burmah is comparatively free.

I was somewhat surprised, on coming to Burmah in 1876, to find one October night in Calcutta that insects there were as troublesome as I had ever found them in a previous ten years' residence in Moulmein and Rangoon. A conjuring performance at a theatre I went to, by the celebrated Dr Lynn, was sadly disturbed by them. At the *Great Eastern Hotel*, at which I was putting up, the stairs of that respectable establishment were slippery with the bodies of thousands of little green insects, reminding one of London pavements after a fall of snow and a thaw. The servants of the hotel considerably waited with towels at the foot of the stairs, to give to people to cover their heads before ascending to their bedrooms. At this first-class hotel in the metropolis of India, I found in that October night the only plan was the old Burmah one of retreating into darkness to avoid the winged plague, which made itself felt wherever a lamp was burning.

### THE USE OF OIL AT SEA.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has always taken a deep interest in this subject, writes us: 'The success which has resulted from your advocacy of the use of oil at sea, emboldens me to hope that a persistent advocacy of it will lead to its universal practical application. It is a subject worthy of being kept before not only the seafaring, but the general public. Just consider for a moment the number of lives that have been lost around us this winter, and particularly the number of lifeboat-men who have been lost in trying to save the lives of their fellow-men! The prompt sympathy and benevolence that have been extended by the public to the widows and children of these brave men, show the public appreciation of their services; and if any means can be adopted whereby these services can be given with greater safety on the part of the lifeboat-men, and with greater certainty and efficiency as regards the saving of the shipwrecked, I feel sure that such proposals will be listened to with attention.'

It seems to me very desirable that a more general knowledge of the immense advantages of oil in allaying turbulent water should be spread abroad among seafaring men. With a view to the attainment of this object, might not a collection of the most remarkable cases be made, and published in the form of a pamphlet, at as cheap a rate as possible, for distribution by some of our Humane and Philanthropic Societies? or it might even be distributed gratis by the Board of Trade to every seaman when signing articles. The effect of a general dissemination of this knowledge would naturally be, that the crews of shipwrecked vessels would at once proceed to adopt it, and might thereby in many cases be enabled to get safely ashore in their own boats; and even where a lifeboat became necessary, if the wrecked crew were to oil the water, it would greatly facilitate the lifeboat in its efforts to get safely and speedily to the wreck. In corroboration of this view, I send a copy of a letter which I have just received, in which the writer attributes to the use of oil, the safe landing of the crew of the screw-steamer *Diamond* of Dundee, which was recently wrecked on the island of Anholt.

S.S. *Amethyst*,  
AARHUUS, 31st January 1881.

SIR—I have just received a letter from my wife with yours of 11th January inclosed. It will give me great pleasure in stating the whole particulars to you, especially as it is for the benefit of seafaring men that you are making inquiries. I first heard of the good effects of oil some years ago, in the case of a whaler in the South Seas. She was on the point of foundering. The men were unable to stay at the pumps, owing to the heavy seas breaking on board of her; everything movable had been washed off the decks, the water gaining on the pumps, when some of the oil-casks broke adrift in the hold, and soon got smashed up; the oil shortly afterwards was pumped up along with the water, and the sea, though still as high, did not break on board. The men were then able to stay at the pumps; and after the storm was over, brought her safely to port. They attributed the safety of the ship and crew to the oil. Since I heard of the whaler, I have often heard of the good effects of oil in keeping the sea from breaking; but I never saw it used until I had occasion to land on the island of Anholt during a very heavy surf. Before the first boat left the *Diamond's* side, I put a can of oil—about five gallons—in the stern, and stationed one man to pour it overboard, as soon as the boat left the ship's side. She landed without shipping the least drop of water. As soon as I saw the first boat land, I left the ship with the remainder of the crew, using the same precautions as regards the oil, and landed without shipping any water. The sea in the wake seemed quite smooth, but only for a short time, as the wind and sea were both on the land. Before we left the *Diamond*, there was not a man on board who expected we should all reach the shore in safety; and to this moment, I don't think we would have done so, had we not used oil. I would not have risked landing in our own boats, had darkness not been coming on, with no signs of any assistance coming from the shore. I learned after I landed, that the people deemed it impossible for the lifeboat to live through the breakers, and were quite surprised to see us come ashore in our own boats. You can make any use of this you think fit.—I remain, &c.

WILLIAM PORTER,  
First-mate S.S. *Amethyst*.

'Had the remarkable effects of the oil, as described by Captain Champion in your *Journal* of the 8th January been known to the crew of the S.S. *Borussia*, the wreck of which is narrated in your *Journal* of 31st July 1880, the vessel and crew might have been saved, or at least kept afloat until the storm abated, when the crew and passengers might have left her in the boats, with a prospect of being all saved, and a great loss of life might thereby have been averted. Besides, how often have we read of the danger, and even loss of life, in trying to take the crew off a wrecked vessel; and instances have sometimes occurred in which the crew have been left to perish, from pure inability to reach them. In such cases, the expenditure of a few gallons of oil from the one vessel or the other, might make the attempt not only practicable, but comparatively safe.

As all vessels have now to carry a considerable stock of oil for the lights which they are bound to use, and which, in the case of wreck, is of

course lost with the vessel, the application of it towards saving the crew entails no further loss or expense; but in order to provide for saving the vessel without encroaching on her stores for the remainder of the voyage, I think the Board of Trade might very fairly insist on a sufficient supply being put on board for this special purpose, as a necessary part of a seaworthy outfit.

'There is, however, another view of this matter on which I beg leave to solicit your help—that is, the fitting-up and filling with oil of a proper tank in every one of our numerous lifeboats; this would contribute most materially to the safety of the crews manning them, which is a point of vital importance. It would also contribute greatly in many cases to the success of the endeavour to save shipwrecked crews, as the lifeboat might be able to spread the oil round to windward, or to currentward of the wreck, thus protecting her from the broken waves, so that the lifeboat could approach close to the wreck with increased ease and safety.

'The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, through its various agencies, could easily arrange this; and the builders of their lifeboats, I have no doubt, could soon devise a convenient mode of fitting up the tanks in each boat, and fitting them to spread the oil automatically, so that the crew might have no trouble beyond turning on and shutting off the tap as required.'

[Once more we commend the subject to the earnest attention of all sea-going men.—Ed.]

#### THE FRANK BUCKLAND MEMORIAL FUND.

'A proposal has been made by some of the friends of the late Mr Frank Buckland to perpetuate, by a substantial testimonial, the recollection of his services to natural history and fish-culture, and generally to afford the public an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to his memory, and showing their appreciation of his life-long work. For this purpose a subscription list has been opened. It is intended to expend a portion of the sum subscribed upon a bust of Mr Buckland, to be placed in the Museum at South Kensington, with the Collection which he so generously bequeathed to the nation. It is further hoped that the amount collected may be sufficient to supplement the income of Mr Buckland's widow by an annuity of one hundred pounds. Should there be any surplus after the purchase of the bust and annuity, the Committee propose that it should be applied to promoting the welfare of the fishermen of this country—an object which Mr Frank Buckland had so much at heart.—Subscriptions will be received by Messrs Cox & Co., bankers, Craig's Court, Charing Cross; at the office of *Land and Water*, 176 Fleet Street, London, E.C.; and by the Honorary Secretaries, T. DOUGLAS MURRAY, and E. S. BRIDGES (Lieut.-Col. Grenadier Guards), 34 Portland Place, London, W.'

We will also have much pleasure in receiving and acknowledging any subscriptions that may be forwarded to us for the above laudable purpose.—Ed. *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

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## DISCIPLINE.

It may be interesting to many in all classes to learn a soldier's ideas upon what has become one of the burning questions of the day, namely Discipline—concerning, as it does, more especially that large portion of the community represented by the army. It is a well-known fact that military men are aggrieved by the short time allotted to practice and exercise; and even outsiders ask whether the period allowed is really sufficient for teaching men to skilfully use the rifle, to perform manœuvres, learn the use of the bayonet, &c. But even supposing the time be sufficient to teach the soldier just the strictly necessary expertness in these things, it would appear that it is too short to admit of his acquiring that all-important virtue—discipline. That is a difficult art, which requires ample time for its acquisition. In these days, military men naturally enough desire that a right understanding of what discipline means should exist among those sections of society not belonging to the army; for there exists undoubtedly a prejudice against it in certain non-military classes. This prejudice existing, it is clearly a soldier's duty to endeavour to dispel it.

When a recruiting officer travelling in outlying districts, meets an intelligent healthy labourer's son, with his head set upright on his shoulders, and a straightforward, open, truthful expression in his eyes, he says: 'You look as if you were the man to command others; if you would like to be a soldier, I can help you.' And the lad answers: 'Yes, I should like it very much; but there is one thing: there is such strict discipline, a fellow can't do as he likes; I have heard father and mother and friends all say so; and I won't go to be schooled.' The officer shows him that there are those above him to whom every young man is bound to yield obedience, and that in the military schools he will be well thought of, and treated justly. But it is useless—this stupid fear of restraint stands in the way. Let us therefore endeavour to show that this prejudice is unjust, and that discipline is a right, good, and useful

thing, of which every man has daily need, not only as a soldier, but in every station of life.

Discipline signifies instruction in the qualities of obedience, order, and diligence. There are various kinds of discipline, each bringing with it its own peculiar faculty of correction and education. By the discipline of war, the path to unconditional obedience is pointed out. Discipline in the individual is the quality of being submissive to the will of another, or of carrying out the command of another, even if the performance goes against one's own conviction and nature. Discipline in a detachment of soldiers is the connecting bond, the disposing power, bringing to each man the certain conviction that he must carry out the command given in every point, whether it be by word or by sign. Discipline brings the certainty that suffering must be gone through, trial be borne, great and heavy self-denial—even that which falls heaviest on the northern nations, the giving up to a certain extent of home and family—be exercised, and these without rebellion or murmuring.

As a mother often denies herself for her children's sake, so must the soldier, so long as he is a soldier, forego in a great measure the enjoyments of freedom, that in his military capacity he may keep up a useful apparatus for the maintenance and freedom of his country. He must make his personal independence a secondary consideration, to render himself more available for the great business that lies before him—that, namely, of assisting to defend in the hour of danger his country's holiest possession, its honour.

There is much talk about the sacrifices discipline entails; but is it, after all, such a very dreadful sacrifice to submit to those in authority over us? Let the answer be given by every right-feeling man who has been under the command of another. Is there not an especial and strong feeling of content in continually living for the performance of duty, such as the soldier under arms must feel? Is there not a noble, warm conviction nourished by the man who knows him-

self to be a part of a great military body, and a useful and disciplined member of the same, bringing his mite to its power and honour? A sound, pure, and bold nature feels proud and honoured thereby. The stronger this conviction of the necessity of discipline is among military men, the greater will be the unity of the army; and as unity is strength, it will draw from it its best powers. Nothing brings human beings closer together than strong rules, and hard work endured in common. Nowhere, therefore, do the love of fatherland and real true comradeship thrive better than in an army in which the true military spirit reigns, or in other words, where good discipline prevails. But if the bonds of discipline are weak, or are loosely held by those whose task it ought to be to brace and strengthen them, remissness and disorder will, as their certain consequences, bring disunion in time of peace, and dissolution, defeat, and dishonour in time of war.

It was said before, that discipline is not as a rule natural to man, and is therefore a quality which he must fight his way to. It is not a thing to be put on with the uniform; some time must pass before it becomes part and parcel of the man; how long a time, depends on his indwelling wish for obedience, on the behaviour of those in authority, and the circumstances under which he works. Danger mostly comes suddenly; and it may be he will have no time to accustom himself to the demands of a life of war, before it begins; he ought therefore to labour to do all that he can in time of peace to fill up the full measure of military education, to be ready for use afterwards. He should do his utmost to attain the spirit and soul of discipline, which will exert an improving influence both on his character and his nature. If every soldier, at all times, were so to fulfil his part, discipline would become the soul of every military body, and the bond of union held by the commander-in-chief would draw and unite each individual will in the army, until all became one.

Many believe that when danger comes, when the land is threatened, none of this acquired artificial discipline will be necessary; that individual qualities which all more or less possess, especially pride and courage, love of family, country, religion, and honour, will supply the lack. But this degree of trust should not be carried to excess; for when the sufferings and self-denials, the hunger and fatigue of field-life begin, when chiefs that are depended on, and comrades that are dear, have been taken away, and new, perhaps unknown ones supply their place, enthusiasm is apt to evaporate before the hard realities of the situation, and the man to be overcome little by little, unless the tough grip of discipline gives him strength to hold out against the monotonous sufferings of life during war. These are, in fact, much more trying than battle, with its moments of supreme and solemn exaltation. Love of country, enthusiasm, and pride, no doubt ennoble the soldier's mind, and support him in the fulfilment of duty; but these qualities are only useful when they work under the direction of discipline.

Discipline is as old as history. The ancient Greeks and, above all, the ancient Romans possessed the strongest discipline the world has ever known. It has been in all times and among all

nations; but its ruling power has sprung from very different causes. Among an uneducated people, it must be begun and kept up principally by punishment for dereliction, and the hope of reward for its observance. In a free and enlightened nation, where thought is deep, and general discipline can only be established by convincing all who wear their country's uniform, that however courageous, well found, and well commanded an army may be, and however highly educated its collected elements may appear, there is most certainly no hope of a favourable issue to a campaign, unless every man in the army upholds order and discipline in small things as well as great—unless, in fact, each man knows how to bring his own will, wishes, and ideas into complete subjection to the man above him. It has been said, that where a detachment is badly led, want of discipline may be excused; but one man's fault can never excuse another's. Even though it may at times unfortunately occur that an officer has but small gift of insight, and mean abilities, it is a thing that in no way concerns the obedience his subalterns owe him. He has authority, and that is sufficient. It is for them to obey, and obey with a good grace, for the sake of the authority with which he is clothed. It is his to command; it is theirs to honour, even although he may not understand how to fulfil his duty. This latter concerns those who appointed him; nor is it the subordinate's place to judge him.

Having spoken thus far of discipline in its connection with those who obey, let us now look at it in its connection with those who command. The maintenance of discipline implies very great responsibilities for the commander who is determined to enforce it in his detachment. It is much more convenient not to maintain it, more comfortable to let small things go, and the subaltern's slight offences to pass unnoticed. It is tiresome to speak out, and get only sour faces in return. No man cares to be called wrong-headed, testy, or trifling. But indifference leads to a dangerous pathway. The subaltern who begins by being displeased and giving saucy answers, will soon try something worse, and unless put at once in his proper military place, will be undisciplined in greater things, and work irreparable mischief. The best service is rendered both to him and to the cause of good order by taking heed of wrong-doing at once, and nipping it in the bud. The commander who desires to become popular and be called 'good-natured,' but who in reality is only weak and timid, seldom gains his end by neglecting to enforce discipline; nor can he obtain the real confidence of his men. But, on the other hand, the end will not be reached by always using hard words or by constant punishment and worry. The secret lies in the character of him who commands. Personal influence over the minds and wills and hearts of others, is a mighty power. Often it has its root in characteristics which are innate; but it can also be indefinitely developed by earnest self-searching, and patient study of the various phases of human nature.

No power or influence can be obtained over soldiers without a real kindly feeling towards them, and an impartial interest manifested for them both in and out of service. Time and labour must be spent for their improvement in



military service, and in their moral and bodily welfare. Let the officer remember the old rule, that he exists for the soldier's sake, not for his own. In the camp, he must be an example of courage, calmness, and superiority in every respect. On the march and under suffering, he must exhibit patience, endurance, and strength of mind. In his private life also he ought to show an example of order, trustworthiness, and good conduct, and in his whole character be upright, orderly, and unselfish. His character should command esteem, so that his subordinates may feel it an honour and pleasure to obey and work under his influence. His disposition ought to be open, free-spoken, and natural. Such a chief, who strongly and impartially sets up discipline in his command, will not only gain respect, but trust and devotion. The ranks have a quick eye for what is true and noble, and as a result, will unite themselves faithfully to the interests of such a man. He must also impress on his men the conviction that discipline is not only a thing to be carried out in his presence, but that it is a matter of conscience, and demands unequivocal assertion in the face of every undertaking, however new and untried. Last of all, every commander must show how he himself is under discipline, ready at every opportunity to set a good example in so serious a matter, and evincing due subordination to his superiors, even when their authority may happen to be but one day older.

With the changes brought by improved weapons of longer range into infantry tactics, discipline has become, if anything, more necessary to the soldier than ever. The more frequent changes in the lines of fire, and their increased length, take the individual farther from his superior's eye than in former times. He must obey an unseen chief, and this demands discipline all the more strict. It was remarked in the work of the German general staff regarding the Franco-German campaign, that the demand for discipline was far greater in our days; the war in question having made it evident that skirmishing tactics not only dissolved the army into small divisions, but mingled soldiers of many battalions together. Under such circumstances, a high degree of discipline was necessary to get the rank and file to obey the nearest officer—often a perfect stranger. The casualties of war having become greater, and the temptations to withdraw from danger stronger than in the days when the danger was less, the soldier's sense of discipline must now be fostered more carefully than before.

The opponents of discipline may ask: 'Is not discipline a pinching shoe on independence and self-reliance, a mere exclusive military institution invented by men greedy for power?' The answer must be: Ask the landed proprietor, the manufacturer, the engineer, or architect, who all have men to rule and direct; ask the civilian and the merchant with clerks and writers under them; the farmer who has labourers to pay; the tradesman who has apprentices and helpers on his premises; the schoolmaster with pupils; the fathers and mothers who have children to bring up—ask the head of a hospital or an orphan asylum, or any other institution; the captains of our ships, be they large or small—ask any man or woman in the community at large whose task it is to set others to work—if discipline can be set aside for

one moment in their relations with their subordinates? One and all will answer, No. Each will tell you it is the plaster and cement that keeps mutual labour from breaking up, little by little, into useless atoms—that it is this alone which allows the different parts of labour to grow into one strong efficient whole, bringing satisfactory results.

Discipline is therefore a delicate and costly plant; it must be watched with care if we wish it to grow and thrive; and put in a healthy soil, with one to tend and dress it in the person of a good commander, it will become a broad strong oak, able to face the fiercest storms. Discipline, to sum up all in a word, must in those who obey be grounded on self-government, and in those who command on self-abnegation; in both it must be rooted in a perfect fulfilment of duty.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—ADRIET.

THERE is something adventurous, exciting, something that braces the nerves and stirs the blood, in the very fact of setting out to seek one's fortunes, which is among the privileges that pertain to youth alone. In middle life, and still more as age comes stealing on, the memory of past failures may rob Hope of the radiant tints in which a youthful fancy loves to attire it; and the chill of repeated disappointments may prompt us to anticipate defeat, and perhaps to insure it, when boldness would have been the truer wisdom. Bertram, at auyrate, was young; and he felt so, as he stepped out eastwards, whither the noisy stream of traffic, gathering and growing in volume as it went, had already begun to flow. The day was a fine one, but bitterly cold. The iron-bound earth, and the aggressive wind that cut and stabbed as it darted around bleak corners, or howled through the hollow streets, seemed at cross-purposes with the pale bright sunshine that gave so small a medium of warmth. There was stir enough in the City, and in those great arteries of human intercourse which lead to the antique capital of fabulous King Lud. To see the hurrying throngs, to hearken to the tramp of many feet, the hoarse hum and clamour of many voices, the roll and rumble of van and cart and carriage and ponderous wain, and then to lend credence to doleful newspaper reports as to the dead-lock of affairs, the collapse of trade, was a trial both to faith and reason. But Bertram had sense enough not to be too much encouraged by the bustle of London streets. There must always be a babel, or babble of voices, always a rush and a roar, a tramping and a thunderous roll of wheels unnumbered, in the largest city that the world has ever seen. And yet it was a bad season; which only meant that the poor and the weakly, the needy and the unfriended, would be thrust to the wall.

Bertram did his best, with a discretion beyond his years, in choosing the likeliest places where application should be made, to obtain employment. It seemed almost impossible that he should fail, willing as he was to serve, like Jacob, for cheap hire, and faithful as he knew himself to be. But nobody seemed to want him. The

times were really bad, the demand for labour really small, no doubt, as the papers had asserted, and, though those who were lucky enough to have a place might keep it, the enlistment of a new recruit seemed out of the question. Then, too, Bertram found how difficult it was, on such an errand as his, to deal with principals. The masters of each house of business might have been so many Oriental Pashas or Satraps, so difficult was it to obtain an interview. Most of the City-work seemed to be transacted by boys—boys of all ages, whiskered, moustached, or with faces beardless as a new-laid egg; but all with tight coats, neckties more or less brilliant, and breastpins of different degrees of gorgeousness. And these boys, whereof some were grave and polite, the majority rude and pert, were formidable buffers between their invisible employers and the tall, hungry-eyed young man who craved to be employed.

Bertram, as time wore on, became almost desperate. Wharfingers, down by the river, would have none of him. Nobody seemed to want a clerk, or an assistant, or a light-porter, in any shop, warehouse, or office. One old brewer, in a crooked lane of preposterous narrowness and mouldiness, dedicated to St Mildred, looked pityingly at the handsome, haggard youngster for whom he could find no niche among his vats and mash-tubs, and thrust his gouty fingers into the pocket of his drab trousers, meaning to give Bertram half-a-crown. But Bertram, by a quick retreat, escaped the proffer of the half-crown, though grateful for the kind word or two that had preceded its production. As a rule, people seemed too busy to attend to Bertram Oakley. He saw them, or a portion of them, rush out to luncheon at their City Bars, and absorb their sandwiches and stont with rough merriment, and go lolling back; but none of them would heed him—Bertram Oakley.

Bertram paced to and fro, beating his feet upon the pavement, in a side-lane leading to the river, and chafed his benumbed fingers, ere he proceeded to eat his own luncheon as best he might, still walking, for it was too cold to sit down on a door-step. His luncheon consisted of the lump of cake which the clear-starcher, late his fellow-lodger, had forced upon him at parting. It was not a fragment of wedding-cake, certainly, as we generally understand the composition of those splendid indigestibilities which figure in the middle of a bridal breakfast-table. But it was cake, heavy, substantial, sparingly ornamented with currants, and, as such, no despicable refreshment to one who had lately been on the shortest of commons.

Then Bertram resumed his quest. He was of a persevering nature, hard to discourage. Giving up the main streets, with their narrow-fronted glittering shops, he plunged into by-lanes and courts, still offering, and still in vain, to do honest work for low pay. Surely, in a great printing-office, where the click of the machinery was incessant, there must be a berth for him! Could he not be of use in yonder yard, whence the products of Ind and Kathay were being carted off with such regulated rapidity? Would his services be accepted by the law-stationer at the corner, who had probably deeds to engross, writings to copy? Alas, no!

When he tried farther afield, he fared, not worse, but as ill as before. He had left the golden heart of London now, and had passed Thames Street, and was among the unsavoury streets and lanes and yards that hem in the Julian Tower, as our classic-worshipping predecessors styled the Norman keep of William I., Duke and King. On he went, eastward, still eastward; but the electoral district of the Tower Hamlets could do no more for him than rich Cornhill, and plentiful Poultry, and auriferous Lombard Street, and Mark Lane and Mincing Lane and Capel Court, and the Aldersgate and the Bishopsgate and the Cripplegate, had done. Nobody wanted Bertram Oakley. It was a dull, bad season for trade; but I suspect that if commerce had been at its zenith of prosperity, the result of Bertram's endeavours would have been practically the same. 'Nothing for you here, young man!' or, 'No; I thank you,' were the vilest forms of stereotyped denial.

It is pitiable to think, in this country of ours and this age of ours, when theoretical selfishness is hooted out of court, when philanthropy is so rife, how an honest and capable man—and still more, woman—may wander, famished and forlorn, vainly praying for a morsel of food and needful shelter in exchange for fair work. The spirit of suspicion rules everywhere, as it ruled in the hard, brutal, old times when ears were nailed to the pillory and vagrants flogged at the cart's tail. Bertram Oakley, as he nerved himself for each fresh application, to be met by a sour denial, felt as though he were a leper, to be scared and hounded away from the dwellings of men.

Still on, among the squalid rows of houses, each like each, of the East End, the young aspirant to fame and fortune pursued his weary way, diverging from the direct course whenever a busier scene of industry tempted him to make a fresh essay. Once, the manager or deputy-manager of a silk-mill hesitated whether or not to avail himself of the services of so exceptionally intelligent a volunteer. 'Business is slack with us though, and seldom too brisk!' said the man in authority, after chewing the cud of his resolution, as it were. 'If you'd worked in a silk-factory, you see, instead of a woollen mill, why, then, there might have been a chance of it. As it is, young man, I'm sorry; but couldn't take it on myself to engage you.'

The only other encouragement which Bertram received, if it deserved to be so called, was at a skin-dresser's place of business, where the hides of almost every sort of animal hung in evil-smelling profusion across the wooden gratings of huge black buildings, entirely composed of painted wood, and where the proprietor's wife, a bustling Dame Partlet of a woman, was busy with the account-books in a little glazed office, as wives so often are in France, and so seldom in Britain. There was something in Bertram's pallid, handsome face and gentle bearing which impressed this motherly dame in his favour, so that she called, not her husband, but her son. The son was a fat, beardless young man, six years Bertram's senior, and he stood, meditatively chewing a straw, his hands in his pockets, while the applicant stated his qualifications for employment.

'Never in our line, then?' was his comment on what he had heard.

Bertram pleaded that he was quick to learn,

would be satisfied with little, and asked for a trial.

'I can't think of a thing to offer you except the shilling hare-skins, to be sure; but you're above that,' said the fat youth, biting his straw.

'Yes, he's above that,' rejoined his mother decisively. But Bertram was so evidently perplexed, that a short explanation became necessary. The shilling, he was told, was not the price of the hare-skin, as he might have conjectured, but the remuneration of the person who, barefooted, should pass his day in standing in a cask, and treading down a pile of fresh skins in succession, to impart the required suppleness.

'Only Germans do that sort of job,' added the mistress of the establishment; 'and they, poor wretches, can't make a living out of it.'

And indeed Bertram, frugal as were his habits, did not see his way to existing on five or six shillings a week thus obtained, although he was told that fierce competition and unholy jealousies often raged among the miserable foreign candidates for even such a post as this.

'Stick a sharp nail, some of 'em will, on the sly, through the bottom of another chap's cask, just to laze him, and get some cousin or brother a chance to take his place,' explained the fat young man, chuckling. 'Those foreigners are always up to games of some sort.'

Leaving the skin-dresser's yard, Bertram presently sniffed the pungent odour of hot tar, and heard the sound of mallets beating with hollow dissonance on cask and keg in a cooper's hard by, while the sight of masts and rigging towering above the low red-tiled roofs warned him that he was nearing the Docks. Should he go to sea? Such a project would not be with him so chimerical as with many a landsman, in his present plight. He was, if not a sailor in the full sense of the word, at anyrate no greenhorn, could haul, reef, and steer, and had helped, in smack and coaster, to battle with wave and wind. But Bertram felt instinctively that to go to sea, though it might be an escape from starvation, would be to turn his back on all his hopes and day-dreams; so he struggled on. A new idea suggested itself. He remembered the personal kindness with which Mr Mertyn had received him months ago, at Black-wall, and determined to make one final effort, and to crave the great ship-builder for employment.

#### INDIAN ROBBERS.

ROBBERY on the largest scale ever known was carried on once in India under the system known as Thuggee. This was the most extraordinary system of crime the world has ever seen. Its operations extended over thousands of miles of country. Its victims would have populated many a small kingdom. It carried on crime under religious sanctions and with religious ceremonies; made theft holy, and murder sacred. It killed in a cold-blooded, ruthless, wholesale way. It held human life as of no account. It had no respect for weakness, age, or innocence. When a company of travellers—against whom its operations were chiefly directed—had come within its coil, it allowed none to escape. It slew all: the father and mother, the grandsire and the babe in

arms; man, woman, and child. It used no baleful drugs, no deadly weapon. It dealt out destruction by the simplest of all means—a handkerchief. Though the confederation numbered thousands of members, it carried on its work of robbery and slaughter undetected, if not unsuspected, for years, even under British rule. But when we did detect its existence, we terminated the same at once and effectually. We set to work to root it out, and did root it out. We delivered India completely from that great curse and terror.

Gang-robbery with violence was also very prevalent in India when we first conquered the country, and for some time after. This is known in India as *Dacoitee*, and in many parts of the country all robbers and thieves were once called *Dacoits*. *Dacoitee* is of two kinds. The first is the attack on a shop, warehouse, or private dwelling. This is not the same as burglary in England; for whereas the burglar enters secretly, and only resorts to force in the last extremity, the *Dacoitee* is an open attack by an armed body of men. There is no attempt to effect a quiet entry. The place is carried by open assault. If a closed door bars the way, it is simply burst open. The robbers are well armed, carrying swords and iron-shod clubs, and sometimes even matchlocks; and resistance tends to wounds and deaths. This flagrant and open breach of the law we have also suppressed, in great measure, though not altogether.

The attack is generally made on the house of a rich banker or the shop of a jeweller in some small town where the police force is not very strong, or on the house of the rich *zemindar* (landowner) of a village. One case of the latter kind, which occurred in a village at the time when I was encamped not far from it, was managed thus. The *zemindar* was reported to have a large sum of money buried in the house—a common way of keeping it in India, the house being built in the usual eastern fashion—namely, round a central courtyard, entry to which was gained through a massive gateway. The doors of the dwelling-places were all on the inside, toward the courtyard. The lower story was simply an open corridor or cloister, and was used for domestic offices and the stabling of cows and horses, and had no windows on the outside. To its full height, there was nothing without but a smooth surface of wall. The upper story, the dwelling-place proper, had windows on the outside; but these, as usual, were very small, and high up. When the massive gates were closed of an evening the house was in fact a fortification, with the household for a garrison, and entry was almost impossible.

The old *zemindar* and his two sons were seated in the gateway enjoying the cool evening air. Their two or three men-servants were busied about the house, inside and outside. It was just getting dusk, when there was heard on the road which passed through the village the usual cry of pilgrims proceeding to some sacred shrine: '*Bom bom Mahadeo!*' (Great great is Mahadeo), and '*Gunga mai ki jyo!*' (Victory to Mother Ganges). And now

the first pilgrim of the company came in sight. There was nothing suspicious in his appearance. He looked a simple pilgrim, and was barefooted; in one hand he carried his shoes; with the other he steadied the long bamboo pole which rested on one shoulder, and from each end of which hung the wicker-work baskets which hold the bottles, or rather flasks, in which water is carried from the sacred rivers to some far-distant shrine. He stopped in front of the old zemindar. 'How far is it, father, to the next good well by the roadside? for there we mean to rest for the night.'

'Two miles, my son,' replied the old man.

'The water in the well is good?'

'It is.'

'And the grove near it is a good one to sleep in?'

'Yes.'

'Perchance there is a *bunya's* [grain-dealer's] shop near it where we could get some flour?'

'No; there is not.'

'Then how far is the next well and resting-place?'

'Two miles more.'

'And is the water in that well good?'

'Thou askest many questions,' said the old man.

But the purpose of the questioning had been gained: the seeming pilgrims had been moving in single file; it had given them time to come up and form a group. Some of them had put down their poles and baskets as if to rest themselves. But now the baskets were slipped off, the staves taken in hand, and a rush made on the old man and his sons and servants, who were soon overpowered, and the robbers in possession of the house, while some kept guard outside. They carried no arms, so as to avoid suspicion after the robbery as well as before it. But a heavy 'male' bamboo club is a formidable weapon. Torture was soon applied to the old man to make him reveal where his treasure was buried. Two little grandchildren, a boy and a girl, were seized, and the heavy clubs held over their heads with a threat of dashing their brains out if the old man did not confess speedily. He did so. The rupees were dug up and distributed among the band, whereupon the robbers moved off, and kept together until they got clear of the village, when they separated, going across country singly or by twos and threes; and by the time the police arrived from the nearest station, they had a good two hours' start.

The second kind of Dacoitee is robbery on the highway. Here the gang of robbers attacks a party of travellers, robs carts conveying goods, and sometimes stops and plunders the mail-cart.

A trader was going from one town to another with a good deal of money and some valuable goods. He had with him two carts and two servants. As he was moving along a frequented highway, he deemed himself safe from all danger. But one evening, in a somewhat infrequented spot, a gang of robbers, having the semblance of fellow-travellers, suddenly set on him and his servants, overpowered them, gagged and bound them, and then taking them off the road, left them in a piece of scrub, where it was not likely they would be discovered until next morning. One of the robbers then dressed himself in the trader's clothes—almost every occupation in India

has a special dress—and assumed his part. Two others acted as his servants. They got into another and more frequented road, along which police stations were established at short intervals. Going up to the first one, the sham trader represented that he was most anxious to push on that night; that he had a good deal of valuable property with him; that he thought some robbers had got wind of this, and asked that he might have a policeman to escort him from one station to another. And so the police actually escorted the robbers with their booty to a large town at some distance off, reaching which, they soon disposed of the carts and all their contents.

Cattle-lifting is a form of robbery very prevalent in some parts of India, more especially in the neighbourhood of woods and forests, into which the stolen cattle can be driven. It prevails in the country lying between the Ganges and the Jumna, as the forest tract at the foot of the Himalaya affords the needful hiding-ground. A pair of stolen bullocks will be driven to this forest from the village where they were lifted, twenty-five or thirty miles off, in the course of the night.

The ordinary forms of robbery, simple theft from the house or person, done secretly and not openly, and where craft takes the place of force, are of course the most common. Here everything depends on quietness of movement and sleight-of-hand, in both of which, the Indian thief has attained great perfection. These come more natural to him, with his lithier body and subtler brain, than to the English thief, with his stronger and heavier body, duller and coarser mind. Then he is accustomed to go barefoot. His tread is habitually light, and not heavy, like that of the heavily shod Englishman. His limbs are naturally supple, and are made more so by the use of unguents, which enable him to roll himself up into a marvellously small space.

The delicious coolness of the night has succeeded the fierce heat of a day in May. The moonlight makes a mimic day; but how soft is its light, however bright, compared with the sunlight of a few hours before! A party of travellers having cooked and eaten their frugal evening meal, have now spread their carpets and quilts on the ground in the mango grove, and laid themselves down to sleep. All is now silent, save when the jackals rend the air with their horrid cries. A jackal gives a yelp on one side of the grove; another answers with a howl from the other side. These are not jackals, but confederate thieves, one of whom enters the grove at the end farthest from where the sleeping travellers lie. On his stomach he steals quietly along from one tree to another. Some leaves rustle; a traveller calls out; whereupon the stealthy one coils himself into a heap and lies dead-still, and will so lie for half an hour or more, if necessary. A 'jackal' howls quite near the grove, as if it had just crossed it and rustled the leaves. The thief drags himself along the ground again. At length he has reached the head of the sleeping row of travellers. He passes his hand quietly under the pillows. This fat man is the rich man of the party; that bundle which he uses as a pillow, probably contains something valuable. The dusky thief removes it gently without waking the snoring sleeper. He next makes this other man

turn over on his pillow by gentle touches on the face; and having got what he wanted, creeps gently away. One of the extemporised jackals gives a bark here, the other a short howl there; and the two thieves meet and decamp together.

When out for the night, the thieves strip themselves of all their clothing except a short tight loin-cloth, and smear themselves with oil, so as to be able to slip out of the grasp of any one seizing them. They seldom carry arms, in the ordinary sense, but strap a couple of light spear-heads to each fore-arm, with the points projecting beyond the elbows, with a backward stroke of which, they can give a severe if not deadly wound to any one trying to seize them. Generally, however, they carry a small sharp knife.

The houses of many of even the well-to-do natives have mud walls only, through which the thieves dig a hole to effect an entry. This requires long, quiet, and patient work. A great number of the Indian stories about robbers turn on this mode of proceeding: how one woman, alone in the house with her children, waited quietly until the thief put his head in through the hole, and killed him with a blow of an axe; how another waited with a rope in her hand, and the thief this time putting his heels in first, she tied his ankles quickly together and took him prisoner; but when the neighbours appeared, they found only a headless trunk.

English people in India are seldom robbed, though for half the year the doors of the bungalows in which they live are left wide open, for the sake of coolness, all night long. The chief reason is that the articles in the house are so different from those in use among the natives themselves, that the attempt to dispose of them would at once attract suspicion. A thief in India trying to sell a spoon or fork, would be like an English thief trying to dispose of an altar-cloth or rare gem. Another reason is, that every household keeps a *chokedar* or private watchman, though it is not the personal prowess or vigilance of this often very aged man that protects you—he himself being a thief by caste or profession, and his salary forming the blackmail you pay the confraternity. Dogs, of which most Englishmen keep many, are also a source of protection. The native thief with his bare legs is especially afraid of them. A good many robberies, however, take place when people are marching about the country during the cold weather. It is so easy to enter a tent, either by creeping under the canvas or by making a slit in it; and this reminds me of a case in which one of these thieves showed a great knowledge of psychology. A lady and her husband were asleep in their tent; the lady was disturbed by a noise, and saw by the light of the lamp which hung from the tent-pole, that a thief was gliding about making up a bundle of things that he thought would suit him. This bundle he had placed on a table which stood not far from the bed. As he glided up to the table to add another article to the mass, his eyes and those of the lady met. She had half opened her mouth, in order to scream and awaken her husband, when the man made one long step to the side of the bed and simply made a pass with his hand over the lady's face. She was at once paralysed for several minutes; the man kept his eyes fixed on hers while he

gathered up his bundle of things; then just as the long-delayed scream burst from her lips, he dived under the curtain of the tent and disappeared.

## MY UNFORTUNATE PATIENT.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LONDON DOCTOR.

### CONCLUSION.

I CALLED at my usual time, perhaps a little earlier, on the following day, and was received by Mrs Meredith in the large drawing-room in the most chilling way imaginable. I could scarcely recognise in the arrogant, insistent woman before me, the soft-voiced rather nervous Mrs Meredith who had hitherto received me so graciously, and seemed to hang so anxiously upon my opinions respecting the invalid.

'I heard you were here last night,' quoth she.

'May I inquire for what reason?'

'A most natural one,' I returned. 'I felt anxious about your husband, and nothing could have been more fortunate for him than my visit.'

'That is quite a matter of opinion, Doctor Darrell. I was myself both surprised and displeased when I heard that you had actually taken it upon yourself—had the presumption to give orders—contrary to mine.'

'I think you must be under a mistake, Mrs Meredith,' I said. 'I found my patient in such a condition, and in the charge of such people, that I simply did what I considered right, and what you yourself would have approved of. I found Mr Meredith in a state of nervous tremor which was sufficient to inflict serious injury upon him in his weak and, I must say, unaccountable condition. I am not satisfied at all with the progress he has made; and I must request that you will allow me to have a consultation with one of our leading physicians—you can choose, of course, which you prefer—and also that Mr Meredith has a proper attendant. The idea of his being intrusted to the men I saw here last night is not to be countenanced for one moment. It is enough to kill him.—Has he had a good night? I should like to see him.'

'I do not choose that you should see him again,' she answered. 'I consider that you have very far exceeded your duty; and I must have a doctor who knows his place and keeps it. You do not suit me, Mr Darrell; and I shall discharge my obligations to you as soon as you send in your bill.—Good-morning;' and she glided off with a haughty gesture into the inner drawing-room, where, ensconced in an easy-chair, was her cousin Mr Henry Sireston.

Of course, after such a dismissal I could not attempt to see Mr Meredith; but the veil was pretty effectually withdrawn from my eyes. I saw that my patient had only one chance for his life—that was through the prompt interference of his sister, Mrs Royston.

Do what I liked, I could not get the idea out of my head that he was being secretly poisoned. Something must have been administered to produce this overwhelming weakness, this childish sensibility. I could hardly believe it was the same beaming, stalwart, young fellow I had seen leading his lovely bride out of St George's. I came to the resolution, therefore, that if Mrs



the first pilgrim of the company came in sight. There was nothing suspicious in his appearance. He looked a simple pilgrim, and was barefooted; in one hand he carried his shoes; with the other he steadied the long bamboo pole which rested on one shoulder, and from each end of which hung the wicker-work baskets which hold the bottles, or rather flasks, in which water is carried from the sacred rivers to some far-distant shrine. He stopped in front of the old zemindar. 'How far is it, father, to the next good well by the roadside? for there we mean to rest for the night.'

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I CALLED at my usual time, perhaps a little earlier, on the following day, and was received by Mrs Meredith in the large drawing-room in the most chilling way imaginable. I could scarcely recognise in the arrogant, insistent woman before me, the soft-voiced rather nervous Mrs Meredith who had hitherto received me so graciously, and seemed to hang so anxiously upon my opinions respecting the invalid.

'I heard you were here last night,' quoth she.

'May I inquire for what reason?'

'A most natural one,' I returned. 'I felt anxious about your husband, and nothing could have been more fortunate for him than my visit.'

'That is quite a matter of opinion, Doctor Darrell. I was myself both surprised and displeased when I heard that you had actually taken it upon yourself—had the presumption to give orders—contrary to mine.'

'I think you must be under a mistake, Mrs Meredith,' I said. 'I found my patient in such a condition, and in the charge of such people, that I simply did what I considered right, and what you yourself would have approved of. I found Mr Meredith in a state of nervous tremor which was sufficient to inflict serious injury upon him in his weak and, I must say, unaccountable condition. I am not satisfied at all with the progress he has made; and I must request that you will allow me to have a consultation with one of our leading physicians—you can choose, of course, which you prefer—and also that Mr Meredith has a proper attendant. The idea of his being intrusted to the men I saw here last night is not to be countenanced for one moment. It is enough to kill him.—Has he had a good night? I should like to see him.'

'I do not choose that you should see him again,' she answered. 'I consider that you have very far exceeded your duty; and I must have a doctor who knows his place and keeps it. You do not suit me, Mr Darrell; and I shall discharge my obligations to you as soon as you send in your bill.—Good-morning;' and she glided off with a haughty gesture into the inner drawing-room, where, ensconced in an easy-chair, was her cousin Mr Henry Sirection.

Of course, after such a dismissal I could not attempt to see Mr Meredith; but the veil was pretty effectually withdrawn from my eyes. I saw that my patient had only one chance for his life—that was through the prompt interference of his sister, Mrs Royston.

Do what I liked, I could not get the idea out of my head that he was being secretly poisoned. Something must have been administered to produce this overwhelming weakness, this childish sensibility. I could hardly believe it was the same beaming, stalwart, young fellow I had seen leading his lovely bride out of St George's. I came to the resolution, therefore, that if Mrs

Royston was unable to get her brother removed from the house in which he now lay, I should at once place the matter before a magistrate.

That same evening I had a telegram from Mrs Royston, and next morning she came. I found her to be a most taking, kindly, sensible person; and most genuinely anxious and distressed about her brother. Her husband was an invalid, she said, and unable to accompany her; but she had come at once, being all anxiety to hear what I had to communicate.

'I knew it must be about my brother,' she continued. 'I have written again and again to him, but received no answer; and as I am not on good terms with his wife, of course I could not go to see him.'

'You ought to go now,' I replied, 'and insist upon seeing him. He is very, very ill.' And then I proceeded to tell her of my evening visit, and of his entreaty that I should write to her. Here she burst into tears. I did not think it prudent, however, to say anything to her at this time as to the suspicions of poisoning which I had begun to entertain. But I spoke to her of my subsequent dismissal by Mrs Meredith.

'It is just what she would do,' said Mrs Royston, struggling hard to regain her composure. 'She forced a quarrel upon me directly she was married, and has latterly quite succeeded in estranging my brother and myself. She was a Miss Delacour when he met her, and lived with an aunt, a Mrs Stretton. Clarice was an orphan, and very poor. I heard she was engaged to Mrs Stretton's son; but when my brother came upon the scene, she threw young Stretton over, and married him. Poor Montagu was perfectly infatuated about her; but I soon saw his marriage had not turned out happily.'

'Has she handsome settlements?' I asked.

'O yes; two thousand a year as his widow. But I understand she has since got him to make another will leaving her everything he is possessed of, unconditionally.'

'And this Mr Stretton whom I have seen living at the house—'

'Is the son of her aunt Mrs Stretton, whom she threw over for my brother. He was educated to follow your own profession,' she added, 'and was considered skilful and clever; but his vicious and unprincipled conduct formed an insuperable barrier to his success, and I believe for the last year he has hung about my brother's house, and of late, I am told, has quite taken up his abode there.'

'You are quite sure about his being a doctor?' I said.

'Quite sure,' was the reply.

Here was the key to it all, I thought.

'Well, Mrs Royston,' I said, 'if you will take my advice, you will simply drive straight from here to Grosvenor Gardens, and insist upon seeing your brother. If you are refused, I would advise you to consult your solicitor how to proceed; only, do not delay.—Will you pardon me if I ask you a question respecting your family?'

'Certainly,' said she. 'Anything you like.'

'Is there hereditary insanity on either side?'

'Insanity?' she exclaimed. 'No. Certainly not. I never heard of a single member of our family on either side having such a thing.'

I inwardly trembled still more for Mr Mere-

dith; but Mrs Royston was eager to set off to see him, and I was hardly less anxious to see her go.

She returned late in the afternoon, to tell me she had gone straight there, and that on asking for Mr Meredith, there had been a long parley and delay; finally, the butler informed her that Mr Meredith was too unwell to see her. She said she must see him. He was her brother; and if it were only for a few minutes, she insisted upon being admitted. But an order came down to say Mrs Meredith would not permit any one to enter the house. She then drove to Mr Meredith's own solicitor, who was unfortunately out of town; however, his partner received her, and listened with great kindness and attention to her story, while she referred him to me for the condition of her brother.

'What can I do?' she asked. 'How can I insist upon seeing him?'

'I fear you cannot insist,' said he, 'unless you have sufficient grounds to allege that something unfair is going on. You must be very careful; and remember that the wife is all-powerful as regards the personal custody of her husband. I would recommend you to write to her,' he continued, 'and request an interview.'

Mrs Royston was terribly disappointed. She felt sure a letter would be of no use; but she wrote it, and sent it by a messenger, who was to wait for an answer. He returned, however, without a line, Mrs Meredith's footman having come down-stairs with a message to say there was no answer required.

'What am I to do, Mr Darrell?' she indignantly exclaimed. 'How can I rescue my brother?'

'I wish I knew,' I replied, boiling with indignation at the whole affair.

'I will go back again,' said she, 'and I will tell them that if I am not admitted to see my brother, I will apply to a magistrate.'

It was late in the afternoon now, and quite dark; but Mrs Royston was too anxious about Mr Meredith to think of herself. She had brought her maid with her, so, under that protection, I once more saw her off. She did not return until nearly eight o'clock, and was shown into my consulting-room, looking the very image of disappointment and despair.

'O Mr Darrell,' she cried, 'I need not apologise for coming back to you. I am in such distress. I have telegraphed for my brother-in-law, Charles Royston, to come up at once to me. My brother has been taken away from Grosvenor Gardens; they are all gone; and the servants declare they know nothing beyond the fact that the invalid was removed this afternoon—Mrs Meredith and Mr Stretton leaving at a later hour. Where can they have taken him to?'

'They have taken him to a lunatic asylum,' I said mentally. 'It will be safer for them if he dies there.' But I could not add to poor Mrs Royston's distress further than to urge upon her the necessity for immediate action. I was ready to come forward to prove the state he was in—the utter prostration, which ought to have precluded all attempts to move him; his anxiety to see his sister; and my own conviction that he was not being fairly or properly treated.

The next day, I had a long interview with Mr Charles Royston. He enlightened me still further respecting Mrs Meredith and her cousin; and

taking everything into consideration, we came to the determination that something must be done, and done quickly.

Of course, I did not accompany them to their solicitors; but I heard his opinion was, that they were unnecessarily anxious, and he reminded Mrs. Royston that, according to law, the wife was not to be lightly interfered with.

However, circumstances favoured us. I happened to be driving past Grosvenor Gardens, when at a crossing I caught sight of the housekeeper into whose hands I had intrusted Mr Meredith on the last occasion when I had seen him. Quick as thought, I pulled the check-string, and jumped out. Perhaps she owed a grudge to Mrs Meredith; perhaps she had a feeling of pity for her unfortunate master; perhaps the half-sovereign I slipped into her hand had a softening effect. I did not care what it was, so long as she was softened. I came to my point pretty quickly. I wanted to know where her master was.

'Well, sir, there's no doubt where he is, though we servants are not supposed to know. He is at H—,' naming a private lunatic asylum. 'Poor gentleman, we all said it was a shame! But after you left, Mr Stretton he went off and brings in two doctors; and the thing was settled soon enough. My mistress saw them first; and then they went up-stairs to see the master; and then Robson and Jones—the two men you saw in the dressing-room—got their orders to dress Mr Meredith as well as they could; and he was driven away. They carried him into the carriage.'

'And did Mrs Meredith go with them?'

'O no, sir. She is off somewhere else. It was Robson let out to me where the master was going; and I'm sure I hope I won't get into trouble for telling you, sir. I hope it won't go no farther.'

'You need not be afraid,' I said. 'I will promise that Mrs Royston will hold you harmless. But in the cause of humanity, you must give us all the assistance you can in order to release Mr Meredith.'

'Release him, sir! We can't interfere. If his wife puts him in, no one can take him out. Robson told me that much.'

'I think Robson was wrong,' I replied. 'But tell me your name; and also promise you will find out at once for me where Mrs Meredith is.'

'Forrest is my name, sir—Mrs Forrest. And I may as well tell you where my mistress is. She went down to Brighton.'

'Well, good-day to you for the present, Mrs Forrest. Here is my direction. But you will probably hear from me shortly.' And I drove off, tingling all over with mingled anxiety and indignation.

As may be surmised, I lost not a moment in communicating my information to Mr Charles Royston, who, happily for his sister-in-law and Mr Meredith, was a man of energy and decision, as well as prudent and far-seeing. He soon settled upon a course of action. It was useless to go to the asylum and demand Mr Meredith; useless to apply to magistrates until another course had failed; and beyond all, it was useless to delay a day or an hour, when the sands of the unhappy patient's life were swiftly ebbing away. Accompanied by his solicitor, he went to Grosvenor

Gardens, and there summoned all the servants together and briefly stated his case.

Like most evil-doers, Mrs Meredith had betrayed herself; and at the first movement in favour of their master, the servants one after another gave testimony against her. Before he left the house, Mr Royston had amply sufficient grounds for believing that he would succeed in getting the guardianship of Mr Meredith taken out of her hands. The next morning, he started for Brighton, and surprised Mrs Meredith, not altogether pleasantly, in the middle of a sumptuous breakfast, to which she and Mr Stretton were apparently doing ample justice.

At first, she treated Mr Royston very much as she had treated me, with arrogant insolence, in which Mr Stretton supported her; but they found that their visitor meant business. He was very quiet and very cool, and kept to his point with steady persistence. He began by asking her upon what grounds she had prevented Mrs Royston from seeing her brother; and Mrs Meredith, who did not dream how much was known, replied defiantly: 'Simply because I do not choose that she should see him.'

'And is it simply because you choose, that Montagu Meredith is now at H—, the same inmate of a lunatic asylum? Now, we shall understand each other,' he continued. 'I have come here because I know *everything*—because I hold evidence that will take Mr Meredith out of your power for ever. Your servants have come forward—your secrets are known—and I hold a power over you both,' turning towards Mr Stretton, who paled visibly.

'But for Meredith's sake, we want no unnecessary disclosures in public. If he lives, you have less to fear. If he dies, the law will decide. In the meantime, before I leave this room, you must give me a written authority to authorise me to withdraw Mr Meredith from H—, and to place him under the care of his sister. That is all I ask at present.'

And he got it. He came back in triumph; and I accompanied Mrs Royston and himself down to H—, where we found Mr Meredith still alive, and keenly conscious of his terrible and, what he had fancied, hopeless situation.

He wept like a child in his sister's arms, clung to her in tremulous terror, and besought her never to leave him, not to let him die there. She was deeply affected, but restrained herself nobly, while we settled matters with the doctor there, who had received the patient at the request of his wife, and on the verdict of two other medical men. These signatures being sufficient to incarcerate the sanest, the asylum doctor was free from all blame in the matter, and Mr Meredith had been subjected to no unkind treatment at his hands. But in his enfeebled state—to be watched day and night by an attendant, treated as a lunatic, separated from all his friends, and feeling himself in an asylum, was enough—more than enough to drive him into actual madness.

Whether my suspicions relative to secret poisoning were correct or not, they were greatly strengthened and confirmed by the tidings that Mrs Meredith and her cousin had vanished, taking her jewel-case and a large sum of money with them. They had been careful, before leaving Grosvenor Gardens, to remove or destroy everything that might lead to detection on the score of

poisoning, though my after-acquaintance with the patient and his symptoms was sufficient to convince me that his life had been assailed, and that in the subtlest way possible, by poisons such as only one skilled in medicine could administer. Stretton, in my mind, was doubtless the accomplice of the woman in this piece of villainy; but as the pair had by this time both got clear off to the continent, it was in vain to seek to bring them back. Nor, in truth, did Mr Meredith desire this.

After his release, the patient was taken to Manor End—there to struggle back through a painful convalescence into health again. For months and months, he wavered between life and death; but his naturally strong constitution asserted itself at last. He recovered—never to be quite the same man again, but strong enough to look forward to enjoying life once more. His first act was to free himself of all tie to his wife. And this, which to me might have been otherwise an unpleasant consequence of my interference between them, was rendered less unpleasant by the reflection that I had assisted in saving the husband's life, and prevented what might have resulted in a terrible crime on the part of his wife. Of the subsequent career of the guilty pair, no intelligence has ever reached me.

#### THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MEDICINE.

We have by this time heard of the employment of the electric light in many and various ways. It has been used for boring tunnels, working mines, and photographing dark interiors, and at the siege of Paris it was thrown upon the enemy's works at night. Everybody almost is now acquainted with it as occasionally employed in our streets and in large buildings. We are going to describe a use of it which is probably not so familiar to our readers.

Perhaps none of the sciences has benefited more than medicine by the great advances of recent physical investigation, and by the perfection and accuracy with which delicate instruments of all kinds can now be constructed. The development of chemistry, physics, and physiology has in a great degree revolutionised the healing art. Formerly there was a great deal of empiricism, a great reliance upon formula, and much semi-philosophic guesswork. With contemporary medicine, on the other hand, seeing is believing, and many are the instruments for better seeing—that is, for better diagnosis of disease—which the recent inventions of science have made ready to the hand of the modern practitioner. Dissection and anatomy form of course a large part of the education of every student of medicine. But numerous instruments, such as ophthalmoscopes, laryngoscopes, &c. have been devised for viewing many interior parts of the *living* body.

The principle upon which these instruments are constructed is similar in all cases. Light, either daylight, or light from some artificial source, is collected and reflected upon the part to be examined. Who is not familiar with the primitive type of all these instruments, the bright silver spoon, which the doctor put unpleasantly far into our mouth that time we had such a bad sore throat? Various and numerous are the degrees of meta-optical instruments, from this primitive reflector to the complex and ingenious appliances

which enable the man of medicine to see far into the throat, into the eye and the ear, and even into the stomach; in fact, wherever the interior parts of the human frame are accessible, ingenious instruments have been invented to make them visible. Sometimes light is thrown direct into the interior of the organism, at others it is introduced by means of reflection. To such perfection have these instruments been brought, that the various organs for which they are used can be seen almost as distinctly as if they were laid entirely open to view.

Ordinary oil lamps, candles, and gas have generally formed the sources of light used. In some cases, the brilliant light of the magnesium wire has been employed; but this is far too powerful a light for the human eye to support, though it can be used with advantage in diagnosing the throat, the ear; or indeed any part except the eye, the only organ sensitive to light. By the aid of the magnesium light and properly adopted lenses and mirrors, the interior of a rabbit's eye has been photographed, after the animal had been atrophied so as to be insensible to strong light. The magnesium light, however, in common with other sources of artificial light, has the inconvenience of considerable heat and smoke. The electric light, on the contrary, gives off no smoke, and the heat, though great at the luminous point, is confined to such a minute space that it is not practically inconvenient.

Many inventions, if not carried immediately into practice, get to be considered as useless or impracticable. This seems to have been the case with an invention for introducing the electric light into the human stomach for purposes of diagnosis. It is now many years ago since Bruck, a dentist at Breslau, was struck by the idea that it would be quite possible to illuminate the human stomach. An ingenious instrument-maker of Paris, M. Gustave Trouvé, took up the idea, and gave it tangible reality in the form of the very interesting but simple apparatus which we are about to describe, and which though constructed long ago, was only brought into general notice at the meeting of medical men and scientists at Baden-Baden in 1879. Hitherto, the reflected light of the sun or of lamps has been chiefly used to light up the accessible cavities of the body for diagnosis. Now, however, it is possible to light up these parts by the direct introduction of the electric light itself, which, with proper arrangements, gives intense light without an inconvenient degree of heat. A small piece of flattened platinum is welded on to the wires which convey the electric current; and whenever a strong and even current of electricity is made to pass along the wires and traverse the platinum, the metal glows into a white-heat of intense brilliancy.

To obtain this high degree of light from the platinum, however, requires a very strong electric current, and a very powerful battery, an apparatus which every medical man by no means possesses, and which, if he did, could hardly be transported to the houses of patients, often at a distance. To meet this difficulty, the French inventor whom we have mentioned, in collaboration with the physicist Planté, has hit upon a very ingenious contrivance. This is a small 'holder,' by means of which it is possible to store up a large quantity of electricity in such a portable form that it may



be carried about by a medical man on his visits, to be used not only for the purposes of diagnosis by internal illumination, but also for other uses which modern medicine has found for electricity, especially in numerous affections of the nerves.

The holder is very simple. It consists of a wooden case which incloses a hermetically sealed glass cylinder. In this glass vessel are two coils of thin lead lamina, which are kept separate from each other by small pieces of wood, and are immersed in water acidified with sulphuric acid, which almost fills the cylinder. An electric current is allowed to act upon the lead plates for several hours. This decomposes the acidified water into its components, hydrogen and oxygen. The first of these attaches itself to one of the lead plates, and the oxygen combines with the second lead plate, making a super-oxide of lead, the formation of which continues so long as the electric current plays. After several hours' action, if the current is interrupted, it is found that the lead plates have amassed an immense quantity of galvanic electricity. This convenient little apparatus may be carried to wherever a supply of electricity is wanted for medical or other purposes. A piece of platinum has only to be connected with wires coming from the lead plates to afford a light amply sufficient for the purpose of diagnosis. The holder has been named by its contriver the *Polyscope*. It is further furnished with a magnetic indicator for showing the strength of the current, and a regulator for raising or decreasing it.

The wires proceeding from the polyscope may be used in many ways where electricity is wanted. One of the most common is to pass them up through the handle of tiny concave mirrors; the platinum is placed in the focus of the mirror, so that when the platinum glows, a brilliant stream of light is thrown out, and can be turned by a person holding the mirror in any direction. These little mirrors are used to examine the mouth or other cavities of the body, where the daylight, however skilfully caught and reflected, is insufficient for complete illumination of the part. It is possible also to illuminate the stomach; and this has been done. A tube is let down the oesophagus; the positive and negative wires are introduced, connected by the platinum, which can be made to glow at pleasure by turning on the electric current. The tissues of the human body are comparatively translucent, and when thus lighted from within, in a dark room, the internal organisation, it is said, is distinctly visible. By means of this instrument, which is termed a *gastroscope*, the interior of the stomach itself may also be directly seen. At the extremity of the tube is fitted a glass receptacle, inside which glows the incandescent platinum, thus forming a diminutive lantern, which illuminates the walls of the stomach. From these the light is received back again through what we may call a window slightly higher up in the tube, and falling upon a prism or a mirror, is deflected vertically upwards along the tube, where it passes through several lenses until it reaches the bend at the throat. Here again, by means of prisms, it is refracted into the horizontal direction, and reaching the eye-piece, conveys a distinct image of a small portion of the surface of the stomach to the eye of the diagnoser. Any rise of temperature is prevented by constructing the glass end of the

apparatus double, and keeping the space between the two glasses filled with a constant supply of fresh cold water, by means of two very small caoutchouc pipes inclosed in the main tube. A further improvement should also be mentioned. By the agency of a tiny wheel with teeth playing into a notched ring round the interior of the tube, and moved by a fine silk cord, the lower part of the apparatus may be turned round in such a way as to bring different parts of the stomach successively into view, without the necessity of withdrawing the instrument for readjustment each time.

Though as yet but little known, these instruments have been put to the test of practical use, and have been patented by Herr Leiter, of Vienna, by whom their construction has recently been brought to great perfection. After the care, ingenuity, and expense which have been lavished upon their elaboration, we can scarcely doubt that they will come in time to form part of the recognised stock of medical and surgical instruments.

#### A NIGHT IN THE FORE-TOPI.

THE loss of the *Indian Chief* on the Long Sand, at the beginning of the present year, and the sufferings of her crew, created a large amount of interest throughout the length and breadth of the land. The following narrative of the incidents as they occurred, is no fiction, but has been derived chiefly from the account given to the writer by one of the most intelligent of the seamen who survived.

'You want me to tell you how we got wrecked on the Long Sand?' said my narrator. 'Well, sir, I'll try. I shipped as able seaman for a voyage to Yokohama; and I joined my ship at Middlesborough. The *Indian Chief* was a full-rigged ship of nearly thirteen hundred tons. A better manned craft never sailed; there were twenty-eight hands all told. The captain was a good man, a seaman and a gentleman; and my shipmates were as steady a lot of fellows and as good seamen as I ever came across. The two mates were fine men and good officers; and altogether things looked well for a pleasant and a prosperous voyage. We sailed from the Tees on Sunday morning; and all went well with us till the middle watch on Wednesday night. It is true that some of the gear worked heavily, and having a large quantity of iron on board, the ship was not very lively in stays; but for all that, she was a fine craft, and if she had had fair-play, she would never have served us the trick she did. I was in the starboard or second-mate's watch; and on the night in question, we came on deck at twelve o'clock. It had been a tolerably fine night when we went below at eight o'clock; but in the meantime, the weather had altered considerably for the worse; the wind, which was north-east, had increased, and was blowing a stiff breeze; the sky looked black and angry; and there was a good deal of mist about. We were under easy canvas, three topsails, top-gallant-sails, spanker, and forecourse; the mainsail was not stowed, but hung in the buntlines.

'The captain kept the deck; I fancy he had not much confidence in the pilot, who, let it be understood, had command of the ship for the

time-being; and before Mr Lloyd, the mate, went below, a long consultation was held. The upshot of this seemed to be that the pilot was advised to shorten sail and make everything snug. However, he did not seem to agree with this. When we had been on deck about an hour, several lights hove in sight; and I could see that the captain was very anxious about the ship's position. I heard him caution the pilot about the set of the tide, saying, that the flood would be sure to suck us in towards the mouth of the Thames. As the night grew, the wind drew more to the eastward, and we had to brace up the yards a little; but the wind was still free, and she laid her course south-south-west. About four bells we clewed up the top-gallant-sails; and the hands were just going aloft to stow them, when a squall struck us, and we were all aback. All hands were called, and the port-watch came tumbling up, some of them only half-dressed. We tried to box her off; but it was too late; and we had to shiver the cross-jack yards, and let her go off on the other tack.

'We were now on the starboard tack, heading for the Knuck—so the pilot said; but she did not seem to make much of a lay of it, for I could see by our wake that she was lagging bodily to leeward. The pilot saw this too, for we had not been long on this tack when he sang out, "Ready about!"

'She did not come to very quickly; and when she got head to the wind, she came to a dead stop, and then began to fall off; so we had to put the helm up, and board the fore-tack again. After letting her get good head-way, we tried her again; but it was no use, and we had to wear her. We made two more tacks after this; in short, no sooner had we belayed the braces, than it was "Ready about!" again. The last time, as soon as we had braced up and trimmed the head-sheet, the foresail began thundering and flapping in a way that threatened to take the mast out of her.

"Board that fore-tack!" shouted the pilot.

"Fore-tack unhooked, sir," was answered back from the forecastle.

"Clewed up the sail then, and see if you can hook it again."

'Before we could accomplish this somewhat difficult operation, the pilot again hailed us.

"Are you ready with that foresail?" he sang out.

"No, sir," answered the mate.

"Well, then, let them lay down sharply; we must try her without it."

'Almost before we could get down on deck, it was "Helm's a-lee!" and the ship luffed up into the wind. I think she would have come round this time; but when we came to "Mainsail haul!" when the yards were nearly square, we could not get them to move another inch.

"What's the matter there, Mr Fraser?" asked the pilot.

"Main-topsail brace foul of the cross-jack yard," called out a hand.

"Up there, and clear it."

'By this time the ship had got stern-way on her, and there was nothing left but to wear her. We brailled up the spanker, shivered the mizzen-topsail, and put up the helm.

"Main-topsail brace all clear," sang out a hand from aloft.

'By this time we had squared the fore-yard, and

hauled down the jib; and as the wind came on the other quarter, we hauled out the spanker.

"Port!" roared the pilot.

"Spanker-sheet foul of the tiller-ropes!" called out the man at the wheel.

'Two or three hands rushed aft, and got the tiller-ropes cleared. The yards were braced, and she luffed up close to the wind; but it was too late; there was a cry of "Breakers ahead!" the ship was caught up by a big sea, and after grating two or three times, went broadside on to the sands!

'All was now noise and confusion. Everything was let go, sheets, halyards, and braces. After some little time, order was restored; the captain took the command, and ordered us to clew up the sails; as to stowing them, that was out of the question. Every time the sea lifted her, the ship bumped back on the sand with a force that made every timber in her crack, and nearly knocked us off our legs. Every two or three minutes, the seas broke over us, and swept the decks fore and aft. At these times, the poor ship rolled over almost on her beam-ends, every timber groaning and creaking like a thing in agony. Every spar buckled, every rope strained, and every minute we expected that the masts and yards would come rattling down upon our heads.

'The night was gloomy and dark, and the north-east wind was piercingly cold. After a time, we got a flare under-weigh, and sent up rockets; and our signals were answered by the light-ships. Apart from our being in such danger, the sight was a grand one. The red light of a tar-barrel illuminated the sea and the heavy clouds above with a crimson glare, the tall masts cutting out black and distinct against the red clouds. We kept the rockets going, and every now and then the light-ships answered. We all sheltered ourselves as well as we could, and waited for daylight. It was somewhere about high-water when the ship struck, and now the tide was ebbing fast; but the vessel still bumped violently. Nevertheless, we all took it to some extent easily. At this time, I do not believe there was a man on board but what thought we should get the ship off at daylight.

'The time passed heavily, four or five hours of anxious suspense, and then the daylight began to appear in the east. As soon as it was fairly light, we eagerly scanned the horizon, to see if assistance was coming; but the morning mists limited our view. There was nothing to be seen but a cold hard sky above, and an angry sea below. We got our breakfast, such as it was, for there was no chance of lighting a fire in the galley. By this time it was dead low-water, and the ship lay easier. It was evident, however, now that we could see the hull of the poor *Indian Chief*, that if the gale continued, she would have to leave her bones in the sand. As soon as the flood began to make, the wind freshened; and from the look of the sky to windward, it was evident that we were in for more than an ordinary gale.

'After breakfast, I went up into the rigging; the morning had now cleared, and I could see the low land trending to leeward, and away to windward a light-ship. As I was looking at her, she fired a gun. I wondered what it was for; and at last I saw a smack running before the wind; she luffed up under the lee of the light-ship and spoke

her. When she had done this, she bore down towards us, dipped her flag, and then stood away to the southwards. What it all meant, I did not know.

'With the rising tide, the gale came on with increased fury; and it soon became a question, not of saving the vessel, but of saving our lives. The sea dashed furiously over us, and the ship began to roll and labour fearfully. Wave after wave struck her, lifting her up, and then letting her fall again with terrible violence.

'All this time, there was no sign of assistance coming. We kept a sharp look-out for anything like a lifeboat, but we saw none. The captain and the mates kept going up into the rigging and sweeping the sea with their glasses; but nothing came in sight; and now hope gave way to despair. I myself had been up in the fore-rigging several times, straining my eyes in all directions. I could not believe that we should be left to perish; but still no help came. At last, away in the distance I saw the smoke of a small steamer. I watched, and waited. She came nearer and nearer; and at last I could see that she had a lifeboat in tow. A great lump rose up in my throat when I saw this, and my heart beat at a terrible rate. I sang out to the men on deck, and told them what I had seen. Somebody went aft, and told them in the deck-house, and all hands came swarming out, to have a look for themselves. At last, when she was a long way off, the lifeboat cast off her tow-rope, set her sails, and bore down towards us. It was a sight I shall never forget, and filled us all with hope and expectation.

'The sea upon the sand was like a boiling caldron; was it possible that the lifeboat could get safe through it? That was the question I asked myself; it never entered my head that she would not try. Several times she stood off and on, waiting, as I thought, for a good chance.

'Meantime, the steamer had put up her helm, and was steaming away towards the land. Then, to my horror, the lifeboat hauled aft her sheets and went after her. It was a cruel sight; and as she receded from my view, my heart sank within me with gloomiest foreboding. I went back into the fore-castle and sat down and buried my face in my hands. That was the bitterest moment I had ever passed, for I felt that our situation was now almost hopeless. I was sitting thus, almost in a state of stupor, when a great wave lifted the ship high in the air; and a second afterwards, she came down with a shock so tremendous that she literally broke her back. We all rushed out, staring about us in stupefied horror.

'Get out the boats!" roared the captain. I believe he was half bewildered, or he would never have thought of launching a boat in such a sea. The men too were beside themselves with terror. It seemed as if they were only now for the first time conscious of the desperate perils that surrounded us. I was quite sure that no boat could live in the tremendous waves that were raging around us; but still it seemed our last chance, and like the rest, I made a frantic rush for the boats. The lashings were cast off, and two boats were lowered; but scarcely had they touched the water, when they were dashed to pieces against the ship's side.

'Meantime, the captain's gig had been got into the water; she was a small boat, and would not

have held anything like half of us. Two hands were put into her, to bale her out. Suddenly, a gigantic sea struck the ship on her quarter; the boat's painter—a new rope thick and strong—snapped off like a pipe-stem; the boat was capsized, and the two poor fellows in her were pitched into the water. They were good swimmers, and for a minute or two they struck out for the ship. Another sea swept round the quarter and drove them back towards the boat, and they disappeared from our view. I thought it was all up with them; but the next minute I saw them struggle up on the boat's bottom. I watched them for some time, as they drifted away and then disappeared. Not a word was spoken. We all stood aglance, dumfounded—our last chance was gone.

'The scene as night came on was terrible indeed. The spectacle of the raging sea was truly terrific; every wave that dashed over the ship shook the masts till they trembled again. The mainmast rocked to and fro in a way that showed whatever might be the fate of the other masts, that at least was doomed. The raging of the gale was awful, and that and the cold struck terror into our hearts.

'After the destruction of the boats, I took shelter in the fore-castle. I was regularly cowed, for the prospect before us was truly appalling. The ship was settling down fast, and every sea now swept right over us, and we saw that very soon there would be nothing left but for us to take to the rigging. I don't mean to say that I thought at this time that there was any chance of my life being saved; but a fancy prompted me to have a good shirt or two to my back; so I put on two new shirts and all my shore-going togs, and one or two others followed my example.

'Just before eight o'clock, a tremendous sea swept the decks fore and aft, and burst right into the fore-castle. We all rushed out, and began to swarm up the rigging. The captain called out to us to come aft, as the foremast was of iron, and if it went by the board, it would sink. But we did not pay any attention to him; that last sea had given us a scare; and so on we went, the pilot, myself, and eight others; and we all managed to get safely into the fore-top.

'In the shelter of the fore-castle, it had been piercing cold; but when we got aloft, it was almost freezing. That cutting, biting north-east wind penetrated to our very marrow; and by the time I got into the top, my hands were so numbed that I could scarcely feel, so that I had some difficulty in lashing myself to the mast. There we sat, ten poor helpless creatures, almost in a state of stupor; but though we were half-frozen, there was none of us so paralysed but that we could fully realise the horrors that surrounded us. The remainder of the crew, together with Captain Fraser, Mr Lloyd the mate, Mr Fraser the second-mate, who was the captain's brother, and a fine young fellow whose name I do not remember—in all, seventeen in number, took to the mizzen-mast; and we could see them lashing themselves in the rigging. The moon had only just entered her first quarter, and even if the sky had been clear, she would not have given us much light. But the night, though fine, was cloudy, and it was only now and then that she peeped out from between the clouds, and cast a sickly gleam upon the troubled sea.

The sight of the raging water beneath us was appalling, but the sounds which met the ear were if anything more so. The wind howled and shrieked, the torn canvas flapped and thundered, the sea roared, and the loose ropes coiled and thrashed the air like whip-lashes.

"When the moon shone out, there was just light enough to show the three gaunt masts sticking up out of the water. Every sea that swept over us made the mainmast rock and oscillate, so that every minute I expected that it would go by the board. It made me cringe again every time it lurched to leeward, because the chances were that when it did so, one of the other masts would follow it. Nobody can tell, and I can't describe what my feelings were as I sat there in the top with nothing but a few shrouds and a frail shaking mast between me and eternity. How the hours passed, I cannot tell. We all sat on, cold and utterly miserable. All that I seemed to care for was, if the end was to come, that it might come quickly. I shut my eyes and prayed; yes, I prayed, and I hope in a fitting spirit. I read once in an old book that the way to teach a man to pray was to send him to sea and let him be shipwrecked. Well, all I can say is, that if a man can't pray to God earnestly with death staring him in the face, as it did me, he is not good for much in this world, and I am sure he is ill prepared for the next. There are a lot of people who scoff at religion and care nothing about God; but let them come and look death in the face as I did; and I fancy they'll tell you rather a different story. In the dire calamity that had befallen me, there was no one I could go to but God. I committed myself entirely into the hand of Him who ruleth the winds and the waves, and asked Him if it was His good pleasure to help me; and after that, I was comforted.

"There was a lot of things I thought about that night that I had not thought about for many a long year. I had never been a really bad fellow, and perhaps had as few errors and follies to answer for as most people of my class; but up in that top there, I found the score marked against me long enough in all conscience. When things go well with us, and we think death is far off, our sins are forgotten almost as soon as they are committed; but when death is certain, or at least appears so to us, it is then that the whole black catalogue rises up before us, and each item appears distinctly before us in a few seconds.

"I had been sitting ever so long looking into myself, as it were, when I opened my eyes and looked up. I was startled by seeing a black object coming down the main-topmast stay. It came nearer and nearer, and at last I could see that it was a man coming down the stay hand over hand. When he reached us, I found it was the mate, Mr Lloyd. "What's the matter, sir?" I asked in a hoarse whisper. "Nothing, my lad, nothing; only I could not rest on the mizzen-mast. Somehow, I seemed to have a warning that it was not safe."

"I made room for him; and then we sat on a long while, silent and motionless. For a time the storm seemed in some measure to abate; but the sky to windward looked black and sullen, and the swell of the vast waves seemed to mock at our frail security. Presently, it grew as dark as pitch, and the gale came swooping down upon

us with tremendous violence. The fury of the waves, as they dashed over the ship, I cannot describe. All at once, there was a fearful crash, followed by cries and shrieks. The main and mizzen masts had both gone by the board. The scene at this juncture baffles description. Utter darkness enveloped the doomed ship, over which the sea broke in tremendous waves, the noise of which and the howling of the wind almost drowned the agonising cries of the men on the fallen mizzen-mast. A minute or two afterwards, a gleam of moonlight shone out from between two clouds, and the scene that it disclosed will ever be engraved on my memory. The mass of wreck to leeward, the struggling forms in the waves, and the frantic cries of distress, I can never forget. It was a heart-rending sight, and the whole period of my life seemed to be concentrated into that one awful moment.

"The revulsion of feeling which followed on this scene of horror, left me in a state of torpor and sluggish indifference which seemed to me to be the precursor of death. I sat for a long time staring stupidly out into vacancy, when all of a sudden, on the top of a sea I saw a light. It vanished almost as soon as I had seen it, so I waited for a second or two, and then I saw it again.

"There's a steamer out there!" I cried, pointing out into the darkness. "I can see her lights."

"Lights!" replied the mate, after he had looked out for some minutes; "I can't see any."

"There! Can't you see it now," I cried, "out on the port quarter?"

"No," replied he despondingly; "I can't see anything."

"Well," muttered a man close to me, "if it is a steamer, she can't help us till daylight; and by that time we shall be food for the fishes, or else frozen to death."

"We sat on thus through that interminable night, now and then seeing the steamer's lights. What it meant, no one knew. At last, the day dawned, and a wild scene lay around us. The sea resembled a mad chaos of water; the portions of the waves that were not white with foam, looked green and angry; and when two cross seas met, they spouted up great jets of foam as high as the cross-trees. As to the poor *Indian Chief*, you never saw a more perfect wreck; the decks were blown up by the force of the in-rushing water, and the hull almost torn to pieces, the timbers started, rent, and twisted—a skeleton of a ship, with little but her ribs left in some places.

"I gazed and gazed about, and at last I saw—Was it true, or was I dreaming? No! it was no dream, for there was a lifeboat close to us, and a steamer in the distance! I shrieked out to my mates: "A lifeboat! a lifeboat!" They all sprang to their feet, as if they had been electrified. We shouted as loud as we could, and I seized hold of a strip of canvas, and waved it wildly. We were all almost mad with excitement. It was to us like a reprieve from death. There was no mistake about this boat; she headed right straight for the ship, never deviating an inch from her course. I knew by instinct that the men that were in her meant to save us. But would she ever get safely through that dreadful sea? It was a noble, but at the same time a painful sight. The

waves were rolling along in all their fury, beating down upon the sands with tremendous force. Several times a huge wave broke right into the boat, and she disappeared from our sight; but she rose again like a duck, shook her wings, and came on again. Once a monster wave came boiling after her like an angry demon, its huge crest curling right over the coxswain's head. It took the boat's stern, and hove it up till the gunwales were almost perpendicular. I dared not breathe, for I thought she must pitch over stern first, and capsize end for end. But no; the next instant she had cleared herself, and was coming right for us.

'By this time, we had reached the deck, and were making our way bit by bit along the lee rails till we reached the quarter. The lifeboat hailed us, telling us to make a line fast to a buoy and cast it out. We threw the buoy as far as we could; and after much trouble, it was picked up, and got on board the lifeboat, and so a line of communication was made. But it was a work of difficulty to get the lifeboat alongside; and when she did, she was tossing and plunging about in a way that made it difficult for us to get into her. Slowly, however, one by one, this was done. While I was waiting my turn, I could not help looking at the wreck of the mizzen-mast, and a sad and painful sight was there; but what was wonderful, there, among the entanglement of masts and gear to leeward, we found the second-mate alive. When I say he was alive, it is as much as I can say, for he was almost insensible, and quite off his head. Poor fellow! I could see from the first that death was upon him; but for all that, though it was a risky thing to shin out on to that mast to get hold of him, it was done; and he was got safely into the boat. It is very easy to say we all got safely into the lifeboat; but when I think of it, it seems marvellous how it was done; but it was done, and done gallantly. It was a grand, a noble bit of work; and twelve men were thus rescued from the jaws of death. At last, the steamer was reached, the lifeboat taken in tow, and we steamed away for the North Fore-land.

'Our poor second-mate died about half an hour after we left the wreck. We did all that was possible to do for him; but it was of no use. The wonder is not that he died then, but how he lived through that terrible night.

'When the danger was over, and we settled down a little, we found that the men who had rescued us were Ramsgate men, and that the lifeboat and tug belonged to that port. They had come eight-and-twenty miles and lain by us during the whole of that tempestuous night, on the mere chance of saving us poor sailors. What I say is, that it was a grandly noble deed.

'Of the twenty-nine souls that left Middlesborough in the *Indian Chief*, only eleven reached the land alive. Their names were—William Meldrum Lloyd (chief-mate), James Sanderson (pilot), Malcolm Smith, George Gilmore, George Harris, Andrew Peterson, James Springer, Edward Basham, Charles Gilbert, William Coombs, and Charles Swanson. This last had a most miraculous escape. He was in the mizzen rigging when the mast fell, and was for some hours in water; but at daylight, though his collar-bone was broken, he managed to get back to the ship, and was eventually saved.

'When I look back on the dangers and privations which we all had undergone during that night in the fore-top, and find myself alive and well, it seems like a dream.' T. E. S.

## HOW SIMON PEVERITT GOT MARRIED AT LAST.

MASTER WESTLEY, clerk and sexton in the small village of Woodham, was one winter's morning sitting by his chess fire, watching alternately the rain, fiercely beating against the latticed window-panes, and the brisk movements of his active little daughter, as she moved to and fro, busy about her household work. Presently she came in, bringing a hat, greatcoat, and umbrella, observing: 'You will be wanting these soon, father. It is nearly eleven o'clock.' She had hardly said this, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, followed by the abrupt entrance of a little middle-aged man in a state of great excitement, his face red, his hair rumpled, his boots splashed with mud, and his coat dripping with wet.

'Why, Simon, what on earth's the matter?' said the clerk. 'You don't look much like a bridegroom.'

'Bridegroom! No!' the little man exclaimed with bitter emphasis. 'Master Westley, you'll hev to tell parson I can't get married to-day.'

'Why, how is that?' asked the clerk.

'I can't get Mary up,' quoth the indignant and disappointed lover. 'I've been rattlin' at her door, and throwin' stones at the window, and shoutin' till I'm as hoarse as a rook; and I'm nearly wet through with the drippin' from the hensins [the eaves of the house]; but I can't get she up. She only jest put her head out of window for a minute, to tell me 'twor no good for me to stand hockettin' [making a great noise] there; for she'd never take the trouble to put on her best things, and go out in that powerin' rain jest to marry me.'

'Why, Sim! this is rather a bad beginning for people about to marry—isn't it? I'm afraid the gray mare will be the best horse in your team—won't she?' said the kindly old clerk, with a merry twinkle in his knowing brown eyes. 'However, I'd better go and tell Mr Howard, or he will be putting his surplis on for nothing. Shall I say to him that perhaps the wedding may come off to-morrow, if the weather is finer, and Mary will get up in time?'

'If she don't,' vowed Sim, glaring vengefully, 'she shall never hev another chance. I'm fairly sick of her tricks. We've been keeping company this twenty year and more, and now she don't know her own mind a bit better than a mawther [young girl] in her teens. But I won't stand it no longer. She ain't going to treat me like a dog, or a mat for her to wipe her feet on. There's Widow Biggs would hev me any day, and glad; and a nice comfortable woman she is too! The wedding-ring shan't lie long in my pocket for want of a wearer. And there, Master Westley,' said poor Sim, almost in tears over his frustrated plans and disappointed hopes, 'I'd meant this to hev been a reglar jolly day. I'd got in a barrel of beer, and a spare-rib of pork, and we wor going to hev parties and fravns [pancakes], and a mort of good things beside, to make a reglar spree of it;



and now, it's all knocked on the head, and everybody knows I'm made a fool of into the bargain.

'Cheer up, Sim!' said Master Westley. 'It is aggravating, I'll own; but Mary isn't a bad sort, though she has rather a cruggy [crusty] temper. She has been very true to you; and it would be a pity for two such faithful lovers as you've been, to part over a little tiff at last. I believe Mary is jealous of the little widow. You know people did say once that you were rather soft on her.'

'It was a big story!' burst out Sim. 'She tried to hook me; but I never gave her no encouragement.'

'Didn't you walk with her from church last Sunday? I heard that you did, and carried little Joey all the way home; and kissed him when you put him down at his mother's door.'

'Well, he axed me to give him a kiss, so I couldn't do no otherwise. There wor no harm in that, sewerly.'

'Certainly not. Only, you see, as Mary lives just opposite, and saw it all, she very likely thought you'd be better engaged kissing her, instead of hanging round the widow's door. Depend upon it, she's jealous; and she's got a highful spirit of her own, and is acting like this to make you think she doesn't care whether she has you or no. If she thought there was real danger of losing you, she'd come round in a minute, as tractable as you like.'

'But how can I make her think so?'

'Well, you won't be doing any work to-day, and it's dull tiffing [idling] about doing nothing. Take and brush yourself up smart, and go and have a chat with Mrs Biggs. Take some oranges and sweets for Joey. Don't look at Mary's house; and mind and make a grand show of petting and kissing the boy in front of the window, where she can see it all. She'll be more jealous than ever. But if she doesn't marry you to-morrow, I'll eat my head.'

'Ah, Master Westley, you're a deep one, you are!' said Simon, regarding his astute adviser with admiration. 'But it don't fare to be ezackerly jonnick [straightforward] to dew so; and I ain't fond of swarmin' babies over with kisses. Still, if you think it 'ull bring Mary up to the scratch, I'll e'en try it. If it don't, marry Sukey I will, without any more shilly-shallying.'

Master Westley then started for the rectory; and Sim paid his visit to the widow. He remained in her snug little house some time; and must have acted his part uncommonly well, for he had hardly reached home again, when he was visited by his old sweetheart. That eccentric spinster, ignoring her own wayward conduct that day, attacked Sim with a storm of reproaches, accusing him of fickleness and falseness in forsaking her for 'that sly, carneying, little widder; and after keeping company with me for so many years!' she plaintively added.

'No,' said Sim stoutly; 'twor no fault o' mine. I was ready to do *my* part this morning. It was you as run word. But I'll eat humble-pie no longer. If you don't want to hev me, I know one as does. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you like. If you don't, I'll never ax you again!'

Mary was a tall, black-eyed, comely looking spinster of forty or more, reputed to have a hot temper and a shrewish tongue; but for once she

kept both in check. It was evident that Simon meant to be trifled with no longer. Moreover, she could not help secretly admitting that he was right, and admiring his spirit and manly determination. It would never do to let so good a fellow and so faithful a lover fall a prey to a designing widow—not to mention the humiliation she would have to endure!

Next morning, the rain-clouds had cleared off, and a bright sun poured its rays through the old church windows upon Mr and Mrs Simon Feveritt as they walked from the altar-rails into the vestry, to enter their names in the parish register. Sim, with a broad grin on his face, laboriously executed a big black X as 'his mark,' informed the rector that he was 'a sawyer by trade' and that his 'owd gal had been of age this twenty year!' after which he turned to his friend the clerk, with a knowing wink, and said in an under-tone: 'We did it well between us, didn't we! Mary was up at six this morning, and hed to wait for me! I've got the whip-hand, to begin with; and I promise you I won't give up the reins agin.' Then he added in a louder tone, as they were about to leave: 'Now, Master Westley, you must come and help we eat the wedding-dinner. The pork and apple-sass will be none the worse for waiting a day; and my Missus and me 'ull make you as welcome as flowers in May. There won't be happier folks in Woodham. And, Master Westley, you shall hev some of the finest logs in my timber-yard, to keep up your fires this winter. I'm not the man to forget a good turn or an old friend.'

#### ONLY.

Jewels flashing in the air,  
Presents meet for kings who wear  
Diadems:  
Only dewdrops on the leaves,  
Which the wand'r'ing fancy weaves  
Into gems.

Fairy palaces, tree-infolded,  
In the lines of beauty moulded,  
Bright and fair:  
Only sun-glints which are streaming  
Through the painted windows, seeming  
Rich and rare.

Sounds of wings celestial wheeling  
Through the heavens, and voices pealing  
On the breeze:  
Only evening which is falling,  
And the feathered songsters calling  
In the trees.

Till Phœbus in his beauty brings  
The gold-tipped Morning on his wings  
A-gleaming:  
And the many-hued creation  
Sets the Soul's imagination  
A-dreaming.

Southport.

DAVID R. AITKEN.

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## DEGENERATION.

It may not be generally known that, amongst animals and plants, certain exceptions exist to the rule that living development means and implies progress. All animals and plants by no means attain as adults to a higher place and structure than they occupy at the commencement of their existence. Occasionally, the beginnings of life are in reality of higher nature than the completion of existence; and it can be proved that many living beings in their perfect state are absolutely of lower grade than when progressing towards maturity! It is to these curious facts in natural history that the collective name of 'degeneration' has been applied. The animal or plant which sinks or retrogresses to a lower place in the living world as time passes, and which thus develops backwards, so to speak, is said to 'degenerate.' It is of high interest to trace out several examples of this, and to note the inferences that may be drawn from them; since it may be shown that the analogies of degeneration may extend even to man's estate and affect even human destiny itself.

No condition of animal life is more effectual in inducing degeneration of structure than the adoption of a parasitic mode and habit of existence. The parasite lives on another animal or plant, and may be a lodger merely, seeking shelter and nothing more; or it may, when a typical parasite, depend upon its host for food as well as shelter. Such unwelcome guests are often a source of disease to the animals and plants which harbour them. But nature seems to revenge the host, by degenerating the parasite. An admirable law exists in nature, called the 'law of use and disuse.' Use and habit develop an organ or part, and judicious use increases the size and strength of living structures. Conversely, disuse causes atrophy, wasting, and decay of the organs of living beings. Applying this well-known fact to the animal which has adopted a parasitic existence, we can readily enough understand why a process of physiological backsliding is represented in its

history. With no need for legs or other organs of motion in its fixed condition, the parasite is in time deprived of these appendages. If it obtains its food ready-made from its host, nature will cause the disused digestive organs it once possessed for active use, to degenerate and to disappear. If at one time in its earlier career the creature was endowed with organs of sense, useful to an active animal, these will disappear by disuse when the parasite becomes fixed and motionless. There is, in short, no part of its structure which will not be affected, modified, and degenerated through disuse and it may be other conditions incidental to the parasitic life.

Illustrations of these remarks abound in the animal world. Take, for instance, the case of *Sacculina*, a parasite on hermit crabs. Each egg of a *Sacculina* first develops into a little active creature called a 'nauplius.' This organism swims freely in the sea. It possesses three pairs of legs, an oval body, and a single eye placed in the middle of its frame. Soon the two hindmost pairs of legs are cast off, and a kind of shell is developed over the body, and six pairs of small swimming feet replace the missing limbs. In this state it passes a short period of life, and the young *Sacculina*, like the majority of other animals, is apparently in the way of advance and progress. But the day of degeneration draws nigh. The two foremost limbs increase greatly in size; these members finally become branched and root-like; and the eye disappears along with the six pairs of swimming feet. The animal then seeks the body of a hermit crab; attaches itself by its roots, and then degenerates as the adult into the bag-like parasite whose roots, penetrating to the liver of the crab, absorb the juices of the crustacean host as food. Thus, a full-grown *Sacculina* is a mere sac or bag, which in due time develops eggs, and which drags out an inactive existence attached to the crab; water flowing in and out of the sac, by an aperture placed towards its lower extremity.

Another life-history which runs in parallel lines with that of the *Sacculina* is the develop-

ment of the barnacles, which attach themselves in large numbers to the sides of ships and to floating timber. Each barnacle consists of a body, inclosed in a shell, and attached to its floating log or ship by a fleshy stalk. From between the edges of the shell protrude some twenty-four delicate filaments, representing the modified legs of the animal, no longer used for motion, but serving, as a well-known naturalist puts it, to kick food into the barnacle's mouth. A digestive system exists, but there are no sense-organs in the shape of eyes. Now, the barnacle begins life as does the *Sacculina*. Its first stage is a three-legged oval-bodied 'nauplius,' which swims freely in the sea. This baby barnacle possesses a single eye, and a mouth and digestive system. Then it casts off its two hinder pairs of feet, and develops a shell and the six pairs of swimming-appendages, like the young *Sacculina*, whilst the two front-legs increase greatly in size. In this latter condition, the barnacle develops two large compound eyes in place of the single eye of its earlier stage. But the mouth and digestive system have disappeared, and the young barnacle's energies are now chiefly devoted to seeking a resting-place on floating wood. Fixing itself by the front pair of legs, and thus gluing its head to the object, the shell of the full-grown barnacle is soon developed, whilst the six pairs of legs become the brush-like tentacula wherewith food is swept into the mouth. A digestive system and nerves then appear, and barnacle-history may thus be regarded as complete. Nevertheless, a barnacle as a full grown animal is thus in some respects decidedly inferior to its youthful stages. Especially it wants locomotive powers; and its eyes are degraded; although, in possessing a digestive apparatus, it exhibits an advance on immature life. But the barnacle is not a parasite. It is merely a fixed and rooted animal, and as such has a necessity for a digestive system, which, as we have seen, disappears in the parasitic animal.

Degradation, thoroughly complete in *Sacculina*, and to a certain extent in barnacle-life, thus depends in the one case upon a habit of parasitism, and in the other upon fixity of body. The tendency of this process of backsliding is clearly enough seen in its power of rendering the adult—ordinarily a complex being—simpler in structure than the young. To impress these facts still more firmly on the mind, let us investigate the life-history of a species of prawn (*Peneus*) whose development runs in its earlier stages parallel with that of the barnacle and *Sacculina*. Prawns, lobsters, shrimps and crabs, form the highest division of the crustacean class. They greatly excel such forms as the barnacles in structure, as common observation shows. *Peneus*, as one of the prawn-group, begins life as does the barnacle or *Sacculina*, as a veritable 'nauplius,' with an oval body, a single eye, and three pairs of limbs. Then succeed other stages resembling those through which the crabs pass, and finally the features of the young prawn are in due course evolved.

From one common form, then, namely, the three-legged larva, which we name a 'nauplius,' we discover that animals so widely different as barnacles and prawns are developed. The fact testifies most clearly in favour of the idea, that

the development even of animals belonging to the same great class may vary in a most typical manner. The one development represented by that of the prawn proceeds along lines which are those of progress and advance; since the prawn is a much higher animal than its young. In the barnacle there is degeneration in some respects, but advance in others; so that the state of matters in the barnacle represents history intermediate between advance and decline. But in the *Sacculina* are witnessed degradation and retrogression of the purest type. The animal goes backwards in the world, until it sinks to the level of a mere tumour-like growth, attached to the body of its crab-host. Endowed first with powers of locomotion, these wholly disappear; furnished with an eye, that organ likewise vanishes away; and parasitism works its will on the animal's frame, degrading it to such an extent, that but for a careful tracing of its history, we could not have discovered that it was a crustacean at all.

The well-known animals we name 'Sea-squirts' present us likewise with examples of degradation arising, like that of the barnacles, from a habit of fixing themselves. Each sea-squirt or *Ascidian* resembles in shape a jar with two necks, as we find it attached to shells and other objects. Its whole frame is inclosed in a dense, tough, leathery membrane, through which the stimuli of the outer world can with difficulty pass. Yet the sea-squirt, rooted and fixed as it appears to be, begins life as a free-swimming tadpole-like being, which propels itself over the surface of the sea by means of its flexible and muscular tail. This tadpole-like body exhibits a superior structure in many respects in the eyes of a zoologist. For instance, it, of all invertebrate animals, possesses a representative of the spine or backbone of the vertebrates. It is the only animal which, like the latter group, has a nervous cord lying above this spine; it has an arrangement of gill-clefts like the fishes, and it has an eye which is formed just as our own eyes and as those of all other vertebrates are developed. Yet to what end is all this promise of high structure? Backsliding becomes the order of the day; the tail of the larva disappears; its internal organs are modelled on a lower type; its eye fades away; it fixes itself by its head, like the young barnacle; and it finally degenerates into the rooted, immobile sea-squirt inclosed in its leathery investment.

The topic of degeneration has, however, more extended applications than those which we have thus hurriedly chronicled as applying to the explanation of the lowness of some animal forms as compared with others. Physiology teaches us that there exists in all living beings from animalcule to man, a natural process of degenerative change, in virtue of which the worn-out particles of our tissues are perpetually being thrown off as their functions fail. The daily waste of our frames is in large measure a process of degeneration. Still more clearly is that process a degenerative one, which despoils us in old age of our teeth, whitens our hair, dims our eyesight, and wastes and changes in greater or less degree every organ and tissue of our body. So also, many diseases which affect us, apart altogether from the general breakdown and backsliding of structure that accompanies old age, are the results

of what physicians truly name 'degeneration.' Thus, so far from being any peculiar or abnormal action of life, degeneration is as natural to our existence and to that of living beings at large, as development and progress. The living being may in fact be said to occupy one of three positions in the universe of life in respect of the alterations to which it is subject. Either its race is progressing, or its species is declining and degenerating, or last of all, and more rarely, the living form is stable and at rest—in equilibrium, as one may put it. Nevertheless, there is no denying the fact that progress and advance are by far the most constantly represented condition of life. Were it otherwise, we should not find the universe of life so varied as it is; and the progress of development is by no means likely to be replaced to any momentous extent by the law of backsliding, whose effects we have endeavoured to describe.

The foregoing remarks would be imperfect, and even misleading, were we to fail to note that there is at least one aspect of degeneration in which it becomes related in the most intimate manner to both progress and advance. The development and rise of an animal in the scale of creation is accompanied as a rule by the disappearance of organs and parts which pertain to lower stages of life, and to its own immature condition. The tadpole in becoming the perfect frog exhibits degeneration in the disappearance of its tail; for the frog, as every one knows, is a tailless being. Then, secondly, its gills degenerate and disappear through natural, or more popularly speaking, constitutional causes, inherited by the frog from its ancestors. Opposed to the degeneration of its gills is the independent development of lungs, which development evinces the higher nature of the lung-breather over the pure gill-breathing tadpole. Here, therefore, degeneration is working out the purposes of development. It is, in other words, wiping away and destroying the evidences of the lower nature which is being replaced by a higher stage and type of life. The young crab is tailed like the lobster or prawn; but degeneration of the tail converts the crab into a higher type of crustacean than the lobster, and internal change of like nature makes the perfect insect as well as the crab, a higher being than its larva.

If, therefore, we take a wide view of living nature—a view in which alone the true analogies of things are to be clearly perceived—we shall find degeneration at one time ruthlessly driving the animal form to lower confines of life; whilst at another time, we shall see the same process accompanying advance and progress hand in hand, and aiding the growth of the higher life by restricting and abolishing the evidences of the lower and imperfect existence.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—BERTRAM'S LAST ATTEMPT.

WHEN the project of pushing on to Blackwall itself, and of presenting himself to Mr Mervyn as a suppliant for employment, for the first time took definite shape in Bertram's mind, the sun, which had shone so brilliantly through the short winter's day, was sinking in the western sky, and gleamed opalescent through the smoke of London. From the river, a gray mist was beginning to

rise, clinging, as yet, to wharf-edges, against which the lapping water washed, but gradually creeping higher as the evening darkened. Bertram had been walking, now, for many hours, and was faint and weary, and sick of heart. He was not quite destitute; but the two or three shillings that his slender purse contained were too precious to be wasted, so that, although he looked wistfully at the steamboats snorting and splashing their way down-stream, and at the omnibuses that demurely passed him, with half-open doors, tempting a possible passenger, he still continued self-denyingly to walk on.

He had not accomplished the long distance which, in such bitter and biting weather, he had that day traversed on foot, entirely without more sustenance than the clear-starcher's lump of cake could impart. But a slice of cold meat and a piece of bread, purchased at a wayside cookshop, gave him only a temporary strength; and as he plodded on, he began to realise the fact that he was very tired indeed. He had gone far, and had still some distance to get over; but his tread was no longer elastic, as it had been when he started that morning from the Old Sanctuary in Westminster, and the bag which he carried felt strangely heavy as he trudged on.

What was Bertram to do, if he should reach the yard of Mervyn & Co. too late, after business hours, and after the head of the house had departed? This was a Saturday; and, should he fail in obtaining the interview which he sought, his next chance would be on Monday. 'Call again on Monday,' from the watchman or porter left in charge, would be the merest commonplace rejoinder to a belated applicant; but, like so many other commonplace replies that we meet with in the world, it might be little short of a sentence of death to the hearer. Bertram's few pence and shillings would, he knew, last him but a very little time, when he should have to lay them out in payment for the cheapest accommodation that he could find in any decent, humble house of entertainment. And how if Mr Mervyn should not, on Monday, attend at the ship-building yard? Or how if his prayer to be employed should be declined, courteously, no doubt, but still declined?

Bertram began to feel, now, that he had been rash in rejecting the alluring invitations of the omnibus conductors, as their lengthy vehicles went rattling past. Fourpence—sixpence—would have been well bestowed in the saving of his waning strength. Overmuch fasting, voluntary or enforced, does tell upon the stamina. Bertram had stinted and pinched himself, prudently, during the sad weeks that had preceded the total breakdown of Groby, Slender, and Stodge; and now even Youth, with its wondrous powers of endurance, could hardly buoy him up. But his heart was a gallant one, and gallantly he pressed on. Should he be in time? Anxiously he looked about him, turning his weary head, for another omnibus, another pier where steamers called. He saw neither.

'Cab, gov'nor!' bawled out the ruffianly driver of a shabby cab, wearing on his unkempt head the battered white hat, with a rusty strip of black crape ostentatiously adorning it, which in London streets might be excusably considered as rather the distinctive headgear of a savage tribe, than

the outward and visible sign of Christian mourning for a deceased relative. 'Keh, I say!' reiterated this delectable charioteer, waving his whip. 'Blackwall, hain't it?'

'Yes; but I do not want a cab,' answered Bertram gently.

'That's because ye're so mean,' bellowed the cabman, who was three parts drunk. 'Eighteen-pence won't break ye, I should hope. Take you for a shilling,' added the driver, with growing exasperation, as he saw his offer tacitly refused. 'Very well; pad the hoof, you sneak!—And *you*, come up!' The last summons, backed by a succession of stinging whip-cuts, was addressed to his lean horse, whose welked neck and scored sides bore token to the spiteful humour of his brutal master; and off jolted the cab at a crazy canter.

Bertram Oakley pressed resolutely on. More ships, more wharfs. Would the wharfs and the ships, and the marine store shops, never end? Tired and giddy, as he rambled on, he marvelled at the black defaced dolls, with scrimp woolly locks, that dangled over the greasy doors of these frequent emporiums; and wondered how empty bottles, scraps of rusty iron, lead, pewter, copper, how old rags and fresh dripping, came to be called marine stores. More ships, and then locked-up yards full of enormous anchors, broken capstans, old masts, coiled-up cordage—the shattered paraphernalia of ships. It seemed a dream, this long walk. The mist from the river had risen breast-high, like a shroud. The gas was flaring in shed and shop; and cheap viands, saveloys, hot pies, greens, fried fish, and potatoes cooked and uncooked, were being higgled over by plain-spoken sellers and shrill, shipshod customers of the feminine sex, with noisy children at their untidy heels. Still on.

Yes; the short-lived day was pretty well spent, the long night of mid-winter had almost begun. Hideous old boardmen, sandwiched between a brace of placards in large print, and with paper lanterns stuck on the crown of their frowzy hats, patrolled the streets, hoarsely inviting all and sundry to some neighbouring music-hall. Behind the thin red curtains of low public-houses which sailors patronise, lights glared, and fiddles squeaked, and there was silly riot and rapid laughter, as Jack Ashore, true to the traditions of his hazardous calling, spent in asinine fashion the pounds he had worked for at sea. Brawling knots of half-intoxicated people hung about the corners of the darkling alleys, and the policemen on their beat kept well away from the entrances of courts and the approaches to slimy causeways leading to the river, and moved along cautiously, like scouts in a hostile country, in the midst of wild hootings, outcries, and snatches of ribald song, that gathered force as darkness fell.

This—this, at last, must be Blackwall. Yes; that was the pier, to the right, at which Bertram had landed when first he visited the place in his capacity of a messenger from Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Stodge. He remembered the baker's shop that stood opposite; the tobacconist's, hard by, with the obsolete wooden figure of the Red Indian above the door, supposed to present an accurate portrait of some American savage in the costume of his native country; and the public-house, the *Blue Anchor*, that seemed to be frequented by watermen rather than by sailors from

the vessels near, to judge by the fresh-water mariners who puffed their churchwarden pipes in its porch and bow-windowed parlour. Bertram had an excellent memory for localities. It served to guide him on, without losing his way, until he saw, dimly, through the twilight, the words 'Mervyn & Co.' painted in tall letters on the white board that topped the gate of the well-remembered yard.

'Hilloa! heave to, or I'll know the reason why!' shouted a gruff voice, as Bertram set foot within the charmed precincts. The young man recognised the bark, so to speak, of the human watch-dog who guarded the place. 'I beg pardon; I have been here before,' he said with an effort to smile, as he halted. 'I hope I am in time to see Mr Mervyn?'

'What cheer, eh?' grumbled the janitor, bending his bullet-head forward to get a better look at the intruder.

'Is Mr Mervyn in his counting-house?' asked Bertram. 'If so, I want very much to see him for a moment.'

'Want must be your master, then, for he ain't,' was the surly response.

Bertram staggered. Weak and faint and ill, he had overtasked his waning strength to reach this place before business hours were over, never doubting that he should find the great ship-builder whom he sought. Curiously enough, although he had feared that Mr Mervyn—of the situation of whose private residence he knew nothing—might not attend at Blackwall on Monday, he had been all but certain of seeing him on Saturday, the hebdomadary half-holiday not having as yet become a parasitic British institution.

'Not here!' repeated Bertram, gasping, as he caught at the gate-post for support.

'Hasn't been here—*to-day*, the Commodore,' said the veteran gate-keeper irritably. 'Have you got a letter? If so, leave it, and call for the answer.'

'No; I have no letter,' answered Bertram; 'but'—

'Then, sheer off, will ye, for I want to lock up the yard!' exclaimed the old sea-dragon, whose temper was on that evening shorter than usual. 'Monday, you can— Why, what ails the youngster?' he added, half-ashamed of his roughness, as Bertram, repulsed from the gate, reeled, and caught at the strong wooden paling beyond, and then sank down, a helpless heap on the ground. Five or six workmen, freshly released from the yard, and who were lighting their short black pipes before starting on their homeward walk, came crowding up.

'Drunk!' was the verdict of one of these jurors, with a loud laugh at his own perspicacity.

'No; I don't think it—the chap's ill,' said a more thoughtful member of the group.

'Who's ill?' asked a pleasant voice, the modulated accents of which contrasted with the monotonous bass of the shipwrights.

'Only this young fellow, Mr Arthur. He was talking to Old Joe here, at the gate, and down he drops.—How goes it, mate?' said the workman, putting his powerful hand on Bertram's shoulder. Bertram, with haggard eyes, looked up. He saw, standing by, a pleasant-faced, gentleman-like young man, of perhaps five-and-twenty, with blue eyes and fair hair, manly and kindly of aspect.



'Did you want anything of us, my poor fellow?' asked the new-comer good-naturedly. 'But of course you do, or you would not be here, weak as you are. I think you can scarcely, by your face, be a hand in search of work?'

'Mr Mervyn's kindness, sir, emboldened me.'

'You know my uncle, then?' asked the gentleman who had been addressed as Mr Arthur. 'How did that come about? I never, to the best of my recollection, saw you here.'

'I came here last autumn,' Bertram said feebly, 'with a letter from my then employers, Groby, Sleather, and.'

'Is your name—let me see—Bertram—yes, Bertram Oakley?' exclaimed Mr Mervyn's nephew with sudden interest. 'If so, I have heard my uncle speak more than once of — There! the poor fellow has fainted.—One of you men had better run for some wine—or better, brandy,' he added, putting some silver into the hand of one of the rough, good-natured shipwrights who started forward at his call. 'You can get it within a stone's-throw of the gate.'

Some brandy was speedily brought; and Bertram was with some difficulty induced to swallow a portion of the fiery spirit. 'I am sorry—to give so much trouble,' he said in a weak voice, as he reopened his dim eyes and tried to raise himself from the ground. 'You are very good, sir, to a stranger.'

'But you see, Mr Oakley, you are not quite a stranger to me,' said Mr Mervyn's nephew generally, as he assisted Bertram to rise. 'It is not often that our Principal takes such a fancy to any one, on a chance acquaintance, as he did to yourself; and it was but yesterday that he was expressing a hope that you had met with more appreciative employers, since Messrs Groby's bankruptcy, as you were evidently fit for better and higher things than to be one of their copyists. But you seem very weak. You are not ill?'

'It is fatigue, sir—not illness,' Bertram replied. 'I have been walking since the early morning, and was worn out and dejected enough, when, after many rebuffs, I bethought me that I would get so far as this, if my strength held out, and.'

'And seek aid from us? and employment?' said the other kindly, as Bertram hesitated to complete the sentence. 'For the second, I think I can venture to answer; and for the first, I know I can. It will be strange if there is nothing, no berth in Mervyn's Yard, or Yards, for we have branch establishments elsewhere, in which you would be useful. But this is Saturday night, and you cannot see the head of the firm until Monday. I must find you quarters somewhere near, in the meantime.—Ah, the *Greyhound*, the old *Greyhound* will be just the thing—cheap and quiet, and with a decent motherly old landlady, a tenant of my uncle's, by-the-by; so, if you are strong enough, I will walk round with you, and recommend Mrs Andrews to take all possible care of her lodger until, about eleven on Monday morning, you call at the yard.'

'I trespass sadly on your time, sir, and on your kindness,' said Bertram, almost with a sob, as he walked slowly on by the side of his new acquaintance. The generous treatment I have received here, so different from some of the greetings I

have had to-day, has almost unmanned me. And I was weak, somehow'—

'I can guess how. Lean on my arm, and we shall soon be at the *Greyhound's* door,' said Mr Arthur hastily.

On our side of the Channel, to express gratitude is a pain; to be thanked, still more distressing. Now, Alphonse and Jules, and Fritz and Max, are always ready to throw up their hands and beat their breasts, and fall on each other in a fraternal embrace, when some trifling service has been rendered on either part. But, if we islanders are less dramatically effusive, we are, I think, readier and more graceful, in our plain insular way, in adjusting the relative positions of the helped and the helper. 'I must introduce myself,' said Mr Mervyn's nephew. 'My name is Lynn—Arthur Lynn. I am a partner; and indeed, added the young man cheerfully, 'I believe I represent the "Co." in our firm, since nobody else has an active share in it now except Mr Arthur Mervyn, who is my godfather as well as my uncle. And you have not peached on my time at all. People dine late in London, foolishly late, to my mind.—Here we are. This is the bar-parlour, where you can sit down while I speak a word to Mrs Andrews here.'

The word was soon spoken; and then Mr Arthur Lynn said good-night lightly and kindly, as it was in his nature to speak, and left Bertram Oakley in good hands.

## SELLS.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'PEOPLE who talk slang,' said the late Mortimer Collins, 'are those who either cannot or will not think;' and there is no doubt that he is right. We have so many other contaminating influences creeping in daily and almost unavoidably to defile our 'well of English,' that the use of any gratuitous perversion of the language is certainly to be greatly deprecated. It nevertheless occasionally happens that such a word by common acception felicitously expresses the idea which it is intended to convey. 'Chant, surprise, mistake, misadventure, *contretemps*'—none of these denotes so vividly as 'sell' that combination of circumstances resulting in discomfiture to some one. The following are a few examples of Sells proper, which, it must be borne in mind, are apart from that vulgar form of practical joking which is termed hoaxing.

A soldier, wishing to get his discharge, shammed deafness so successfully, that all the medical men who examined his case, were deceived by him. No noise, however sudden or unexpected, had any power to disturb his equanimity; and he had acquired such perfect control over his nerves, that a pistol fired over his head when he was asleep did not—apparently—awake him. Grave suspicions as to the genuineness of his malady were entertained, notwithstanding. Like most malingerers, he was a little too clever and complete. Still, it seemed impossible to catch him tripping. A final examination was made; the doctors expressed themselves satisfied; and the soldier was presented with his certificate of discharge. Outside the door, he met a comrade, who whispered: 'Have you got it?' with an appearance

of eager interest. 'Yes; here it is!' was the unguarded reply. But the certificate, though filled in, was not signed, and the malingerer was a sold man.

Some time ago, a very amusing 'sell' was narrated in the pages of a magazine. A physician being summoned to attend a miser's wife in her last illness, declined to continue his visits unless he had some legal guarantee for payment, as he knew by experience the slippery character of the husband where pecuniary obligations were concerned. The miser thereupon drew up a document, formally promising, after haggling over the amount, that he would pay to Dr So-and-so the sum of L. —, 'if he cures my wife.'

'Stop!' said the doctor. 'I cannot undertake to do that. I will treat her to the best of my ability; but she is very ill, and I fear she will not recover.'

So the sentence was altered to, 'For attendance upon my wife, kill or cure,' the paper signed, and delivered over to the physician. His skill was unavailing, and the patient died; but when the bill came in, the widower quietly repudiated the debt *in toto*. In vain was it represented to him that the doctor held his legal acknowledgment; so the latter sued him for the amount in perfect confidence of gaining the day. The miser did not dispute the circumstances in court, but requested to see the document, which he then read aloud with great deliberation.

'And did you cure my wife, sir?' he asked, glancing over his spectacles at the plaintiff.

'No; that was impossible.'

'Did you kill her?'

Verdict for the defendant. Doctor sold.

An Irishman, finding his cash at a low ebb, resolved to adopt 'the road' as a professional means of refreshing the exchequer; and having provided himself with a huge horse-pistol, proceeded forthwith to the conventional 'lonely common,' and lay in wait. The no less conventional 'farmer returning from market with a bag of money' of course soon appeared, to whom enter Pat with the regulation highwayman offer of choice, 'Your money or your life!' a remark fortified by the simultaneous exhibition of the firearm in the usual way. The farmer, who was a Quaker, essayed to temporise. 'I would not have thee stain thy soul with sin, friend; and didst thou rob me of my gold, it would be theft; and didst thou kill me, it would be murder. But hold! A bargain is no sin, but a commerce between two honest men. I will give thee this bag of gold for the pistol which thou holdest at my ear.' The unsuspecting amateur Macheath, yielding perhaps to the Quaker's logic and solicitude for his spiritual welfare, made the exchange without a moment's hesitation. 'Now, friend,' cried the wily Ephraim, levelling the weapon, 'give me back my gold, or I'll blow thy brains out!' 'Blaze away, thin, darlint!' said Pat. 'Sure, there's niver a drop of powther in it!' The result was a sold Quaker.

The old sailing-ship yarn about the rollypoly pudding might come under this category. There was only one passenger on board the vessel, who took his meals in the after-cabin with the captain and mate, and who always suspected—not without

reason, it may be—that those two worthies defrauded him of his due share of the eatables when they got the chance. One day a jam pudding or rollypoly appeared at dinner, just enough for three; and the passenger, who had a sweet tooth, was instantly on the alert to see that he got his fair and proper third. 'Mr —, do you like puddin'-ends, sir?' the captain asked, with his knife poised in air ready to cut the delicacy. 'No; I do not like ends, sir,' replied the passenger, who considered that he had as much right to the middle slice as any one else. 'Ah, well, then, me and my mate does!' was the gallant commander's observation, as he cut the pudding in two and deposited half on the mate's plate, and half on his own.

At a large hotel in Suffolk, the not uncommon dilemma arose of there being only one room in the house vacant when two visitors required accommodation for the night. It was a double-bedded chamber, or was soon converted into such, and the two guests—who were both commercial travellers—agreed to share it. One of these gentlemen was a confirmed hypochondriac, and greatly alarmed his companion by ranting him up in the middle of the night some to read and breathe. 'Asthma,' he panted out; 'of the fiery, or these spasmodic attacks. Opech trouble,' he said quickly; 'give me air!' Terrified his dim eyes were, the other jumped out of the ground. 'You had pitch-dark; he had not.' 'For forgotten the position, you see, Mr Oakley.' 'For heaven's sake, be quicker with me,' said Mr Oakley. 'Give me more air, or as I insisted Bertram by dint of groping in that old Principal the furniture in the one, on a chance acquaintance found; but it was anrself; and it was but y no hasp or catch wressing a hope that you, quick; air, air!' 'Precipitate employers, since a man. 'Open it, breckey, as you were evened. Thus adjured, he rather things than to be but seizing a boot, saw you seem very weak. sufferer immediately, so I am fatigue, sir—hot ill, Oh, drawing deep sighs, was worn out and a great comfort he derived; 'Many rebuffs, I be moment I should have been de far as this, if he had sufficiently recovered, and. his heart-felt gratitude, he descried a distress of these attacks, and the length of time he had suffered from them. After a while, both fell asleep again, devoutly thankful for the result. It was a warm summer night, and they felt no inconvenience from the broken window; but when daylight relieved the pitchy darkness of the night, the window was found to be still entire! Had invisible glaziers been at work already, or was the episode of the past night only a dream? No; for the floor was still strewn with the broken glass. Then, as they looked round the room in amazement, the solution of the mystery presented itself in the shape of an antiquated bookcase, whose latticed glass doors were a shattered wreck. The spasmodically attacked one was cured from that moment. So much for imagination!

Some years since, a wealthy eccentric old gentleman, living at the West End of London, devoted the whole of his large fortune to the purchase of a collection of rare and beautiful jewels; and the contemplation of these became his sole pleasure

and occupation in life. Leading a very lonely existence as he did, it is not to be wondered at that a natural fear of burglars deepened at last in his mind into a morbid dread of being robbed; and in terror lest he should be deprived of his treasure, he caused a small room to be built in his house wherein he might deposit his valuables; and being an ingenious man, he constructed and arranged in a sort of *mitrailleuse* of pistols in such a way that whoever opened the door would receive a dozen bullets on the spot—a condition which might well appal the stoutest-hearted diamond-fancier that ever came out of Newgate. The arrangement was rendered harmless to the owner by the manipulation of a certain secret string, known only to himself. But alas! no sooner was the thing fairly completed, and in comfortable working order, than the string slipped from his fingers one day as he was closing the door, fell down inside, and from that moment his collection of precious stones was as inaccessible to himself as to any burglar alive! Seven years after this, he died, having spent the greater part of that interval in gazing sadly at the door which he himself had shut upon all he held dear on earth. A full account and explanation of the circumstances were found in his will, in which all his property was bequeathed to a married niece and her husband.

But all his property had been invested in those glittering crystals, and they were locked up behind that guardian door; and a battery of pistol-barrels is just as fatal to lawfully inheriting married nieces and their husbands as to feloniously acquisitive nocturnal visitors. What was to be done? After much deliberation, consultation, and investigation, the legatee came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to effect an entrance into the back of the closet through the wall of the next house. Here another difficulty occurred. The landlord of the adjoining residence objected to having his wall knocked down on any consideration. Well, then, would he sell the house? Yes; at a price. He was told to name his own terms; and probably did not understate the value of the premises. Be that as it may, the house was bought; and then came difficulty number three. The tenants then in possession had a large portion of their lease unexpired, and they too had objections to breakage. But it was not a time to stand on trifles, and money was 'no object' with such a fortune at hand, so they also were bought out on their own terms. Then the wall was breached, the treasure-chamber reached in safety, and found empty of all but a species of huge revolver—a deadly piece of mechanism, but of no great intrinsic value. Somebody else had been beforehand in getting through the wall!

The humour of the situations in many old comedies and farces depends upon 'sells' of some sort. Husbands make love to their own wives in disguise at masquerades; one individual hears his character disparaged in the third person by another, who has no idea whom he is addressing; or the villain unwittingly selects as his accomplice the man against whom his machinations are directed.

At the Queen's Theatre one night about ten years ago, during the representation of a play at which the writer was present, a burst of applause

rose from the audience as an actor made his entrance in the second scene. He was no celebrated artist or public favourite, but an ordinary 'walking-gentleman,' unknown to fame, who played one of the minor parts, and seemed a little puzzled—as well he might—to account for such an enthusiastic reception. There was no doubt about it, though; the house rang with plaudits from pit to gallery; so, thinking that the public had at last awakened to a perception of the merits of true genius, he stepped forward to the footlights before commencing to speak his part, and by bowing five or six times, expressed his thanks for such a flattering ovation. And then the house rang again, but now with laughter and ironical cheers; and the poor actor became aware that the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had just entered the royal box, were the real recipients of the greeting he had so gracefully acknowledged.

The three-card trick as played at fairs and on raccourses is familiar to many; it is so old, and its mystery so well known, that it is wonderful any one can still be found to be duped by it. The performer, who is seated on the ground, shows two cards in one hand, a court card below, and a plain one above; and another plain card in the other hand. The three are then thrown down backs uppermost in a row; but although the court card is apparently placed in the centre, it is absolutely impossible for the quickest eye to detect whether it or the plain card falls first, the latter slipping imperceptibly over the picture card. He then bets that no one can tell which of the three is the court card. Those who are in the secret could no more follow the action than the merest novice; and if, under these circumstances, one bets on the position of the court card, the odds are really two to one against him. If the trick ended here, it would be open to no greater objection than any other form of gambling, and there might even be something to admire in the dexterity exhibited by the prestidigitator. But, unfortunately, a swindling element is generally introduced. One, two, or more confederates—technically known as 'bonnets'—artfully make up as farmers, or 'swells,' or something of the sort, the rough card-manipulator as possible, mingle with the crowd, and by a preconceived signal, of course always hit upon the court card, and win large sums of money. Encouraged by the spectacle of their success, the public put their money on; but somehow the same luck does not seem to attend their ventures; they do not guess the right card; and after a time, the game flags again. Then the performer looks away for a moment, on some pretext or other; and while his head is turned, one of the 'bonnets' steps forward, slyly lifts the picture card, bends one corner of it, and replaces it. The card performer then addresses himself to his business again; he again lifts the cards and once more shuffles, and places them without taking any apparent notice of the bent card. There is accordingly a rush to bet on the card with the bent corner—which is the wrong one after all! When the operator picked up the cards to throw them again in position, he rapidly and invisibly straightened the turned-up corner of the court card with his thumb, and at the same time bent one of the plain ones. So much for the

three-card trick as usually performed, and concerning which I trust my young friends may be strenuously on their guard.

Now, let me explain a special modification of it which I once saw on the towing-path at Putney, on one of the practice-days before the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and which involved a really very pretty bit of sleight-of-hand. The ordinary *modus operandi* had been carried out; the regular business of lucky confederates, corner-bending, and all the rest of it, was gone through; but somehow the bystanders who formed the circle seemed too wary to be trapped by such chaff as that, and neither the 'farmers' lingo nor the manipulator's assumed carelessness induced any of the amateurs to tempt fortune. 'Won't any o' you gents behind try yer luck?' said the squatting performer, negligently dropping the cards and turning round, whereupon the honest agriculturist immediately lifted the middle one so that all could see it was the court card, and replaced it face downwards as before. 'I puts vive pund on thot keerd,' exclaimed the farmer, 'if you don't touch it agen!' Others would stake money on it too, on those conditions, which the performer did not seem inclined to accept. At last, however, after much demur, he agreed; a considerable sum was bet; the card—which he had not touched—was turned over, and was *not* the court card! A loud murmur arose from the dupes; cries of 'Duck him!' were heard, and for some moments the swindler's personal safety was endangered. But he turned the tide of popular opinion in his favour by appealing to the justice of the crowd. 'They tried to cheat me,' he shouted; 'they took advantage of me when my face was turned away; they'd have done me if they could, and now they goes for me when they finds themselves done instead. They tried to be rogues, and took me for a fool; but if there's bigger rogues than they, there's bigger fools than me!'

Such logic was irresistible. But how was the card so adroitly changed? The guileless farmer—who disappeared directly the row began—must have had a plain card in his hand when he stepped forward, which he exchanged for the court card as he put the latter down, by the process known among conjurers as double-palming. It was the neatest thing I ever saw, and the amateurs were decidedly, and very properly, sold.

The following anecdote is related as having actually occurred not many months ago in a large northern seaport city in England; and we have no reason to disbelieve it.

It was a Sunday, and it was raining as it never does rain but in the vicinity of mercantile shipping on the first day of the week. The docks boasted a little church or Bethel, which hoisted the Union-jack every Sunday morning, in token that service would be held there, chiefly for sailors. The clergyman who officiated weekly at the Bethel happened to be rather later than usual on the Sunday morning in question, owing to the difficulty he had in getting a cab, the rain having caused those vehicles to be in great demand. He arrived, however, a few minutes before eleven, and hurriedly bidding the driver wait for him till service should be over, he entered the sacred edifice—to find himself alone there. Possibly, sea-

faring people are not more prone to church-going in wet weather than their fellow-sinners who live ashore; anyhow, every seat was vacant. The clergyman was a zealous man, so he resolved to wait a quarter of an hour, on the chance of some waif or stray turning up. His patience was not unrewarded; for after the lapse of a few minutes, one very wet man came slowly in, and seated himself with some hesitation on one of the back benches. Even he, probably, had only put into that haven under stress of bad weather outside, all the public-houses and other congenial places of shelter being closed. Now, our parson was not only a zealous but a conscientious man—not always the same thing—and he resolved that had he but one solitary unit instead of a congregation, he would pursue the service in full to the bitter end for that unit's benefit—at least, as long as the unit would bear it—and he proceeded to do so, and accomplished it. At the end of the liturgy, touched probably by the patient endurance of his auditor, he condescended to address him personally, telling him that since the inclemency of the weather—we are not in receipt of information on the point, but we feel sure he said inclemency—had prevented the usual attendance at the church, he would forego the sermon he had prepared, and would content himself with making a 'few remarks.' This, however, his hearer begged him not to do, and expressed a great desire to hear the sermon; so, pleased with this evidence of intelligence among the lower orders, and gratified by the effect his eloquence was producing, he took the victim at his word, and let him have it. The text duly chosen, blossomed into firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and lastly; 'in conclusion' was followed by 'one word more,' and still the unit sat on undismayed. After it was all over, the preacher came down and shook hands with him, thanking him warmly for his attention; his gratification being somewhat diminished when he discovered the enraptured listener to be *his cabman*, the sum-total of whose 'half-a-crown an hour for waiting' had been materially augmented by the length of the worthy divine's discourse.

## BUSINESS AND MATRIMONY.

BY A SOLICITOR.

I HAVE had a bad day of it—a bad, unsatisfactory, tiresome, wearing day. Things have gone wrong with me. I have been snappish and unreasonable with my clerks. My relations with my partner, usually working without friction, have jarred disagreeably. I have made several stupid mistakes, and generally mismanaged my business. Heart and head have alike ached. My digestion has been upset, and lunch has disagreed with me. I have successively lost three pens, my blue pencil, my red ink, my india-rubber, the second volume of Prieaux' *Precedents of Conveyancing*, the statement of claim in *Brakelegge and Wife v. the Accidental Railway Company*, and my receipt stamps. These several articles have been restored to me by a trembling clerk from various corners of the office where I have myself at sundry times deposited them. I have inked myself and my linen until soap is

a mockery and pumice-stone a delusion. I have been of no advantage or profit to myself, my clients, or any one connected with me.

Has any great misfortune in business or society come upon me? Is there a bill due to-morrow which I cannot meet? Are my clients falling away? Did I sup last night on pork-chops, Welsh-rabbit, lobster, or pickled salmon? Nothing of the kind. The simple explanation of all my woes is, that at the conclusion of breakfast, and just before I left home, I had a quarrel with my wife.

It was nothing—a storm in a teacup, or rather in a coffee-cup, as usual. About ten inches by three of the above exhilarating but penetrant fluid on the clean white table-cloth. A little natural indignation on the part of the mistress at the blemishing of her otherwise spotless napery, accompanied by a few observations, better left alone, about stupidity, awkwardness, and the like. A quick and slightly sarcastic retort, delivered in my best manner. An angry and rather rude rejoinder from the wife. A decided but harsh set-down from the husband, and the mischief was done. Words were spoken—foolish, unreasoning words—which were none the less bruising and damaging that each of the parties would afterwards be perfectly well aware that the other 'didn't mean what he' or she 'said.' There was brutal, blind wrath on the man's side; there were bitter reproaches and cutting insinuations on the woman's. You understand the whole silly business.

I have conquered, of course. Am I not a man? Is it not my right to rule? Shall I not be 'master in my own house?' Shall I 'submit to be addressed in that tone?' And so forth. Yes, I soothingly flatter myself, coward that I am, that I have made her say she was sorry, and beg my pardon. Having asserted what I call my marital dignity, I grant easy terms, and peace is signed with tears and kisses. Having missed two trains and an important appointment, I stride forth from my home, victor in the domestic battle. And I have the satisfaction of seeing looking after me a white and sorrowful little face, with the semblance of a tearful but all loving smile struggling to be visible, instead of the laughing look and merry nod which usually speed me on my way into the fight for existence.

And all day long the victory has recoiled upon the victor, and I may say, with the great captain of old, that many such successes would cost me—I do not care to think what. How will she bear the long day in the dull childless house, with the remembrance of her husband's harsh voice and angry words? Will such enervating distractions as the whirring passage of the butcher's cart—the mechanical melody of the stray Savoyard, tempted for his sins into that unremunerative suburb—or the hoarse summons of the milkman demanding admission for his misnamed fluid, be sufficient to chase the gloom from her brow and the heaviness from her heart? It is to be feared not. But then, she was clearly wrong. She had not any business to go losing her temper because I accidentally upset my coffee, and say I was stupid and awkward. Of course I was quite

right to let her see plainly that I would not stand such nonsense. Equally, of course, I only spoke to her like that, for her own good. It is better for her to suffer—as I know she is suffering now—because it will conduce hereafter to her happiness, by establishing firmly in her mind a proper understanding of our mutual relations. And finally, it is all nonsense, and there will never be any peace in the house if I am always to—

I am afraid that last sentence conveys the most correct notion of my state of mind at the time. Did I go quite the right way to work? Was I entirely actuated by the laudable and conscientious motives above set forth? Was there no rudeness and bitterness, no want of consideration—how about that little headache with which she got up?—no self-conceit or stubbornness on my side? I am a hard-headed, hard-fisted man of business, rugged and roughened from incessant contact with the asperities of life. My wife—in confidence, reader, she is much younger than I—is a sensitive girl, accustomed from her childhood to be admired and petted; a woman devoted to her husband, and loving him so much, that every hasty word he utters is to her as a cruel stab—a love which might surely excuse a little constitutional hastiness of temper. Could I not have borne the momentary irritation, and thereafter, at a more fitting season, have spoken gently a few words of loving remonstrance, which would have left behind them no sore feeling on either side; instead of 'carrying on' ridiculously, stamping my foot, and smiting my fist—to its detriment—against the furniture? Whereas, I can now only feel that I have done that which is a mistake both in social economy, in mechanics, and in law—that I have used more force than was necessary.

Now, I am going to suppose a case such as I know to be that of very many as I write—that is, the case of a young man of business, newly married, as yet without children, and with just sufficient means to maintain a small house in a suburb at some distance from his place of business, and without the means of keeping up a circle of acquaintance; so that he and his wife are sojourners and strangers in the land where they dwell, dependent entirely upon one another for company and comfort in their own nest.

Do not, I say to such a one—assuming that you and your wife love one another—begin the day by a quarrel with her. If you must quarrel—and I am afraid that, however devoted to one another, you will have your occasional tiffs—put it off until you come home. Then—a night intervening—there will be time for the consequent soreness to wear off. But if you value your happiness and peace of mind, and the unconscious digestion of your meals consequent thereon—if you have any desire that the long hours without you shall not be to your wife duller and more cheerless than is inevitable, do not found your day upon a matrimonial disagreement. You, remember, are going to your business, to do battle against the grim wolf which is ever hungrily watching your door, and your capabilities will be by no means improved by the consciousness that you have left unhappiness where you would wish all to be happiness and peace. But you, at all events, will have something to distract your mind, to keep you from inordinate brooding. What will she have? Her household duties, you will say—her work, her



walk out, her book. Alas! these want the varied and interesting character of the business which occupies *your* day. They are too mechanical; they run in too unvarying a groove to take from her the mental leisure which she will infallibly employ in eating her heart over your cruel words and looks.

Business men for the most part have no idea, or rather forget to remember, how lonely a life is often led by their wives in the early days of married life. When the young ones have arrived, when prosperity has brought with it its increased social duties, this evil will have vanished. But at first, into what sort of an existence do you imagine, my friend, you have introduced a young and inexperienced girl who has been induced by the contemplation of your many mental and bodily excellences to forsake, it may be, the snug companionship and merry prattle of a family of brothers and sisters? Do you not feel that her ears must ache with the deafening silence of the house, that the longing for an occasional loving word or pleasant smile, for a sympathetic ear into which to pour her little prattle of household events—anent the turpitude of the cat, the doubt as to the success of a novel pudding, the stupidity of the servant, the possible becomingness of a contemplated cap—that this longing must weigh very heavily sometimes upon the girl you leave behind you? Do not, then, give her for a companion in the dreary house, and the solitary walk which constitutes her recreation, the image of yourself with a black frown and a stern eye, and sarcastic or angry words upon your lips.

The advantages of what I will call the 'sub-urban system' are few, and its evils, as it affects matrimony, are many. In the old times, before gigantic trade and overwhelming population made every foot of the essentially 'business' quarter of the town more precious than gold itself, the merchant-prince or the wealthy banker lived over his premises; and over the same he not unfrequently entertained royalty. Now, it is only the doctor who does this; and even he also has often his consulting rooms at a distance. Then, the husband and father was always on the spot, and within call of his wife and family; now, he is scarcely anything but a lodger, spending the greater part of his life away from them, and his home is little more to him than a place wherein to sleep. No doubt it is good for him to disconnect himself entirely from his work at the close of business hours, and to surround himself with entirely fresh scenes and interests. Perhaps, if he lives fairly out of town, the change to a purer air may be a benefit. He may derive health from the exercise which he takes in going to and returning from his office or chambers, and which otherwise he might neglect. But having said this, we have said all, or almost all.

If there be no family, but only the husband and wife, then the wife will be dull and lonely, nine times out of ten, in the empty house without her husband. She might not, truly, see much of him, even if his business were carried on at home. But the knowledge of his being there would be sufficient—an occasional glimpse of him would satisfy her. If, on the contrary, she be fond of society, and have many friends, the case will not be much improved. She will not be dull and wretched, no doubt; but then she will probably

be a gadabout. If she be not herself a gadabout, gadabouts will call on her, interrupt her household duties, and possibly endeavour to induce her to rebel against her husband. Man is the salt, the condiment without which the otherwise delicious compound called Woman speedily becomes rancid and unprofitable.

We shall not go back again to live over our shops. But against these evils there is happily provided a remedy simple and old-fashioned, but sure, certain, and palatable. It is called Love. And this same Love, if it be strong enough to 'make the world go round,' as the song says it is, will be also strong enough to make every man's own peculiar little globe revolve without friction. If the husband is obliged to spend a third of his life away from those he loves, let him be careful always to be with them as a kindly and pleasant remembrance. Let the wife take heed that her welcoming face shall be ever as the evening sun after a stormy day, chasing away from her husband's life the overhanging clouds, and lulling to rest the winds that have roared around him. Let each give the other cause to regard those hours when they are together, as a retirement into a shady and pleasant garden, where for both is to be found rest from all labours and troubles. So shall they still be near the one to the other, though they be apart; and so shall the sweet spirit of home be upon them both, making the rough highway of life smoother for the man, and cheering and enlivening for the woman its quiet and uneventful by-paths.

## THE STRANGE STORY OF EUGENIA.

### CHAPTER I.—STORNHEIM.

TWENTY years ago, I was sent from London with despatches to the court of the reigning Prince of Blankenwald. His Serene Highness received me with 'all courtesy'; but the object of my mission was delayed in its attainment by the illness of his Prime-Minister, the Graf von Stornheim, without whom the Prince would do nothing. Weeks dragged on, and I received some sharp letters from the Foreign Office. On venturing a respectful remonstrance to His Serene Highness, he sent me to the country-house of the Prime-Minister with the necessary papers and full authority to act in concert with him. Two hours' drive from the capital brought me to Stornheim. The Graf's house was a large one—more comfortable than splendid in appearance, and situated in noble extensive grounds. On my arrival, I was at once ushered into the presence of that dignitary. He had left his bed for the first time for many days, in order to receive me; but was unable to rise from a day-couch, where he was half-sitting, half-lying, after a recent torturing fit of gout. After the perusal of some papers, and a few minutes' talk, he begged me to leave them in his hands, to look over more minutely, and in the meantime to take some rest and refreshment. He was compelled, he said, smiling, to hand me over to the care of his wife, who was fond of my country-people, and was never so pleased as with an opportunity of returning the kindness she had received during a visit to England.

After a change of dress, which my journey had rendered necessary, I was conducted into a reception-room, where several ladies were seated. The eldest, Madame von Stornheim, advanced to meet me, and with a mixture of kindness and dignity, apologised for receiving me quite *en famille*. Her husband's illness had, she said, driven all their late visitors away, and they had had no time to collect others to meet me. There was, I thought, in this speech, kindly as it was said, a pretty clear hint that the presence of strangers was not desirable at Stornheim, and that I should not be expected to linger when my business was accomplished. I of course only noticed the agreeable part of the speech, and replied that such an apology was quite uncalled for, expressing a pleasure in finding myself in so charming a family group. The Gräfin and her three daughters were all tall, handsome women, in the German style, that is to say, with splendid fair complexions, and features and figures good, though somewhat heavy. She introduced a fourth lady as a niece of her husband's, the Gräfin Eugenia von Oberthal. In the last-named lady I immediately felt a strong interest. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and a complete contrast to her cousins. Slender and elegant in figure, she had a delicate oval face, perfectly regular features, a brilliant brunette complexion, and silky black hair. Dinner was shortly announced; and during that meal I quickly became acquainted with my fair companions. Like most German women, they were accomplished linguists, and challenged me to talk with them in English, French, or Italian as I chose. Eugenia von Oberthal was the most silent; but when she spoke, I was struck with the judgment and sense of her remarks; or perhaps her singular beauty had predisposed me to be favourably impressed.

Before night fell, I had another interview with Graf von Stornheim. The precision and clearness of his views, and the mastery he had already obtained over the difficulties that had beset my mission, convinced me that he had not unjustly acquired the reputation of being one of the ablest men of his time. But I was not sorry that even his skill and influence could not prevent the accomplishment of my mission from taking some weeks to perform, and that he begged me to take up my abode at Stornheim until the end was attained.

It is not necessary for the telling of my story to allude again to my diplomatic labours. It is sufficient to say I was detained, not unwillingly, late into the autumn at Stornheim. Shooting-parties were organised in my honour, and walking and riding excursions were of frequent occurrence. Eugenia von Oberthal—*die schöne Gräfin*, as she was usually called—never joined these parties, nor could I recollect that she had once accompanied us out of the park. On my remarking her home-staying habits, she calmly replied that she preferred keeping with the children. Another peculiarity I observed in her was, that though always well-dressed, and with a taste and elegance in which German women are generally strikingly deficient, she had always a cord round her beautiful throat, with the free end hanging down in front. It was precisely and most uncomfortably like the fatal noose with which Jack Ketch invests his patients. On one occasion, when our acquaint-

ance was far enough advanced for me to venture on a joke, I rallied her on the simplicity of her taste, and the plainness of the necklace she had chosen. A sudden silence fell on the company; one cousin became deeply interested in a photographic album; two walked away into the conservatory; and Madame von Stornheim, with an evident effort, began talking of some widely foreign matter. My curiosity was now piqued, and I determined to learn all I could about *die schöne Gräfin*. With this view, I tried to pump a younger son of Graf von Stornheim, who had returned from college. But I heard little from him that I had not already learned. Eugenia was a widow; though only three-and-twenty, her husband had been dead two years, leaving her with an infant, who died shortly after his father.

'Were her habits of seclusion consequent upon grief for the loss of her husband and child?' I asked.

'Probably,' was the dry reply.

'And the cord she wears round her neck, is it the insignia of some religious order?'

'What do I know! Women are fanciful, especially young and pretty ones.' And the young fellow pulled away at his cigar, with an air that seemed to say he had dismissed the subject.

I had been for some time aware that I was smitten with Eugenia, and I was now anxious to learn if my feelings were reciprocated. She seemed pleased in my society, and talked freely and readily with me. But she was too frank, too unambarrassed for love. Here again, I was thrown into doubt. This unreserve seemed a part of her character. I had never met a woman of her culture and station so direct and almost abrupt in speech and action. Circumlocution and hesitation seemed unknown to her. Her refined beauty and softness of voice and manner made her actions and words irresistibly pleasing. But when you recalled them in her absence, and the charm of her person and manner was wanting, you felt pained and offended by the recollection of something bordering on rusticity and bluntness. The longer I thought, the more undecided and irritated I became. The discomfort was insupportable; and one morning I determined to put an end to my doubts in the only effectual way. It was a morning of which every falling incident is engraved on my memory with painful clearness. I had risen early, and thrown open my bedroom window to admit the fresh morning air. The suite of rooms assigned me at Stornheim looked out upon a noble terrace, from which you commanded a view many miles round of a varied and densely wooded country. But beautiful as was the scene, my eyes were quickly withdrawn to one more beautiful still. The cheerful sound of Eugenia's voice, and the shouts and laughter of a childish one, made me turn my eyes from the landscape and look upon the terrace. There was Eugenia running at full speed, carrying a child of five years—a grandson of the Graf's and a great favourite—pickaback. She flew like an arrow along the terrace, her little burden evidently in high delight. He had got hold of the hateful rope, and was pulling at it, imitating the sound by which we encourage a horse to full speed. 'You hurt me, Carl—you hurt me,' cried she in vain. Then falling on her knees so as to bring

the child's feet near the ground, she put him down, and with both hands loosened the rope, which had become tant with the child's pulling at it. While in this position, she looked up and saw me at the window; and nodding a cheerful good morning, took the child up again and darted away out of my sight.

Something in this scene, momentary as it was, inexpressibly shocked me. That hideous rope suggested thoughts so incongruous with the freshness, beauty, and grace of her who bore it! 'Was it, as the young Von Stornheim had suggested, worn for a whim, or was it inflicted as a penance for some?'—I could not finish the sentence. Crime and sin were impossible to such a creature; it was profanity to associate such ideas with her. I recalled all I knew of her—the strong affection of her cousins; the innocence and usefulness of her daily life; her popularity with the children, to whom she devoted many hours of her day, playing with them, teaching them, and often nursing them. While thus thinking, I unconsciously made my way down-stairs, and through a door on to the terrace.

Eugenia was now returning, leading her little companion by the hand. Flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling, her hair blowing about her face, and laughing with almost childish glee, her beauty struck me as of an unearthly perfection. A certain sense of humility, a feeling that I was presumptuous to entertain the thought of her as a wife, kept me for a moment silent. But such feelings do not last long with a lover, and quickly shaking them off, I gave her the usual morning greeting.

'It wants some time to the breakfast hour,' said I; 'will you walk a little way?'

'Certainly,' she replied simply.

'I have been a long time looking for an opportunity of speaking to you on a subject of the greatest interest—to me—at least,' I began.

'I know,' she said as coolly as before.

'I did not like this. I do not believe any man likes to be anticipated in an offer of his hand, and I was disconcerted.'

'May I hope, then,' I went on, 'that if you know the request I am about to make, you will grant it?'

'You mean to ask me to marry you. I cannot marry any one.'

'Yet you have been married?'

'Yes; but I must remain a widow till my death.'

'May I know the reason of your decision?'

'It is no decision of mine—it has been decided for me. Besides, if you knew my history, you would not wish to marry me.'

'Is it—is it?'—I hesitated—'anything to do with this?' and I touched the frayed rope that encircled her neck.

'It is,' she answered.—'We will now go in to breakfast; and afterwards, I will tell you about it; and we walked back into the house without exchanging a word.'

The reader will have thought I made but a tame appearance in the foregoing scene; and I cannot describe the chilling and deadening effect of Eugenia's calm commonplace words, and still more of her emotionless manner. I was prepared to speak with all the passion I felt; but an application of ice-cold water could not have more

thoroughly benumbed me. I was, moreover, intensely mortified to observe that she ate a good breakfast, talked gaily, and included me in the conversation. I was disgusted and angry, and hastily determined to dismiss her from my mind as thoroughly heartless.

That day and the next passed away without the promised explanation. In fact, I was mortified and sulky, and avoided her as much as possible. On the third day, a singular incident occurred, which painfully renewed all my interest in Eugenia. I was walking down a corridor leading to my rooms, when a door opened, and I perceived Madame von Stornheim slowly coming up a small staircase I had never before noticed, with her handkerchief pressed to her face. Out of respect, I paused in my walk, and observed a man, plainly dressed in black, following her. Where had I before seen him? His face was familiar to me, and brought back some painful association. I stood motionless in horror and surprise. He was the public executioner! He had been pointed out to me in the street at B——. Madame von Stornheim passed on, her head bowed, her face still hidden, followed by her hateful companion, and apparently unconscious of my presence. The mysterious pair stopped at the door of what I knew to be Eugenia's room. They walked in; the door closed behind them. I heard a faint sound of hysterical weeping, and roused to a sense of the indelicacy of my position, I walked away.

Eugenia appeared at dinner, cheerful and unconcerned as ever. Madame von Stornheim was absent on a plea of headache. She came into the saloon in the evening, however, very pale, and in evident suffering. She exerted herself to appear as usual; but in the midst of an animated conversation, I saw her turn deadly white. She rose, tried to reach the door, but suddenly awayed, and fell heavily to the ground. Eugenia ran to her, and reached her before either of her daughters, and with the assistance of an attendant, carried her out of the room.

That night was passed by me in a conflict of mind I cannot describe. My love for Eugenia had received a violent shock; but my interest in her remained undiminished—was indeed heightened by the mysterious circumstances I have described. My feeling of irritation against her was for the time overcome, or rather lulled by my curiosity; and after several hours of feverish agitation, I fell asleep, having resolved to claim the promised explanation from Eugenia in the morning.

It was the custom at Stornheim to serve breakfast in a large room for those who chose to take that meal in company. In compliment to me, most of the family had, since my appearance, adopted the English plan. On this occasion, however, the members of the family took their breakfast in their own rooms. I therefore found myself alone. After a pretence at a meal, I sent a footman to the Gräfin von Oberthal, asking her to give me a few minutes' conversation. He returned immediately, with the answer that the Gräfin would see me at once. He led the way to Eugenia's sitting-room, and knocking at the door, opened it. I walked in, and found myself in the presence of my living enigma. She was standing, scissors in hand, her graceful head slightly on one side, before a large table. Yards upon yards of coarse flannel were

spread out before her; a pattern was pinned on the end nearest to her; and she seemed rapt in consideration of how to cut it to the best advantage.

One of the most pleasing characteristics of Eugenia was her active charity. She never visited the poor, but had a kind of levee of her poverty-stricken protégées once a week. Money, clothes, and advice were dispensed by her with singular good sense and judgment; and she employed an old servant as a kind of almoner to visit those who could not leave their homes. I had been for some time aware of these facts, and they added not a little to the confusion of my ideas respecting her.

After the usual salutations, she abandoned her cutting out, as too noisy an employment, and taking up a garment already shaped, began sewing it with rapid and skillful fingers. Her appearance that morning was very striking. She had on a morning robe of rose-coloured cashmere, trimmed with black lace; a rich ribbon of the same colour as the robe, and mixed with black lace, was twisted in her hair, and fell on one shoulder, setting off her magnificent locks. Behind her was an open window, showing branches of vine swaying in a gentle breeze. Vases of flowers were about the room, and on the open piano stood my favourite song, *Who is Sylvia?* All about her betokened peaceful, womanly existence. My horrible doubts and conjectures vanished, and I was just about to make a passionate speech, when that fatal noose, partly concealed in the ample folds of her robe, caught my sight, and again chilled me.

'Eugenia,' I began, 'that there is some terrible secret connected with you, I am compelled to believe. But I cannot think it is anything disgraceful—anything that should prevent your becoming the wife of an honest man. Eugenia, be my wife! If the mystery that clings to you brings sorrow and trouble with it, let me share it. I have a sufficient fortune. If you prefer a life of seclusion, I will give up my profession, and we will retire to some quiet part of the world—anywhere you like.'

'I am not allowed to leave Germany; I am not allowed even to leave Stornheim. I am not allowed to marry. I told you so.'

'But why? You are over age. You have not joined any religious order?'

'No. I am undergoing a punishment.'

'A punishment! For what? What can you, so amiable, so gentle, have done, to merit such a death in life as you describe?'

'What I have done, the world calls a crime. I do not. I am ready to tell you the circumstances. I do not even ask you to keep it a secret. It is indifferent to me.'

That which follows was not told me at once, but in two conversations. But I give it as nearly as I can, in the form of a connected narrative, omitting the questions which I put from time to time.

#### CHAPTER II.—EUGENIA'S HISTORY.

I am an only child. My mother was by birth an Italian, but was brought to Germany at an early age, and married very young. Ever since I can recollect, there was a singular coldness in her manner to my father. For what reason I do not know, for he was one of the best of men. He appeared to worship her; and never, until one day, relaxed

in his efforts to win her affections. On the day to which I have alluded—when I was about eight years old—my mother seemed in a somewhat better temper; she was talking cheerfully, and looked up at my father with an unusual smile. He, delighted, bent over her, and taking her hand, kissed it warmly. She rose up fiercely, struck him with her clenched hand, and hurried from the room. My father, a man of unusual height and strength, staggered back some paces, and then stood as if turned to stone, his teeth set, his face rigid and white. He remained thus, with his eyes fixed on the ground, for some minutes, until I, thinking he was ill, went up to him and tried to reach his hand. He started, caught me up, and in a broken voice, called me his own Eugenia, his darling, the one comfort God had given him, again and again. From that day, we were nearly inseparable. He took the sole care of my education; and in order to lose as little as possible of my company, instructed me in all the athletic exercises possible to my sex and age. He made me an expert fencer and shot. I always rode with him to the chase; and accompanied him in long walks. But he was watchful for the first sign of fatigue; and our walks generally ended by his carrying me home.

Our country existence was, however, suddenly ended by a summons from the reigning Prince, who gave my father an appointment which compelled his residence in the capital. My mother was clearly nothing loath to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded her of appearing at all the court balls and receptions. Her great beauty attracted universal admiration, and she was pleased with the sensation she created, though she always preserved a cold and haughty manner. Her warmest admirer was an Oberst von Halden, a rival and political opponent of my father's. He was, moreover, jealous of my father's influence with the Prince, and tried to undermine him in every way. His admiration for my mother at last took the form of persecution. She could not move out of doors without his following her; and at every reception at our house he was present. My mother did not conceal her irritation and dislike of his attentions; and gave strict orders that he should not be admitted. He bribed our servants, no doubt, for he continued his visits. On one occasion I was surprised by hearing high voices in my mother's boudoir. I looked in, and saw her standing with one hand grasping the bell-rope, and the other signing him to leave the room. He looked confused and angry, and obeyed her imperious gesture, saying: 'You shall pay for your insolence, Madame, and that shortly.'

I afterwards learned that he set himself in the most deliberate manner to annoy and provoke my father, whose perfect command of temper for some time baffled him. At last, a gross insult, in the presence of a large party, left my father no alternative but a duel, the result of which was that my beloved parent fell, shot through the heart!

An unaccountable change in my mother's sentiments now occurred. Had she been the most affectionate of wives, instead of torturing her husband for years, she could not have shown more grief at his death. She raved, and conducted herself in such a manner, that it was thought unsafe to leave her alone; and a watch was set over her night and day for some time. At last she fell

into a settled melancholy, always repeating the words: 'Had I but had a son to avenge him!' One day I said to her: 'Mamma, I am but a girl; but I promise you I will avenge my father's death.' She changed towards me from that moment, and seemed to cling to me as my dear father had previously. She made me repeat my promise daily, and dwelt with delight on my words. She languished and died at the end of a year. Her last words to me were: 'Do not forget.'

### A WORD OR TWO ABOUT ROSE-BEES.

BY A YOUTHFUL OBSERVER.

HAVING seen in Professor Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera* for April 1875 some interesting remarks about Rose-bees, I decided to avail myself of any opportunity that offered itself for discovering the haunts of these interesting little creatures, that I might note their habits. Being at Silloth—a small watering-place on the south coast of the Solway—in the midsummer of the same year, and being unable to walk about, I was wont to sit on some sand-hills which overlook the sea, to inhale the invigorating breezes, and watch the cloud-shadows as they chased each other over the broad breast of the neighbouring Criffel. As I sat one day on these sand-hills, thus occupied, a peaceful calm filling the air, and all things silent but for the rippling of the waves and the merry ring of children's voices, my attention was arrested by the hum of a bee; and looking round, I was delighted to see one near me busily engaged in burrowing in the sand. Having always been interested in all kinds of natural history objects, and, by previous reading having obtained the knowledge that rose-bees build their nests in the sand, soil, and other places of like nature, I concluded that the wished-for opportunity had come; and upon closer observation, I found that there were several nests near the spot, in nearly every stage of construction, from the excavation of the hole to the filling up thereof with rose-leaves and pollen, and quite a colony of rose-bees at work. From that time the nests and bees were watched every day for fresh facts, and the following is the result of my observations.

If we follow the bee from the time of its nest-building in June, we find that the spot selected is free from the roots of grass and heather, which might interfere with its work. It settles down on an apparently suitable place—usually on a sloping part of a sand-hill, and on the side most sheltered from the weather—and begins to clear away the sand. It then scratches away the upper layer of sand, which is of course dry with the heat of the sun, and constructs a small hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter, burrowing exactly like a rabbit. Running into its tunnel, it gathers a small heap of sand, which it gradually moves outwards—itsself moving backwards—and finally pushes it back with its feet, till the sand forms a small conical hillock in front of the hole.

As soon as it has formed a tunnel about eight inches deep, it flies off in search of leaves. It does not confine itself to rose-leaves exclusively, but occasionally uses those of the laburnum, convolvulus, and French bean; though the rose-leaf is its favourite material, possibly owing to the serrations on their edges helping to bind them

together. A rose-tree in this instance was discovered about fifty yards from the burrows, where a number of the busy creatures were at work clipping away to their hearts' content. The bee does not take the whole leaf, but, hovering about till it finds one suitable, settles down and begins to cut. The pieces it cuts are of two different shapes—oblong pieces, about half an inch long and from a quarter to three-eighths of an inch broad, for the body of the cell; and small round pieces for the bottom and top. Having settled on the leaf, it begins to cut at the edge, and, with its right legs on one side and its left on the other, clips it in a curve of a parabolic or circular shape, according to its requirements. When cutting, it sometimes, though very seldom, crosses the midrib. To still maintain its balance when about to sever the leaf—as it is practically sawing off the end on which it is resting—its wings vibrate, and finally it flies off to its nest with the severed portion of the leaf curved up under its body, stopping often on its way to gather energy for a second flight.

Having arrived at its hole with its leaf, the bee draws it in, carefully arranging it, and with others—twelve in all, as I eventually found—forms the body of the cell. When it has got thus far in the construction of a cell, it flies in search of pollen and honey, which, converted into a paste, becomes the food of its future progeny. On this it lays an egg, and above all places the lid or lids—for it covers the egg with three separate circular pieces of rose-leaf; and in this fashion it builds seven or eight cells, the last so constructed that the lid fits exactly to the top of the cell. I took away some of these cells, and placed them in a greenhouse, to see if a new colony could be raised, but on looking a short time afterwards, I found, to my sorrow, that some snails had eaten them up, leaves, pollen and all.

One mysterious insect I have noticed hovering about the nests of these bees. It is like a rose-bee, but darker coloured, and about the same size. What is its duty? Is it a parasite? or is it an insect-pirate that comes to rob the bee of its honey or pollen? This seems the most reasonable conclusion; for it attacks the bee near the nest, flying back and forward over the holes until one arrives laden, when it pounces upon it, and a fierce struggle ensues. If the bee be laden with a piece of leaf only, the pirate speedily releases it, and lets it go into its hole; but if it be *not* laden with a rose-leaf, this assailant seizes the poor bee, throwing it upon its back, the struggle often lasting several minutes. The first impression of the observer is that it may be an ichneumon peculiar to these bees; but on scrutiny, this is found to be untenable; and as it cannot be its mate, the reasonable conclusion is that it is a robber, which steals its food from these bees when they are bringing the honey or pollen to their cells; and the fact that it always after actual seizure releases the bee without a struggle, when it finds it only laden with a rose-leaf, goes to confirm this conclusion.

Perhaps it would interest your readers to know how many pieces are required to form one cell. A cell was dissected, and found to consist of twelve parabolic pieces for the sides, one circular piece for the bottom, and three like it for the lid. Thus a bee has one hundred and twenty-eight



journeys to make for rose-leaves only, to build a nest of eight cells. How many more it must make for pollen and honey, can only be conjectured. The twelve parabolic pieces overlap each other again and again. Three form the cylindrical tube, or complete the circle; and the bee keeps on overlapping these first three with more pieces again and again, until it has got four times three in all, or has an average thickness equal to that of four times the thickness of a rose-leaf, presumably to make the cells sufficiently strong and impervious to moisture and the surrounding sand.

The rose-bees do not live in communities, but each makes its own separate burrow, often only a few inches apart from that of its neighbour; and though twenty or thirty bees may be seen upon one rose-tree, there is no hindrance to each and all getting what they require for the nests of their young. No strife disturbs, no envy troubles them. The only objects of their care and anxiety are their successors. Ever busy and anxious for the welfare of their offspring, they pursue their unwearying task till it is completed.

#### A TALK WITH A DETECTIVE.

A TALK with a detective is generally interesting, and often instructive. We have a very acute officer in the city, and from him I learned a little regarding the difficulty experienced in tracking criminals. Some years ago, an extensive forgery was reported to the police; and on the evening of the same day a serious burglary was carried out in a jeweller's premises in the city. There was not the slightest trace of the daring criminals. The detective department was in despair; and the usual outcry as to the inefficiency of the police began to make itself heard. The detective told off for the burglary chanced to obtain a slight trace of some of the missing property, suspicion having attached itself to the inmates of a certain house, owing to their lavish expenditure of money. Further inquiries only strengthened the suspicion; but although there was the strongest proof that the police were on the right trail, none of the jewellery or silver plate could be discovered. This was exasperating, more especially as the detective had been assured that the property was actually taken into that house. The officer went to the station very despondent, and sought to beguile his thoughts by reading a volume of Edgar Allan Poe's stories. He had got the length of 'The Missing Letter,' when he started up, blaming his own folly, and proceeded again to the suspected house. Acting on the suggestion of the tale, he determined, this time, not to look under carpets and into mysterious cavities, or to tear up hollow-sounding portions of the floor. Knowing now that the safest place to hide anything was where people would never think of looking—as in the case of the letter staring the searchers in the face from the mantel-piece—the detective, accompanied by another officer, went into the house; and there, outside one of the windows looking to the back-green, and attached by a strong cord to the lintel, they found a bag containing all the silver plate.

But there was no trace of the jewels, some of which were of great value. The officers had another look round, a little encouraged by their partial success. The main room was elegantly

furnished, the oriel window being gay with a rich parterre of flowers in handsome Satsuma ware vases. My informant went forward to the window, took hold of one of the plants, when it came away in his hand, revealing the fact that the earth in the pot did not reach the bottom of the vase. In a few minutes, the whole property was recovered from the several vases. An arrest and conviction followed, with a sentence of ten years' penal servitude to each of the ingenious thieves.

While the prisoners were awaiting their trial, one of them dropped a hint which rather enlightened a turnkey on the subject of the forgery, which, as above mentioned, had also happened on the same day as the theft. The detective was at once made aware of the information, which at first appeared insignificant. But this 'trifle light as air' proved important enough. The slight clue was followed up with relentless perseverance, with the result of bringing to light the fact that the forger had spent large sums of money in the very house where the burglars had been arrested. It was easy to get information from the inmates who had not been taken into custody. The detective at last became aware that the man he was in search of was betrothed to a young lady, the daughter of a very prominent citizen. Curiously enough, the crime had not got into the newspapers; while, on the other hand, the authorities had been heavily handicapped through the absence of any photograph of the criminal. The detective called upon the young lady, when he had assured himself of the absence of her parents, and asked her quietly to show him her album. With great self-possession, the girl brought the book, and looked steadily at her visitor's face; nor did she exhibit the slightest feeling when the detective, with a half-smile, congratulated her on being a clever woman, although he thought she might have been even more so, if she had filled up the page from which she had taken the photograph which had faced her own. He left the house with the conviction that while the girl knew of the whereabouts of her lover, she was a match for the cleverest of criminal officers. Let me tell the story in the detective's own words.

'As I went about, considerably annoyed at the way we had been checkmated, I saw the girl come out of a shop. Strolling in, I purchased a small article, and learned from the garrulous shopkeeper that he had just sold a large trunk. Here was a new phase. The young lady, it was generally admitted, had a great regard for the young man, and would very probably do all in her power to save him. Did she intend to leave the city? That was the point to be determined. I also learned, through proceedings which I am not called upon to explain, that the young lady had a private account at a bank in the city—not the one where the forgery had been committed—and took steps to ascertain her money transactions; when, to my infinite surprise, I was told that on the previous day she had withdrawn a sum of fifteen hundred pounds, explaining that she wished to place it in an investment of a private nature. But imagine my astonishment when I learned that on a certain day, about the time the forgery was committed, she had lodged nine hundred pounds—a hundred less than the sum obtained by the forger. I now resolved to set my knowledge and authority

against a woman's wits, not at all hopeful of the result.

"I met her in the street, where she affected not to recognise me. I followed; and when we came to a quieter thoroughfare, she turned, and at once addressed me by name. After some expressions of regret at the nature of my duties, I let her understand all I knew of the case, at the close giving a threat to the effect that I might be called upon to arrest her as an abettor in forgery. Even this did not affect her. Another thought struck me when I saw something white peeping from her hand-basket, and I bluntly asked her for the letter she had just received at the General Post-office. Without a pause, she handed me a letter bearing the post-mark of New York. We had suspected that the forger was in America; but inquiries at the post-office had satisfied me that no letters had been received addressed to the young lady, and I also knew that fear of her parents would prevent any communication between the parties. So, when I received this letter, my labours seemed about ended; for this being the first epistle, and the contemplated flight being taken into account, there was every reason to believe that the letter now in my possession simply meant the speedy capture of the forger. The girl bowed and passed on; but there was something approaching a smile on her face as she parted from me. The letter was bulky, and the envelope had a somewhat frayed appearance, as if it had fallen amongst water. "With breathless speed, like a soul in chase," I tore the envelope open, only to find every sheet of paper perfectly blank! I looked them over and over again, went to the office, and tried sympathetic inks, obtained a microscope—in short, made every effort to satisfy myself that I had not been duped. At last, I confessed that the girl had been too much for me.

"Fortunately for my peace of mind, I had not acquainted any of my colleagues with the slightest idea of my partial success, so that they had no occasion to rejoice at my discomfiture—a discomfiture bitter enough; for when I made inquiries the next day, I found that my bird had flown. I instantly hurried to Greenock—this was before the days of the Atlantic cable—only to see the large steamer sailing away to the West. A few months afterwards, I received a letter in a woman's hand, bearing the post-mark of a little township in the Rocky Mountains. This was all it contained: "You're a smart fellow, but no match for a loving woman. An old envelope full of blank paper is quite good enough for such as you. Had you been more civil, I might have taught you the art of re-gumming old love-letters!—Farewell. I am quite happy."

#### SAFETY APPLIANCES FOR SWIMMERS.

As the season approaches when thousands of inland people resort to the coast to spend a portion of the summer months, we generally hear a good deal said about the various appliances for protecting or saving the lives of those bathers who can't swim, but we seldom hear any proposals made in behalf of the bathers who *do* swim. Yet these latter form a class which are not by any means exempted from danger; and never a season passes without numerous instances of bathers swimming too far out and being unable to return,

or being seized with weakness or cramp, and going to the bottom like a stone before aid can reach them. Were swimmers in such emergencies supplied with some simple means of floatage till help should reach them, many a life might be saved that is otherwise lost. In order to meet this want, Mr R. H. Wallace-Dunlop, C.B., has patented what he calls 'swimming-plates,' which are manufactured by Mr R. J. Hammond, 78 Edgware Road, London. According to the illustrated pamphlet supplied to us, these swimming-plates consist of flat oval plates attached to the hands and feet, and their use is said to be easily learned. These plates are intended to give floating power, diving power, endurance, and speed to swimmers, and have, we believe, been much patronised in America. They enable an average swimmer to carry a considerable weight in water, and to swim at a greater speed; while the increased buoyancy which they afford enables weak swimmers to go long distances, or to lie motionless on the surface, without the constrained breathing of ordinary floating.

There exists, no doubt, amongst expert swimmers a prejudice against all kinds of artificial aids; but such a prejudice is essentially narrow and ill-founded. To insist that we should not add by scientific means to our natural powers of floatage or locomotion in swimming, is no more reasonable than if we were to hold that boots and shoes were not supplied us by nature, and should therefore be discarded in walking. Man is not naturally a *swimming* animal; the power is one that must be acquired. In dealing, therefore, with an accomplishment which is in its essentials artificial, it cannot surely be out of place to make use of artificial helps. But the chief argument for the use of such appliances is the increased safety which they afford; and whatever is qualified to diminish the painful catalogue of deaths by drowning which every summer brings us, is deserving of candid and unprejudiced consideration.

#### ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY KISS A ROSE.

May loving friends surround and cheer;  
May heaven bless and keep her safe  
From harm in every coming year.

I saw her tears fall softly down;  
I saw her stoop the Rose to kiss;  
Her hair was bright and soft and brown.

And was this Rose a lover's gift?  
And did it speak of faith and troth?  
Ah! shall I now the curtain lift?

O'ershadowed by that radiance mild,  
Behold, a little breathing frame,  
A fragile, pain-worn, workhouse child.

Her name is 'Rose'; and she is white,  
White as a faded lily-flower;  
But soon shall be an angel bright.

Over the low couch bent, I wist,  
Holding the little hand in hers—  
*This was the Rose the lady kissed.*

ELIZABETH GILES.

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## SPARROWDOM.

We all can sympathise with emigrants to distant colonies who would wish to see about them a number of animals with which they have been familiar at home. To this sentiment we trace the efforts of the Acclimatisation Societies, to whom thanks are on the whole due for their endeavours to meet a popular wish. Rivers in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand have thus been less or more stocked with Scotch salmon and trout; and some charming bird-songsters from northern climes are now enjoying themselves in the Antipodes. The inanimate world has even been drawn upon for a contribution to old-cherished feelings; the common wild daisy, the gowan of Scottish poetry, is now seen blooming in gardens many thousand miles from home.

As if everything that is good and praiseworthy were destined inadvertently to become a source of disquiet and regret, it has happened that some of the best meant efforts of the Acclimatisation Societies have become a subject of challenge. On a former occasion, we drew attention to the well-founded complaints of a settler in New Zealand regarding the pest of rabbits, an animal incautiously introduced into the colony, and which had increased in numbers to an enormous extent. Similar complaints still occasionally reach us through the newspapers concerning these four-footed depredators; though, as far as we can learn, by the use of precautions, and a stern persecution, the number of these creatures is materially checked. In a New Zealand Journal, the *Otago Times* for February 25 of the present year, we see a number of notices of the mischief produced by the incautious introduction of certain animals from England. Speaking of the wool produced in a particular district, it is stated that for the last season "the clip has been exceptionally good, a fact due in a great measure to the use of the poisoned oats. It is predicted that during the next winter the rabbits will be practically exterminated, when this part of New Zealand will again assert its superiority as a grazing country."

The meaning of this we assume to be, that the farmers, as a measure of protection, have been under the necessity of scattering about quantities of poisoned oats, with a view to destroy the rabbits which pollute or consume their grass. It is a stern and heart-rending necessity; for besides the loss of the oats, certain valuable birds may be destroyed. In another part of the same paper we read that "a settler is fencing round his pre-emptive with wire-netting to keep out the rabbits. When such an expense as that is incurred, it may well be imagined that bunny is pretty plentiful in the locality."

Much is said in the paper in question regarding the small-bird nuisance; and an Acclimatisation Society receives complaints of destruction to grain and turnip seed caused by greenfinches and sparrows; also, asking the Society to supply poison to destroy those birds, and to state what it purposed doing in the way of the removal of these birds from the country."

In the discussion which followed it was stated that this Society was not responsible for the sparrow plague; and that as to the greenfinches, their damage to grain or other crops was far exceeded by the destruction they effected amongst caterpillars, slugs, and insects generally during the greater portion of the year when there were no growing crops to eat. It was also mentioned that in the case of two greenfinches killed and examined in Canterbury, their crops were found to be full of seeds of the logweed, showing that therein at least they were useful; and it was further stated that prior to the introduction of small English birds, it was impossible to grow barley, owing to the ravages of caterpillars."

In acknowledging the correspondence, the Secretary was instructed to inform the writers that "This Society regrets exceedingly any losses in grain or other crops which settlers may suffer through the ravages of greenfinches and house-sparrows, and that the Governor has removed the protection of the law from these birds, so that farmers are now at liberty to destroy them."

In another paragraph the following information

is afforded. A gentleman addressing a meeting of the Otago Institute 'admitted that the Acclimatisation Society had made serious mistakes in the introduction of some birds. From personal knowledge, he could say that at the beginning of this year a field of oats had been literally stripped by birds, and the settler had in pure self-defence to lay poison for them. He thought no one could blame the settler for what he had done; but he regretted to say that the consequence was that with the others, a considerable number of valuable birds, such as partridges and pheasants, had been destroyed. The way in which birds spread over the country was very remarkable. Sparrows which had been introduced in Christchurch, were now as far down as Look-out Point, where they could be seen in large numbers.'

As to the history and acclimatisation of sparrows some amusing particulars might be stated. The sparrow is mentioned in the earliest writings, not however, as a valuable bird, but as one familiarly known to everybody. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' The remarkable thing about the animal is its audacity and determination of character. Wherever it goes, it insists within its sphere of trying to take the upper hand. Like the house-fly, it will thrive almost in any climate, is not dainty in feeding, nor does it find any difficulty in making good its quarters wherever it pleases to settle. Its impertinence improves by cultivation. The London sparrow, for example, is usually more resolute and provoking than the sparrows of a country district. Every part of Great Britain may be said to have its own sparrow population, which keeps its ground against all intruders. By people generally, sparrows are not much noticed; they are allowed pretty much to do as they like. You see them twittering on the house-tops, or squabbling among themselves for stray crumbs, that happen to be scattered about the roads or streets. The striking peculiarity in their conduct is, the exclusion of other small birds from any windfall in the way of food. Wherever he struts, the sparrow looks upon himself as master. Other birds are only endured, or tolerated flying about in swarms. Varieties of small birds contrive to keep aloof from sparrowdom, and in the midst of the multiplicity of fields, woods, and picturesque recesses, have not serious cause to accuse the sparrow of hostility.

Appreciated for his industry in clearing trees of small caterpillars and insects, it is not surprising that Acclimatisation Societies should have desired to make the sparrow one of their choice importations. It was a sentimental and natural desire, but a little heedless. Importers were probably not aware that they were creating a source of ornithological discussion, and that there might be some awkward consequences. Introducing sparrows was equivalent to naturalising a class of animals that would tyrannise over every feathered creature of like, if not greater dimensions. Such, we have been told, was the case at New York. The sparrows being installed in the public parks, speedily, as they increased in num-

bers, drove all before them. Not that the sparrow has the formidable appearance or character of a rapacious bird; he has not the characteristics of the *raptors*; he has neither a hooked beak nor talons; on the contrary, he has a sleek, plump, aldermanic look; yet observed closely, he has formidable means of annoyance. He stands well upon his short legs; his plumage will undergo any kind of tussling without particular derangement; he is alert in his movements; his courage is equal to any occasion he may encounter; and he possesses a formidable weapon in his short stumpy bill. Believing that he is entitled to rule the roost in the small-bird creation, he arrives in his new foreign quarters ready for anything. He has come to conquer a new country. Let loose to survey the field of conquest, he views, we may suppose, with contempt the numerous pretty birds decorated in flashy colours with red head and bill, green breast and yellow tail. Though singularly beautiful, the Tanager is nothing in his estimation. His doctrine is war to the knife; the field must be his own; and it usually becomes so. The truth is, the sparrow is a guzzling little fellow, and much of his warlike spirit is due to an impulse originating in the stomach. We can conceive that he has no craving for the mere glory of fighting, but of securing all the food he can lay hold of. Hence, whether encouraged as a scavenger or as a scourge of insects, he will allow of no rival; and, generally speaking, other small birds get out of his way and let him alone. With this knowledge of the animal, we are not the least surprised that the sparrows introduced at Christchurch, New Zealand, have spread abroad in the neighbourhood, and are now to be seen in large numbers.

Admitting the intrusive and domineering character of the sparrow, there is another side to the question, which in fairness ought not to be forgotten. The sparrow is, on the whole, a friend to man, and you might almost say a companion. Though pert, he is more useful than mischievous. In winter, when snow covers the fields and roadways, he is put to his shifts, and deserves our compassion. It is a small duty incumbent on every one to throw out any waste food which will keep him alive at such an inclement season. This is a duty at least that we have always a pleasure in fulfilling; and are rewarded by the pleasure of seeing innocent creatures made happy. In France, we have been shocked by the scandalous manner in which sparrows and other small birds are recklessly destroyed; and for which cruelty, that country is suffering, in many respects, from a pest of insects. Outrages of this kind on Nature never pass unrevenged.

W. C.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XXV.—OLD FRIENDS.

MONTHS, several months, had come and gone since the cold winter evening when Bertram Oakley, a suppliant at the Yard gate of Mervyn & Co., had been repulsed by 'Salt-water Joe,' the dogged door-keeper, and had fallen, fainting, on the hard-frozen road beyond, to be observed there, fortunately, by Mr Mervyn's nephew and partner, Mr

Arthur Lynn. Times were changed now, for Bertram. Joe, the gruff nautical Cerberus at the gate, would almost as soon have thought of excluding 'the Commodore' himself, as this bright, sweet-tempered young fellow, whom nobody called 'Oakley' or 'Mr Oakley,' but who was everybody's 'Mr Bertram.' Never before had any recruit, whether, with hammer and adze, he took his place among the sturdy privates, or whether he plied a quill or handled a measuring-rule among the warrant or non-commissioned officers, so won the liking and esteem of all, as did this unfriended lad, out of far-off Somersetshire, who had once lain, half-dead, outside the walled-in inclosures.

Arthur Lynn had told his uncle, that Saturday night, of his encounter with Bertram at the gate; and when the young man, with new colour in his thin cheek, and new brightness in his eye, came on the Monday to present himself at the counting-house of Mervyn & Co., he found himself at once in presence of those who desired to be his friends as well as his patrons. There are philosophers who tell us that prosperity is harder to bear than adversity; that the traveller who hugs his mantle around him in rain and storm, will let it drop from his shoulders when the sun shines. But Bertram's nature, in its straightforward honesty, was proof against the petty frailties that infest meaner minds. His frank gratitude towards his new employers showed itself in deeds, not in words; and tough old master-shipwrights, not easily stirred to encomiums, and experienced clerks, reported that Bertram Oakley was worth, not his salt merely, but that of half a score of ordinary neophytes. The young man had a salary now, which, if not high, was ample for his modest wants, lived in respectable lodgings near his work, and was regarded as the most rising subordinate of Mervyn & Co.

Do good looks help us in this world? It is a question which has often been asked, and variously replied to. Even where womankind are concerned, there is no certainty. The pretty, silly girl withers on the stem, like a faded rose, while the plain sensible sister has a home and husband of her own. A fair face often spoils a man's fortune, makes him a coxcomb and an idler, causes him to offend the opposite sex and his own through the fatuity of his self-love, and lands him at last a hopeless failure in the Great Arena. But to such a one as Bertram, good as gold, true as steel, a handsome face is a passport; and his utter freedom from vanity, and the noble simplicity of his character, helped to make him popular. There had been clerks before his time who were liked by clerks and overlookers; and others who were well thought of by the rough wrights who thundered with mallet and hammer on the sides of the growing ship; but never one who was so much a favourite with the patricians of the glazed counting-houses and the brawny plebs of the slips.

Bertram had leisure now, and set aside much of it, gladly, for reading. He loved books; and Mr Mervyn had given him access to those wired bookcases, the contents of which had attracted his longing eyes at a time when he had no more reasonable prospect of poring over the literary treasures there engaged, than gaping country-folks who are shown the sights of the Tower have of becoming the temporary possessors of the Crown jewels. And Bertram drew, not enjoyment only, but profit from what he read. It needs a special faculty to sift the dross from the gold, to winnow the good grain from the flimsy chaff; and this attribute the young man possessed, as surely as the bee can extract honey from the flowers on which he alights. But this comparative prosperity had not made Bertram unmindful of former friends; and he took the opportunity of a day on which his services were not required, to pay a visit to Dr Denham's daughters in Lower Minden Street. It was again the joyous season of the spring-tide, that bright, blithesome spring, which Bertram, as he plodded on weary feet among the purlieus of the Docks, had scarcely hoped to see once more. How had times changed with him since the frosty day on which he had wandered, forlorn and homeless, through the stale, unlovely streets of the Far East! It all seemed like a bad dream, that had passed away at cock-crow, that series of futile offers and harsh refusals, the flicker of reviving hope, the death-like chill of persistent failure. All that was over now. Bertram, as he turned the corner of Lower Minden Street, looked down at the sleeve of his coat, and smiled as he remembered how often he had hesitated to set his face that way, dreading lest Mrs Conkling the landlady should imbrue an unreasonable prejudice against her inmates, on account of the shabby attire of their only male visitor. But now the case was different.

'I am very glad to see you, very glad, and the more so, that I am so seldom at home,' said Louisa Denham, as she shook the young man's hand, in her scrumpy parlour.

'Yon and I are both, no doubt, very busy, Miss Denham,' answered Bertram, as he looked around him. The little parlour seemed unchanged; save in one important respect, was the same as when he had last seen it. There were flowers in the narrow window, gloomy, but for the colour and gloss of their bright petals and green leaves; but there was no sweet young face, crowned with golden hair.

'Yes; I miss my sister—I miss dear Rose—very much,' said Louisa, divining his thoughts. 'We had never been separated before; but— Well, Mr Oakley, it is all for the best, I am sure; and it would have been very, very dull for dear Rose, had she stayed always in this dull little bit of a room, while I went round from pupil to pupil and from piano to piano; for, I am thankful to say, that my kind friends of Miss Midgham's procuring have found me plenty to do in the



teaching way.—Yet a few years,' the brave little woman added, with well-feigned cheerfulness, 'and, if Rose does not marry, Rose and I will be together again.'

Why, at the very natural suggestion that Rose Denham, in the very dawn and flush of graceful girlhood, might marry, 'some day,' Bertram should feel a thrill of surprise and almost of indignation run through every nerve and pulse, the young man himself would have been puzzled to explain. Perhaps he had been so used to picture Rose as always and permanently under the care of her helpful elder sister, that the notion of the fortunes of the two being sundered, even for a time, struck upon him as something extraordinary and unnatural. He muttered some commonplace answer; but again Miss Denham answered his thoughts rather than his words. 'You are surprised, Mr Oakley, that we two, loving each other as we do, and otherwise so utterly alone in the world as we are, should have parted. So should I have felt, but for the necessity of the case. Fifty pounds a year is not much, you know, for two of us; and with all our economy, one, or both, must work; and how could I do my duty to my pupils and their parents while my mind was haunted by the image of my darling child, pining, moping here, like a neglected bird! And then Rose fretted herself because she earned nothing; and her poor, pretty sketches, and her embroidery, could find no sale in shop or bazaar. She has pupils of her own now—young children, with whom she will not, at anyrate, wither away in forgetfulness of her own youth. It is better as it is. But you will think me very selfish, Mr Oakley.—And now I must talk about you. What have you done?'

Bertram's simple story was soon told. More than once, as he told it, he saw Miss Denham's eyes glisten, and noted the keen attention with which she hearkened to his narrative.

'That is fine—that is grand! I shall always honour Mr Mervyn's name for that. And I am so glad, for your sake, Mr Bertram. I wish I had been a man!'

How often do we hear that wish, stereotyped on feminine lips in all climes and ages, and the meaning of which is so various! With some, it implies ambition; with others, a restless impatience of the restraints and proprieties which hedge in women more straitly than they do us; while in Louisa's case it merely meant a guileless wish that she were able to make money faster, so as to get her beloved sister beneath her own protecting wing again, but in a home brighter and better than Lower Minden Street could afford.

'Rose is at Southampton—near Southampton, rather,' Miss Denham explained; 'for Mr and Mrs Denshire, whose children she teaches, live at Shirley Common, a mile or two from the town. They are kind people, so that my darling has begun her career as governess—nursery governess, under good auspices. She writes me word that

she is well and happy, Mr Oakley; and she writes to me often, and sees me in her dreams, she says, poor child! She left me but seven weeks ago; so it is no wonder if I miss her still, and find myself lonely in the evening. In the daytime, luckily, I have not much time for thought.'

Louisa Denham had not much more to relate. Hers was a life useful indeed, but uneventful. Of her only near relative, with the exception of Rose, her sister, she had seen nothing and heard little. Twice, in the summer of the preceding year, she had observed the name of Walter Denham at the tag-end of the long list of guests at some princely entertainment; whether at Macbeth House or Mandeville House, matters little. And once a lady whose daughters she taught, and who knew her history, had mentioned 'Uncle Walter' as a popular member of society at Nice; but even then as about to start for Rome and Naples, after the unstable fashion of such rolling stones.

'No; he never writes,' said Miss Denham, in reply to Bertram's questioning. 'We have had no further communication with him since he and his legal advisers pounced upon whatever could be seized in our unlucky home in Harley Street. But Sowerby and French I did see—at least one of them—thinking, for Rose's sake, I was bound, at the risk of being fussy and litigious, to make sure that there was lawful warrant for what had been done. It was all too certain. Mr Sowerby was polite, and gave me every facility for ascertaining the truth; but the oddest thing was, Mr Oakley, that I left Lincoln's Inn thinking better of the lawyers, and worse of their client, than before. It seemed to me as if the solicitors were not much more than puppets in the hands of that bold, bad man; that they did not know whether he were really rich, or as poor as he pretends to be; and as if they were half afraid of him. I daresay you consider me a soured, suspicious old maid.'

'No, dear Miss Denham,' answered Bertram thoughtfully. 'Your opinion of the gentleman we speak of coincides, somehow, with my own.' He hesitated as to whether he should mention the disreputable betting-man whom he had found, stunned and bleeding in a ditch, now a year ago; and his allusions to the Bank at Dulchester and to some nameless enemy; but he decided in the negative. After all, it was improbable that he should ever see Nat Lee again; and what of real consequence could the vagabond have to tell?

'May I come now and then to see you?' Bertram asked at parting.

Miss Denham would always, she said, be glad when Bertram could spare her the time for a call in Lower Minden Street. She had no idea of housing herself elsewhere, at least for some time to come. 'Mrs Conkling is a good woman,' she said; 'and I like Rose to remember me here, in this wee place.'

Bertram went from Lower Minden Street direct

to the Old Sanctuary. The cobbler-landlord was pleased to see him; and so were the few birds that knew their former acquaintance, and had survived the killing frosts of the rigorous winter. And there was the sturdy vine, whose powers of hibernation Bertram had half envied, rejoicing in its dull way, in the new-born life of the awakened year, and putting forth a coy leaflet, which had hitherto escaped the mischievous fingers of contigous children, and which, to Bertram's fancy, seemed a characteristic though silent greeting to himself. But the clear-starchers, mother and daughter, were not there. 'Gone away, afore Easter, somewheres Lambeth-way—they'd relations somewheres over the water, Lambeth-way,' said Mr Browse. Nor was the man of leather enthusiastic when Bertram, in a glow, related to him the episode of the lump of cake.

'Yes, yes; a tidyish lot—didn't owe me nothing,' was his grudging comment; for Mr Browse was a woman-hater as well as a bachelor. Then glancing askance at Bertram's new coat and the smooth nap of his hat, 'Quite the gentleman now,' he said gruffly. 'It's too quick, my lad, too quick to last. Light come, you know, light go. The luck can't be all one way.' By which expressions, Bertram's ex-landlord probably meant to re-echo the old pagan superstition which bade men eschew the company of the over-fortunate.

(To be continued.)

# 'SENTRY-GO' IN FRANCE.

STRICER observance of orders is at all times imperative on the part of the soldier, and all departures from the rules laid down are deserving of censure and punishment. Yet at times this may place the private soldier on sentry-duty in the most awkward predicaments. The accidental forgetting of the necessary password on the part of an officer wishing to pass, may entail upon the sentry the displeasure of his superior by a refusal; while a breach of orders would place him in jeopardy of his liberty, or even endanger his life. Perhaps in no European army are the duties of sentries so strictly enforced, and departures from the rules so severely punished, as in the French army. As an instance of this: just after the Franco-Prussian war, the Adjutant-major of a certain *corps d'infanterie*, in order to test a new sentry, who had been placed upon a responsible post, approached, and affecting to have forgotten the word, at length, by means of threats, prevailed on the ignorant soldier to allow him to pass without giving the word. This he immediately reported; the result being that the poor young fellow was sentenced to be shot; this decision fortunately being commuted to banishment to Algeria, by influence brought to bear from high quarters.

This Adjutant-major at length met with a well-merited rebuff, as the following narrative—the dialogue of which we give in English—shows. Finding a newly joined man placed on a similar duty, he determined to repeat his former experi-

ment. Fortunately, however, the sentry had already been warned by his comrades, and was resolved not to be outwitted. As the night wore on, he observed the officer approaching alone, lantern in hand, and at once challenged: 'Who goes there?'

'Officer of the guard!' at once came the response.

'Approach to the word, officer of the guard,' continued the sentry.

The officer approaching, said: 'I have forgotten the word, and you must let me finish my round without it.'

But forewarned, the only reply made by the sentry was: 'The word! Stand back, or I fire.'

'I have forgotten the word, I tell you,' persisted the officer.

'Can't pass without the word,' was the only answer made by the sentry, as he kept him at bayonet's point.

'You know me perfectly,' insisted the officer in a tone of chagrin. 'I am your officer—your Adjutant.'

'I don't know you. Keep back, or I fire,' was the only reply vouchsafed him.

'You dare not fire on your superior; and as it is, I will have you severely punished for thus detaining me from my duty.' So saying, the officer seized hold of the bayonet, and endeavoured to force his way past.

The sentry once again shouting, 'Stand back!' drew away his bayonet, and made as if to charge the officer.

Stepping back, the officer drew his sword, and came on again, but was instantly disarmed by the sentry. Seizing hold of the muzzle of the rifle, he next endeavoured to wrest it from the sentry's grasp. The sentry being new to the corps, and knowing perfectly who his opponent was, refrained from firing, not knowing what the consequences might be of firing on his superior, even though the pass had been refused. In the struggle, however, the rifle went off, and the bullet whizzed past the officer's ear, carrying with it a piece of his head-dress. Half-stunned, and utterly confused by this unexpected turn of affairs, the officer lost his presence of mind, and actually took to his heels; and without reflecting on the probable consequences of his act, he reported the fact of his being fired on by the sentry, who was immediately marched off to the guard-room a prisoner.

Next morning, a court-martial was convened; and the sentry, after having been charged with firing on his superior, was asked what defence he had to make. In a few simple words, he explained that he had been placed on duty at a certain spot, with strict orders not to allow any one to pass without giving the countersign; that an officer, whom he now recognised to be the Adjutant, had endeavoured to force past without giving the word, and on being prevented, had seized his rifle, which had gone off by accident.

The Adjutant-major, on being interrogated, could not but admit the truth of this statement; and the Colonel, a severe but just disciplinarian, amid the cheers of those present, gave judgment as follows: 'The Adjutant will remain in his quarters during the next eight days, having unnecessarily endeavoured to cause a private to perform a breach of duty. The name of Private D—— will be entered on the *ordres du jour*, and remain there during the same period.'

This was equivalent to eight days' imprisonment for the officer, and to the highest praise given to privates; the entry in the *ordres du jour* being read to the assembled regiment at each morning parade as follows: 'Monsieur le Colonel compliments Private D—— on the zealous performance of duty under the most trying circumstances.'

This public rebuke to the officer had a salutary effect. However, to his credit be it said, he never attempted in any way to molest the sentry for his share in the affair.

Numberless amusing instances might be related of the fix officers occasionally find themselves in by forgetting the password. Two sentries were mounting guard inside the walls of the prison at F——, one at each angle, with strict orders to detain any one attempting to pass without giving the sign. The Lieutenant on his round of inspection passed the first sentry, giving the word correctly enough. When half-way between the sentries, a sound on the outside of the wall attracted his attention, and whilst endeavouring to investigate the matter, the word quite slipped his memory. Finding his suspicious groundless, he approached the second sentry, and was again challenged; but in spite of his utmost endeavours, he could not remember the word. 'Can't pass without the word,' was all the reply given him. Returning to the first sentry, he was challenged as before, but as he could not give the word, was not allowed to pass him either. No entreaties could prevail. The sentries, not knowing but that he was testing them, and rather enjoying the joke, if the truth must be told, proved obdurate to all persuasion. Here then he was kept all night between the two, shivering and cold, till the gray dawn appeared, when he was relieved by the change of guard.

It is usual in France, when quartered in provincial towns, for the Colonel of a regiment to post a sentry before his door, with orders not to admit any person without a special password. This is mainly to prevent his being disturbed by the trivial complaints of the civic dignitaries. It so happened that the Colonel himself returned very late one night from a concert, and discovered, to his dismay, on being challenged, that he did not know the pass. He endeavoured to gain admittance to his own house, but in vain; the sentry was not to be moved; and although he recognised his Colonel well enough, he knew his duty better than to allow even him to pass without

the word. Away the Colonel had to go to the nearest guard-room and get the word there, before he might go to bed. He enjoyed a hearty laugh at his own discomfiture, and highly commended the sentry—who was secretly quaking—for his unwavering devotion to duty.

Just at the termination of the last French war, the sentries placed on guard over the various prisons had rather a lively time of it. In many towns containing a large criminal population, they were often shockingly maltreated, or even murdered. The reflections of sentries thus placed, especially if young or newly enlisted, must be anything but pleasant. Each time a spot is approached which may conceal a lurker, he knows not but that he may be struck down by some cowardly blow; and as the long, dark silent night creeps on with lagging steps, its depressing influence, combined with the feeling engendered by the uncomfortable pressure of his accoutrements, all tend to produce an unnatural state of nervous excitement. Even the most brave and reckless spirits of a regiment hate and dread this duty. Place them in any position of imminent peril where the danger is seen and known, and they care not a straw; but this unknown, unseen danger causes even the stoutest heart to shrink. A good story is told of a new sentry placed on this undesirable post. News had been received of an attempted escape on the part of some prisoners in a neighbouring jail, and the orders were doubly strict. He paced up and down on his beat, using his eyes and ears to the best advantage. Time wore on, and there was nothing seen or heard to excite suspicion, and he began to be less careful to note all that was passing. For a moment he paused, thoughtfully; but rousing himself, he lifted his eyes, and saw, away up on the prison wall, some white object moving, as it seemed to his excited imagination, towards the ground. He watched it attentively for a moment or two in the dim uncertain light, and observing that it continued to move, challenged at once: 'Qui vive?' No reply came to the summons, but still the movement continued. He challenged again and again, and receiving no answer, was convinced that a prisoner was attempting to escape. Levelling his rifle, he took steady aim, and fired; on which the object disappeared for a moment, but soon reappeared. The Guard immediately turned out, to find the cause of the alarm. Upon being interrogated, the sentry explained, that having observed a prisoner escaping, and receiving no answer to his challenge, he had fired at him.

The officer in charge also perceived the moving object, and proceeding at once to the prison, turned out the jailer, and entered the cell only to find it empty, and not in use at all. On further investigation, however, they found a prisoner's blouse hanging just below the window. It appeared that the owner, having got wet during the day, had hung it up to dry, from the cell below, on a projecting nail, taking advantage, as he fondly hoped, of the friendly cover of darkness. It augured ill for the safety of any prisoner who might have been in it, that when examined, a bullet-hole was found right through the centre.

This formed fine laughing matter to the jailers and the military, between whom there was but very little love lost; and the poor sentry got anything but commendation for his zealous performance of duty.

## SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

### DAFT BAUBIE.

From time immemorial there has existed in nearly every Scottish village or hamlet some poor creature partly or altogether insane—one who is looked upon as an institution of the place. In the village in which many years ago I resided, we seemed to have had something more than the average share of 'daft folk'; but the one who clings closest to my memory is Barbara —, or 'Daft Baubie,' as she was invariably called. Even so far back as I can recollect, Baubie was an old woman, but still erect, and capable of exertions that would have tried many men, and left most women, twenty years her juniors, hopelessly behind. She was somewhat above the medium height, rather spare than otherwise, with features that in her youth may have been pleasing, but which were now strongly marked, and bronzed by exposure to the sun. There were many stories current among the younger villagers to account for her insanity, one story holding that she went mad for love, the other that she was driven mad by religious fervour. The older portion of the community, however, was well aware that Baubie's disease was hereditary, and had come to her from generations of ancestors who had been afflicted in a greater or less degree than herself. At this distance of time, I am unable to say whether the paroxysms of her disease followed each other at any certain intervals; but I recollect that, in her same intervals—extending to weeks, or perhaps months at a time—she was invisible, being confined to her house, where she lived with two bachelor brothers, both of whom, like herself, were well stricken in years.

It was a thatched building of a single story, but from its great length and breadth, capable of accommodating, even comfortably, a much larger family than Baubie and her brothers. On opening the one door facing the street, you were at once confronted by the *hallan*—a wooden partition running to the right, and forming a lobby of some length, while it served at the same time to insure privacy, and to add to the comfort of the inmates assembled round the kitchen fire. I can only recollect being once fairly inside this house, with leisure to note its peculiarities, and this was some years after the time of which I now write; for it was a question of daring among us of the younger fry as to who should, on the occasions of Baubie's seclusion, penetrate farthest into the interior and remain there the greatest length of time. There was in these attempts a spice of danger; for with Baubie, even at her best, no time was lost in choosing her weapon, and whatever came to hand did duty as a missile, not always in a futile way, the moment she became aware of the presence of an intruder. Notwithstanding this, we were sufficiently well acquainted with the peculiarities of the lobby and *hallan*, the latter of which sustained a col-

lection of articles more varied and heterogeneous, I believe, than was ever elsewhere displayed on a surface of the same extent. Nails had been driven into the boards in every spot where a nail could possibly be inserted, and on these were hung the various articles of this curious museum.

Exactly opposite the door there had been originally cut in the *hallan* an opening of about a foot square, which had been covered by a sliding panel; this opening having been intended as a means of easy communication with persons whose business required only an answer at the door; but it no longer served the purpose for which it had been intended. Its panel was securely fastened, and served to support a huge wooden platter known in Scotland as a 'treen truncheon,' or in other words, a wooden trencher. Above this was hung another vessel of the same kind, but smaller in size; while below it, of all things in the world, was suspended the wheel of a barrow which had been cut out of a solid piece of timber. On a row of nails driven into the *hallan* at its greatest height, and extending along its whole length, hung strings of egg-shells, which strings bore specimens of the eggs of every bird found in the district, from the peahen and goose to the wren and titmouse, besides those of some birds which had not been seen there for many generations—such as the eagle, the wild swan, and the ptarmigan. It may be doubted whether even Baubie's brothers could have named the collector, as it is certain they were altogether ignorant of the completeness, curiosity, and value of this great oological collection. Filling up the spaces between were many sea-shells, but these were, comparatively speaking, neither curious nor rare. In several places, and so fixed as partially to obstruct the passage, hung large bundles of carded wool, which had probably been long ago prepared for the spinning-wheel by the mother of those who now lived here. There were also parcels of herbs, wrapped, like the wool, in stout paper, and ready to drop into dust at a touch. There were heads of hoes and other gardening and field implements, besides scores of other things useful and useless. These, like everything else in the house, Baubie and her brothers included, were browned by 'peat-reek,' and tarnished by the tear and wear of time.

As I have already said, I do not know whether the paroxysms of Baubie's disease followed each other with anything like regularity; but it was customary to hear the remark, 'Baubie's in her tantrums again,' which indicated that the term of her seclusion was over; and forthwith she was to be met at all hours of the day, and often far into the night, either in the village street or somewhere in its immediate neighbourhood. Wherever or whenever met, her talk was incessant, and her anxiety to be somewhere else irrepresible. Her conversation, if conversation it could be called, commenced as soon as she came within hearing of the person addressed, and was continued for a minute or two with great volubility at the point of meeting; and then, as she passed onwards, urged by her restless desire to be on the move, the babblement only ended when the somewhat shrill tones of her voice could no longer in the distance, be resolved into words. But still her talk went on to imaginary hearers, whose loves and hates and works and ways were either forgotten or had been long since buried in the dust. Now and again, her

shrill voice would be raised in song or psalm, paraphrase or hymn; and the rapidity with which the chorus of some humorous old Scottish song was tacked on to a verse of Sternhold and Hopkins, might have seemed blasphemous, as it was certainly grotesque, had not the mental condition of the poor creature excused her aberrations.

Although sometimes irritated to the point of being dangerous, by grown or half-grown persons, it was remarked that Baubie's good temper in the presence of children was unfailing. Indeed, it was pleasant to observe the abounding glee with which she would pour forth to a group of children the stores of her incoherent memory. Nursery rhymes, songs, and fairy tales, confusedly jumbled with psalms, hymns, and passages of Scripture, were repeated with a volubility and vehemence that bore down all obstacles, and doubtless gave as much pleasure to her round-eyed audience as they certainly did to herself.

Baubie's great season, however, in which she never failed to be out and about, was that portion of the summer that was devoted to the 'castin' o' the peats.' In this rural employment of digging and stacking peat, which although somewhat laborious, is usually carried on with as much merriment as haymaking itself, Baubie took great delight; and her appearance on the 'moss' was as regular as that of the season. To whomsoever she offered her services—and no one ever thought of refusing them when offered—she gave at least full value for the food and wages she received. During the time this labour lasted, no irritation, no sudden change of mood, prevented her from doing faithfully and well that portion selected by herself as her own share; while any interference on the part of her co-workers, even in the way of kindly and well-meaning help, was fiercely resented and promptly put down. Meanwhile, a stream of talk was kept up, diversified only by scraps of secular and sacred song, as incessant and voluble as if she had no other business on hand. As in the case of any one who at all times and at all seasons gives utterance to whatever comes uppermost, Baubie's constant and unlooked-for breaks into the conversation of others were at times, from their startling appositeness, the cause of much mirth as well as surprise. Oftener, indeed, the point of Baubie's interruption lay in a species of malicious innuendo that from any one else would not have been tolerated, but from her could only be borne with whatever show of grace the victim could summon to his aid. In this connection, it was very curious to note what a keen recollection Baubie had retained of the scandal of bygone days, and with what an amount of critical skill she could at times contrive to turn this knowledge to account. Any man who had been guilty of an indiscretion dating back even as far as thirty or forty years, was obliged, in pure self-defence, so long as the 'peat-castin' lasted, to be on his good behaviour with Baubie.

Time wore on, and in the summer of 18—, Baubie made her customary appearance at the 'castin' o' the peats' among the workers of the village. It was observed that, although still energetic, willing, and voluble, she had aged visibly; and that her locks, never very carefully combed, were this year scantier and whiter than they had been even one short year before. It was also, observed that her irritability was greater

than formerly, and that on one or two evenings when returning homewards, she had complained of being tired, a thing that never had occurred before. No one, however, paid much attention to these signs of change, and things went on very much as usual, until within a day or two of the season's work being finished, when Baubie's self-control seemed to have fairly broken down, and her sudden and causeless outbursts of temper became violent and frequent. On the eve of the day when this labour for the year at the peats was ended, and following a time of great excitement, Baubie, after starting homewards with her fellow-labourers, declared her intention of going no farther until she had rested. As the village lay little more than two miles from where this resolution was come to, and there were still at least two hours of daylight, no one thought it prudent to offer counsel which might only excite her without having the desired effect. Baubie therefore seated herself on a tuft of rushes, and called to one of her companions to come and sit down beside her 'and she would sing him a sang he had not heard for thirty years.' But the company passed on, and left Baubie singing by herself, in a loud shrill voice, the following scrap of an old Scottish ballad, that sounded far across the moor:

As I was walking all alone,  
I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the tither did say:  
'Where sall we gang to dine to-day?'

'In behind yon auld fail dyke,  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naeboddy kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk and his hounds and his ladye fair.'

On the following morning, Baubie was absent from her accustomed place on the peat-moss; but as this was the last day, she was not much missed, and little notice was taken of her absence. 'Oh, she'll be in ane o' her tantrums,' was probably all that passed in relation to it. In the afternoon, however, one of her brothers made his appearance with the information that on the previous night Baubie had never come home. This was the first time that she had been for a whole night from under the shelter of their own roof. The news was at once passed along the whole line of peat-cutters, and a consultation was held among the seniors, by whom it was resolved at once to institute a search. No time was lost: orders were given, parties organised, and the search began at once. But the difficulties in the way were great; the moor was of great extent; nor was there evidence to show that the poor creature might not have taken any other direction, as well as that which would lead her back to the trackless and treacherous moss. When night closed in, and the searchers met at the place of rendezvous, no trace of Baubie had been discovered. Next day, the entire available population of the village—indeed, of almost the whole district—was engaged in the search with the same result, failure. On the third day, it was determined to confine the operations entirely to the moss, and to make the search of that as thorough as possible. During the course of that day, Baubie was found, alive and conscious, not very far from the spot where she had been last seen. She had not fallen a victim to the treacherous character of the peat-bog through which she



had wandered, but had evidently been stricken down by some sudden ailment.

She was very quiet now; the restless gleam of madness had left her eyes; her only words were: 'Take me to my mother.' The troubles of her stormy existence for nearly fifty years had altogether faded from her memory, and she was now only conscious of the younger, fairer, and happier portion of her life. She was carried home very tenderly. The news of her coming had preceded her arrival, and kindly hands had made every preparation, much needed in the miserable dwelling. When laid on her bed, she gazed round on the well-known neighbours who stood by, with looks that gave no sign of recognition. 'Mother?' she murmured, and listened as if for an answer. For some time she lay perfectly still. At length she raised herself to a sitting posture, heaved a deep sigh, and said: 'Oh, but she's lang, lang o' comin'. I maun gang and seek my mother!' She fell back very gently on her pillow, and departed on her quest!

### THE STRANGE STORY OF EUGENIA.

#### CHAPTER III.—EUGENIA'S HISTORY—*continued*.

LEFT an orphan in this cruel way at the age of sixteen, I became at once an object of the utmost interest in Blankenwald. The Prince and Princess immediately transferred to me the friendship they had shown my parents. A place near the person of the Princess, and apartments in the palace, were assigned me. I became the pet and plaything of the whole Court.

When I arrived at the age of eighteen, they busied themselves to find me a suitable husband, and proposed as the most eligible, Graf Albert von Oberthal, a distant cousin. I felt neither liking nor aversion to marriage; it even seemed in some measure to promise to help the accomplishment of the design I had always kept in view.

Von der Halden had never received an adequate punishment for his crime. Duelling, as you know, had been strictly forbidden in Blankenwald; but it had been found impossible to put it entirely down. It was punishable by the severest penalties short of death. But Von der Halden was ably and powerfully defended. An old story was raked up of a previous quarrel, in which my father had, it was said, been the aggressor; and the only result was the deprivation of all his official appointments, and a recommendation to retire to his estates in the country.

Three years had now passed since the duel, and Olvest von der Halden was recalled. Some political crisis had arisen in which it was thought his well-known abilities would render him useful. One evening, my royal mistress sent for me, and with much agitation told me Von der Halden was to be presented at court next day, on his return from retirement, and that she would excuse me from my usual duties, in respect for my feelings. I replied, that I had no objection whatever to meet Von der Halden, but that, on the contrary, I desired it. The Princess looked at me with sur-

prise, but said no more. During the presentation at court, I was standing beside my mistress's chair, and had a full view of Von der Halden, and he of me. I am considered very like my mother, though, compared with her, I am but as a copy by a feeble hand, to the original of a great master. To increase the resemblance, I put on one of my mother's dresses, the last she had worn at court. It was of black velvet, cut in the old Venetian style, with rich point bodice and sleeves. When Von der Halden saw me, he started, turned pale, and appeared to forget where he was. He seemed to regain his composure with difficulty.

We met subsequently several times; but master as he was of all the arts of dissimulation, Von der Halden could never conceal the dislike, and almost terror, I inspired him with. On one occasion, when he was compelled to offer me his arm, I felt it tremble as I placed my hand on it; and he replied, to some casual remark of mine, in unintelligible monosyllables. The indifference with which I met the destroyer of my parents, excited universal remark. Some attributed it to an excess of Christian charity; others, to a singular callousness of nature. My husband took the former view. He never could bear me to be in the presence of Von der Halden, and besought his 'dear injured saint,' as he called me, not to subject her health to so severe a trial.

All this time, I had never lost sight of my object, and waited patiently, feeling sure that 'the Lord would one day deliver mine enemy into mine hand.' I have said my father had made me a good shot. My skill with the pistol was remarkable, and I had always kept up the practice. Shooting at a mark was a favourite amusement with the young people of Blankenwald. My favourite weapons were a small but exquisitely mounted pair of pistols, without which I never travelled. One of them I kept in my pocket. I knew that chance must some day bring me face to face with Von der Halden, alone. The day came. In an avenue of the palace pleasure-grounds, I came upon him. At a few paces from him, I stopped, and took my pistol from my pocket. 'Von der Halden,' I said, repeating his words to my mother, 'you shall pay for your insolence, and that shortly.'

He stared stupidly at me, and stood motionless. I raised my arm, took steady aim, and fired. He gave a leap into the air, and fell dead, shot—as he had shot my father—like a dog. The noise of the report was heard at the palace, and I was soon surrounded by a frightened crowd. I showed my pistol, and related what had passed. The consternation was great, and no one seemed to know what to do. At length the head of the police was summoned. He took my statement down in writing; and I was conducted in a close carriage to the Schwarzer Schloss, a prison where state criminals were usually confined. Here, my position in society and the state of my health secured me unusual indulgence. Books, and working and writing materials, were allowed me. On two points, however, the authorities were inflexible: none of my friends or relations, with the exception of my husband, were admitted, and a female jailer was with me day and night.

When Albert was permitted to see me, the change in his appearance was dreadful; and his language shocked me extremely. He asked me, in a kind of agony, how I could stain my hands with the blood of a fellow-creature. 'Where was my love for him,' he demanded, 'or for my expected child, who would for ever be branded as the child of a murderer?' I in vain tried to make him see that mine was an act of retribution, and a solemn duty to my parents. He became so wild and unreasonable, that I was not sorry when the interview was at an end.

I was also much annoyed by the line of argument taken by the counsel engaged to defend me; and I think you will say justly. My trial took place shortly, and excited unprecedented interest. The royal family were present, and watched the proceedings with intense attention. The counsel for the prosecution described my act of justice as one of savage revenge, fostered by my mother, and carried out with a degree of cold cunning scarcely credible in a girl of nineteen. The late Von der Halden he represented as a victim in the first place of my mother's rage for admiration. She was, he said, of the most dangerous class of coquettes, a woman who encouraged admiration and then pretended indignant virtue. The duel, he acknowledged, was a deplorable fact; but the fate of the combatants might have been reversed. Moreover, he denied that Von der Halden had been the aggressor. The late Von Stornheim, he contended, stung and irritated by my mother's complaints of Von der Halden's attentions, had been the provoker. A romantic story had, he said, been got up that the late Von Stornheim had fired in the air before receiving Von der Halden's fatal fire. Yet of the four witnesses present, two had deposed to the fact that the pistol had exploded in his hand as he raised it; and the state in which the weapon was found confirmed their evidence. But leaving these details undiscussed, he contended that Von Stornheim had fallen in a combat conducted according to the accepted laws of honour—that it might be the fate of any man whose rank rendered him amenable to such laws. He begged my judges to dismiss from their minds the absurd interest that had been excited by the discussion of the romantic and melancholy history of my parents, and of my rank, sex, and personal gifts. My extreme youth, and the fact that I was shortly about to become a mother, were, he admitted, powerful pleas for mercy, and he would not urge that sentence of death should be passed upon me, though so diabolical, deliberate, and premeditated a murder had well merited it; but that I should be for ever deprived of the power of committing another. In other words, that I should be confined for life in a criminal prison.

The false and insulting statements contained in this speech did not nearly so much irritate me as those of my defender. He did his best, however, to clear the characters of my parents, the one from the charge of violence, the other from that of coquetry. Myself he described as an imaginative, impressionable girl, with all the fiery impulses of the Italian character overlaid with the phlegm and deliberation of the German. He asked his hearers to consider the effect on such a one of the loss of parents whom I devotedly loved, through the cruelty and profligacy of a relentless enemy. Un-

luckily, he said, these most natural feelings and affections were stimulated to the utmost by the injunction, even the commands of a dying mother. He dwelt at length on my personal gifts, and on the agonising position of the young and promising nobleman to whom I had been not a year married, and the dreadful stigma on the unhappy child to whom I was about to give birth, should I be degraded to a felon's fate. Much had been said by his learned brother about my disregard for law, and my presumption in venturing to punish an offence according to my own wild notions of justice. But, he would ask, what had the law done for me, that I *should* respect it? The circumstances of the duel, be they as they might, would be sure to be placed before me in the most partial light, and my father's death described as a cruel and cowardly murder. What would my reasoning be? That the man who had murdered my father, and grossly insulted my mother, was punished. As how? By the forfeiture of a few appointments, the income from which bore no proportion to his princely revenues, and by a retirement to the most beautiful part of Germany. After three years of this mild, he might fairly say nominal punishment, he reappears with all his honours restored, and prosperity doubled, before the eyes of the girl his guilt has orphaned. What wonder was it that the outraged daughter had taken the law into her own hands, and dispensed it according to her own ideas of justice. Wild the act was certainly, but the provocation was resistlessly strong.

Another plea he urged for me, and here was the sting! He contended that my mother's inconsistent and unwisely conduct, and her causeless rancour against an affectionate husband, betokened some mental derangement. There was no doubt, he said, that *I had inherited her malady!* He spoke with scorn of the suggestion that I should be condemned to perpetual imprisonment, with its concomitants of severe labour, and coarse food and clothing, as a merciful alternative. Better far put me at once to death, than condemn me to a life of lingering torture and degradation. No! He urged that my total acquittal on the ground of intense provocation, and a morbid sense of filial duty acting on a deranged mind, was not an act of mercy, but merely of justice, and the only course open to my judges.

A hum of approbation followed this speech. Applause is unusual in a German court of justice, and it betokened that the sympathy of the lookers-on was with me.

I have not spoken of witnesses. In fact, they were few, and for the most part unimportant. My full confession had rendered them unnecessary. The only important evidence was that of the medical men, who were examined at great length as to whether I was responsible for my actions or not. Opinions were divided; but the majority was in my favour, if favour it may be called to declare me *mad*, when my judgment was as clear, my sense of right and wrong as sound as ever. Be that as it may, my life was saved by the trifling majority, though my liberty was gone for ever. Three days were consumed in this wearisome procedure. The evidence was exhausted, and the President proceeded to sum up. This he did with great elaboration; but, briefly stated, his conclusion was, that I had not been guilty of murder in

its most revolting form, nor yet innocent of slaying, and that I was responsible for my actions.

The sentence passed upon me by the court I cannot give in the exact words, but the effect was: That I was to be closely confined in prison, but without hard labour, for one year; that on my release, I was to find two good sureties to undertake that I should present myself every 10th of October, the anniversary of Von der Halden's death, at the Schwarzer Schloss, where the hangman for the time being was to place round my neck a noosed cord, which I was never to remove, but to wear conspicuously at all times above my upper dress.

I was, after the passing of the sentence, at once removed to the Schwarzer Schloss, more strictly guarded than before, but with greater indulgence. I was also allowed to see Albert, when he had recovered from a nervous fever which had prevented his presence at my trial.

At the end of three months, my child, a son, was born, and for a time my health visibly declined. My child too was weakly, and it was thought we should both die. These facts becoming known, a strong movement took place in my favour. Von der Halden had been universally disliked; and I was popularly regarded as an instrument of Providence in his destruction. Petitions were signed in every town, and deputations were sent, begging the Prince to remit the rest of my sentence. With some difficulty and after some signs of a public tumult, he agreed to restore me to my husband's care under many stringent conditions.

On the day of my release, in spite of every precaution to insure privacy, crowds assembled at the prison doors. The road along which I had to pass was lined by cheering, shouting, excited masses of people. To Albert, this ovation was a deadly infliction. He shrank into a corner of the carriage, pale, and trembling in every limb.

In the country, to which we retired, my child and I soon recovered. But I was rendered very unhappy by Albert's strange conduct. He appeared to have conceived an aversion for me, which extended to my child. He was compelled, by the terms on which I was released, to keep a kind of guard over me; but it appeared to afflict him with acute distress. If he could avoid it, he would never look at me, and his child he never noticed. One day, I surprised him praying that God would release him from a trial too great for human strength, and that He would mercifully take to Himself the unhappy child while it was yet innocent. A short time after, Albert was found dead in his study-chair. His death was pronounced to proceed from *angina pectoris*. But my own opinion is somewhat different. As if in answer to his prayer, my child soon sickened and died, and I was once more alone in the world.

My uncle, Von Stornheim, as my nearest existing relative, was compelled to assume guardianship over me, which he did with much reluctance; but he has long become reconciled to my presence. My yearly visit to the Schwarzer Schloss was found to be so inconvenient, and attracted so much notice, that it was instead agreed that the executioner should come here, with his detested presence, on the 10th of each October.

Here ended this strange woman's story. One characteristic remark she made in answer to a question I put to her.

'My killing Von der Halden was no crime, for I feel no remorse.'

# CONCLUSION.

Before I heard Eugenia's account of her life, I should have regarded the end of my visit to Stornheim with regret. Now I was relieved to find that in three days at most my business with the Graf would be finished, and I might turn my back for ever on the scene of my first, and what I felt would be my only love passage. The interim I devoted to a steady attention to my correspondence, which I had allowed to get somewhat in arrear; and in order as much as possible to avoid awkward meetings with Eugenia, took out my dog and gun into neighbouring coverts, and tried to secure good nights by long and tiring excursions.

I was returning one evening through the grounds, when I met the Gräfin von Stornheim, who turned back with me. She was evidently desirous of beginning a conversation on a subject which she had some difficulty in introducing. Without appearing to notice her embarrassment, I spoke of the rapidly decreasing days, the approach of winter, and other topics which naturally present themselves when one is making conversation. She appeared not to hear me, and interrupted me. 'My dear young friend,' said she, 'I cannot suffer you to go from us without expressing my sympathy—my regret—my—the feeling—' Indeed,' she continued, speaking with great emotion, 'I saw from the first your attraction towards my unhappy niece, and if a warning could have saved you, I was ready to give it. But one never knows in these cases—a hint would have been of no avail; and I was not at liberty to tell you all.' Madame von Stornheim turned her still beautiful face towards me. Her eyes were full of tears, and her distress was clearly genuine.

'Dear lady,' I replied, 'do not torment yourself. You are right. Having once seen Eugenia, no warning would have saved me. Let that pass. But tell me—your opinion will have great weight with me—is Eugenia mad, or is she?'—

'Wicked, you would say! Who shall solve the problem? In the middle ages, or in a time of disturbance, such a deed as hers would have been deemed heroic. There is in Eugenia the material for a Judith, a Joan of Arc, a Charlotte Corday. But in these times of order and peace, the heroine is a criminal. I have studied Eugenia closely for two years, and my impression is that hers is a stunted abnormal character. She seems insensible to pity, fear, or grief. Affections she has none—or rather,' said she, correcting herself, 'they are very limited. It was noticed that the deaths of three near and dear relations, her mother, her husband and child, affected her outwardly but little. And a singular thing has been remarked by all who know her—that she never sheds a tear. But Eugenia has some great qualities. Her conscientiousness and sense of duty are ruling principles. We have no security save her word that she will not attempt her escape from Stornheim. Yet, though her evasion would expose us to disgrace, perhaps to ruin, we have no anxiety whatever on that point.

She is charitable, as you know; and in sickness, there is no such efficient nurse. Where mere pity and sympathy would render others useless, the very absence of those qualities renders her invaluable.'

'Does she show no dislike, no feeling of degradation, when that horrible thing is placed round her neck?'

'Not the least,' replied Madame von Stornheim, shuddering. 'I am the only sufferer. It is provided by the law that one witness must be present. Since Graf von Stornheim's failing health has incapacitated him, I am compelled to be his substitute. The annual visit of that wretch invariably costs me a day's illness. Eugenia wonders at me, and asks what in the world it can matter.'

This was the last time Eugenia's name was mentioned between us; and the day after, I took my leave of Stornheim for ever. I parted from Eugenia without a sign of emotion on her part, but I fear on mine with a miserable attempt at composure.

At my request, Madame von Stornheim wrote to me from time to time. Eugenia, she said, showed no change; she was apparently happy and contented.

A gap of six months occurred in our correspondence. I had been uneasy, and written several times without reply. At last it came. It was to tell me of Eugenia's death. A fire had broken out at night at Stornheim; and sufficient warning had been given for all to quit the building in safety, it was thought, until a cry was raised that Eugenia and Carl—the little boy of whom I have already spoken—were missing. The fire had now made such way, that the stoutest men hesitated to go in quest of them, when Eugenia appeared at the nursery window, which she had opened, showing the child clinging to her. She placed the boy on the sill, and appeared to be trying to beat back the smoke, to give him air. Stornheim was a two-storied building, and the nursery was on the second story. A ladder was brought with all speed under the window; one of the men mounted, seized the child, and descending with him to the level of the uplifted arms below, delivered him in safety. He reascended, and attempted to help Eugenia down. She made the first few steps in safety; but whether the smoke and heat had affected her head, or whether she was giddy from the unaccustomed height, cannot now be known. She made a false step, fell, and was taken up—living, but frightfully and fatally injured. She lingered a few days in great suffering, borne without a murmur of complaint. Her beauty remained to the last, and to the last she insisted upon wearing her ghastly necklace. So profound and still was the sleep into which she had fallen, that they could not tell when she passed from it to death.

On her death, her uncle sent for a famous artist of Blankenwald to take a portrait of her, of which I obtained a copy. It represents her lying on her death-bed, her hands clasped on her breast, her long black hair lying in clusters on her shoulders. Her wonderfully chiselled features are thrown into strong relief by a taper placed at her side. The firm but delicate mouth is smiling.

It only remains to add that the evident desire to die with the visible memorial of her crime was looked upon by Eugenia's relations and myself with heartfelt relief. We looked upon it as a sign

that the Divine Mercy had before her death awakened in her a sense of guilt, and that a noble but perverted nature was thus reconciled to its Creator. In this hope, the last consolation of my declining years, I humbly rest.

## THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ELECTRICITY is now applied to so many purposes that we are becoming as familiar with it as with steam. The awe and wonder which its employment at first excited, have long ago given place to a settled conviction that it represents a power which man has at his disposal, and which can be made to do all sorts of hitherto impossible tasks. The electric battery, for most purposes where an electric current is required, is gradually giving place to the more economical dynamo-machine, in which magnets form the source whence the electricity is drawn. The old frictional machine is seldom seen outside the lecture-theatre, where it is still used to instruct the young in the principles of electric science. What is known as frictional electricity has not often been applied to any useful purpose, save that of education. Recently, however, a clever adaptation of it has been conceived by Mr Kingsland Smith—a transatlantic miller—in the construction of a purifier of flour, which separates the bran and middlings from the finer material. The flour, shaken mechanically, so as to bring the coarser particles to the surface, is passed beneath an india-rubber-covered cylinder, which revolves against a fixed rubber. The effect is the same as that which occurs on rubbing a piece of sealing-wax: the cylinder is electrified, and the particles of bran are attracted to it, until they are scraped off into a receptacle prepared for them. The finer flour then passes away quite freed from its impurities. The proprietor of the mill where this electric purifier has been in constant use for some time, estimates that the saving effected by it amounts to ten cents per barrel of flour. We may mention that the separation was formerly effected by air-blasts, necessitating extra engine-power, as well as cost in wear and tear.

A paper lately read before the Society of Arts by Mr C. Walford—On the increasing Number of Deaths from Explosions, with an Examination of the Causes—is likely to lead to very good results. The subject is treated in a most exhaustive manner, and the various explosions which have occurred from time to time are classified under different headings. Perhaps the most interesting of these is that relating to explosions of dust in different manufactures—notably in flour-mills. Colliery explosions of course come in for a large share of attention; and a table is given showing the number of such disasters occurring in each month of a particular year. This table is compiled with the hope that it may be compared with the barometric and thermometric readings during the periods given, with a view to indicate some means of future avoidance.

The electric light has found new employment at Sandy Hook, on the coast of North America. A buoy has been placed there furnished with a machine which, by means of the rise and fall of the waves, compresses air. This air, when it reaches a certain density, is made to move a

dynamo-electric machine, which causes a carbon loop in a vacuum tube to glow with light; at the same time a powerful whistle sounds. The buoy has been placed in position at the expense of the inventor, and pilots and navigators are requested to report upon its efficiency.

The inventor of celluloid—which our readers may perhaps remember is an imitation ivory composed of collagen and camphor—has compounded a new material for buttons, boot-heels, &c. It consists of leather-cuttings soaked in hot water, to remove oil, dried, ground to powder, and pressed into moulds by hydraulic power.

In an article which appears in an American paper on the Utilization of the Waste of Cities, the various items are reviewed which go to make up the sweepings of the streets. It is noted that a large percentage of iron is present in the dust; due to the attrition caused by the tires of wheels and the shoes of horses. This iron can be picked out in appreciable quantities by means of the magnet.

Mr Major Thorp of French Creek, West Virginia, has patented a cattle-shed for use as temporary shelter in open pastures or fields. The roof of this shed is pivoted to an upright in connection with a kind of windmill; so that the shed is turned as the direction of the wind is changed, thus shielding the inmates from direct exposure to the storm.

It is now a matter of history that the failure of the first Atlantic Cable was due to defective insulation. In other words, the gutta-percha covering of the wire was porous enough to allow the water to leak in, and the electricity to leak out. The impossibility of separating the gutta-percha from its impurities, was the cause of this condition of things. An improved method of preparing the insulating material, which was patented by Mr Truman, insured the success of the later Cable. This method, effective as it was, represented a complex process of boiling and masticating, which extended over several days. The same inventor has recently perfected a plan by which the gutta-percha is in a few hours far more thoroughly purified, and rendered more valuable as an insulator; and the Post-office authorities have adopted the system. The saving of cost is so much, that it may possibly go far to help in that consummation, devoutly to be wished, a reduction in the tariff for telegraphic cable messages.

Mr Preece, the well-known electrician of the Postal Telegraph Department, has lately pointed out a difficulty which will arise should electric wires take the place of the gas-pipes beneath our streets. The powerful currents circulating through them will cause such electrical disturbances in the neighbouring telegraph wires, that communication will be seriously interfered with. We may rest assured that means will be found to obviate this difficulty when it arises, which, according to present prospects, will be a long time hence.

The harmless, necessary cat has been convicted on good evidence of having carried an infectious disease from house to house, to the prejudice of the occupiers; at least, so say certain American physicians. The proofs of this delinquency are not given. A more likely source of contagion has been pointed out nearer home, in the case of certain jurymen who were obliged by law to view a body—a case of scarlet fever—while another

sufferer in the same house was lying ill of the disease which had in the one case proved fatal. The useless practice of forcing this duty of identification on jurors—generally men with families—when it could be so much better performed by the doctor in charge, points to a channel by which disease can be carried, which should at once be stopped.

It has long been a matter of notoriety that the British Museum had become so choked with specimens, that there was hardly room in the vaults for the cases which contained them, and which for the same reason could not be unpacked. Plans were proposed for extending the building; but as these were not deemed satisfactory, it was resolved to build a special Museum, and to hold the zoological, geological, botanical, and mineralogical collections. This building—designed on the most sumptuous scale—has just been opened at South Kensington; and the parent Museum is thus relieved of its surplus riches. The new building is adorned with architectural presentments of the objects which it contains; and even its terra-cotta walls bear figures in relief which, though they seem to have been stuck on in a haphazard fashion, have a capital effect. It is noticeable that many of these—in the case of fossil representations—have been moulded from the real objects.

H.M.S. *Colossus*, a very recently devised addition to our navy, is to be fitted with a propeller of manganese bronze, in place of one of gun-metal previously ordered. This change has been brought about by the results of some experiments lately conducted at the works of Messrs Maudsley, the contractors for the engines of the ship. In these experiments, one-inch bars of both metals were operated upon by being placed upon supports twelve inches apart, while pressure was applied to the middle of the bars. In the result, it was found that the manganese bronze would bear with impunity a blow of double the weight which broke the gun-metal. From these experiments, it was proved that the new propeller will save weight in machinery; while at the same time a thinner blade, offering comparatively little resistance to the water, can be employed. We may mention that the new metal differs only from ordinary bronze in the addition of a small percentage of manganese.

An attempt, but not the first, to introduce sky-larks to the fields of America has recently been tried, and so far with success. That is to say, two hundred birds were imported from England last summer; and most of them have survived the winter, and are in good condition. Ere now, they have doubtless been set free to wing their way skyward.

It has been found that the ravages of the Phylloxera—which has caused such destruction among the vines in the Bordeaux and other districts of France—do not extend to vines planted on sandy soil. Bearing this fact in view, an extensive system of land-reclamation was commenced some two years ago in the sandy soil of Aracchon. The method of reclamation adopted is that practised by the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland, and has proved so successful that three hundred acres of vines were planted last year. A far larger district, near Marseilles, is now to be put to a similar use; and we learn that one of the gentlemen interested in the scheme has



through the courtesy of the Duke, inspected His Grace's property, and has received a Report by the land-reclamation agent who carried out the Sutherland improvements.

Important progress has lately been made in the matter of armour for ships of war. The iron plates used for this purpose have hitherto been of such enormous thickness, in order to withstand the impact from shots of high velocity and immense weight, that ships had to be constructed of an unwieldy size, in order to bear the weight put upon them. Some experiments carried out with steel-faced armour-plates justify the hope that the old plating of iron will now become a thing of the past, and will be replaced by the newer and far tougher material. Hitherto, the armour has invariably cracked and split in all directions under the impact of the projectile, even if it succeeded in stopping its progress. The new plates not only shatter the projectile itself, but exhibit no wound beyond the dent caused by the collision. The steel-faced plates are made by a process not yet divulged, by Messrs Cammell & Co. of Sheffield. The experiments on behalf of our own government have been followed by similar trials in France, with the result that the French ships of war now in process of completion will be protected by the new armour. The long-continued battle between big guns and armour-plates may therefore, for the present at any rate, be considered over, the victory being in favour of the latter.

The recent deplorable dispute in the Transvaal has had one good effect in pointing out a humiliating fact which there is no gainsaying. The British soldier, with the most perfect weapon of precision of modern times in his hands, has not yet learned how to use it. In other words, he is but an indifferent shot. The class from which our recruits are drawn seldom have an opportunity of handling a firearm until after they have received the Queen's shilling. With rifle-practice represented by a few dozen cartridges fired at a target under the best conditions of light and wind, he is expected to acquit himself as a first-rate shot amid the hurry, confusion, and carnage of the battle-field. We are happy to note that the whole system of musketry instruction is now under revision; and we may hope that, in the future, English soldiers will not have to look to their enemies for lessons in the use of the rifle.

For some months past, part of South Kensington Museum has been lighted by sixteen electric lamps of the 'Brush' type. These lamps replaced rows of gas burners which surrounded the two galleries in question. The actual saving effected amounts to twelve shillings and twopence per hour, which, after making the necessary deductions for interest on capital and depreciation of machinery, represents an annual saving of three hundred and sixteen pounds. It must be remembered that artificial illumination is only required here during seven hundred hours in the year; so that the economy is really greater than it would at first seem to be.

Some sensation is now being caused in Vienna by the exhibition of photographic prints which are luminous in the dark. The production of these curiosities is a very simple affair. An ordinary photograph is brushed over with castor-oil and turpentine, so as to render the paper semi-

transparent. It is then painted on the back with a phosphorescent compound, and mounted upon cardboard. After exposure to sunlight, it will retain its luminosity for many hours.—We may here mention that the agents for Balmain's luminous paint—Messrs Illee and Horne, London—have recently introduced a new form of lamp. It is simply a square tin can covered with the paint, which after exposure to light, is filled with hot water. The heat has the curious effect of more than doubling the amount of light given out.

An ingenious form of measuring-bottle for the use of those unfortunates to whom physic is a necessity, has lately been invented by Mr J. M. Dodge of Chicago. The neck of the bottle is placed at one side, and is bulged in such a way that after inversion some of the contained liquid remains within it. The neck is graduated, so that any required amount can be separated from the bulk of the liquid. This reserved portion can afterwards be emptied into a glass without any of the other fluid escaping. We have also seen some very handsome American bottles (Walton's patent) for druggists' shelves, which seem to be an improvement on the kinds ordinarily used. For further particulars apply to the Apothecaries' Company, Glasgow.

Mr Andrew Jamieson, Principal of the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, who has been experimenting with selenium in relation to its connection with the photophone, has recently brought a paper embodying his observations before the Society which he represents. The form of selenium cell adapted by Professor Bell is of rather a complex nature, and certainly difficult for any one but a philosophical instrument-maker to construct. Mr Jamieson points out how a most effective cell can be made by simple means; and the following is his manner of going to work. A glass plate or tube one and a half inches wide, and four inches long, is tightly wound at its centre part with two separate silk or cotton covered wires. The outer envelope of these wires is afterwards removed by the application of a red-hot iron, so as to expose the metal. There is thus left a series of bare copper filaments, insulated from one another by the double thickness of cotton or silk still remaining between them. The cell so formed is now heated, and a selenium bar applied, which soon melts over the metallic surface. Mr Jamieson has conferred a boon upon experimenters by showing them a very simple way of constructing a novel instrument.

Mr Brearey, the Honorary Secretary of the Aeronautical Society, has suggested a flying machine upon a somewhat novel principle. It is to consist of a kind of kite with a boat-like car, and is to be furnished with light apparatus, worked by steam or other motor, which will create wave-motion in the air, similar to that of skate and other flat-fish in their progress through the water. It has before been pointed out how prone enthusiasts are to take their ideas of what can be done in air from what is actually done in water, forgetful of the fact, that one fluid (air) is elastic, the other quite the reverse.

The ever-increasing importance of the by-products of the gas retort—from ammonia to the beautiful aniline dyes—forms a remarkable instance of the value of applied chemistry. A new

discovery in connection with these has recently been made by a Mr Sanders of St Petersburg. By a mixture of coal-tar, hemp-oil, linseed-oil, spermaceti, sulphur, and some other ingredients, he has been able to produce a material having all the properties of india-rubber without its disadvantages. It will bear extremes of heat and cold without injury, is very elastic and tenacious, and unaltered by long exposure to climatic influences. This last property would point to its application as an insulator for telegraphic purposes; and we shall doubtless soon hear of some trials of its capability for this work.

We learn from *Design and Work*, that smooth, strong, and pliable parchment can be manufactured from the palmetto of Florida and other Southern States. The parchment can be washed, rubbed and handled just like a cloth, and the writing will not be effaced. It can be cheaply manufactured, and is likely to come into general use for legal documents, &c. As much as sixty per cent. of the weight of the palmetto can be utilised in the process.

From another source we learn that it is now possible to hear plants growing. At a recent meeting of the Silesian Botanical Society, an apparatus was shown, in which the growing plant is connected with a disc, having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and thus on a scale, fifty times magnified, denotes the progress of growth. Both disc and indicator are metal, and when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the dividing interstices of the disc, the growth of the plant is as perceptible to the ear as to the eye.

We understand that Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has received from Her Majesty's Minister at Berne a despatch pointing out the necessity for all British subjects intending to reside in Switzerland to be provided with a passport or a certificate of their birth, which they must produce to the local authorities in order to obtain the ticket of residence without which no foreigner is allowed to remain in any canton.

The great defect of iron and steel for purposes where durability is required, is their liability to decay by corrosion. To prevent this, Mr George Dower, St Neots, recently read a paper before 'The Iron and Steel Institute,' in which he proposed a simple and, it is affirmed, an effective remedy, by forming upon the surface of these metals a film of magnetic oxide. The process, which is not expensive, is carried out in a firebrick chamber, in which the articles to be coated are placed, and connected with which is a set of 'gas producers;' a series of oxidising and deoxidising operations are then gone through, the thickness of the coating on the metal depending upon the number of such operations. From three to six hours are required for these, according as the articles are for indoor or outdoor use. Rusty iron can also be so treated—the rust indeed being thus converted into a thoroughly protective coating.

Referring to the paragraph on telescopes which appeared in our last 'Month,' we have ascertained that the instrument measuring thirty-three feet six inches was greatly exceeded by one erected about the year 1853 at Wandsworth Common by the late Rev. J. Craig, Vicar of Leamington. This monster refracting telescope was eighty-five feet of

focal length, with an object-glass thirty-four inches in diameter, and weighed nearly five tons. In shape it resembled a cigar, and was suspended outside a brick tower forty feet high. It was, however, never completed as the ingenious designer intended, but was afterwards pulled down and disposed of. Such was the fate of 'The great Craig Telescope.'

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### PROPOSAL FOR AN INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP.

OUR postal system is perhaps, considering its vastness and complexity, one of the most remarkable organisations of the present century. Yet, comparatively new as it is, the operation of experience is every now and again suggesting some amendment, or discovering some little detail in respect to which an improvement might be admissible. For instance, it has been resolved recently to issue a special penny stamp which shall do away with the present distinction between receipt and postage stamps of that value. This will clearly be an advantage; and the astonishing thing to outsiders is that there should be a necessity for having, in any case, a distinction between stamps whose value is equal. One form of penny stamp ought surely to serve all the purposes for which a stamp of this value is required; and so on with stamps of other values.

We would in this connection suggest one respect in which a further improvement might be made on our stamp system, namely, by the issue of an *international stamp* which should be accepted as of equal value both in this country and in certain specified foreign countries. The advantages of such a reform are obvious. Under the present arrangement many inconveniences exist to those who have much correspondence with foreign parts. Premising that as a rule editors return all ineligible manuscripts, provided they be accompanied by stamps for their re-postage, we will take the case of a literary person in America who sends a contribution to a magazine or other periodical in this country. He must either be at the trouble of making and preserving a duplicate of his manuscript—which in some cases may mean the work of a few days or weeks, and consequent loss of valuable time, which authors can, as a rule, ill afford—or, the contribution proving ineligible, he must run the risk of never seeing his manuscript again. He need not inclose stamps for its return, as his stamps are of no value in this country; consequently, for this reason, many manuscripts are entirely lost sight of, besides being the cause of much trouble and annoyance to all concerned.

Now, it seems to us that this state of things might be easily rectified. Were a series of *international stamps*, of the usual graduated values, to be issued, guaranteed to carry letters or packages either from America, the continent, India, Australia, or elsewhere, to this country, or from this country to any or all of these other countries, the difficulty would be obviated, and an immense advantage conferred not only upon the literary and commercial world, but upon the respective communities generally. Under such a system, the author, instead of spending valuable time in making duplicates of his manuscript, would then

be able, as at home, to inclose the necessary stamps for its (possible) return, and all parties would be benefited—the revenue of the Post Office, perhaps, most of all. In this way also, applicants for foreign situations, or for information from abroad, would be able to secure a reply by inclosing the necessary return-postage; from the impossibility of doing which at present, much inconvenience and anxiety are not unfrequently caused. Many other cases might be adduced to show the advantages of such a stamp as that here proposed; but enough has, we hope, been said to make it clear that at present a great inconvenience exists, and that its removal might be easily effected by the issue on the part of the respective postal authorities of an international stamp such as we have ventured to suggest.

‘THE PRINTERS’ INTERNATIONAL SPECIMEN  
EXCHANGE.’

In September last year, a handsome quarto and vellum-bound volume, originated and issued by Messrs Field & Tuer of ‘Ye Leadenhale Presse,’ E.C., appeared under the above title; and now a second volume, a companion to the first, has been issued. Each volume is composed of a collection of specimens of printing—principally letterpress printing—sent in by such printers as desire to exhibit their work in this fashion, and at the same time to share such benefit as is to be derived from comparing their own work with that of other three or four hundred of their fellow-craftsmen. The idea of such a book was first suggested in *The Paper and Printing Trades’ Journal*, and is one worthy of all commendation. Printing is an art admitting, like all other arts, of an infinite variety and modification of design, as well as all degrees and qualities of execution, from the poster on the wall that may be read at a hundred yards’ distance, down to the pocket and miniature editions of Scripture and other works, printed from types so small and delicate as almost to resemble a collection of needles. Between these two extremes, endless modifications are possible, and much scope is afforded the workman for the exercise of ingenuity and taste in his art.

The specimens presented in these volumes are in most cases highly commendable, especially those which have been achieved by the ingenious and tasteful adjustment of types and rules, borders and ornaments. That both compositors and pressmen are likely to find direct advantage from this comparison of each other’s work, along with the critical remarks made by the editor upon each specimen, the volume under notice is the best proof. The least satisfactory specimens are those in which colours have been largely used. Colour-printing requires to be governed by much judgment and taste, so that the respective tints or colours may be kept in due subordination and relation to each other. In many of these specimens this has not been attended to, and we have combinations of red and blue, red and green, red and green and blue, &c., so unduly balanced, that at first sight it is almost impossible to tell which colour has formed the groundwork, or whether there is any such groundwork at all. If blue and red, for instance, are properly subordinated to each other, the effect is good; but if there

is as much of the one colour as the other—and this more than once happens in these specimens—then the effect is questionable as a matter of taste.

We would also suggest that more attention might be given to the production of excellent specimens in *black alone*. This, after all, is the true direction in which the art must be cultivated; and the fine specimens of printing that come to us from America and France, even in the case of some of their weekly periodicals, show that we in this country have not yet by any means attained to perfection in this, the chief branch of the art. In the meantime, it is highly satisfactory to observe that the taste and execution displayed in the second volume are decidedly an advance upon the first; and all lovers of good printing must wish Messrs Field & Tuer the success their *Exchange* deserves.

ON A JUNE MORNING.

The meadow-lands with golden king-cups glow,  
Strown o’er their velvet carpet of pure green;  
Mingled with snowy pink-tipped daisy stars,  
And yellow-petalled cowlips.

From the thorn,  
The fragrant-blossomed thorn, the blackbird pipes  
A carol jubilant; and close at hand  
His brother-minstrel, the brown, bright-eyed thrush,  
A rival challenge, with full-swelling throat,  
Sounds on the fair June morning!

Bush and tree  
Gleam ’neath soft silver mist; whilst incense sweet  
Of countless flowerets, wet with glittering dew,  
Falls grateful on the sense. And Bird and Flower,  
Meadow and woodland, with bright beauty crowned,  
Silent, yet eloquent, alike proclaim  
The power and wisdom of the Maker’s Hand!

A. H. D.

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## LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

WHEREVER poverty and traffic mingle in our great cities, there is to be found in the by-streets, congregating on door-steps and disappearing down alleys, a weird race of little women—torn and worn with work, grave and sharp-featured from looking after their own interests, tangle-haired and pale-faced, themselves neglected while they take charge of others. Who does not know them by sight, and is heart-sore at seeing them, with their odd mixture of childishness and familiarity with all old-fashioned misery? They carry about babies while they are babies themselves; they scrub steps as soon as they are able to walk up them; they play bo-peep in and out of public-house doors; they learn to steal, and relish beer as soon as they are big enough to go across the street without being run over; the School Board lays hold of them, and they learn their letters; but they know far too much before they know the letter 'A.' They are the countless offspring of city poverty—the old children.

We grieve for them, because, as compared with what childhood ought to be, they have no childhood. But at the opposite social extreme in the highest classes, there are others to grieve for, who, in a far different way, are robbed of the charm of their life's early irretrievable spring-time. Affluence also can be made, and by degrees is being made, through the fashion of the time, a state of life in which there is very little childhood. Luxury and indigence seem here for once to work out the same effect; of course the two conditions produce specimens of human nature as different as black from white; but in neither case is the human phenomenon a child.

Simultaneously with the spoiling of childhood, the decay of boyhood goes on at the very top of the scale. Every one admires boyhood at its best—crowded perhaps with thoughtless faults; but frank, generous, showing manly instincts without alloy of worldly calculation, and yet hiding much individuality from strange eyes by that honest schoolboy bashfulness, which is in itself a mystery.

Unfortunately, whoever knows anything of our great public schools cannot fail to know that, side by side with this true and noble character, there exists another character among our gilded youth, and the name of the second type is legion. The boys of the fast legion are not boys at all, but diminutive men of the world. They are not content with the annual match at Lord's; probably they have not aspired to be of a rowing Eight, and do not care to 'go in' for cricket or football. They have their books on the Derby; they pick up some knowledge of hunting and shooting in holiday-time; and manage to keep up a more momentous sporting connection at school, or at least to know all about the sporting world. They have their clubs and dinners, their news at second-hand from London seasons, their choice tailors and big debts, their well-developed taste in brands of claret and champagne, and their ways and means of descending to brandy-and-soda. The public schoolboy of this description has been before now praised by the so-called 'Society journals' for his one all-atoning merit: 'With all his follies and vices, he is a gentleman.' Another contemporary has gone so far as to acknowledge boastfully that 'few of our boys are religious, many are profane, the majority are dissipated, and all are extravagant; but they still retain the essence of the spirit of a gentleman—refinement.' What wonder is it that, when such a false standard is accepted, many a son of wealth should find premature vapid dandyism a pleasant exchange for plain hearty boyhood?

Worthy to stand on a par with her elder schoolboy brothers is the latest product and toy of society, the little lady of fashion. She is a child in years, her age only twelve or thirteen; but a child in nothing else. Some mother, unworthy of the name, and with more vanity than sense or love, has brought out her charming little daughter five years before her time, to be shown off in the whirl of fashion, at Prince's and at Hurlingham, at Ascot and Goodwood, at the flower-show and the Opera, and at crowded 'kettledrums' and garden-parties—at which last species of assembly,

indeed, the little ladies of fashion muster in full force as a necessary part of the arrangements. The diminutive *belle* is in appearance like a plate cut out of a fashion-book. She wears a short dress; but that is her only sign of childishness; for the rest—face, figure, and costume are made studious imitations of a grown woman fresh from the hands of milliner and maid. Her face quickly enough learns the looks of her elders, when her manners and conversation are copied from theirs. She is perfectly self-possessed, and can venture any amount of impudent criticism, knowing that it passes for artless chatter; while her rudeness is reported as laughable *naïveté*. She has plenty of admirers, and knows how to keep them in hand; she has learned to flirt while others of her age are blissful at children's parties; she is herself in many cases the flattered plaything of men of the world, while her country cousins are playing with their swings and skipping-ropes. There are, of course, times and surroundings where children appear at the assemblies of older people, and appear as children with a grace and charm that makes them a thousand times welcome; but the atmosphere of the place and company is very different from that in which the small *belles* become forced flowers too apt to lose their bloom. As an instance of the happy advent of the little ones, even into the midst of the glitter and excitement of festivities, we can call to mind recent bazaars for the charities of London, where royal children appeared most lovably and gracefully in a new character; going about among the throng as flower-sellers, selling button-hole nose-gays, and with such deft little hands winning plenty of bright coin for the poor.

Even among children who are younger than the little lady of fashion, and with parents who are wiser, we fear there is much being done, unwittingly, to make childhood unchild-like. In dress, there is a gradual return to the custom of making the denizens of the nursery go abroad in their best as men and women cut short. The small folks of two and three centuries ago represented the extreme of this custom; with long dresses and rich brocades, or with powdered wigs and square-skirted coats, they were like *beaux* and *belles* of the period seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. We do not want to go back to that mistake. But there are many steps being taken towards it—one, for instance, when matrons in charge of preparatory schools parade their juveniles two deep, rebels at heart, clad in knickerbocker suits, kid gloves—and top hats. There is another step being taken towards the mistaken old custom, when children assemble for their Christmas parties all too richly dressed for the games they are to play, the little maids of nine and ten, half proud, but wholly embarrassed by having their plump arms covered with eight-buttoned gloves and silver bangles. In itself, the practice of dressing children for enjoyment in costly stuffs of exquisite make, is proof positive that the little wearers are being trained to be unchild-like in their thoughts and amusements. They are not meant to be glad in using their limbs at frolicsome play, as Nature has intended that they should; they are meant rather to derive pleasure from their own personality; and every one knows that properly constituted children, though they do delight in what they call 'looking

nice,' utterly forget what they look like, the moment they begin to play. It was not one of these new-fashioned, over-dressed children that was lucky enough to be the one little maiden that has interested the child-world most. We are glad that Alice in Wonderland did not wear a French costume and silver bangles; but—how could she? If she did, she would never have had imagination enough to find a Wonderland at all. No little girl could be more charming; though we should be sorry to insinuate that there are not thousands throughout Merrie England quite as charming. But in the case of the sweet, tender, quaintly thoughtful Alice, it is a well-fitting part of her individuality that she was a very childish child, with hair brushed smoothly back, simple short-sleeved dress, and the good old-fashioned pinafore worn not for ornament, but as the useful sign-typical of childhood.

While they wear the costumes of more advanced years, the little people are initiated into advanced ideas. It is said that at least in this respect there are in English life some fortunate obstacles to the growth of the young idea, which, unless in school-life, is a much more rapid process on the continent. One boon at least comes from the custom of dining apart. Even when many strangers are present, young Louis and Julie partake of the late family dinner, and exercise those large ears which are the proverbial distinction of little pitchers. Tom, Jack, Harry, and Kate, who only come on a birthday to the indigestible luxuries of the 'grown-up' dinner, are happily later in learning the wonders of the world.

Out of all this early familiarity with older grandeur and older ideas, and also out of the modern free use of money and pleasure in costly clothing, there comes, as the natural result, the frequent copying of one grown-up notion, which is hateful in men and women, but dreadful and pitiable in a child. It is contempt of the poor. In the mind that is fresh from the creative touch of the Father of all, there ought surely to be no instinctive shrinking from that least of all distinctions among humankind—a poverty-worn look, a shabby garment. There ought to be but one feeling instilled into the hearts of high-born children towards other children less fortunate in worldly goods; and that one feeling, quick to take root in truly child-like hearts, is a generous but delicately unobtrusive sympathy with those who feel as keenly as themselves all childish instincts, but who have less comfort and joy, whose young lives are wedded to hardship and want.

The very opposite to this sympathetic attitude is that of the finely attired daughter of riches, who betrays towards her poorer sisters ugly symptoms of that very ugly thing, childish snobbery. Yet how often both habits of mind find exercise, and the worst shows itself unmistakably even in the sanctuary, where all children ought to know that they kneel as equals. The one child will be nobly ashamed to have the slightest movement mistaken for a shrinking from the poor girl that happens to kneel beside her; the other child, on the contrary, will cast side-glances at the poor intruder, and watch for a chance of sliding away from the possible touch of her clothes, though already she is far from contact with that disgusting thing—another human child's old dress. A few years ago, there was on this point a lesson



deserving immortality given by a poor little peasant girl in a church of Northern Italy. A child well used to wealth and fine dresses, was kneeling beside her governess, when the peasant knelt down near them, quietly saying her prayers. The richly dressed child looked at her: 'Vatene!'—the most disdainful word in which an Italian can say—'Go away.' But to the great delight of the governess, the little peasant flashed back her answer: 'If I came into your mother's house, into her drawing-room, you might say, "Go away!" But when I come here, it is my Father's house as well as yours.'

In a word, then, if we grieve to see in our cities the unchild-like children of poverty, we must not forget that the children of the richer classes are apt also to become in their own way unchild-like; and that it is easy, through pride of display, or under pretext of indulgent kindness, to take away its rightful attributes and its natural charm from the shortest, sweetest time of life. Who is there that would not plead with the poet, 'Come to me, O ye children, for ye are living poems, and all the rest are dead!'—the dear prosaic young folks, who know next to nothing of fashion, and still less of the great weary world—who play noisy games in and out of doors, and sometimes make our heads ache—who talk delicious nonsense at their play, and perhaps tease us with queer questions—who beg for stories untiringly, till they find out that the older head is tired. Child-like children, rich in faith and love, and contentedly poor in pocket-money, these are the 'living poems,' unconsciously charming—and mostly in pinafores.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—OVERHEARD.

'THEY don't half like it. It's useless to deny that, Cap'n. It's a big job, you see, Cap'n, a heavy job. And the sentence, if it came to the worst, would be a heavy one too—wouldn't it? Lagged for life, or, anyhow, for twenty years, to Portland Island and Dartmoor and the Bermudys, is no joke.'

'Isn't it?' demanded, in tones of suppressed scorn, another and deeper voice. 'I'll tell you what, you, Chelsea Ned, I've come to be sick of the world I live in, and ashamed of the Lily-livered swabs I'm forced to consort with. Lagged for life, ye lubber! Why, when I was first at this work, it was death, not life, that was the punishment. A chap couldn't whip up a beggarly crown's worth of anything, but he felt as if Ketch's cold fingers were already fumbling at the hempen cravat round his neck. And most of my early mates did die at Newgate, they did.'

'I can well believe you, Cap'n Jack,' responded the first and smoother speaker, in a tone of even fulsome servility.

The spot selected for this singular conversation was as lonely, to all appearance, as though it had not been within the radius of the Metropolitan Postal Delivery. To left and right spread a moist series of marshy fields, the rank pasture of which seemed to serve no ostensible purpose. Indeed, a herd of seals would have been more appropriate there than a flock of browsing sheep, so much did

the surroundings partake of a marine character. Instead of mushrooms or coy violets, ancient anchor-stocks and huge rusty boilers of broken-up steamships seemed to be the natural outcrop of the black and oozy soil; while close by, under the parapet of green and slimy stones, resounded the ceaseless wash and gurgle of the great river.

Very little life, animal or human, was to be seen habitually in these tracts of marsh, intersected by weedy creeks, above which the tall bulrush gently swayed in the summer air; but the very solitude of this uninviting locality had a certain weird charm for Bertram Oakley, who would often ramble there, book in hand, after working hours. He was returning now from one of these evening rambles, when the sound of voices struck upon his ear; and the matter as well as the manner of the discourse seemed to him so extraordinary, that he could not forbear from lingering to hear more. No one could have been less addicted to mere curiosity than Bertram. Talking age, or whispering lovers, as the poet puts it, might have chatted or prattled to their hearts' content unnoticed by him. But here were rogues, and rogues of a dangerous sort, openly plotting against honest men, and Bertram Oakley felt as if he would be false to the duty that we all owe to the society we live in, and live by, if he turned selfishly on his heel. So he listened.

It was evening already. The sun was going down, between bars of gold and gules and sable, gorgeous beyond any coat-armour that herald of the middle ages ever drew, over London. London lay to the west. To the east was, far away, the surging sea, ever answering, ever influencing the big river, whose very life was knit up with the busy, heaving ocean. There was another Thames, a baby Thames, a rural Thames, high up above Teddington, above Reading, and Goring, and Henley; but the real navigable Thames was below bridge, the highway of shipping, studded with ships as the Milky-way with stars, the Thames that throbs responsive to the sea. There are fields beside the river, almost as wet, and almost as green, as the polders of Holland. This was one of them, with a rushy creek running up into it, and half a boat set endways, as an abour, in the swampy soil at the head of the creek, wherein a small boat lay, close to the bank. The rude abour made by the old segment of a boat, set up endways, screened Bertram from observation, and allowed him to be, unsuspected, a third party at the interview that was in progress. There was little reason, there, to dread eavesdroppers, though the cloudy smoke and the red glare of London itself were so near and so perceptible in the western sky. It was a solitary spot. Here and there might be seen, dotted about, a lonely farm; or the house of some market-gardener, who risked ague for the sake of gain; or a tavern, with Dutch gables of cracked wood, and bankrupt aspect, hardly to be reached dry shod.

Cautiously, Bertram looked round the westward side of the old boat that formed the abour, and to which some dried-up tendrils of the scarlet-runner, dead and blackened, yet clung, and gained a glimpse of those whose conversation had arrested his progress. Two men, one old, the other youngish, some three-and-thirty, at a guess. The first was by far the more remarkable. Standing, as he was, in a small boat, leaky and in need

of fresh paint, which was nestled into the muddy water at the head of the creek, the man looked less like a dwarf than like a giant cut short; while from beneath his shaggy white eyebrows, his red, deep-set eyes looked out, full of fire and energy, as if the whole vicious power of that strong vitality had condensed itself into the gleam and glare of those truculent eyes. Yet the man must have been old, very old, for the hair that streamed down, unkempt, from beneath the boatman's fan-tailed cap of coarse waterproof that he wore, was as white as snow. His dress was the coarse garb of a river-side mariner; but it was his wrinkled, weather-beaten face which would have attracted attention anywhere—the audacious, evil face of a veteran miscreant, a grim survival from a buried past, the hideous proof that age may exist without claim to respect or sympathy.

The fellow whose feet were planted on the slushy bank of the creek, and who wore a brown greatcoat, the worse for wear, was merely, to look upon, a longshoreman, such as London fosters in only too great profusion. Every one whose duty or business leads him where such men abound, knows the untrustworthy vagabond that hangs about causeways and river-side stairs, that can pull an oar, yet is no waterman; who knows the rig and flag of every ship, but never saw blue water; the vermin that prey on silly sailors and careless ship-owners, the amphibious thief, scamp, and idler. Such a one was Chelsea Ned. Even vulgar Chelsea, far above bridge and bridges, has her water-knives, as well as dangerous Deptford, and historic Greenwich, and picturesque Erith.

But it was curious to see how the tall ruffian from Chelsea cringed before the short, thick-set occupant of the boat, and to observe the under-current of vanity that warmed the heart of the elder villain. 'Ay, ay,' said the old man meditatively; 'eight-and-sixty years! eight-and-sixty of this fun. Ah, there's not a many like me left.'

'No, indeed, Cap'en,' assented the man from Chelsea.

'Why, my boy, I'm the last River Pirate left. All hanged of the old gang but me,' was the next boastful speech.

'I should think so, Cap'en Jack,' was the meek reply.

'And you flinch, ye swabs, from going in for a big prize like this,' struck in the old mariner promptly. 'When I'm here to lead you, and there's a hundred—a hundred for each man—to be made by it. Sneaks, that you are! A set of pitiful light-horsemen, as you call yourselves, and skulking mud-larks, that buy a copper ring-bolt from a ship's boy, or think yourselves heroes when ye cut a Richmond barge adrift; and when there's a chance like this, it's too hot or too heavy for your hefting, eh, my lad?'

Chelsea Ned, the longshoreman, had his share of vanity too—there are few of us exempt from it—and a sort of flush reddened his sallow face as he winced, perceptibly winced, under the out-spoken contempt of his savage auxiliary. 'We'll not be backward, Cap'en, when the time comes to be up and doing,' he made answer sulkily. 'But what my mates and I want to be sure of, Cap'en, is whether we're certain of the swag we run the risk for. Suppose this blessed *Golden Gate* goes ashore down Barking way, or anywheres

except Drowned Point, in Bully's Reach, where shall we be then?'

The veins on the low forehead of the old pirate swelled ominously, and he struck the iron spike of the boat-hook that he held, with vicious energy, into the wet turf of the bank. 'What d'ye take me for?' he asked, in a growl that a grizzly bear might have envied. 'Be I one of your Jemmy Jessamy, dandy-jacket water-men, that can just row a wherryful of gaping gabies for a Sunday's pleasuring? or am I Cap'en Jack, that knows every inch of the river and every wash of the tide, as a parson knows verse and chapter? That clipper, when we cut her from her moorings, at the hour I said, on Sunday d'ye hear, goes on to Drowned Point, and no other, or may I never taste rum again!'

Positive conviction is so contagious, and the words of a speaker who thoroughly believes what he says carry such weight with them, that Chelsea Ned's hesitation seemed to evaporate at once. It was in his former deferential manner that he made answer: 'No offence, Cap'en, no offence! I never doubted your word, for one; but some of the coves are new to the trade, and rather timorous about it. We'll be ready at time and place, if you'll have your own below-bridge men, the heavy-horsemen, ready too. But if the watch on board the ship should be spy enough to give an alarm, or'—

'So much the worse for them,' grimly interrupted the fierce old mariner in the boat. 'The watch! We've strength enough, I reckon, to tie them neck and heels, gag them, and clap 'em under hatches. Forty year ago, I'd have set them a-diving; but folks have got too chicken-hearted, I suppose, for the regular thing, nowadays.' And the aged malefactor seemed really to deplore the comparative mildness and humanity of the degenerate times in which he lived.

After this, came an interlude of low, muttering talk, of which Bertram's quick ear could only catch, at intervals, a fragment. 'Keep your chaps soberish'—'Moon's young and night dark'—'Turn of tide'—'Lots of boats, and the carts ready at a whistle.'

Then the conference broke up. Bertram could hear the splash of the oars, as the old river pirate pushed out his leaky skiff from the hiding-place; and could hear, too, the heavy, shambling tread of the tall longshoreman as he walked slouchingly away, neither of this precious pair of confederates suspecting the presence of a listener at their colloquy. When the sounds had ceased, Bertram raised his head, and surveyed the field. The field was empty; a black dot on the river represented the departing boat.

'The *Golden Gate*,' he said slowly. 'Our ship! Mr Mervyn's ship! The robbery planned for Sunday night too, when all hands are away.'

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—COUNTERPLOT.

The feelings of Bertram Oakley, as he hearkened, an unsuspected listener, to the talk of the two river robbers, were of no very agreeable description. He had not been long at Blackwall, active in the discharge of his duties, before he learned that the river Thames, like most other things natural and artificial, has its evil influence as well as its good one. It is an artery of trade, without

which London would not be London, nor England England; but it is a fostering place as well of the petty vermin who prey on trade. The mischief which these aquatic thieves do is, after all, very small, when reckoned in tabular columns of figures. They are minor purloiners, petty-larceny knaves. The fierce river pirates of the earlier years of this century, the men who robbed and scuttled West Indianan at anchor, are as dead as Turpin and Sheppard. But the mudlark and the light-horseman survive, pilfering, purloining, receiving stolen goods; though it is rare that the heavy-horseman, who pillages ships adrift, appears upon the scene.

This was an exceptional case. The *Golden Gate*, a magnificent clipper-ship, full-rigged, launched from the Yard of Mervyn & Co., was lying some way down the river, waiting, in her maiden freshness, for her trial trip to the Antipodes. A noble ship she was, one of those giants of the sea whose towering masts and immense spread of canvas first enabled them to take full advantage of the steady trade-winds, and with lavish splendour of accommodation for passenger traffic. Steam, as always, can beat sails; but at that time economic reasons made the huge sailing-ships the best carriers for men and goods between the Old World and the Infant World across the globe, and the *Golden Gate* was the pattern and model of a host of others, bespoken by a Company, and ordered, under strict contract as to time, from Mervyn & Co.

And there lay the *Golden Gate* at moorings, new-fitted, full of gilding and colour and silk hangings, and gleaming copper and brass, her stores on board, and most of her valuable assorted cargo shipped; but with no crew on board. She had not yet, in fact, been formally and legally 'given over' to her new purchasers, and had no commander, no fore-castle-men or petty officers on board. There was what, in Thames parlance, was called 'a watch,' left on board by Messrs Mervyn. It consisted of an inviolated man-of-war's man, and his son of fourteen; a black ship's cook, honest and merry as a negro can be; a sailor-boy of twelve; and a storekeeper. Bertram shuddered to think of poor Juba the black, and lame Trenchard and his boy, and the other child, and Mr Swaine the quiet storekeeper, confronted by Captain Jack and his gang. There was a dog, to be sure; but what could the dog do?

That the robbery was for that night, Bertram could not doubt. He knew, almost as well as the aged miscreant who had planned the scheme, that in about an hour and a half the ebb-tide would be running strongly down to seaward. That, if it was dark enough, and if the set of the tide exactly served, would probably be the time selected for the attack. It was Sunday. Mr Mervyn and his nephew were absent. The Yard was closed. The workmen were away. It was an evening of rest, of prayer for the few; of noisy, coarse enjoyment for some. The thieves had chosen their time well.

Bertram, as he walked slowly back towards Blackwall, regulating his pace so as to avoid attracting the notice of the longshoreman, whose gaunt figure was still visible in the gloaming, felt himself sorely perplexed. The Yard was closed, and contained no one, excepting Old Joe the gate-keeper, and the night-watchman. The very tele-

graph office at the railway station would probably be shut up; and even if a clerk could be summoned, a message to Mr Mervyn would produce little effect. Long before aid could come from London, the work of plunder—of murder, possibly, for the satellites of Captain Jack were not likely to be scrupulous in suppressing the resistance of the faithful few in charge of the clipper—would be completed. As useless would it be to hire a wherry, and warn Trenchard and his companions of their danger. The sheep-dogs were all too weak to beat off the swarming wolves from the fold.

Bertram had a long walk before him. It led him past the new, tall ship, the stately *Golden Gate*, lying at anchor, unsuspectingly, in the deep-water channel, her paint bright and glistening, the brailed-up canvas lying in snowy festoons along her yards, and her lofty masts overtopping those of coal-brig and Dutch trader, as the sky-piercing spire of some cathedral looms it over the bellries of ordinary churches. Bertram heard the tinkle of her bells as they struck the hour, and heard the dog bark on board of her, responsive to the barking of other dogs on board of other vessels at anchor within hearing. It was late enough now for her lights to burn, and bright and clear they shone at stern and bow. There was a dull red glow from the galley-fire where Juba reigned among his kettles and saucepans; but no human form was visible. The handful of poor, faithful fellows on board the fine new Australian clipper obviously apprehended no danger but that of a possible collision with some Irish steamer or outward-bound Indianan.

Bertram, on reaching Blackwall, went straight to the police station. Here a disappointment awaited him. The superintendent was away, and the commanding officer for the nonce was a spruce young sergeant, whose glossy whiskers seemed to have been developed to the detriment of his brains. He declined to lend any credence to Bertram's story.

'We, of the Force,' said the sergeant, tightening his belt and pulling up his stiff black stock as he surveyed Bertram with supercilious disbelief, 'can't afford to waste our time over all the fancies of the Public. Of course, when we're wanted, here we are. Duty's duty. When an information is properly signed, and sworn to, of a felony committed, then the police can act. But with moonshine, and mare's-nests, and cock-and-bull stories, the less the Force concerns itself the better. The Public should not cry out before it's hurt.'

And indeed the young sergeant, who had but a single disposable constable under his orders, appeared to consider that against that impersonation the Public, for the moment represented by Bertram Oakley, he had a genuine grudge and substantial cause for complaint. 'Besides,' he added, presently, 'if it's on the river, the Thames Police should see to it.'

To the waterside station of these aquatic guardians of order, accordingly, Bertram repaired. There he obtained a more respectful and a more patient hearing from the Acting Inspector left in charge; but there, too, he was doomed to disappointment.

'It's a queer story, and an unlikely thing to happen,' said the officer ponderingly. 'But I'd

not take on myself to say the conspiracy may not be a real one. That old Captain Jack, Mr Oakley, is only too well known, below bridge, as a desperado of the worst sort. He was as near being hanged once, I've heard, as— Well, well! The worst of it is, you see, that the galley is not here. If she gets back from Deptford in time to be of use, I will lay the case before the Superintendent, and I have no doubt of his immediately taking steps to protect life and property.'

These interviews, while affording but cold comfort, had of necessity consumed much time. The tide had turned, and was running, strongly and swiftly, out towards the Nore and the sea, aided by the freshening south-west wind. The vessels at anchor, save only such as were moored, stem and stern, swung round at their anchorage, and the lap of the muddy wavelets, and the gurgle and splash of the river, grew louder as the ebb set fairly in. Still, what was Bertram to do? Already, perhaps, the old pirate and his ruffian gang had quitted the lairs where, like night-hawks whetting their beaks for prey, they had been lurking, to rush upon the rich prize. No hope could be entertained of any effectual assistance from neighbouring craft. The few coasters or foreign vessels within hail, weak-handed, and with their commanders probably ashore, would pay little heed to the sounds of scuffling or outcry on board the new clipper.

Ha! That was an idea at last, that promised help! Bertram had strayed on until he found himself standing in front of the wooden porch of a large public-house, of decent repute, yelext the *Shipwrights' Arms*, whence through the red-curtained windows came the sounds of many voices, mingling with the jingle of glasses. This, as he knew, was the tavern especially patronised by the brawny artisans in the employ of Mervyn & Co. He knew the men, and the men knew him. He resolved to make an appeal to them, pressed, as he was, for time. Bertram, his mind once made up, was not one to hesitate as to the execution of his project. A moment, and he was in the middle of the great room, with its sanded floor, and little green-painted tables, around which sat, drinking and smoking, singing and conversing, a miscellaneous company, in various stages of intoxication. All, or nearly all, desisted from their occupation to peer inquisitively through the clouds of tobacco smoke at the intruder on their riverside hamlet.

'Mervyn's men, I want you, want your help, lads, to save your kind master's property from robbers' hands, and to save the lives and limbs of those left in charge of it!' cried Bertram, springing upon a window-sill that the audience might get a better view of him.

Then there was a clamour of voices. 'What's up?' 'Is the yard on fire?' 'Quiet, mates, and let Mr Bertram speak!'

'This is what's up,' answered Bertram quickly. 'A set of blackguards are gone to out adrift the *Golden Gate*, to rob her of her fittings and cargo when she grounds in Bully's Reach, with the ebb that's running strongly. The watch on board will be overpowered, and perhaps flung into the Thames, unless we take boat and go quickly to their assistance. I promise every man who joins, in Mr Mervyn's name, that he shall be rewarded.

But, lads, I know your honest hearts too well to think it needs that to make you bear a hand, like Britons, in this pinch!'

It is generally safe, as more experienced speakers than Bertram have approved, to appeal to the nobler sentiments of a crowd, when you use a language that the popular mind can comprehend. When men are gathered together in any numbers, they seem, somehow, to be ashamed of being selfish.

'I'll go, for one,' shouted a big shipwright in his shirt-sleeves, flinging his pipe to the floor as he jumped to his feet. 'It's a shame, I say, to let a finger be laid on whatever belongs to Mr Mervyn—and the *Golden Gate*, too!'

'I'll bear a hand!' 'We all will!' 'Hurrah for young Oakley!' 'Come along, my hearties!' shouted a score of willing voices. There were some dissentient grumbings, however, and there were those who affected to disbelieve the tale. But Bertram persisted, and, his personal popularity assisting, he carried the majority along with him. Out of nine-and-twenty volunteers he was, however, obliged, as delicately as he could, to decline the services of those who were too drunk and noisy to be fit for the expedition. There remained a compact body of nearly twenty-strong fellows, who embarked willingly on board of boats that lay moored at the foot of the stone stairs, and the use of which the watermen to whom they belonged were ready to grant in hopes of future recompense. Wisely, Bertram had forborne to mention, before that mixed assemblage, the names of Captain Jack or of Chelsea Ned.

'Pull away, lads, and with a will!' cried Bertram, as the boats pushed off.

### SOME STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

FROM a number of communications addressed to us from time to time on the intelligence, cleverness, and sagacity of our humble four-footed friend the Dog, we make a selection of anecdotes bearing upon these and other traits in his character. In all the cases given, the stories are within the personal knowledge of the narrator, and may therefore be taken as strictly authentic. The first is from a minister of the Church of Scotland, who writes as follows:

Dogs are always credited with kindness, sagacity, and faithfulness, but not often with humour. My experience, however, has led me to conclude that, as a rule, they have an intense sense of the ludicrous. It varies, of course, with different breeds, a large dog inclining to fun, while an English terrier is generally a cynic; but every dog, except ladies' lapdogs and obviously stupid animals, has some sense of humour in his character. Some years ago, I had a fine retriever who had the most unmistakable enjoyment of fun. This was indeed a kind of failing in poor Humphry (he is now dead), and led him into excesses he afterwards plainly regretted, both as a dog and as a minister's dog. But though I must say he had a becoming sense of his position, and on visitation or at a session meeting, conducted himself with blameless propriety, he could hardly resist an opportunity for a practical joke.

One minister who visited my manse occasionally, was a favourite victim. The good man, who

had not a gleam of humour in his disposition, was morbidly afraid of all dogs, and was quite convinced that Humphry in particular was bent on assaulting him. It was in vain to assure him that Humphry was the very paragon of good-nature, and to point out that when we were all out walking together, he never once offered to annoy him. My friend was persuaded that if Humphry only got him alone, he would play some trick upon him. In fact, he would not take a turn in the garden without assuring himself that that 'brute of a dog' was not prowling about; and I now think he had reason.

One day, having satisfied himself that Humphry was out of the way, he went out to a favourite walk that ran along beside a high hedge, and began to ruminate over some theological problem, as he paced backwards and forwards, free from all anxiety. Then, to my amusement, as I freely confess, I saw Humphry's black but most intelligent countenance peeping out from an opening in a hedge at the upper end of the garden, and watching with keen delight his unsuspecting prey. He then squeezed himself through, trotted down the garden in a stately manner; and just as our friend was approaching the end of the hedge, Humphry presented himself, and gave one bark. That bark can hardly be described; but all my readers who know the sound of fun in a dog's bark, can imagine it. The look of dismay in the minister's solemn face as he found himself thus suddenly at his tormentor's mercy, was a study; and he began to retire backwards, as from the presence of royalty. This proceeding, Humphry, who was simply playing on the man's nervousness, watched with much relish; and then, when it had landed our friend half-way up the wall, he hurried along the other side of the hedge, and repeated the former bark—this time *behind* the minister, whose self-possession now gave way, and gathering up his coat, like a child wading through water, he made a clean bolt for a neighbouring summer-house. Humphry was quite unable to follow him. He lay down on the grass, and literally rolled in an ecstasy of delight.

When I arrived on the spot as a relieving expedition, Humphry had recovered himself, and was seated before his friend's place of refuge, listening with much complacency to a string of conciliatory remarks: 'Fine fellow,' 'Poor dog!' as if he had been a lay-dog—and suggestions such as 'Pussy, pussy, ah—ah, cats,' but steadily maintaining his position of watchfulness. But as soon as I made my appearance, he seemed at once to realise his undignified and inhospitable conduct, and hurriedly retired from the scene with an expression of deep repentance in his ears and tail. After this unfortunate incident, I could no longer stand up for his innocence, and was obliged to slant him up during the minister's visit, lest the very sight of the man should be too much for Humphry's virtue.

By accident, I learned one day another of Humphry's standing jokes; for, as I said before, he was the most staid of dogs when with myself. One of my elders, a most kindly and useful man, was little, and slightly deformed; and I noticed that Humphry took much interest in him. However, they were excellent friends; and I never suspected how much the elder suffered for this friendship, till I saw him coming along by the

side of the church, and pressing himself against the wall, while Humphry accompanied him, giving derisive barks, and inviting the little elder out to the open road.

'Dear me, John, you are not afraid of Humphry. What in the world are you doing?'

'I daurna leave the wa'!' said the poor man, who proceeded to explain that the moment he did so, Humphry, if in a mischievous mood, would run in between his legs and cawp him on his back. But he added, with a kindly look at Humphry, who remained at a safe distance: 'Dinna thrash him, for he's a fine dog; and it's jist his natur—he's that fond o' a joke.' A rather rough one, however; and I induced Humphry to abstain from it in future. But as often as he saw the good little man shuffling along the road, a gleam of suppressed fun came into his expressive face.

On another occasion, I heard a great noise, made up of women scolding and dogs barking, in our village washing-green; and looking out of my gate, I saw that in the centre of the green was spread a large washing, and on the central shirt sat my little English terrier. What had made him take up that position, I cannot tell, except pure mischief; but there he was sitting, and receiving the angry threats of the woman in charge, with an ill-natured growl and a gleam of his teeth. Up above on a knoll, I saw that Humphry lay stretched, viewing the whole affair with deep interest, and joining in the conversation at intervals with a most comical 'bonf.' The moment I showed myself, both dogs recoiled some business they had up the way, and disappeared, while I made an apology to the good housewife. 'But why did you not drive Jackie off your shirts?'

'Drive him aff! Little ye ken him. He's jist a wee Sattan, and hands oor green in bondage. But I wonder sic a sonesy beast as Humphry wud coontenance sic tricks; only a'boddy kens he'll dae anything that's droll.'

Yes; that was his failing. The kindest of dogs, the pet of all our children, the protector of all little dogs, and the most affectionate of companions, he was apt to forget himself on such occasions. His penitence afterwards was, I believe, really genuine, for he was a dog of fine feelings; but it was too short-lived, and nearly every week was signalled by some new escapade. Yet he was perhaps the most popular character in our district, was welcome in every house, and when he died—poisoned, as we supposed—Humphry was universally regretted. 'So Humphry's dead,' said one whom he often teased. 'Weel, he'll be sair missed, for he was a droll dog.'

My mother used to tell a good story of a Newfoundland. My grandfather was fond of driving high-spirited horses, and on one occasion my aunt refused to go into the conveyance, and determined to walk; my mother, however, ventured. Their Newfoundland dog was with them, highly delighted, like most of his kind, to follow the gig. On their way, they came on an ill-looking couple, who evidently attracted the dog's attention also; for on reaching them, and apparently taking note, he left off following the gig, went back to my aunt, came with her past the people, and then set off at full speed after the gig.



Another incident my mother used to speak of, when she considered herself saved by a Newfoundland dog—whether the same one or not, I do not know. She was very fond of collecting seaweed; and knowing her proneness to be tempted to go into danger, a dog was usually with her. On this occasion she wished to pass a point where the sea was lashing up; but the dog would not move. She tried every effort to induce him, but tried in vain. Baffled completely, she had to go round by the street, the faithful animal now going quite willingly. Evidently, he had comprehended the danger, and determined to do his best to make his mistress avoid it.

My friend Kate S—, while on a visit to us, told me the following story of a dog, which belonged to her father some years ago. Mr S—, a clergyman, kept a great many hens, which laid very well, excepting, as it seemed, on Sundays; for when the places wherein they deposited their eggs on the week-days were visited on Sundays, there was never an egg to be found in any nest. This could not be accounted for; and Mr S—, at last growing tired of missing his eggs one day in the week, left a member of his family at home one Sunday, in addition to the servant who usually remained, while the rest were at church, to watch. The person so left had suspicions as to the honesty of Gip, the pet dog of the family. At all events, Gip was kept in ignorance of the fact that any one was left on the watch; and soon after church-time, the watcher saw him stealthily going towards the fowl-yard—a very extensive one. The watcher took measures to observe his further proceedings more narrowly, and saw the dog take the new-laid eggs in his mouth carefully, one by one, and hide them in a heap of rubbish in the orchard. When he had completely robbed the hen-roost, he proceeded to scratch a hole, to which he transferred the eggs in a more leisurely manner; then scratched the mould over the hole again, and left the place. This discovery was made known to Mr S— on his return from church; and further watching during the week revealed the fact, that Gip went every day to the hole and partook of his stolen goods. After sucking one or more eggs, he scratched the earth over his storeroom, and went 'back to busy life again' with quite an innocent bearing.

Gip was especially fond of one of the boys of the S— family; and when, as sometimes happened, this boy was sent to bed in disgrace, the dog would follow him to his room, climb over the side of his crib, and remain lying beside him all day, snarling at any one who came near. Mrs S—, the mother of this boy, has a little dog now, named Flop, who loves her so, that when she leaves home, it whines and cries, while the tears positively run down its little face; and this distress begins when the preparations for her departure are being made.

My dog Jim lived in our family quite fourteen years. His mother was a very well-bred and game-looking Scotch terrier, and his father a nearly white Skye; but notwithstanding the good looks of both his parents, Jim was an ugly, thin, long-legged creature; a very pretty head and bright eyes being his only beauties. He had also a black nose and black paws, as signs of good blood. He attached himself to a few persons with par-

ticular affection; but he was polite to all of whom he was not afraid. He was very intelligent, though not very apt at learning what are called 'tricks,' but which ought more properly to be called 'accomplishments'; and had a faculty for putting this and that together, which certainly in many instances was startlingly very like clear reasoning. But the instances are so interwoven with one's everyday life, and so likely to seem only commonplace when written—although to us who noted them they were very interesting—that I forbear to set them down here.

He considered cats as things to be chased; but he was polite to our house-cat, although positively sulky when she came and sat by him on the hearth-rug. One day, we saw him tearing down the street after a cat; but when he came up to her, he recognised her as our cat, turned away at once, and came home hastily, his tail down, and with the appearance of one who is thoroughly ashamed of having committed a silly mistake. His eyesight became defective for many years before he died, and owing to this, he would mistake persons at a distance for members of his own family. I remember one day at Buxton being seated near Cavendish Villas, and looking down into the public gardens. Jim was standing beside me, and presently I saw his tail gently wagging, and looked to see who was near that he recognised, but for some little time could find no reason for the wagging of the tail or the cocking of his ears. At last, I saw a gentleman standing watching the ducks in the ornamental water some little way off, whom I at first thought was my father, as Jim evidently did, and for the same reason, namely, a trembling of the right hand, which was violent enough to agitate the stick upon which the right hand rested. My father unfortunately suffered from this form of paralysis, and Jim had recognised the peculiar symptom in this stranger. When the gentleman began to walk towards us, Jim advanced to meet him; but before he reached him, he discovered his mistake, and returned with tail down and abashed looks, as in the case of the hunted cat. I remember Jim's mother used to wag her tail in the same gentle manner when the feet of her master's children pattered across the nursery floor overhead.

Jim became nearly blind and very dull of hearing in the winter of 1867, and although he always started out to walk with my father—then in very feeble health—he came home again in a few minutes, barking and scratching at the garden door until some one let him inside the walls, when he would hurry to his particular corner in the dining-room, where he was out of the way of being stumbled over or disturbed. My father was not obliged to remain in his bed more than four or five days before he died; and on one of these days, Jim, who had never done such a thing before, went out at the front door, sat down in the middle of the path, and howled long and dismally. I went out, and patted and spoke to him; but he did not appreciate my caresses, and returned to his corner without so much as a wag of his tail. As I have said, he was never known to howl before, and he never did it again. When my father died, Jim curled himself up on the mat outside his door, and there slept all day, although it was winter, and there were fires, which he keenly appreciated

usually, in the sitting-rooms. He kept the most striking proof of his power of reasoning—for so one is tempted to believe it was—to do honour to my father's memory. The funeral—a walking one—was starting, when Jim suddenly emerged from some part of the garden, looking almost young again, with his tail well up, and deliberately headed the procession, going before it through the little town of Dursley, Gloucestershire, up to the cemetery of St Mark's Chapel, which was quite three-quarters of a mile from our house—a long way for a dog who for many months had seemed to think that to be away from home to the extent of only a few yards was too much for his strength. I am told that when inside the church, he sat quietly under a seat, but not near any one he knew—he had no affection for my brothers, who had not lived at home for years—and headed the line again as the funeral party went out, and took a place by the grave, gently wagging his tail as the service was read. I, watching for the return of the funeral party, saw him enter the gate before them; and I was told that he had come home first all the way, as he went. He trotted quietly to his usual place, with his tail still well up, and a look about him as if he was conscious of having done his duty. He never went out walking with any of us after this, and seemed to care very little for anything, although he lived without pain and discomfort to himself apparently, until 1870. His conduct at his master's funeral made quite an impression on our cottage neighbours, one of whom said to one of my brothers, who returned home from South America three months after my father's death: 'Ay! poor old Jim, sir, he followed your father to his grave with the rest of them.'

One of the most intelligent dogs that I think ever existed was a fine brown retriever, of what is called in the neighbourhood of Castle Granard, 'Lord Forbes's breed.' He was of unusual beauty, a perfect specimen of his kind; highly trained to retrieve by land or water; of sweet disposition, a most affectionate companion; and, with reason, considered to be invaluable. His gentleness towards little children was invariable; even an infant would be as safe in his charge as in that of a nurse. He particularly enjoyed romping and playing with older children, joining them in their games. 'Puss in the Corner' was especially entered into with great delight, running and barking vigorously at each change of position; and if a dog can be said to laugh, he certainly did so. No game was thought complete without 'dear old Bob' as one of the players. His tricks and accomplishments were numerous. Having passed his life amongst soldiers, he had learned a great variety in the course of his extensive education. He had of course been taught to balance a biscuit on his nose while the orders 'Make ready, present, fire!' were pronounced, waiting with military discipline till the last syllable was said, when he threw up the biscuit, and caught it in his mouth. He would shut a door at command, standing on his hind-legs and forcing it to with his fore-feet; shake hands with all visitors, offering first one paw and then the other; and also ring the bell, being greatly troubled where there was no bell-rope to pull with his teeth.

A valet could not have more courteously fetched

slippers, or taken boots to be cleaned, returning them when ready for use. A pair of goloshes, however, were one day given to Bob, with directions that they were to be taken down-stairs. Perhaps, for some peculiar reasons of his own, he may have thought the intention was to get rid of them; at anyrate, they were never brought back, and not having been required for some days afterwards, they were not at first missed. When asked for, they could nowhere be found. Every part of the house and outbuildings was examined without effect. At length, it was recollected that they had been intrusted to Bob, as above described. His assistance being requested, he appeared anxious to explain the mysterious circumstances of the case, wagging his tail and looking very wise; but the goloshes still continued lost. Bob had frequently been noticed burying his own discarded property; and as a forlorn hope, it was suggested that in this manner he might also have hidden the overshoes. His favourite region for secreting bones and such unconsidered trifles was known, and thither Bob, seeming highly amused, led the way. The ground did not look as if it had been lately disturbed, yet, for a last resource, it was decided to make an investigation. The earth was carefully removed; and at some depth below, the goloshes were laid open to view. No gardener armed with spade and rake could have concealed them more effectually, or done his work in a more skilful manner.

Bob had acquired a curious trick of lying completely motionless on hearing the word of command 'Dead!' and although he might be left for several moments, never rose till permission was given to do so. Nothing could exceed his dexterity at finding articles purposely hid, in most unlikely places. Letters lodged on boughs of trees, nearly out of his reach; gloves, whips, sticks, left in hedges; handkerchiefs dropped at any distance—all were alike discovered and restored. The more difficult a task might be, the greater gratification its mastery afforded. He was always greatly excited at the sight of a gun; and one of his favorite performances was a pretence of being out shooting. A walking-stick served for this purpose; and he went through all the assumption of anxiety during the process of loading, cocking, and firing 'the gun.' No sooner was the exclamation 'Bang!' made, than he bounded forward to find 'the bird' with great glee, seizing on any available object, such as a shoe, to represent 'the game.'

While engaged in any of his tricks, Bob always walked with a conceited species of strut, that can be best described by comparing it to the gait of a circus-horse which is supposed to be dancing or marching. He had not the least objection to music generally, having been accustomed to it from his earliest years; but nevertheless showed a strong and incurable aversion for anything approaching to the tone of a flute. Possibly this dislike may have arisen from the primitive and unmelodious efforts of some juvenile member of a military band. So inveterate was the prejudice, that merely pretending to play on a ruler, whistling a tune, bore too close a resemblance to be calmly endured. Bob took great notice of any change in the expression of his friends' faces; an endless amusement thereby was afforded to children, through leading him to watch, while they

made a series of grimaces, during which his eyes were eagerly fixed on their countenances. He cleverly affected to be extremely angry, growling and barking, though evidently realising the joke. Bob also observed the faintest alteration of voice, and even of accent; for if addressed in an Irish brogue, he became wildly excited, doubtless hailing the sound as a pleasing reminiscence of his native land.

Bob was equally at home on sea or land; and he would leap from great heights into water, and swim and dive like a duck, to recover whatever might be thrown in for him. During a shooting expedition, he had, as usual, much distinguished himself by his professional services, and none present had more fully appreciated good sport. The last pheasant that had been shot could not be found. After a prolonged delay—during which he was invisible, having received orders to find it—and as evening was coming on, further search was abandoned. He was repeatedly called and whistled for, but in vain. Collecting the other dogs, the shooting party reluctantly started for home without him, their destination being many miles away. About ten o'clock, a welcome summons resounded at the hall door, where Bob made his appearance, walking in his most conceited style, holding the pheasant, perfectly uninjured, in his mouth, which he politely presented, showing every sign of satisfaction at the successful result brought about by his own perseverance.

As Bob advanced in years, his morals, upon the one subject of the Game Laws, sadly deteriorated. He began by killing forbidden birds and rabbits, bringing them, with a touchingly innocent demeanour, as if only well-meant contributions to the larder. Later in life, he became a regular poacher, remaining out all night whenever an opportunity could be found; and, not contented with descending to such evil courses himself, he succeeded in contaminating another dog—which knew nothing of field-sports beyond orthodox rat-catching—by inducing him to join in these disreputable practices. When the erring pair came home at early morning, after their nocturnal excursions, it was too obvious that they had not merely been occupied in hunting rabbits, &c., but, lamentable to relate, had also eaten them! The guilty, yet mischievous expression of the principal offender on these occasions, can be better imagined than described. Such reprehensible tendencies involved a necessary curtailment of liberty. With this single exception, our old friend continued to the close of a long and memorable career, a highly refined and most original character, a veritable gentleman amongst dogs.

#### A CLIFF ADVENTURE.

In the far north, long ago, when I was a boy, my brother and I used to be expert cragsmen—if I may use the term. Few things gave us more pleasure than to scale all the steep precipices, of which there was no lack in our neighbourhood. These precipices ranged from one hundred to four hundred feet in height. We were never troubled with giddiness, and boy-like in such a pastime did not know what fear meant. I daresay if there had been nothing whatever to procure, the 'danger's self' would

have been 'lure alone.' Dangerous it certainly was, and many a narrow escape we had. I shudder now at the thought of the places in which we ventured. I have often since these far-away days looked at some of these places, and wondered at our foolhardiness, and I would not for any consideration now attempt to repeat some of our escapades. But to add zest to the thing, there were multitudes of birds' nests in those precipices—hawks, gulls, kittiwakes, guillemots, puffins, cormorants, and many others. We made a fine collection of eggs; and any that we might obtain beyond our own requirements, we could always exchange with friends or dealers for others not procurable in our part of the country. Moreover, many of the commonest kinds of eggs, as those of all the gulls and guillemots, were excellent eating when fresh and boiled hard. One of our adventures very nearly proved tragic.

We had often tried—but had always failed—to obtain any ravens' eggs for our collection. We were anxious to procure specimens, and determined that somehow or other we should. Now, be it known to those who are not acquainted with the character and habits of the 'bird of ill omen,' that he is one of the most sagacious and cunning of the feathered tribe. He builds his nest high up in the most inaccessible cliffs, so that it is almost always impossible to reach it except with the help of a rope; and even with such assistance, it is no easy task. We knew of a raven's nest about fifty feet from the top of a very steep and bare precipice of four hundred feet which there was no possibility of scaling in the usual way. Above the nest, the cliff was partly overhanging; and beneath and on both sides, except the spot chosen for the nest on a solitary shelf, it was smooth and steep as a wall. For many years, the same pair of ravens, safe and unmolested, had occupied this spot and reared their broods; but with the pertinacious ardour of boyhood, we were resolved they should no longer find that their eyrie was impregnable, and we laid our plans accordingly. It was necessary to have recourse to a rope, that one of us might be lowered down from the brow of the cliff; also a pulley, in the form which sailors call a 'block,' was required; for one of us would of course have been unable to haul up the other with the single rope only; but the doubling of the rope by means of the block would diminish the weight and pressure by one half, and bring the task well within our strength. Accordingly, we obtained a coil of about forty fathoms of rope, such as is commonly used for the sheet of the sail of a small boat; also a small block and a strong oak stake.

The brow of the cliff was a smooth grassy sward, the turf being hard and, to all appearance, tough. We secured one end of the rope to the stake, which we drove firmly in the ground right above the raven's nest. My brother was to make the descent; I was to stand by the rope and manage the lowering and hauling up. A small piece of wood to sit on having been attached to a loop of rope and secured to the lower end of the block, all was ready for action, and the descent commenced. Slowly I paid out rope, I could not see over the cliff, but was quite without easy ear-shot, and every second or two the shout came up: 'Lower away, lower away;' at last it was: 'Hold hard;' and in a little: 'All right. Haul up now.'

I knew that the prize was won, and began to pull away lustily and cheerily; but when I had recovered not more than three or four yards, to my horror and dismay, I noticed the treacherous soil yielding to the strain, and the stake being drawn. I had barely time to seize the stake-end of the rope. Another moment, and the stake would have been wrenched out of the earth and dragged right over, and— Well, I daresay I should have held on; I am sure I should; but that would have been of no avail. My poor brother must have fallen down, down till the block caught the stake with a jerk, which would have fetched me over too, if I had kept my hold; and down those terrible hundreds of feet, we should both have been dashed to inevitable destruction. As it was, the situation was dreadful enough for us both. For some time at least, I could hold on, but that was all. It was beyond my strength now to haul in one yard of rope.

'Haul away, can't you!' shouted my brother, little thinking what a frightful thing had happened.

I paused a moment before answering. I was afraid, when he knew the truth, that he might faint or lose his presence of mind at the appalling position in which he was placed. I did him injustice. A braver, cooler spirit never beat in breast of man or boy. 'Don't be alarmed,' I cried; 'the stake is loosening a little.' That is how I put it, to lessen the shock to his nerves. 'Keep still a moment,' I added, 'till I see what can be done.' But in truth I could not think what was to be done. I could do no more than keep my place and my hold.

'Has the stake entirely slipped its hold?' he cried.

'I fear so—yes,' I replied. 'But don't be afraid; I can easily hold you as you are till we think what can be done.'

He knew the worst then; we both knew too well the peril of the situation. Had he been only a few feet from the brow of the precipice, he might have got up by the rope hand over hand, for he was light, wiry, and active, and his muscles strengthened and toughened by constant exercise, gymnastics, rowing, cricket, and the like. But nearly fifty feet! It was out of the question—it was impossible; and we both knew it. Moreover, we had no hope of help coming. There was not the slightest chance of any one passing that way; for the cliff was far away from human habitation, an isolated headland at the extremity of a peninsula, where a few more than half-wild sheep grazed; a place, therefore, which no one had occasion to visit except the owner of the said sheep, two or three times in a year. Of all this, we were perfectly aware.

'What's to be done?' at last I cried. 'But at any rate don't get shaky.'

Firm and clear came up the reply: 'Shaky! old fellow. No! that I shan't, and I know you won't either. I know you won't let go. We shall do yet, never fear. I am thinking of a plan.' And then, after a moment's pause: 'I have it. If you hold hard by the stake-end of the rope, and slip the other over, I'll slide down till I reach some footing. Wait till I shout that I'm all ready, and then kick the rope out as far as you can, that it may not come down on my head. You understand?'

'All right,' I shouted back, instantly comprehending, and immensely admiring the ready wit of the device. 'Be careful in moving. Don't jerk. Give the rope a twist round your legs, and slip down slowly.' It was not without danger that this could be done, and everything depended upon steadiness and nerve. Haste or hurry would in all probability have been fatal. He had to disengage himself from the loop in which he was sitting, pull himself up a few feet, and get firm hold of the rope with hands and feet above the block; and to accomplish this, hanging as he was in mid-air, was no easy matter, as the reader will readily understand. In a few seconds, I knew by the strain on the stake-end of the rope, that he was transferring his weight to it alone.

'Now then,' he cried; 'pitch away! I'm ready.' There was no tension now on the longer end of the rope. With both hands, therefore, I grasped firmly the stake, and kicked the coil as far as I was able. 'All right!' my brother shouted. 'Hold hard now, and I'll slide down slowly.'

We knew the rope was not long enough to reach all the way down to the rocks and boulders, where the sea was grumbling; but we had good hope that a hundred feet or so down he would find footing. In little more than a minute, I felt the tension suddenly cease, and grew deadly faint from the terrible fear that he had lost his hold. The next instant, to my inexpressible joy, I heard his far-off shout: 'Right now, old fellow. I've got good footing, and will be up directly; it's all plain sailing now.'

I ran along the brow of the cliff, to a point from which I could see him. I seemed scarcely able to realise that he was safe till I actually did see him. He was nearly half-way down; and we waved mutual congratulations to one another. After a few minutes' rest, he passed along laterally for some distance, and then ascended by an easy part of the precipice which we had often before traversed. At last he set foot on the green turf, where I was anxiously waiting him. Each looked at the other's flushed and streaming face, and I am bound to acknowledge, that though we tried very hard, we ignominiously failed to repress a little blubber.

#### THE COST OF A GENERAL ELECTION.

In the delusive expectation of curbing the extravagant propensities of energetic electioneering agents, and limiting the profuseness of their uninquiring clients, Parliament has, in its wisdom, enacted that every candidate for a seat in the House of Commons shall furnish a detailed account of the money expended on his behalf; the latest result of which enactment is the publication of a Return of the charges made by Returning Officers, and of the total expenses incurred by each candidate at last year's General Election.

Before proceeding to analyse this curious Parliamentary Paper, we must premise that it is by no means so complete as it might and should be, owing to many of our legislators and would-be legislators, for reasons best known to themselves, declining to fulfil the requirements of the law. The senior members for Liverpool, the members for East Staffordshire, and the candidates for the representation of Radnorshire, omitted to furnish

the officials with any account of their disbursements; the like reticence having been shown by no less than seventy-six out of a hundred and seventy-one Irish candidates. For some few cases of similar default, there is reasonable excuse. The returns for the two divisions of Shropshire and the borough of Shrewsbury are wanting in consequence of the papers relating to them having been destroyed in the fire at the Shrewsbury Town Hall; while the Sheriff of Derbyshire declares himself unable to render detailed particulars of the election charges in the three divisions of that county, owing to his Officer having wilfully destroyed the books and papers from which alone the information could be obtained.

Imperfect as the Return confessedly is, not a little interesting and curious information may be gathered from its half-hundred pages of figures. First in order come the unavoidable or official expenses, representing the cost of polling-booths, dies, ballot-boxes, ballot-papers, advertising placards, stationery, clerks, sundries, and fees to Returning Officers; the amount (in contested elections) ranging from twenty-six pounds in the Yorkshire borough of Richmond, to eighteen hundred and sixty-one pounds charged in the city of Manchester.

The compiler of the Return has thought it worth noting that the Returning Officer at Waterford received only thirty pounds from each of the successful candidates, and twenty-five pounds from the unsuccessful ones; out of which sum, after paying all expenses, he had but ten pounds eighteen shillings left to pay himself for his trouble. This dissatisfied gentleman had certainly good reason to envy his brother-officials of King's County and Stoke-upon-Trent, seeing that their labours were rewarded by the receipt of two hundred and sixty-five pounds in the one case, and of two hundred and ten pounds in the other. At Grantham, the presiding Officer was contented with the modest fee of four guineas; and some still less exacting gentlemen were satisfied with obtaining a fourth of that sum from the successful candidate only. At the University of Oxford, no official charges whatever are made, whether the seats be contested or not; and the same rule obtains at the University of London, all expenses being charged to the parliamentary vote for the University. In Scotland, the Returning Officers receive nothing for themselves, not even being repaid their outlay for travelling and other personal expenses; an arrangement seemingly to the mind of the Officer concerned with the election for Tipperary, who claimed and took nothing for his valuable services.

Were the official charges the only ones to be met, men owning but moderately filled purses might have a chance of winning their way into parliament, which is scarcely possible as things really are. In the lesser constituencies, money melts in a mysterious way; and to fight the political battle in a large constituency runs into thousands of pounds, even where economy is the order of the day. Take Birmingham as an example. Here the old members eschewed the employment of paid canvassers, and had the benefit of a perfect party organisation; and yet Messrs Bright, Muntz, and Chamberlain had severally to expend more than two thousand pounds; which means that each of these gentle-

men pays something like four hundred a year for the honour, while it lasts, of representing the great hardware town, their only consolation being that their discomfited assailants were the poorer by seven thousand pounds.

In forty-two English and Welsh boroughs, the legally legitimate disbursements of the candidates exceeded five thousand pounds. More than twice that amount was spent in contesting York; in Southwark, the expenditure reached L.15,570; in Lambeth, it came to L.13,272; and Manchester was only won and lost at a cost to the contending parties of L.20,540. Six candidates for the suffrages of the 24,042 electors of the City of London expended L.13,507; nearly ten thousand pounds more than it cost to elicit the opinion of the 28,524 voters of Edinburgh, the exact expenditure there being L.3602; while Dublin, with 13,599 electors, extracted L.5711 from the pockets of its political wooers. Glasgow proved the costliest of the Scottish burghs, the election charges coming to L.14,584; Kilmarnock followed at a respectful distance with L.6073; Dundee and Ayr being the only other burghs in which the expenditure exceeded five thousand pounds. Belfast election cost L.11,174; that of Down County, L.13,170; and that of Antrim County, L.14,416. Argyllshire is the one Scotch county credited or discredited with costing aspirants for its representation above ten thousand pounds; thereby emulating the example of no fewer than thirty-three English and Welsh county constituencies.

In five of these thirty-three constituencies the expenditure amounted to more than twenty thousand pounds. In South Essex, L.20,057 was spent; in Montgomeryshire, L.20,094; in South Durham, L.22,088; in North Durham, L.23,923; and in South-east Lancashire, L.25,782. This being the largest sum set down in the record, it is well, perhaps, to note how the money went. Here are the items: Returning Officer's charges, L.1254, 19s. 4d.; agents, clerks, messengers, and canvassers, L.4592, 4s. 6d.; hire of conveyances, L.6148, 6s.; printing and advertising, L.9566, 11s. 10d.; all other expenses, L.4220. Total, L.25,782, 1s. 8d.

The Lancastrian bill of costs is no guide to the apportionment of expenditure in other places. Different agents, different notions. One will put his trust in volunteers; while another acts on the principle that if you want work done, you must pay for the doing. Mr Jones believes in the efficacy of oratory, and is all for public meetings, properly packed, of course. Mr Brown worries the electors with communications by post. Mr Robinson thinks it necessary to cover every available inch of wall with glaring posters, strong in the faith that the battle is to be won by out-billing the enemy; an expensive method this, especially if the enemy's agent is of the same opinion, when it proves more profitable to the printers than to the gentlemen who have to pay the piper.

In county contests, 'hire of conveyances' is necessarily a formidable item, since many voters have to be brought from far-distant homes; and it is nothing uncommon for two thousand pounds to be spent in that way. Some parliamentary aspirants would have held themselves fortunate in escaping so easily. In North Lancashire, it cost L.6135 to convey the electors to the poll; the candidates for



South Durham expending L.6536; and those for the northern division of that county, L.7390 for the same purpose. It was worse still in Montgomeryshire, a county registering but 5391 voters, for there the expenditure upon conveyances reached L.7819, the beaten candidate expending L.5828, 4s. 10d., or at the rate of L.2, 17s. for every supporter that found his way to the polling-booth. After this, the sums spent upon carriages and cabs in the borough elections seem moderate enough; but it is hard to understand why it should take L.3663, 16s. 2½d. to pay for conveyances at East Reirford with an electoral roll of 8278, when the 63,398 voters of Birmingham could be sufficiently provided for by the expenditure of L.1480.

Sir George Elliot is credited with having paid most dearly for his seat, his disbursements amounting to L.12,726, 14s. 8d.; while Mr Whitworth is to be congratulated upon winning Drogheda—without opposition, be it understood—at the cost of half a sovereign. Very different was the fate of Mr Wynn, who expended L.13,453 in vainly wooing Montgomeryshire; every vote he polled costing him L.6, 13s. 2¾d. Sir W. A. Franklin's ten friends at Thirsk cost him just L.13, 10s. 6d. apiece; Mr Jones's five supporters at Droitwich represented the result of an expenditure in the salt town of L.73, 9s. 2½d., by spending L.624, 12s. 2d., Mr Medhurst obtained sixteen votes at Chester, at the rather exorbitant rate of L.93, 15s. per vote; an achievement capped by Mr Davis, whose nine Dundalk votes cost him L.37, 12s. 2d. each.

Here is the 'average cost per vote polled' by some of the more notable members of the legislature: Mr Gladstone, 1s. 4d. at Leeds—L.1, 14s. 1¼d. at Midlothian; Lord Hartington (N.E. Lancashire), 13s. 10d.; Sir William Hareourt (Oxford), 10s. 8d.; Mr Bright (Birmingham), 1s. 10d.; Mr Chamberlain, 2s. 1d.; Mr Forster (Bradford), 3s. 6d.; Mr Fawcett (Hackney), 10d.; Colonel Stanley (N. Lancashire), 14s. 2d.; Sir R. A. Cross (S.W. Lancashire), 9s. 8d.; Lord George Hamilton (Middlesex), 8s. 11d.; Mr Goschen (Ripon), L.1, 9s. 5d.; Lord Randolph Churchill (Woodstock), L.2, 4s. 2d.; Lord Elcho (Haddingtonshire), L.4, 12s. 9½d.; the last being the highest rate, with one exception, paid by any successful candidate at the late election. The exception is Mr Cameron, whose average cost per vote polled at the election for Inverness was L.4, 16s. 4d. Curiously enough, we must go to a Scotch constituency for the minimum too; for Mr Anderson came off victorious at Glasgow at an expense per vote of fivepence-halfpenny; his colleagues paying respectively 1s. 1¼d. and 1s. 2½d.; while one defeated candidate's votes cost him 8s. 9½d. each, and the gentleman who was at the bottom of the poll paid 11s. 0½d. apiece for his 11,071 votes.

At the General Election of 1850, fifty-nine out of eighty-three English counties or divisions of counties were contested at a cost altogether of seven hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds; one hundred and seventy-four borough elections entailed an expenditure of six hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds; the Welsh counties and boroughs extracted a hundred and one thousand pounds out of the pockets of politicians; the Scotch elections did the same to the extent of one hundred and ninety-eight thousand; while one hundred and four thousand pounds

were distributed among the Irish constituencies—making a total of one million eight hundred and eleven thousand pounds. To this something considerable must be added for the missing returns, and we shall be within the mark in setting down the costs of a General Election—the perfectly legal costs only—at the enormous sum of two million pounds sterling. What the actual cost is, one may guess, but no one will ever know.

## SELLS.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

TALKING of logerdomain, reminds me of a little incident I witnessed in a country town last winter. A conjurer who was giving an entertainment for a charitable purpose, was much hampered and annoyed during the course of his performance by a gentleman in the stalls, who continually raised frivolous objections, or sought to impose vexatious conditions, and who constantly favoured his neighbours with audible explanations of what was going forward, such as: 'Up his sleeve!' 'I saw that!' and remarks of a similar nature—one of those extraordinary individuals who actually pay their money for admission to an entertainment of this sort for the sole purpose, as it seems, of stopping it, if possible! Any fool can prevent a trick being done; but that is not quite the same thing as finding it out; and the nature of the objections raised by such gentry is generally found to be something similar to challenging a pianist, who has just executed a brilliant fantasia, to repeat the same standing on his head, or with the cover of the piano shut. The prestidigitator causes a sixpence to vanish from his fingers; they immediately want the same thing done with a four-post bedstead or some such trifle; and should he contest his inability to do so, they exclaim: 'Ah, no!' in a tone which not only might induce people to think they have discovered the secret, but which leads one to believe that some notion to that effect really exists in their own minds, or whatever it is that takes the place of mind in these unhappy persons.

I have seen Herrmann treat such a person capably by bringing him up on the stage to assist him, and taking the rest of the audience into confidence while mystifying the person thoroughly. Thus, the confident amateur would be requested to draw a card from a pack, put it back, and shuffle. This he would do vigorously, to prevent the possibility of detection. Meanwhile, Herrmann, turning his back to the audience, would reveal to them the identical card in his hand. It had been adroitly removed in the act of passing the pack to be shuffled; and the idea of the volunteer assistant assiduously mixing the remaining fifty-one cards for nothing was irresistibly funny. But the suspicions of the determined-not-to-be-done amateur would now be aroused by the general laughter; and Herrmann, making a feint of throwing something under a handkerchief or behind a chair, would induce him to dart round in pursuit of it. The moment his victim turned, the card was stuck on his back with a minute pellet of beeswax in full view of every one. Nothing behind the chair; nothing under the handkerchief; nothing in the magician's hands, sleeves, or pockets. Pack carefully re-examined; card disappeared! 'Go and ask that

lady for it,' the Professor would say, indicating some one at the very back of the theatre; and hesitatingly, dubiously, watchfully suspicious even, the now bitten biter would proceed thither, seeking in vain to account for the universal amusement at his expense. 'No; not that lady—the one on the other side!' And so, under these new sailing orders, he would be sent threading his way all over the theatre, fresh shouts of laughter arising *behind* him, whichever way he turned. Finally, Herrmann would direct him to some very little child, who would innocently find the card at once, amidst great applause—and the sold one was silenced for the remainder of the evening.

On another occasion, our conjurer adopted a different method. Bidding his time, and submitting with apparent cheerfulness to much annoyance from a knowing youth, he came at length to the 'Mouchoir du diable' and other sleight-of-hand feats connected with handkerchiefs; and here he introduced the old trick of tying the handkerchief around the leg, and removing it under cover of another without unfastening the sealed knot. It was interpolated with a purpose, no doubt, for every schoolboy knows the secret of it—the handkerchief, though seemingly passed twice round the leg, is in reality simply hitched in a couple of folds behind—and the victim swallowed the bait readily. Everybody knew how *that* was done, he observed contemptuously.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the performer, who had not chosen to overhear previous remarks. 'Did you say you knew how it was done? This is the trick for which the elder Dübler received a valuable diamond ring from the Czar of Russia; and unless you are a connection of that potentate, I think you are hardly likely to be in possession of the secret. But I will repeat it for your especial benefit.' (Proceeding to do so.)

'Will you let me put it round your leg?' was the challenge.

'Certainly. Come up here.—Now, take the handkerchief yourself.'

A little staggered by this unexpected compliance, the doomed one began to examine the handkerchief minutely, testing its elasticity, and holding it up to the light.

'Oh, if you suspect the handkerchief, use your own by all means. It is a matter of indifference to me.'

Poor young man! How eagerly he caught at the offer, made the exchange, and knotted his own snowy cambric tightly around the Professor's knee! Then the knot was sealed in due course. 'There!' exclaimed the knowing one, with a glance full of confident triumph towards the audience. 'I will bet you a sovereign that you don't get *that* off without untying the knots or slipping it down over your foot.'

'Oh, I am here to conjure, not to bet,' replied the entertainer. 'Still, on this occasion, since you propose it, I don't mind wagering a sovereign with you, provided the rest of the company do not object to such a transaction, and the sovereign be applied to the funds of the Hospital in aid of which I am here to-night.'

Agreed *nem. con.*

The conditions are clearly stated and understood—are they not? I am to remove the handkerchief from my leg, leaving the knots and seal

intact, and keeping my foot fairly on the floor the whole time. You have tied and sealed it yourself, and will recognise your own unaltered knot and unbroken seal. Furthermore, the handkerchief is your own.'

'Yes; that is so,' said the unconscious wretch.

'Then,' replied the conjurer coolly, 'lend me your penknife or a pair of scissors, and I will speedily disencumber myself without breaking either knot or seal!'

A great forgery having been committed, whereby a bank was robbed of thirty thousand pounds, the culprit succeeded in getting safely out of England, and escaped to the Argentine Republic, where there was no extradition treaty. He was believed to have taken the whole of the plunder with him, as his wife—who was narrowly watched—certainly held no portion of it, and no letter addressed to him had passed through the post-office; so a private detective of great reputation was employed by the bank authorities to go out to the River Plate, and endeavour either to recover the money, or to lure the forger into a position where he might be captured. This detective was an educated man, and well fitted to carry out the *role* he assumed—that of Major R—, travelling for his health, and intending to pay a short visit to Buenos Ayres before proceeding to Valparaiso and Peru. Unlimited powers, official and unofficial, were conferred on him; he was supplied with letters of introduction to the leading people in the Republic; and of course there was to be no question of expense. Thus furnished, he set out.

On arrival in Buenos Ayres, he discovered that his man had gone some leagues up country. Following up the track, he found him living in apparent great poverty, employed as a shepherd by an English *estanciero*, to whom the would-be Major R— happened to have a letter of introduction. In this way, he had no difficulty in making acquaintance with his intended prey—gradually and casually, to avert suspicion. One day, he asked him openly whether his position in life had not been very different from that in which he found him, as his speech and manners were those of a gentleman; and after a little hesitation, the shepherd confessed that such was the case—presently telling a plausible tale of misfortunes in business, &c. Professing pity for him, the kind-hearted Major lent him money, and took him back into the city, where he entertained him at one of the best hotels as his guest, having mentioned to him confidentially that he wished to invest a considerable sum in land out there, and promising to install him as manager of the estate. All this time, the thief was supposed to be carrying the money hidden about his person; and it was to devise some strategy for obtaining this with certainty and safety, that the detective postponed the *dénouement* of the plot so long. At length, when he had excluded every other possible place of concealment, and seemed to have won the man's entire confidence, he went to the captain of the British man-of-war lying there, and revealed himself in his own character—for nobody, till then, had the least inkling of the truth—and together they arranged a very nice little trap. The officers of the gunboat were to give a grand picnic, followed by a dance on board; and all the best people in Buenos Ayres were invited—Major

R—— and his friend among the rest. The 'friend' was delighted at the prospect, and drew largely on the Major for the wherewithal to present a befitting splendour of appearance on the eventful day. As they strolled down to the wharf together arm-in-arm, you may be sure that Major R——'s heart beat high with the triumph already in his grasp—one of the cleverest captures ever planned by an emissary of Scotland Yard. Having a boat they soon arrived alongside the man-of-war, where the poop was already crowded with ladies.

'Jump up,' said the Major, as the gangway ladder was lowered; 'we're just in time.'

'Well, no, Mr G——,' returned the forger, calling the detective by his real name. 'I don't think I'll go on board; but I'll stay here in the boat and listen to the music, while you go up and dance!'

If the officer did not feel sold at that moment, no man ever did. The best of it was, the audacious robber had not one penny of his booty with him, and was much too wary to trust the post. Both he and his wife—who joined him soon afterwards—were obliged to work for their bread until the arrival of their governess—who had never been suspected of complicity—with the whole sum. But how he discovered his adversary, was never known.

By the way, this same detective is said to have had another 'sell' a few days later. He went on board the mail-steamer just come in from Brazil, as he thought he might obtain an English newspaper. If he got one, he certainly had plenty of time to read it; for the steamer happened to be in quarantine, and he had to undergo the horrors of seclusion at Ensensada for three weeks!

A well-known London diamond merchant went out to Brazil to buy precious stones, seeking them, naturally, not in the big cities, but at the smaller places along the coast. The local steamer to which he had trans-shipped was one day about to leave some out-of-the-way port—Mapeio, I think—when an Indian came on board selling skins; he also displayed some little shining pebbles, which he did not seem to set much store by. The merchant—reputed to be one of the best judges of a stone in England—saw at a glance that they were small diamonds, and carelessly offered a few reis apiece for them, which the Indian gladly took; then, appearing to have thus discovered a new branch of commerce, he produced an immense one attached to a string around his neck—one so large and valuable, that the dealer, in his eagerness to obtain it, was thrown off his guard, and offered so much for it that the dusky possessor's suspicions were excited. When I say 'so much,' I do not suppose the sum was intrinsically great, perhaps not more than a shilling or two; but it was out of all proportion to what he had paid for the others. The Indian refused. More and more money was promised, and displayed before his eyes in glittering piles. Rum, knives, shawls, and all sorts of commodities were thrown in; but without avail. If the pale-face wants this bit of stone so much, he might be supposed to argue within his 'untutored mind,' it must be of some great power or value—perhaps an amulet or charm of supernatural virtue. Superstitious and obstinate, like all his race, he would not part with it on any terms; but hastened to

conceal it about him again, and hurried on shore. The merchant was frantic; such an opportunity was not to be allowed to slip without making some effort. He paid the fine—no inconsiderable sum—for detaining the steamer in port another day, and roamed all over the neighbourhood, searching high and low for the Indian. No glimpse of him, however, could he get, nor any tidings of his whereabouts. At last, on the following morning, when he had given up the quest in despair, and the vessel was again about to proceed on her way, the innocent savage made his appearance on board once more, and expressed his willingness to sell the diamond. But in the interval that had elapsed, he seemed to have discovered, from some unknown source of information, its actual worth, and he now asked for it a sum which would be a fair equivalent for a gem of that size. Nor would he take less, nor allow the stone to pass from his hands until he had received the money. The bargain was made; the gold-laden Indian paddled back to his native wilds; and the steamer getting under weigh, soon left his canoe a mere speck on the waves.

After settling certain transactions on paper relative to his note-of-hand, which had just been cashed from the ship's chest, the happy purchaser sped to his cabin, locked himself in, sat down to gloat over his newly acquired treasure, and—report says—fainted. Paste! A good imitation, certainly, but to his practiced eye, unmistakable paste. He had been misled by the genuineness of the small stones; and his eagerness to secure the large one for comparatively nothing, and utter absence of grounds for suspicion, had caused him to disregard the little opportunity he had for examining it. The whole thing was a most ingenious plot, devised by some Yankee swindlers, who, with the 'noble red man' as their ally, had been waiting for him ever since he arrived in Brazil; baiting their hook with a few real sprats, they landed a whale. When I told the story to some diamond dealers in London afterwards, they refused to believe that so experienced a man could be deceived by a sham. The story leaked out in quite another quarter, however, in a short time. It was not the excellence of the paste that had imposed on him, but the artful misdirection of the attention.

#### SOME CURIOUS FASHION FREAKS.

PROBABLY no human being has ever existed who at some time of his life has not felt some anxiety to heighten his beauty or hide his defects by his attire. Beauty may not need 'the foreign aid of ornament'; but from the poor savage with tattooed face and shell necklace, to the noble dame whose charms are enhanced by the flash of her diamonds and soft laces, the poet's advice has been practically scorned and disregarded. Every subject has its humorous side; and we select a few amusing instances of the ingenuity of both sexes in efforts to make themselves more lovely in each other's eyes.

The adoption of the fashionable *terre* colour in linen and lace has a parallel in the twelfth century. Isabella, daughter of Philip II, made a vow not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. Unfortunately, the siege lasted three years, a prolongation of time which did not possibly enter into the lady's head when her vow was

made; yet her character for veracity was so high that it was believed she kept her vow; hence the ladies adopted as the fashionable colour a yellowish dingy shade which they christened *l'isabeau*.

The ladies of Greenland paint their faces green and yellow. It is not many years since that at the French court no lady was considered in full dress whose colour was not heightened by rouge. In ancient Persia, aquiline noses were much admired; and when there were rivals to the throne, other claims being equal, he who possessed the handsomest nose was proclaimed king. Consequently, noses were as much as possible moulded by art. If the Peruvian ladies wear rings in their noses, ours do in their ears, which according to the dictates of Fashion, either sweep the shoulder, or diminish to tiny pearls screwed against the ear. The tremendously piled-up coiffures of the reign of Queen Anne, or indeed of five years ago, are an imitation, certainly a cleaner one, of the head-dress of the inhabitants of Natal. They, we are told, wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, of the stiff fat of oxen. They anoint the head with a purer grease, which mixed with the hair, serves to cement on the headgear which lasts for life!

A good excuse for wearing beards and moustaches is given by an author in 1640. He thinks they tend to make men valorous, and says: 'I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine moustaches. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is no lost time; for the more he contemplates them, the more his mind will cherish and be animated by masculine and courageous notions.' An old clergyman of the time of Elizabeth gives us a droll view of the *noblesse oblige* principle, when he says, in excuse for being proud of the longest and largest beard in the country round, that he lives 'that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance.'

The wigs that used to be combed out with such grace by the young gallants of the last century, whether in a lady's drawing-room, at court, or in church, were most expensive adornments. Steele laments that even in his day they cost forty guineas. Mrs Thomas, the clever friend of Pope, mentions that her grandfather 'was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being employed some hours every morning in starching his beard and curling his whiskers.' It is recorded that in the reign of Elizabeth—who seems equally to have patronised the follies of fashion and the wisdom of great men—two lovers sitting side by side could not take each other by the hand. The gentlemen then were enormously stuffed-out doublets, and the ladies immense farthingales. That Elizabeth left three thousand dresses in her wardrobe is a fact well known; that she possessed a complete costume of every known country, may not be known so well. Her extravagance seems excessive; though in the reign of earlier kings, the passion for gorgeous apparel was equally great. Sir John Arundel, in the reign of Richard II., had fifty-two new suits of gold tissue alone. Fuller in his *Worthies* gives us a peep of the expense a priest of Queen Mary's time went to, that he might worthily honour his religion. In his will, he bequeaths to various parish churches and persons, 'my vestment of crimson satin, my vestment of

crimson velvet, my stole and fanon set with pearls, my black gown laced with taffata.'

About 1776 the ladies in England were in the habit of wearing immense head-dresses, made of hair, wool, wire, and feathers. Foote ridiculed it on the stage on one occasion in presence of the king and queen, his head-dress being one yard in width. It was so contrived that as he left the stage it fell bit by bit to pieces, causing great amusement. Her Majesty, who was noted for the smallness and good taste of her head-dresses, laughed very heartily at the exhibition. In a newspaper of that period, a humorous story is told of a lady in Covent Garden, who happening to look over her window whilst wearing one of these immense head-dresses, attracted the notice of the people below. Seeing this, she endeavoured to withdraw; but unfortunately the head-dress had caught on a nail in the upper part of the window, and extrication was for the time impossible, her position affording infinite diversion to the spectators. 'At length,' says the chronicler, 'by a violent jerk backwards, she withdrew her head only, docketed of its enormous superstructure, which hung on the aforesaid nail for near an hour—to her no small mortification and confusion—a glaring monument of her fashionable folly.'

When the French nation reached its height of folly and wickedness, just before the Revolution broke out and flooded the land with misery and bloodshed, all who desired to be considered connected with the aristocracy carried about with them at least one *pantin*. These were small wooden dolls, which by pulling a string, suddenly jerked out arms and legs; exactly like those which may be seen adorning the hats of 'swells' on a Derby day. The rage for them was immense. Nobles, gentlemen, and even grave ecclesiastics were to be seen carrying them about and playing with them. A somewhat similar rage for comfits existed in the reign of Henry III. of France. When the body of the Duc de Guise was found after the battle of Blois, he had his comfit-box in his hand.

In 1586 the ladies carried hand-mirrors attached to their châtelains, and, like Narcissus, were perpetually admiring their own charms. This excited the deepest indignation of Jean des Caures, a stern old moralist of the time, and he emphatically menaced them with the extremest penalties of the other world.

Who would have believed that so late as 1751 the dress of a dandy should have consisted of a black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, and blue stockings! A satirical writer of about the same period gives a biting sketch of one of his contemporaries: 'A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff-breeches, without any money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings but no legs; a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing.' No doubt the same gentleman could paint a picture of the dress of our own time which would appear as ridiculous to the gentleman with the green coat as his own does to us.

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## ISLAND LIFE.

IN looking at the distribution of animal and vegetable life over the various countries of the globe, the question of how the distribution has been effected must have occurred to many. So far as the larger divisions, or continents, of the globe are concerned, no particular difficulty at first sight presents itself; but in the case of the numerous *islands* that dot our larger seas and oceans, we at once find ourselves face to face with considerable perplexities. Take the case of the island of St Helena, for instance. It is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, eleven hundred miles from the coast of Africa on the east, and eighteen hundred miles from that of South America on the west. When first discovered, nearly four hundred years ago, it was found to be densely covered with a luxuriant forest vegetation, which was afterwards almost entirely destroyed in various ways, not least by the ravages of goats bred from those which the Portuguese at first introduced on St Helena, and which in course of time overran it like a plague, leaving the island almost a desert. The destruction of the trees was also accompanied by the disappearance of many kinds of animals originally found on the island. Then take the case of the Azores in the North Atlantic, situated eight hundred miles from land—a group of islands extremely fertile, and abounding in animals of many kinds. In both these instances, which are only two among thousands, the question which presents itself to the scientific mind is: How did life, whether animal or vegetable, manage to reach these distant, solitary, ocean-girdled spots?

So long as men were content to believe that all the variety of life which we see around us was due to acts of 'special creation,' no serious difficulty was to be found in answering the question; but with a wider and more accurate knowledge of the wonderful processes of nature—of the remarkable operation of natural laws—it was at once found that to account for this distribution of animal and vegetable life on scientific grounds, a problem of

great delicacy and difficulty had to be encountered. The name of Mr Alfred Russell Wallace has long been distinguished in connection with the efforts that have been made to solve this problem, and his recent work on *Island Life* (London: Macmillan & Co.) is his latest and fullest contribution to the literature of the question.

Madagascar may be taken as typical of some of the difficulties of the question. This large island, containing three times the territory of England, presents an extraordinary instance of the anomalies in the distribution of animal life. It lies two hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Africa, and yet its mammalia differ entirely in all essential characteristics from the mammalia of the neighbouring continent. Madagascar possesses no less than sixty-six species of mammals which are not only different from those of Africa, but from those of any other existing continent. 'Africa is prominently characterised by its monkeys, apes, and baboons; by its lions, leopards, and hyenas; by its zebras, rhinoceroses, elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, and numerous species of antelopes. But no one of these animals, nor anything like them, is found in Madagascar.' Of the lemurs, there are six genera and thirty-three species on the island—half its entire mammalian population; and nowhere else are these creatures found in such abundance. Then the carnivora of the island are represented by a peculiar cat-like animal, *Cryptoprocta*, forming a distinct family, and having no allies in any part of the globe. In the rodents—the rats and mice—of the island, one genus is said to be allied to another which is indigenous to America; and the Colubrine snakes are represented in Madagascar, not by African or Asiatic genera, but by two American genera. Of the lizards of the island, certain of the genera are again found to be allied to families which are exclusively American.

These facts are very extraordinary, for they show us, that while few of the animals on the island are represented by African families, many others are represented among existing mammals only by families to be found in the far-distant



and utterly foreign continent of America. The explanation which Mr Wallace gives of this peculiar state of things appears to be a reasonable one—namely, that the island of Madagascar was at one time connected with, or formed part of, the continent of Africa, but, with its stock of mammals, was detached therefrom at a period long prior to the descent into Africa of the different race of animals which now inhabit that continent. Thus we have a collection of mammals existing on the island such as we may suppose to have inhabited Africa previous to the immigration of its present mammalia. These have almost completely obliterated all traces of their predecessors, for whom we must therefore now look to the piece of land which was detached from the continent while the older race of animals still inhabited it, and which now forms the great island of Madagascar.

But while islands offer the best subjects for the study of distribution, the continents nevertheless present many interesting phenomena. Mr Wallace tells us, for example, that when an Englishman travels by the nearest sea-route from Great Britain to Northern Japan, he passes by countries very unlike his own, both in aspect and natural productions. He skirts the sunny isles of the Mediterranean, the sands and date-palms of Egypt, the cocoa groves of Ceylon, and many other places, and after a circuitous journey of thirteen thousand miles finds himself in Japan. Yet what is his astonishment—after placing between him and England such enormous tracts of land, and with so little in them that is familiar to the English eye—to find himself once more in a country the natural objects of which are in many instances identical with those of his far-off home! Thus, 'he finds the woods and fields tenanted by tits, hedge-sparrows, wrens, wagtails, larks, red-breasts, thrushes, buntings, and house-sparrows; some absolutely identical with our own feathered friends, others so closely resembling them, that it requires a practical ornithologist to tell the difference. If he is fond of insects, he notices many butterflies and a host of beetles which, though on close examination they are found to be distinct from ours, are yet of the same general aspect, and seem just what might be expected in any part of Europe. There are also of course many birds and insects which are quite new and peculiar; but these are by no means so numerous or conspicuous as to remove the general impression of a wonderful resemblance between the productions of such remote islands as Britain and Yesso.'

On the other hand, if an inhabitant of Australia sails to New Zealand, a distance of less than thirteen hundred miles, he will find himself in a country whose productions are totally unlike those of his own. 'Kangaroos and wombats there are none, the birds are almost all entirely new, insects are very scarce, and quite unlike the handsome or strange Australian forms; while even the vegetation is all changed, and no gum-tree, or wattle, or grass-tree meets the traveller's eye.' But still more striking contrasts than these are to be met with. There are two islands in the Malay Archipelago, named Bali and Lombok, each about as large as Corsica, and separated by a narrow strait of but fifteen miles. 'Yet these islands differ far more from each other in their birds and quadrupeds than do England and Japan. The birds of

the one are extremely *unlike* those of the other, the difference being such as to strike even the most ordinary observer.' Such an instance is useful 'as proving that mere distance is one of the least important of the causes which have determined the likeness or unlikeness in the animals of different countries.'

Instances of a similar kind might be given from the western hemisphere; but the above are sufficient to indicate the nature of the problem with which the scientist has to deal in determining the laws and incidental causes that have to do with the phenomena of distribution. Many of the questions arising out of this problem are of singular complexity and interest; and even the solution which Mr Wallace's long experience of the subject enables him to attempt, may not in many points be accepted without considerable discussion in the scientific world.

One of the first things to note in considering the solution which our author advances, is, that the geographical divisions of the globe do not correspond to its zoological divisions. Thus the term 'Europe' does not give, with any approach to accuracy, the range of any one genus of mammals or birds. They may range into Siberia, or into Asia Minor, or Palestine, or North Africa. Consequently, for the purposes of the naturalist, the old geographical divisions are discarded, and a series of zoological divisions substituted. Thus Europe, with north temperate Africa and Asia, form what is called the Palearctic Region; Africa south of the Sahara, the Ethiopian Region; Tropical Asia, the Oriental; Australia, the Australian; North America, the Nearctic; and South America, the Neotropical Region. The various families of birds and mammals are not distributed over this region in any regular or continuous way; but are often discontinuous, and appear as it were in patches, to connect which, or to account for which, is one of the problems of distribution to be solved. Hence it is necessary to make some inquiry into the different powers of dispersal of animals and plants, into the nature of the barriers that limit their migrations, and into the character of the geological or climatal changes which have favoured or checked such migrations.

It is impossible within the limits of a magazine article to give any adequate idea of all that is involved in the elucidation of these important questions; though a few words may be said on the interesting subject of the dispersal of animals. As is readily conceived, a wide extent of ocean forms an almost insuperable barrier to the dispersal of all land animals, and even of birds; for, though the latter can fly far, yet they cannot go thousands of miles without rest or food, unless in the case of aquatic birds, who can find both rest and food on the surface of the ocean. Without artificial help, therefore, neither mammalia nor land-birds can pass over very wide oceans. 'The exact width they can pass over is not determined, but we have a few facts to guide us. Contrary to the common notion, pigs can swim very well, and have been known to swim over five or six miles of sea; and the wide distribution of pigs in the eastern hemisphere may be due to this power. It is almost certain, however, that they would never voluntarily swim away from their native land; and if carried out to sea by a flood, they would certainly endeavour to return to the shore. We cannot

therefore believe that they would ever swim over fifty or a hundred miles of sea; and the same may be said of all the large mammalia. Deer also swim well, but there is no reason to believe that they would venture out of sight of land.

With the smaller, and especially with the arboreal mammalia, there is a much more effectual way of passing over the sea by means of floating trees, or those floating islands which are often found at the mouths of great rivers. Sir Charles Lyell describes such floating islands which were encountered among the Moluccas, on which trees and shrubs were growing on a stratum of soil which even formed a white beach round the margin of each raft. Among the Philippine Islands, similar rafts with trees growing on them have been seen after hurricanes; and it is easy to understand how, if the sea were tolerably calm, such a raft might be carried along by a current, aided by the wind acting on the trees, till after a passage of several weeks, it might arrive safely on the shores of some land hundreds of miles away from its starting-point. Such small animals as squirrels and mice might have been carried away on the trees which formed part of such a raft, and might thus colonise a new island; though, as it would require a pair of the same species to be carried away together, such accidents would no doubt be rare. Insects, however, and land-shells would almost certainly be abundant on such a raft or island; and in this way we may account for the wide dispersal of many species of both these groups.

But such causes as these can scarcely be accepted as sufficient to account for the dispersal of mammalia as a whole; and whenever a considerable number of the mammals of two countries are found to exhibit distinct marks of relationship, Mr Wallace thinks we may be sure that an actual land connection, or at all events an approach to within a very few miles of each other, has at one time existed. A great number of identical families and genera are in fact to be found in all the great continents, and the present distribution of land renders it easy to see how this dispersal has been effected. All the great land masses radiate from the arctic regions as a common centre, the only break being at Dehring's Strait, which is so shallow, that a rise of less than a thousand feet would form a broad isthmus connecting Asia and America. Continuity of land may therefore be said to be general over the globe; the chief exceptions to this being Australia and a number of large islands. These islands are divided into two classes—(1) those which have been formed in the ocean by volcanic or coralline agency; and (2) those which have simply been detached from continents by the sinking or submergence of the connecting land. On the first class of islands, the oceanic, there is no trace of indigenous mammalia or amphibia, but they usually contain an abundance of birds and insects, and a sprinkling of reptiles. Continental islands, on the other hand, are never far from land, and always contain some land mammalia and amphibia, as well as representatives of other classes and orders. It is therefore suggested that all the animals and birds which inhabit the oceanic islands must have reached them by crossing the ocean; or they must be the descendants of ancestors who did so; and that those which inhabit islands adjacent to continents,

may partly have been left there when the separation from the mainland was effected.

But, in Mr Wallace's opinion, the key to the many difficulties which have hitherto prevented the student from forming a clear conception as to the way in which the distribution of life over the globe has been effected, is to be found in the permanency of land masses, and the evolution of species. Some of the author's views will, as already observed, provoke discussion; yet these views, if found to be right, will rank in the future as conclusions of primary importance. He holds, for instance, that in the main the great land and ocean areas of the present time have been permanent ever since the beginning of the geological record. The great ocean depths have been stable; but the shallows and their associated land areas have been subject to incessant changes of level relatively to the surface of the sea, in consequence of the combined influences of upheaval, subsidence, and denudation. The result of this theory is, that while the same area may have been at one time sea, at another land, in frequent succession, yet the great land areas have always been approximately where they are now. Then as regards the effect of the evolution of species on the dispersal of animals, he considers he has established the fact that wild animals are by no means so constant in size and minor characteristics as has generally been assumed. In some extreme cases, it is found that the size of proportional parts may vary to the extent of twenty-five per cent., and that in many cases it may be three, four, six, or nine per cent. These great variations, in conjunction with incessant climatic and other changes, are sufficient, in his opinion, to account for the present distribution of animals into zoological regions and districts.

So much for his general conclusions. But too much stress must not, as Mr Wallace points out, be laid on isolated causes. The phenomena of distribution cannot be adequately perceived if looked at from a specialised point of view; since every fact is but a link in a great connected series of changes, the beginning of which is to be found in ages long since gone by, and the continuation of which will stretch into the distant future. It is a singularly complicated and difficult question, yet presents points of immense interest to students of nature, who, whether they should or should not agree with Mr Wallace's conclusions, will not rise from the perusal of his book without a deep impression of the mastery way in which he has treated a subject at once so wide and so complex.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE RESCUE.

THE moon was young, the night was dark, and the ebb-tide, aided by a brisk westerly wind, went rushing furiously down. The boats, which, under Bertram's leadership, had pushed out into mid-stream from the slimy stairs below the *Shipwright's Arms*, went fast too, strong backs bending to the oars, strong arms waiting, idle. Along the lower reaches of the Thames, everybody who lives anyhow, by the water and the keels that ride upon it, can row a bit, as the saying is. But the rowing on this occasion was more vigorous than skiffal, the boats yawed in a manner that wasted time and

toil, and it was not easy to avoid awkward contact with vessels at anchor. 'Ahoy, ahoy, hoy there!' rang out the hoarse hail from aboard a South Shields or Newcastle collier, as they passed. 'Boats, ahoy!'

'What cheer?' inquired the big shipwright who pulled the stroke-oar in Bertram's boat, whose designation in the Yard was Long Tom, and who had been the first to volunteer.

'I'm Cap'n of this brig,' responded the interlocutor, a large man in red flannel shirt and Guernsey blue suit, as he leaned over the grimy gangway; 'and I've noticed something is wrong with the *Golden Gate*—the new full-rigged clipper a cable's length away. She's slipped her moorings, and gone down with the tide, and I heard a row on board, and cries of "Murder!" and "Help!"'

'Just as I feared!' exclaimed Bertram excitedly. 'Thank you, Captain.—Give way, lads!' And off went the boats, the oars quivering as the men put their strength into the stroke. It was needful to steer carefully, for half-a-dozen clumsy coal-hoys and red-sailed lighters were moored in the track, and when the boats gained clear water it was evident that the *Golden Gate* was gone from her anchorage. There were the tall masts dimly visible, afar off.

'She's rounding into Bully's Reach,' cried a waterman, as he espied the drifting vessel, 'and she'll ground on Drowned Point, I bet a hundred.'

'Pull, men, and pull with a will!' exclaimed Bertram, as he gathered up the tiller lines, and steered his best. Round went the three boats into Bully's Reach, Bertram's leading, just as the tall ship broached to on a half-sunken tongue of land—Drowned Point, no doubt. There were carts visible on shore. The rescuers could even hear the stamping of the horses and the cracking of the drivers' whips. Three or four small boats were buzzing around the ship, like flies around a slaughtered animal. Plainly, the robbers were eager to make sure of their booty.

'Hurrah!' shouted the sturdy wrights, on catching sight of the enemy. It was impolitic, but it was British; it was a manly impulse that prompted the cheer, which Bertram could not check. Frenchmen, I am afraid, under the same circumstances would neither have cheered nor fought. It takes a great idea, or a dribble of money at stake, to make the modern Gaul exert himself. But these Thames shipwrights came on to the fight, as if fighting were sport.

'Hurrah! We'll trim their jerkins! Collar hold of her with the boat-hook!' bawled Long Tom, who was presumably a Kentish man, and talked the dialect of the land of hops and cherries.

'Landsharks!'—'Ware!'—'Rouse!'—'Knock their brains out!' were the responsive cries on board the stranded ship. There were hard knocks and fierce resistance as the shipwrights forced their way up the ship's side, holding on to chain and rope, scrambling and avoiding as best they might the blows that were aimed at them from the deck. Bertram, who was among the foremost boarders, received a heavy blow or two, and might have got a fatal stab from the drawn 'snickersnee' of grim Captain Jack, whose wicked eyes shone brighter than the knife-blade, had not Long Tom the shipwright wrenched the weapon out of the

old river pirate's gnarled hand. But the struggle was yet uncertain when the galley of the Thames Police dashed up, and there were daring men and glittering cutlasses swarming over the ship's bows; and the rogues who had been busy, with lag and hatchet, among cabins and storerooms of the new clipper, fled breathlessly, and the carts started at a gallop, and all was rout and dismay.

'One, two, four, six prisoners,' said the business-like Superintendent of the Thames Police; 'but one of them is Captain Jack.'

Captain Jack, with Long Tom's knee pressing on his deep chest, as he lay on the deck, answered by a curse. No chieftain of a Red Indian tribe, Comanche or Sioux, captured by the white men, could have been more stubborn than this obstinate desperado. He hardly knew, as he lay, gasping but unconquered, whether to swear the most at his late confederates or at his captors; so he swore roundly at both. 'A lot of helpless duffers!' 'Malingering lubbers that couldn't look a cow in the face!' such were the mildest terms in which he described his associates; while he branded the police as 'white-livered sons of sea-cooks that durstn't'—no, they durstn't, perhaps missing the kicks and cuffs which, half a century ago, were wont to lend zest to a caption.

'Clap the darbies on him! Put the bracelets on the kit of them!' said the Superintendent at last; and the touch of the steel handcuffs seemed to produce a sobering effect on the old man, and on the five scowling or snivelling knaves who were also in custody. Some mischief had been done, but not much. Black Juba lay at the entrance of his cook's galley, bleeding and stunned; while Trenchard the ex-man-of-war's man, and the two boys, were found in the fore-castle, roughly handled, but not seriously hurt, and with pieces of ratline tightly knotted round their galled wrists. Mr Swaine the storekeeper, who had hidden himself at the first alarm, was ignominiously unearthed in the bread-room, and prayed Bertram and the others, whom he took for pirates, to spare the life of the father of a family.

Not much had been spoiled—nothing, or next to nothing, carried off. A hundred pounds, or at the outside, two, might pay for silk and gold and brass hacked away, or ripped off with the knife, for doors smashed, and stores purloined. But Juba the black, whose head was fortunately of average negro thickness, and whom a jorum of rum-and-water, and a little rough kindness, greatly revived, had really been severely maltreated; and Bertram himself had a cut on the forehead and a bruised wrist, while most of the men had sustained contusions or other hurts.

'Still, hurrah for our side!' shouted Long Tom the wright in triumph, though the blood trickled down his face as he said it, and every good fellow on the honest men's side joined in the cheer that floated far over the desolate Essex flats and the Kentish marsh opposite. Perhaps the happiest person present was the shrewd Superintendent of the Thames Police, as, with the prisoners, ironed, and hustled into the thwarts and stern-sheets, he bade his crew row back to the station stairs. He had broken up a formidable gang. He had saved property, and life perhaps. Although Parliament was sitting, the morning papers would find room for some praise for the zealous and able chief of the

civil force that had captured Captain Jack. But even in his cup of bliss there was a drop of gall. The gamekeeper who has trapped the pheasant-eating fox, the French *garde forestier* who has shot the wary wolf so long the terror of the fold, feels a sort of regret as he pockets his reward. Where shall he get another wolf, or discover a fresh fox? With the conviction of the aged pirate, the Superintendent felt that he was parting with the last element of romance in his profession.

Then a guard was set. It would need tugs, and steam, and tow-ropes, and cables, to bring the clipper back next day to her anchorage; but in the meantime it scarcely required the presence of the men who stayed on board, or the glow of lamps and fires to scare away the thieves, already scared, who in far-off squalid dens were bewailing the overthrow of the promising project which young Bertram had spoiled.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—PROMOTION.

Those were pleasant days, pleasant weeks, which succeeded Bertram's exploit of the retaking of the *Golden Gate*. That grand ship had spread her acres of snowy sail, and on them been wafted over endless seas to far-off Australia. But Mr Mervyn remained, and so did kind, frank Mr Arthur Lynn, and so did the rough shipwrights to whom the young man, their lender, was a hero. Bertram never forgot how his cheeks had tingled with manly shame when Mr Mervyn, his employer, had given him public thanks, and public praise, before all the clerks and workmen; or the cheering; or Arthur's friendly pressure of the hand. They had offered him no money, and he was glad of that, though pecuniary rewards had been liberally dealt out among the rugged warriors who had fought to protect the property of Mervyn & Co. But Mr Mervyn had hinted at promotion, less as a boon than as a well-earned recompense; nor was it long before the promotion came.

One fine evening in the early summer, when there were seas of May-bloom on the aged hawthorns—Queen Elizabeth's hawthorns—in the so-called Happy Valley of that royal Park of Greenwich where once monarchs aimed the arrow, or spurred the steed, to the detriment of the dappled deer, Bertram was returning from a solitary ramble under the leafy shades of the spreading Spanish chestnut trees, when his way led him past the colonnades and lawns and stately roofs of that Naval Hospital which was once a palace, and is now an anomaly, and past the great Greenwich hosteleries which overlook the Thames, and where whitebait dinners, ministerial, municipal, or private, are still solemnly eaten. There was a drag at the door—there were two drags at the door, whether of the orthodox *Crown and Sceptre* or of the more glittering *Trafalgar* matters not, no unusual sight on an evening in the latter part of June. Many Londoners, who have the means and the leisure, prefer to go on wheels, as in the days when macadamised roads were a wonder of the world, to suburban pleasure-resorts, instead of being dependent on the snorting steam-horse. These two four-in-hand carriages were not, it may be conjectured, the private property of any members of the British aristocracy chronicled by Burke and DeBrett. There was silver-mounted harness that glittered and rattled as the sleek-coated horses

tossed their heads and clamped their bits, and some flaring device of mock-heraldry was emblazoned on the panels; but the whole equipage had a coarse, flashy air, and the behaviour of the leering helpers who held the vicious-eyed horses by the bridle, or rubbed hissing at the gleaming lamps and burnished door-handles, was barely respectful. Hotel servants can generally form a tolerably correct estimate of their masters' customers. As Bertram lingered, the party of revellers came out, young men mostly, in evening costume, with flashing studs and spotless shirt-fronts and flushed faces, and voices thick with wine and foolish talk, laughing as they came. Among them were seniors, with dyed hair and moustache, or purple whiskers looming large, hollow-eyed, cruel and keen, hawks among the pigeons. Foremost of all was one whom Bertram fancied that he knew.

Nat Lee—the vagabond of the ditch—the bruised and plundered welsler, who had been thankful, last year, to lean on Bertram's arm, and to sip brandy that Bertram put forth—the former denizen of Boodle's Hotel, Limbo Street, Piccadilly—could this be Nat Lee? A distinguished gentleman, it would seem, well dressed, perfumed, and with a self-confident bearing that just stopped short of vulgar swagger. It was easy to see, by the deference which the others paid him, and by the air of assurance with which he gave orders, that he was the lion of the party. Showering small silver about him with a lavishness which procured him many a 'Luck to your honour!' and 'Thank ye, my lord!' from the hangers-on of the hotel, he climbed to the box-seat of one of the two drags, and gathered up the reins in his gloved hand.

'Are you all right there?' he called out. It certainly was the voice, as well as the face, of Nat Lee.

'No, no!' cried another voice, in answer, the voice of a foolish-faced, florid young man, whom any Jew, or any waiter in Christendom, would have accurately classed as a patrician, and none the less as a dolt. 'Wait for me, Fitzgerald, I only want another cigar, old man.'

Fitzgerald! Could that resounding patronymic be the lawful property of the man who had once been a clerk in the Dulchester Bank, and whom Bertram identified with his former disreputable roadside acquaintance, Lee, or Fitzgerald, whichever he was, caught Bertram's eye, changed colour, and turned away. 'Look sharp!' he cried, as his young friend clambered to his perch on the roof; and then, with a savage stroke of the whip and jerk of the reins, drove off.

As Bertram crossed in the ferry-boat to Blackwall, his mind dwelt, in spite of himself, on his recent encounter with one who was, he felt convinced, no other than the wayside vagabond whom he had found in evil plight in the ditch. There are ups as well as downs in the careers of adventurers as bold and shrewd as Nat Lee, and even his assumption of an aristocratic surname was not, after a minute's reflection, as unaccountable to Bertram as it had seemed at the first. There are silly lads among the golden youth of London, as of Paris or Vienna, ready enough to accept the sparkling counterfeit for sterling coin, on race-course and in billiard or card room, so long as champagne flows and laughter rings, and

who reverence knowledge of the world, according to their narrow ethics, beyond all earthly gifts.

Had this man, Bertram asked himself, any connection with the misfortunes of his early benefactor, good Dr Denham—anything to link him with Uncle Walter, the hard, polished virtuoso of Kensington? Certainly, this Nat Lee, if such were his name, had spoken of himself, and of the Old Bank at Dulchester, as though his former doings there had left an indelible impression upon his mind. Certainly, too, he had made bitter mention, grinding his teeth resentfully the while, of some enemy who should, in default of black-mail, pay in person or in reputation for the wrong he had done. But it was faulty logic, so Bertram felt to identify this nameless enemy with Mr Walter Denham; and even granting that his scampish acquaintance had treasured up some grudge, after all these years, against the younger son of his old master, that by no means implied that Nat Lee had anything to tell, the telling of which would benefit the doctor's orphaned daughters.

As the ferry-boat crossed from the Kentish side of Thames to the bleak flats of the Essex shore, Bertram's gaze turned instinctively to the spot where, not many weeks since, the *Golden Gate* had lain at anchor. It seemed but yesterday that the attack upon the fine new ship had been followed by the defeat of the marauders. Already—for Metropolitan prisoners do not now languish before trial, as did the late Mrs Brownrigg of ogreish memory, according to the *Anti-Jacobin*—Captain Jack had been sentenced to a lengthy term of penal servitude, well deserved, and sundry of his accomplices to minor degrees of the same punishment. Bertram could still see the hardened face of the incorrigible old sinner, as he stood scowling in the dock, and remembered the defiant 'Thank ye, my lord—that won't hurt me!' with which this veteran foe to social order had received the judicial doom. The judge had praised Bertram in open court for his bravery and devotion; and the spectators then, and the newspapers afterwards, had echoed the praise. It seemed quite an old story now, although it had happened so recently.

When Bertram reached his lodging he was surprised to find his employer's nephew, Arthur Lynn, there, and waiting for him.

'No, there's nothing wrong,' said the good-natured young man, laughing at Bertram's anxious looks. 'Quite the contrary. My news to-night is good news, or I shouldn't have been in such a hurry to bring it to you, myself. You see, Bertram, that my uncle and I have been planning for you a little surprise—that's all.'

'A surprise—Mr Arthur—for me!' echoed Bertram, scarcely able to believe his ears.

'Why, yes,' replied Arthur Lynn, who had seated himself on the narrow window-sill, and was swinging himself backwards and forwards with an air of simple-hearted enjoyment. 'You surely did not think that Mr Mervyn and I imagined we had wiped out the debt of gratitude we owed you for your conduct the other night, by the cheap payment of a hand-shake and a few words of thanks? We at anyrate!'

'There was no debt—nothing due—and the gratitude, dear sir, was all on my side,' burst in Bertram eagerly, and flushing crimson. 'What

do I not owe to you—I, who was a homeless lad, almost a beggar, when you took me in and gave me what I craved for, the opportunity to work and be useful! It is your kind heart, Mr Arthur, that exaggerates the little I did—my plain duty.'

'It is your noble spirit, my lad, as my uncle said this very day, that leads you to make light of your own courage and sense and prudence,' answered Arthur Lynn, shaking his head. 'However, Bertram, we acknowledge our obligation to you, and mean to prove it otherwise than by mere compliments. I did not know that a vacancy would occur so soon; but—You are aware that we have a branch building Yard, for yachts chiefly, and steam-vessels in which speed signifies more than stowage, at Southampton, are you not?'

Yes, Bertram knew that.

'Mr Weston is the manager of the Yard, and has been so these fifteen years. He is an able agent, and an experienced one; but he cannot attend to everything single-handed, and with one pair of eyes to rely upon, especially as we are extending the business, and shall instantly send down a fresh batch of shipwrights, with Long Tom for their foreman. We want an Assistant Manager, too. Can you guess whom we have picked out for the post?' said Arthur Lynn; 'and if so, will you accept it?'

'You are too generous to me, Mr Arthur,' said Bertram, almost sobbing. 'How can I thank!'

'Only go on as well as you have done before, that's all, and it will be our good fortune to have put the right man in the right place,' interrupted Arthur, catching up his hat. 'These papers—see, I will leave them on the table—will give you an idea of your duties, the salary, and so forth; and on Wednesday, at latest, you should arrange to start for Southampton.—By Jove, I shall lose the train! Good-night!'

And Bertram was left alone. Strange, that when the first surprise of the good news had calmed itself, the image of Rose Denham should float before his mental vision. 'I shall meet her there,' he thought.

#### A DAY OR TWO IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

THE Isle of Man possesses few rivals as a field of operation for the hardy pedestrian not afraid to risk the traditional horrors of a few hours' sea-voyage. Pure bracing air, beauty and variety of both inland and coast scenery—the former of course on a small scale—and a curious feeling of remoteness, which brings a delicious sense of relief for a time from the cares and labours of a busy world, combine to render this quaint little island the very place for a ten days' walking tour. It must be frankly confessed, however, that by fastidious persons a drawback to the island as a place of resort may be found in the great number of visitors who overrun its towns every summer. But to those who do not mind coming in occasional contact with such, the island will be found to be a most agreeable spot in which to spend a holiday.

Little is definitely known about the early history of the Isle of Man. The people are of Celtic origin, the Manx language having strong affinities



with the Irish and the Gaelic of the Highlands. The island was long under the rule of the Earls of Derby, from whom it passed by succession to the Dukes of Athole, and it was not till 1829 that the Crown obtained full possession of it, by the purchase of the rights and privileges of the latter family. It has never been represented in the Imperial Parliament, but possesses an independent form of government, to which it adheres with the utmost tenacity. The executive power lies in the Governor, who is appointed by the Crown. The Parliament, or as it is called, the Court of Tynwald, consists of the Governor and Council, forming the upper, and the House of Keys, forming the lower house. In 1866 a reform bill was passed, enfranchising the people who elect the members of the House of Keys, a general election taking place every seven years. Justice is administered by two Deemsters, or judges appointed by the Crown, and by the High Bailiffs of Douglas, Ramsey, Castle-town, and Peel. The tax-gatherer and the rate-collector are almost unknown in the Isle of Man. There is neither income-tax nor poor-rate, and only in the towns is there any local rate, and that but a small one.

The best view of Douglas Bay, which is the natural approach to the Isle of Man, is obtained when nearing the island from Liverpool; the whole outline of the coast, with its variations of light and shade, its green hills, its dark cliffs, and its rocky headlands, here appearing to advantage. The first object that strikes the eye is Maugholm Head, a bold promontory, forming the north-eastern point of the island, and which seems to start up suddenly from the water's edge; while behind it, the summits of Snaefell and North Barrule, the two highest mountains on the island, rise gradually into view. Towards the north, the coast is bold and precipitous, with lofty cliffs, that dip sheer down into the water, divided here and there by deep gullies, through which the mountain streams find their way to the sea. Southwards, the high lands shelve gradually down, till at Castletown the country is quite flat. From this point the land rises once more, till its rugged coast-line terminates in the Calf, a huge mass of isolated rock, separated from the rest of the island by a gully or channel some five hundred yards in width.

The town of Douglas is a curious mixture of the old and the new. The old part, which is chiefly confined to the vicinity of the quay and harbour, reminds one of Dieppe, with its narrow tortuous alleys, its quaint old market-place, and its all-pervading odour of fish. The only building in Douglas which has any pretensions to architectural beauty or historic interest is Castle Mona, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Athole when they were lords of Man. It is an imposing-looking building of massive limestone, and stands in a commanding position on the margin of the bay; but it too has yielded to modern necessities, and has been transformed into an hotel.

But as it is not in the town of Douglas that the chief beauties of the Isle of Man are to be seen, we must seek for the charms of Mona elsewhere. A walk across the island from Douglas to Peel—a distance of some ten or twelve miles—will give the traveller a good idea of the prevailing characteristics of the island scenery. The road is for the most part a level one, running through the valleys of the Glas and the Neb, streams which

can hardly be dignified by the name of river, being the exact counterpart of Tennyson's 'brook.' If not the 'grayling,' at all events the 'lusty trout' may be found here, and will constitute an additional element of attraction to the angler. Indeed, a good day's sport may be had on any of the chief streams of the island, the best of which perhaps are the Sulby river and the stream running through Glen Rasheen. Trees are not plentiful on the Peel Road or elsewhere; but the green hills which bound the valleys on either side attract the eye of the pedestrian by their variations of shade and colour, and the picturesque form of their outlines. Midway between Douglas and Peel, the road skirts the base of the mountain of Greeba—a hill which, as regards the Isle of Man, is the centre of the earth, and whence, on a fine day, England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland may be clearly descried. Near to it stands the chapel of St Ninian, a ruin with a curious legend attached, which may perhaps be cited as a good example of the folk-lore in which the Manx people delight. Tradition says that the completion of the chapel was hindered by an evil spirit, or to give it its vernacular name, a *buggane*. The fiend apparently did not object to the construction of the walls; but whenever an attempt was made to cover in the building, he either carried off the roof bodily, or smashed it in by supernatural force. Anyhow, the chapel never was completed, and remains without a roof to this day, though perhaps the sceptic will not find it difficult to account for this phenomenon without having recourse to supernatural agencies.

At St John's, about three miles on the Douglas side of Peel, is Tynwald Hill, an artificial mound some eighty feet in diameter, and about twelve feet in height. Here, on the 5th of July each year, are promulgated all the laws that have been passed by the Manx Parliament during the preceding twelve months. The ceremony, which is somewhat imposing, is made the occasion of a great gathering of people from all parts of the island. The Governor, the Deemsters, the Coroners, and the other chief officials attend service in the chapel of St John, and then walk in grand procession to Tynwald Hill. Here they take up their positions, and the laws are proclaimed with due solemnity, the people meanwhile standing in a circle round the mound. This custom is said to date back more than a thousand years, and, as the Manx people are intensely conservative, may not improbably last a thousand more. The rest of the day is given up to merry-making and the business of the fair, which is always held at St John's on Tynwald Day.

Peel itself is nothing more than a prosperous fishing village, and is chiefly remarkable for the ruins of its celebrated castle. Every one who has read *Peveril of the Peak* must be familiar with Sir Walter Scott's wonderfully accurate and graphic description of this famous stronghold, which he never saw. Standing some fifty yards from the land, on a rugged island, which is in reality the spur of a ridge of rocky hills gradually shelving down to the shore, Peel Castle cannot be surpassed for romance and picturesqueness of situation. Formerly, an almost impregnable fortress, owing to the massiveness of its walls and the strength of its position, for the last hundred years it has been nothing more than a beautiful ruin,

the red sandstone of which it is built having crumbled away under the fury of the storms to which it has been exposed for many centuries. Waldron's description of Peel Castle, as it appeared at the beginning of last century, is exceedingly quaint and interesting, though not a few of his statements might challenge comparison with some of the wondrous stories to be found in the pages of Sir John Mandeville. He says: 'This castle, for its situation, antiquity, strength, and beauty, might justly come in for one of the wonders of the world. Art and Nature seem to have vied with each other in the model, nor ought the most minute particular to escape observation. . . . Being entered, you find yourself in a wide plain, in the midst of which stands the castle, encompassed by four churches, three of which time has so much decayed, that there is little remaining besides the walls, and some few tombs, which seem to have been erected with so much care as to perpetuate the memory of those buried in them till the final dissolution of all things. The fourth is kept a little better in repair; but not so much for its own sake, though it has been the most magnificent of them all, as for a chapel within it, which is appropriated to the use of the bishop, and has under it a prison, or rather dungeon, for those offenders who are so miserable as to incur the spiritual censure. This is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form. The sea runs under it, through the hollows of the rock, with such a continual roar, that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you; and over it are the vaults for burying the dead. Within it are thirteen pillars, on which the whole chapel is supported. They have a superstition that whatsoever stranger goes to see this cavern out of curiosity, and omits to count the pillars, shall do something to occasion being confined there.'

Peel Castle is now merely a romantic pile of ruins. Two of the chapels mentioned by Waldron, still remain, dedicated respectively to St German and St Patrick. The former, indeed, is still the cathedral of the diocese of Sodor and Man; for although it has long been in a dilapidated condition, it has never yet been replaced by another, and open-air services are held amongst the ruins during the summer months. A few interesting inscriptions may still be deciphered on the tombstones in this chapel; though of the diversities of tongues mentioned by Waldron, not more than two or three can be traced at the present day. The most curious of these epitaphs is one to the memory of Samuel Rutter, formerly Bishop of the diocese, who was buried here in 1663. It is in Latin, composed by the good prelate himself, who invites those who visit his tomb to be merry at the expense of the smallness and gloom of the episcopal residence. The consecrated portion of the castle was used as a burying-ground by the inhabitants of Peel till a comparatively recent date. The story goes that a whole funeral cortège was one day engulfed during their transit to the cathedral while a violent storm was raging; and the horror inspired by this circumstance stimulated the townspeople to provide a suitable cemetery on the mainland. On the top of a hill overlooking the sea near Peel Castle, is a remarkable burying-place in the form of a tower, bearing the suggestive name of 'Corrin's Folly.' This Corrin is said to

have been a rigid Dissenter, and wishing to show his utter disregard of the prejudice in favour of burial in consecrated ground, constructed this strange mausoleum for himself and his family.

The walk across the mountains from Peel to Port Erin is one of the grandest in the island. The coast is bold and rocky, indented by frowning headlands and precipitous gullies. The views of the sea and cliffs on the one hand, and of the mountains and glens on the other, are exceedingly fine, and gain by contrast with each other. But of all the majestic and precipitous headlands to be found in the Isle of Man, Spanish Head, the most southerly point, is the grandest. It rises straight out of the sea to a height of more than three hundred feet, pierced by numerous chasms, which bear evident traces of a volcanic origin. It derives its name from the fact that several of the ships of the Spanish Armada were dashed to pieces here in the awful storm which proved England's best ally. Opposite Spanish Head is the Calf of Man, a rocky island, some five miles in circumference, but containing very little cultivated ground. It is, in fact, a mere pile of lofty crags, some five hundred feet high, inhabited only by rabbits and sea-fowl. The Sound which separates the Calf from the mainland is full of dangerous currents; and the iron-bound coast in this neighbourhood has been the scene of many a fearful wreck. Perched high up on Spanish Head lies the village of Craignesh, a primitive little spot, inhabited by the most primitive and conservative of folk, who pride themselves on being the real aborigines of the island. They neither marry nor give in marriage outside of their own circle, and hold themselves as much aloof from the rest of the world as is possible in these days. Inability to speak English is with them considered an accomplishment, though, happily, the progress of education is daily more and more restricting this accomplishment to the elders of the community.

About four miles to the north-east is Castletown, the ancient capital of the island. It still retains the nominal distinction of being the metropolis, though the seat of government has been virtually transferred to Douglas. Castle Rushen, to which the town owes its name, is the chief fortress of the island, and is said to have been built by Gutterd the Dane, a son of King Orry, the great King of Man, about the middle of the tenth century. Its walls are of immense thickness, in some places not less than twelve feet; and time has so solidified the mortar used in cementing the huge blocks of limestone, that it is now as hard as the stone itself. The walk from Douglas to Peel and Port Erin, and back again by Castletown, embraces the southern half of the island, which is in many respects the most interesting. A first-rate walker might manage it all in one day; but he would undoubtedly miss a good deal by hurrying over it. To enjoy the scenery thoroughly, at least two days would be required; and three or four might be spent pleasantly enough on the way.

The walk from Douglas to Ramsey—the chief town in the north of the island—is for the most part within sight of the sea; indeed, in some places the road is hewn out of the solid mass of an overhanging cliff, like the famous Axenstrasse on the Lake of Uri. Ramsey itself is the largest town after Douglas, but is considered more select

and aristocratic than the latter. Exceedingly good fishing may be had in the bay, which is open and unprotected, and will not bear comparison with Douglas Bay, or some of the smaller ones in the south of the island. But trees flourish better here than in the south; and the beauty of Ramsey lies in the wooded heights that rise above the town, and form a most picturesque background to the view as seen from the middle of the bay.

There are not a few other places in the Isle of Man which the traveller with time at his disposal should by no means omit to visit. Foremost among these is Injebreck, a lovely spot, which recalls Moore's description of the vale of Avoca in *The Meeting of the Waters*. 'The soft magic of streamlet and hill' casts its spell over the mind of the spectator as he watches the streams of East and West Baldwin mingle their waters under the shadow of the lofty peaks that tower up on either side; and the traveller from town will feel grateful that he is privileged for a short time to tread 'the cool sequestered vale of life' apart from the busy haunts of men.

## THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.

### CHAPTER I.

'THEY are worth several cases of rupees.'

I had no very clear idea what was the exact value of a lac of rupees, when I answered Cousin Martha as to the supposed value of Aunt Purpose's diamonds. I knew, however, that it represented a large sum; and then, I did not care to confess an absolute ignorance on the subject, especially to Martha, who is quite two years my junior, although a good many say that she looks the older of the two. We were sitting in my little four-roomed cottage before the open casement, and with my small brown delf teapot between us, were refreshing ourselves with an early cup of tea. Although we are both unmarried, yet we prefer occupying separate tenements, the Misses being too captious and domineering in disposition to agree well together. We are decidedly non-gregarious. Hence, we live apart, and have everything to ourselves. There were but three born Misses living—Aunt Purpose being one by marriage only—Patience (that is, myself), Martha; and Robert, a grasping, avaricious old bachelor. I know that it is not nice to detract one's relative; but Martha perfectly agrees with me in my estimate of our mutual cousin's character; therefore I think I may be allowed to record it. The last generation of Misses consisted of four brothers, the eldest of whom was Robert's father; the next, mine; the third, Martha's; while the fourth, who died childless, had been the husband of Aunt Purpose.

We of the younger generation had long been settled in our parents' native village of Nettlethorpe, happy, to a certain extent, in our mutual carpings and bickerings; when a great excitement was imported into the even tenor of our lives by the news that Thomson—the local house-agent—had been written to by Aunt Purpose, authorising him to take, in her name, a moderately sized house in our primitive little hamlet.

Now, one word about Aunt Purpose. Uncle Job, her husband, had held an official appointment in the East Indies, where he had met and

married her. Nothing was heard of them for some years; and then news arrived of his death. Again an interval of silence occurred, to be broken by the intelligence that our widowed relative, whom we had never seen, was about to come and live in the midst of us, actuated thereto by a wish to end her days amongst her husband's kindred, as she had none of her own. The fact of her being a stranger to us, would have been sufficient to have awakened a certain amount of interest in her arrival; therefore, our unusual excitement may well be understood when Robert discovered, by some means or other—he is such a terrible one for sifting and prying into things, but there! men always are so curious—that she was the owner of a most wonderful and almost priceless set of brilliants, that had been presented to her by a great Maharajah, to whose children she had been governess. Again, it was said that she was penurious and miserly in her habits, as we knew our uncle had been. He had left her everything at his death; therefore, she must be, we argued, at least comfortably rich. East Indians are never really poor. Their wealth is proverbial. Kithless and kinless, save for ourselves, her approach filled us with joyful anticipations; and already in imagination each one of us saw himself, or herself, the owner of her matchless jewels and sole inheritor of her wealth. Martha and I were just discussing our second cup, and speculating as to the time of the old lady's arrival, then daily expected, when suddenly my little maid-of-all-work, whom I had despatched to the village on a marketing expedition, dashed into the room with her arms full of packages, and her tongue charged to its extreme tip with gossip.

'Well, Mary, what is it?' asked Martha, who saw that the child was bursting with news.

'Oh, if you please, m'm, she's come, and drove all the way in 'olson's' one-horse shay, with a great screaming green poll-parrot in a brass cage beside the driver, and a black woman all in white, and a red silk pocket-handkercher tied over 'er 'air, and 'er thing just like a lot o' little gold pinples 'agrowin' out o' one side of 'er nose.—I should not have bin so long, m'm,' she added, turning apologetically to me, as she at length paused in her lengthy harangue to get back her breath, 'but I stopped to see 'em take in the luggage and things.'

There was no need for any name to be mentioned. We both knew that she could only be referring to Aunt Purpose. A rigid cross-examination followed; but all that we could elicit from our informant was that Mrs Missle was a little, shrivelled-looking old woman, with a very yellow face, and a pair of bright black eyes just like a bird.

'Did you see Mr Robert there?' I asked uneasily.

'No, m'm; though, if you please, m'm, I 'eered at the post-office as Muster Robert 'ad gone to Southampton to meet 'is aunt.'

'Just like him! Sly and mean in all that he does!' was Martha's indignant comment as she rose and began to put on her shawl and gloves.

I wanted to be by myself to think over matters, and decide as to my conduct with Aunt Purpose, so I did not press her to stay; and I could easily see that she was quite as eager to leave me.

'Ought we to call to-night?' I asked her,

resolving that whatever underhand means Robert might have taken to forestall us in her favour, we two would be loyal to each other.

'I don't think so,' she answered in her usual doubting, hesitating manner. 'You see, she has chosen to come quietly and without telling us the time of her arrival; so I think it would be much better if we were to leave it now till the morning. She is certain to be tired after her journey. You might, however, send Mary round a little later to inquire after her, and with your love.'

After Martha had left me, I sat cogitating and considering. To wait till the morrow seemed a long time, when we knew that Robert was already laying siege to Aunt Purpose's affections. I felt uncomfortable at the idea of letting him have the field all to himself. At anyrate—I argued to myself—there could be no harm in just going to see how matters were. 'Fair-play is a jewel all the world over.' I could easily explain everything to Martha, afterwards.

The determination was speedily put into execution; and I was soon equipped for my visit. As I passed out by the larder, my eyes fell upon a small corn-flour *blanc-mange* that I had made that morning. 'Poor thing!' I said to myself as I took up the dish on which it stood, and covering it with a small napkin, placed it in a basket; 'I daresay her appetite is not of the best; and then those East Indians always have bad digestions. I will take it to her. I am sure it will do her good. There's a whole pint of milk in it.'

Rose Cottage, whither I was bound, was about ten minutes' walk from my abode; but as I walked very fast, it could not have taken me more than eight, at the outside, to reach it. A strange servant-girl opened the door to me—one of that stupid, interfering Thomson the house-agent's importations. As if he could not have found a good honest girl in Nettlethorpe—one that we all knew—instead of bringing a stranger into the family!

'Aunt Purpose—Mrs Job Missle, I mean—has arrived, I believe?' I began, as the girl stood filling up the doorway, as if to bar my entrance.

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Will you give her this, with my love? Say, her niece, Miss Patience Missle, brought it. It is a little *blanc-mange*, and is made quite plain, without any flavouring.'

She took it from me, and would have left me standing on the doorstep—no Nettlethorpe girl would have dared to treat me thus—but I pushed by her.

'I will wait here,' I said, as I walked straight into the little sitting-room at the back and seated myself on a very hard-bottomed chair.

A door on one side led into the kitchen. Peeping through it, for it was half-opened, I saw the black attendant. She was dressed just as described by Mary; but she was holding something in her hand that, at that moment, excited in me a great deal more curiosity than either her colour or her costume. It was a small fancy basket of a peculiar pattern, that seemed very familiar to me. The sight of it awoke a sad misgiving at my heart, more especially as it was filled with eggs of that peculiar dark hue common to the poultry of Brahma and Cochinchina. Now, Martha possessed a basket the

exact counterpart of the one held by the black woman; and when I add that she owned half-a-dozen pets of the second-mentioned breed of fowls, my misgivings will be readily understood. To relieve my doubts, I crept into the kitchen, and overcoming my repugnance to people of colour, peeped over the black woman's shoulder. She gave a start, and rolling the whites of her black eyes at me, muttered something in her own language.—Yes; I was right! Martha had deceived me! There, on each egg, in her large skewery handwriting, was the name of the hen by which it had been laid, and the date of the interesting event. It is indeed disgraceful, when one's own flesh and blood turns against one! I returned to the little sitting-room, and then the servant came down.

'Missus is very much obliged to you, ma'am, for the *blanc-mange*; and she hopes that you'll excuse her, as she's too tired to see any one to-night.'

'How long is it since Miss Martha called?' I asked, taking the bull by the horns at once.

'She has only just left, ma'am.'

'Did she see your mistress?'

'Oh, dear no, ma'am. She had a message just like yours. Nothing more, ma'am.'

We had now reached the porch; and I was about to put a number of questions to her about her mistress, when a rough, hoarse voice called out: 'Get out, get out! Mind your own business!'

It so startled me—I thought it was the black woman—that I allowed the girl to close the door upon me before I recollected that it was only the parrot, whose cage had been hung just within the lobby. Vexed at my foolish conduct, I hastened homewards. As I neared Laurestinus Villa—Robert's residence—I met him. He was looking very hot and tired.

'What do you think, Patience?' he asked in a mysterious voice as I stopped to speak to him. 'She hasn't arrived. That fellow Thomson sent me a wild-goose chase to Southampton by telling me that she was coming over in the *Ruby*. Well, the *Ruby* is in; but she has brought no Purpose Missle in her.'

'No,' I answered with a quiet triumph, for I was glad that he had been done; 'of course not, because she came in the *Stella*. I read the name on her luggage. I have just come from the Cottage, where I was received most kindly. If you had come back by the express instead of waiting for the parliamentary, you would have had the pleasure of travelling with her.'

'Then, you've seen her?' he groaned in an anxious tone, as he mopped the perspiration from his dusty face, for it is a good five miles' walk from the station.

'Well, no—not exactly. The fact is, she is too tired to see any one to-night; but she sent me such a kind message.' With this I left him.

I knew, however, that he would never rest without going to the Cottage; so, as soon as I got home, I planted myself at my bedroom window to watch his movements. In a short time I saw him come out into his garden. His face had been washed and his coat changed. First, he picked two or three large sycamore leaves, with which he lined a small flat punnet basket that he held in his other hand; then he advanced to the south

wall, and stopped before the nectarine tree about which he makes such a fuss. One, two, three. Oh! how carefully and reluctantly he picked the ripe fruit! I could not help smiling as I watched him. I knew the action must have gone to his heart. He says that he sends the produce of his garden to his friends; but I know better. They are paying friends, and their address is not a hundred miles from Covent Garden Market. Robert is too genuine a Missle to give a *quid* without receiving a *quo*. The fruit was carefully arranged in the basket, and covered with moss leaves; and then I saw him start off down the road to—I was as positive about it as if I had followed him every step of the way—Rose Cottage. Martha was right in stigmatising him as both mean and sly. It was too bad of him. His income must have been nearly double ours, which could well have stood an increase. His gallantry as a man should have made him remember that we were of the weaker sex, and he should have given way accordingly. But there—man again!—it is never anything else with them but self and number one, while we poor women may go to the wall or do the best we can.

#### WILL POULTRY-FARMING PAY?

THIS is just one of those questions to which an off-hand answer cannot be given. It is difficult to say either 'Yes' or 'No,' for the reason, that the experiment of poultry-farming on a large scale has been so rarely tried in a way to insure success. One or two experiments in poultry-breeding on an extensive plan have, however, lately been ventured upon; but no statistics of the results, so far as we know, have yet been offered to the public.

One reason why those who require to purchase poultry have to pay so much for it, is because of its having to pass through many hands, each exacting tribute before it reaches our tables. Indeed, much of what we consume has hitherto come from France, Belgium, and Holland; and nowadays we are beginning to receive supplies from places more distant. It is somewhat surprising—considering that in London alone there is annually consumed over three and a half millions of domestic fowls, in addition to a million head of turkeys, geese, and ducks—that successful attempts have not yet been made to cultivate for home consumption on a large scale. But even in France, surprising as the statement may prove to many, there is no such establishment in existence as a farm solely or chiefly devoted to the rearing of poultry. From inquiries conducted by the writer of this paper, in Normandy and Brittany, and in districts to the south-west of Paris, as well as in the capital itself, it became evident that in no instance was a flock of over two hundred and fifty domestic fowls kept in one place, by way of a commercial speculation; indeed, it would be quite safe to assume that, throughout France, the stocks of fowls kept by individuals do not average half a dozen. But, as we all know, there are thousands of persons in France who farm, or possess in their own right, a little bit of land, nearly every one of whom keeps a few fowls as an adjunct to his business of farming or gardening, and to which he is enabled, from the paucity

of their number, to devote the closest individual attention. By such means the French have obtained a reputation for the excellence of their poultry, much of which, in consequence, finds its way to the London market. It may be stated that the value of the eggs and poultry imported into this country from the continent in 1879 amounted to £2,728,009; a small proportion of the sum is, we believe, paid for game; but substantially the money so expended is for poultry and eggs, the number of the latter imported in 1879 being 702,707,840.

It will be obvious enough from these figures that there is abundance of room at the present time for the breeding of poultry on some systematic plan. Just now, our supplies for table use, so far as they are provided in our own country, are chiefly collected from cottage cultivators, from persons who keep from half-a-dozen to twenty hens, and who either rear a few broods every season for the market, or keep their fowls only to lay eggs, for which there is a constant demand at remunerative prices. In the case of rearing a brood of chickens for market, great pains are taken to have them ready for sale at a time when they shall be of more than ordinary value. 'Spring chickens'—young fowls hatched early in the year, and carefully fed and fattened for the London season, which begins in February—bring a high price even to the cottagers who rear them, the cost to the consumer being correspondingly enhanced. The persons who travel in the county of Surrey, which is famed for its fowls, for the purpose of buying, and who are locally known as 'higglers,' will give at the rate of twenty-one shillings, or even more, for a dozen; these will be carried away to some centre of the trade, to be resold to an agent with a London connection, at probably a profit of four or five shillings per dozen; and these spring chickens, after being well fed for ten days or a fortnight, will be killed, plucked, and 'set up' for the London wholesale dealer at Leadenhall or Newgate Market, who is supposed to sell what he has consigned to him on commission, charging a percentage. These fowls will ultimately find their way to the clubs, restaurants, and private houses of the Great Metropolis; those who purchase them having paid to the retail dealer prices varying from eight to fourteen shillings a pair. In the very height of the London season, when the supply is not equal to the demand, 'fancy' prices can easily be obtained. It would not, we believe, be an extravagant estimate to say that seven shillings a pair could readily be obtained in the spring months for twenty thousand pairs of well fattened and nicely prepared chickens, if the breeder were to send direct to the poultry commission agents in Leadenhall Market. Taking the average market price for Surrey fowls—not the West End retail price—it was six shillings and threepence per fowl during January, February, March, and April 1880; and for about eight months of every year, similar prices are quoted. Sussex fowls are priced at about one shilling and sixpence less per head; whilst Boston (Lincolnshire) are cheaper; and Irish cheapest of all.

Enormous numbers of poultry are raised in Ireland for the Scottish and English markets. In Belfast, there are dealers who do nothing else but buy fowls for exportation to Liverpool and Glasgow, to be placed in the English and Scotch



markets; the more extensive dealers having also a retail shop, in which to dispose at a cheap rate of such fowls as are unfit to be sent across the water. These dealers attend all the little markets, and purchase their supplies from the small and large poultry-rearers, who arrive with their produce in carts, or in creels carried by donkeys. Much of the business is done by 'jobbers,' who correspond to the Surrey and Sussex 'higgler.' They intercept the peasantry and small farmers on their way to market, and are usually successful in making a deal, which they turn over to the wholesale buyer at a penny or twopence of profit on each of the domestic fowls, and of from threepence to a shilling on each turkey. Some of these jobbers who have a little capital, make a profit of from a hundred to five hundred pounds per annum, as they enter into contracts to send all their purchases during the season to the men who export; and having thus secured an outlet, they attend all the out-of-the-way markets, and obtain pretty nearly a monopoly of the business, making, as we may say, their own prices. Some of the large Irish dealers will purchase a hundred dozen of fowls a day for export; and a Liverpool retailer has been known to dispose of seven hundred cock-turkeys received from Ireland in one week, that amount of business being done *after* Christmas week. These figures present some idea of the magnitude of the Irish poultry-trade. The best part of Ireland for the production of common fowls is Ulster, the breeders in that province paying great attention to the various crosses, and to the rearing and feeding of their poultry. In Dublin, they produce fine capons and ducklings much earlier than in any other part of Ireland. There are no distinct poultry-farms in any part of the country; but active farmers, when harvest is early, will purchase from the small breeders two or three hundred geese, and have them herded on the stubbles for a few weeks. A large trade is also done with Ireland in living geese, which are in large demand by English farmers who have early stubbles, in order to be fattened for Christmas.

An impression is prevalent among those who are only half informed on the subject, that a fowl may be kept for 'almost nothing'; and consequently, to keep a hundred hens and cocks would cost very little money, whilst the produce in eggs and chickens would yield an ample profit. On such an hypothesis, some enthusiastic persons exclaim: 'Why not start a poultry-farm, and breed chickens in thousands?' It is possible that some day such a scheme may be inaugurated, and also possible that it may prove a success. But before real success can be achieved, before it can be demonstrated that poultry-farming will pay—which is the grand aim and end of all such schemes—there is much to consider, and not one but a hundred details must be encountered before money can be earned. It was a saying of an eminent agriculturist, that almost anything could be achieved in farming if a person liked to spend twenty-two-and-sixpence in the pound in achieving it; and there are persons now engaged in the poultry-trade, or who at any rate keep fowls, whose eggs probably cost them a halfpenny each more than they can obtain for them; and whose chickens, for which they receive one shilling and ninepence a-head, cost, to hatch and breed, half-a-

crown apiece! That, of course, would never do in poultry-farming as a business. The farm must be made to pay; and how to balance accounts and leave a balance on the right side, is the question.

It undoubtedly pays our cottagers to keep half-a-dozen fowls, because the doing so involves but little extra expenditure; the fragments of the family food, with such little additions, in the way of slugs and worms, as they can pick up about the door, serve to fatten them; and as a rule, there are no bounds to the ground they may range over. As for the sitting, or as she is termed in Scotland, the 'clocking hen,' she monopolises the attention of the mistress of the cottage; and the little chicks are most carefully attended to as soon as they begin to make their appearance. When, however, we come to extensive poultry-rearing, the conditions are vastly altered. When food has to be purchased by the ton-weight, and a rent of from thirty to fifty shillings paid for every acre of ground devoted to the fowls—when special houses have to be built for their accommodation—when interest has to be charged for use of capital, and considerable amounts have to be expended in wages—the pounds, shillings, and pence incidental to the maintenance of a stock of poultry numbering a thousand head, present a totally different aspect from what they do when examined in connection with a cottager's dozen of hens, managed by the cottager's wife, and costing almost nothing for food. It is possible, however, to make it appear on paper that a handsome profit will be realised by the fowl-farmer; nor is it at all impossible that the success which can be shown in theory might with due care become a reality, if the affair be gone about in the right way.

Those venturing upon the organisation of a fowl-farm on an extensive scale, would require to be well advised before doing so; as the outlay, in the shape of expenditure for stock, the erection of proper buildings, and the payment of rent and wages, would undoubtedly be very considerable. The selection of the particular breed or breeds of fowls to be kept, would in itself necessitate a considerable knowledge of the trade. It would have to be determined, too, at the outset whether the farmer was to 'go in' for eggs, or for breeding and selling chickens and fowls. 'You see, sir,' said a Surrey 'higgler' to us, upon a recent occasion, 'some hens is good layers, and some is good sitters, and you don't generally do in both. Them as buys chickens and fowls, like to see 'em plump and white. For my part, sir, if I was going for to produce instead of to lay, I would keep none but Dorkings—they always plumps out nice, and makes a good price.'

There is at the present time a wonderful variety of hens in the country; but the best layers are found to be Andalusians, Minorcas, Hamburgs, and Leghorns. The first two classes lay very large eggs in proportion to their size. The following is the number that may reasonably be expected from these varieties. Andalusians, one hundred and eighty-five, six eggs to the pound; Minorcas, about the same number, the eggs weighing eight to the pound; Hamburgs, one hundred and fifty-six eggs, about ten of which weigh one pound; whilst Leghorns will sometimes lay as many

as one hundred and sixty, of nine to the pound. Houdans are also very good layers; as are likewise the La Flèche breed. The number of eggs given are calculated on the average, some individual fowls probably laying a few more, some a few less, than the numbers given above. Many circumstances conspire to affect the laying powers of hens, as an early season, suitable food, and a good run of ground. The Andalusian fowl would perhaps be an excellent one with which to stock a farm designed to produce both eggs and chickens, as the latter feather quickly, and grow with rapidity. Pullets of that breed have been known to begin laying when they were nineteen weeks old.

It will perhaps be found, when 'hen-farming' on a large scale is entered upon, that the best mode of procedure will be to separate the stock into collections of, say, a hundred each—each to be provided with a separate living-house and run. And in the matter of providing a hen-run, the farmer must not be niggardly of his space; for a thousand or twelve hundred fowls, there should at least be a run of twenty-five acres of ground, of the most varied kind. The land may of course be utilised in the production of food for the animals, as lettuces, greens, potatoes, barley, &c.; whilst a part of it might be utilised as an orchard for the production of fruit. Portions of the ground, half an acre here and there, should also be frequently turned over for the benefit of the hens; it would admit of their finding a large supply of worms and larvae, of which they are very fond.

It has been calculated that fowls *en masse* may be fed at a fraction less than a penny per week for each animal; and with the data we have given, it should not prove difficult for any person to determine the *L. & C.* of fowl-farming. The expenditure will resolve itself into rent, taxes, and wages—a thousand fowls would require at least three attendants—as well as interest on money expended on the original purchase of fowls, and on the buildings and alterations involved. The cost of food for a thousand animals would be about four pounds a week. The income would of course be made up from the sale of eggs at, say, one shilling a dozen; the sale of chickens at, say, one-and-ninety or two shillings each. An item in the credit account would necessarily be the valuable manure obtainable from a large stock. The receipts from the orchard would enter into the account, as would also the quantity of food produced on the acreage of ground. As regards the cost of a healthy breeding and laying stock to be acquired gradually, a fair price would probably be five shillings per head. There is an annual percentage of loss from accidents and disease; but such can only be calculated from experience. Various contrivances for the artificial hatching of eggs have lately been patented, and some of these, if successful, might be brought into use in poultry-farming. In various accounts of trials of hydro-incubators which we have perused, it is said that in some cases ninety per cent. of the eggs have been hatched. If that should prove to be true, there can be no doubt that the use of these artificial hatching-machines will become an important factor in the increased production of poultry.

We have in the foregoing remarks kept chiefly

in view the increasing of our supplies of domestic poultry. Turkey-rearing is more difficult; and the production of ducks and geese is a separate branch of the business.

## PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

A good deal has been written from time to time on the subject of printers' blunders. Few more entertaining topics could be discussed, and fresh material may be gathered almost any day from the newspapers, and even less ephemeral publications. Though many of the 'grotesqueries' which emanate from the type composing-room are intensely ludicrous, yet, as a rule, they are rather productive of merriment than mischief. The casual reader can, however, but faintly realise the mental agony inflicted by these fantastic tricks upon the unfortunate author whose brightest gems of thought and sentiment have been destroyed; or upon the public speaker, who finds that his oration, as presented to the world, contains expressions which he did not use, and never would have used. The editor can set himself and the orator right by correcting such errata in the next issue of his paper, and can have revenge by discharging both the compositor and the official whose duty it was to revise and correct the 'proofs'; but these considerations afford little comfort after all the little world you move in has laughed at the blunders. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that no compositor or reviser, however careful and experienced, is infallible, and that the successors of the delinquents might next day perpetrate even greater enormities. The author, it may also happen, is probably as much to blame as the compositor, as his manuscript may have been illegible, incomplete, or inaccurate. The majority of writers for the press leave far too much to the printer, not only in the matter of deciphering their scrawling caligraphy, but in punctuation and various other minor but essential details. Yet, on the other hand, there is no absolute safeguard against being victimised, for the most legible manuscript, even print itself, may be bungled by carelessness or stupidity in the composing-room.

The pervency of some printers is tantalising in the extreme. They frequently take it upon themselves to alter and amend what they, in their wisdom, suppose to be wrong, while it is really perfectly correct; and they as often adhere persistently to the manuscript, when it might be apparent to the meanest intelligence that a word has been omitted, or that, from some other cause, the sentence is imperfect or erroneous. Or they may substitute one word for another, making utter nonsense of the context. For instance, a compositor put into the mouth of one of Mr Gladstone's most ardent admirers the statement that the right honourable gentleman was 'the *spirit* of the Liberal party'; when 'spirit' was the term employed. Another represented the Christian religion as enjoining *mahogany*, when it should have been 'monogamy'; while a third makes a *savant* learnedly state that 'the civilisation of the nineteenth century is a *country* organ [purely Aryan] development.'

The omission or addition of a single letter, or the substitution of a wrong one, sometimes pro-

duces the most comical results. A glowing writer is made to speak of certain of the works of Nature as 'silent preachers of *immorality*' [immortality]. It is rather imposing on the credulity of the public to state that 'a waterman rowing by at the time of the occurrence was knocked down, and one of his *ears* [oars] was carried at least thirty yards away'; and it seems an ungenerous reflection upon the bravery of the Peruvians to say that they 'expected to accomplish great things with their *feet*' [feet]. Still more unkind was it to describe the table decorations at a recent fashionable wedding as being composed of *pot-house* instead of 'hothouse' flowers. A Scotch evening paper congratulated a gardener not long ago on having, at a local horticultural show, produced the 'best six jargonelle pears fit for the *stable*' [table]. The *violent* [for violet] bouquet which, according to another contemporary, was presented to a lady at a public demonstration, should have been at the same exhibition. What sort of a biblical education had the compositor received who was responsible for the following? 'If they are true men, they would refuse to sell their birthright for a mess of *postage*.' And what is to be thought of the profane individual who, in setting up the verdict 'died by the visitation of God,' altered the fourth word to *hesitation*?

It may be thought that most of the errata we have quoted must have been due to illegible writing, and in all probability they were. One would expect that people who have sufficient leisure to make poetry should also have time to write out their effusions in a legible hand. Such is not always their practice, however; at least poets seem to complain as much of the printer's tricks as other classes. In a poem by a young lady, the line, 'Oh, for a heart full of sweet yearning!' occurred in the manuscript. But in print the last word appeared as *yearling*; and the poetess very naturally wrote to the editor that the compositor who had set up her effusion was a calf. There is a funny sketch by Max Adeler, in which he describes an interview between the editor of a newspaper and an outraged poet, who has come to complain of the publication of his contribution, entitled *The Surcease of Sorrow*, in which the line

Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering  
dross,

is rendered:

Take away thy jeering monkey on a sorely gandered  
hoss.

And in another verse, the words

I am weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves,  
has blossomed into:

I am wearing out my trousers till they're open at  
the knees.

These, of course, are fictitious blunders; but it is not too much to say that they are founded on fact, and do not exaggerate very greatly the printer's capacity for burlesque. That versatile individual, however, makes an occasional essay in tragedy as well. A western newspaper reporting the annual meeting of the Glasgow Maternity Hospital, announced the other day that the

children *burned alive* in the Hospital during the year numbered two hundred and twenty-three, and at their own homes nine hundred and sixteen. It is necessary to explain that the word 'burned' should read 'born.' Serious consequences might have resulted from the statement which appeared in an editorial article, to the effect that a certain eminent statesman was 'very fond of his *opium*,' had it not been satisfactorily explained that the editor wrote 'opinion.' What a sensation must have been caused in aristocratic circles by the announcement in a London journal of the Duchess of Hamilton's 'bankruptcy,' when it was only Her Grace's 'birthday' that was referred to! It was probably from a due sense of the fitness of things that a compositor, anxious that she should follow the example, perhaps, of one of her own heroines, married a novelist to a *prisoner*, whereas it was only a 'Prussian' to whom she had been espoused. Another London compositor was equally unhappy in spreading the intelligence that a certain lady had 'died of her marriage,' when it should have been of a hemorrhage. Alluding to Mr E. A. Freeman's peculiar political opinions, a writer was made to say, 'Coming as it does from one who has gained real distinction as a *barbarian*,' &c., when the complimentary word 'historian' was intended. In the same article, Mr Gladstone was represented as addressing a noisy *snob*, instead of a 'mob.'

Careless writing, with imperfectly formed letters, and a general appearance of dash and haste, is as frequently the cause of such blunders as the stupidity of the printer. It may have been due to some such cause that a person who advertised for a gardener, adding the information that there was 'no glass'—that is, no greenhouse—had the worry of seeing this appear as 'one glass'; naturally attended with inquiries from interested applicants wishing to know 'if it was in the forenoon,' and whether or not it was 'hot.' Again, a lady who was desirous of securing a housemaid, sent an advertisement to that effect to the local newspaper; but the notice when it appeared mortified the lady by representing her as advertising for a 'horseman.' There is a rollicking song by a certain Scottish Professor, in which he says:

I can like a hundred women,  
I can love a score.

But a compositor who put this in type changed the last word into 'score,' thus dividing the learned poet's loves and likings between the Court of Venus and the baker.

Transposition of lines and words is also a frequent source of blunders, which in such cases are mainly due to the compositor. During an epidemic in a country-town in Scotland, three or four children in one family died in one week. About the same time, there occurred a marriage of some distinction in the district; notices of both events duly appearing in the local paper. But the friends of the married pair were staggered to read, after the enumeration of the names of the officiating clergymen, and those of the happy bride and bridegroom and their relations, the startling announcement that 'they were all interred yesterday in the cemetery.' It turned out, on explanation being required, that these words should have been appended to the notice of the death of the children above mentioned; but the compositor, in

a moment of stupidity or forgetfulness, had placed them instead after the notice of the fashionable wedding.

Numerous blunders are to be found where technicalities, proper names, and figures occur; but these are often detected by the initiated alone. To those unacquainted with the game of golf, for example, 'mused a short put' is not much more intelligible than 'missed a short put,' the phrase used by the reporter. The curiosity of bibliophiles and entomologists must have been excited when they read of the sale of a book entitled 'The Theatre of *Woodbugs*;' and though the former might unravel the mystery, it would hardly occur to the general reader that the work in question was *The Theatre of Worldlings*. Proper names are peculiarly liable to mutilation, as may be readily imagined. By the misplacing or multiplication of figures, some of the most astounding statistics have been produced, and we may sometimes read of events occurring on the 30th of February, or equally remarkable dates.

Were even the most carefully conducted newspaper to present its readers, say once a month, with a record of all the typographical errors which creep into its columns, the list would probably prove one of the most interesting features of the publication. Yet, after all, considering the great rapidity with which the daily journal is composed and printed, the wonder is, not that mistakes occur, but that they are so comparatively rare. Our larger daily papers have literary matter in them equal to double what is comprised in an ordinary three-volume novel; and when it is remembered the greater portion of this matter has to be put in type in less than twenty-four hours, it is little short of marvellous that such great accuracy is attained. The daily newspaper may justly be regarded as one of the most striking illustrations of what can be accomplished, when the pressure of the time demands it, by human ingenuity and organisation.

# ON THE USE OF FLOWERS.

Our outward life requires them not;  
Then wherefore had they birth?—  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the Earth.

M. HOWITT.

I AM so fond of flowers, that I must ask your forbearance if I seem to give their cultivation too high a place among the duties and pleasures of life. They always seem to me to be so fresh and pure, as if just from the hand of God, that I think their value can scarcely be too highly estimated. One of the first uses of flowers is, I believe, the delight and refreshment they give to many a weary wanderer; and the help they often are not only in pleasing the eye, but of calling the anxious heart away, unconsciously, from its cares and troubles. The practice of taking a bouquet of flowers to a Sunday-school adult class, and having this carried to the bedside of some sufferer, has increased of late years, and is, I believe, a source of good to those who are sharers in the mission. The men or women who take part in such a class, look anxiously and hopefully for their turn to

be the bearers of such a treasure to their sick friend or neighbour.

Flowers have a very refining influence. The young lady who in her daily walks culls the season's brightest wayside gems, small and retiring though they may be, has her perceptions cultivated, her gentle touch improved, and her love of the beauty of form and colour intensified and increased. I have sometimes been amused to watch the gathering of a bouquet by two equally kind sisters. One, who 'does not care much for flowers,' yet delights in giving pleasure, takes her garden scissors, cuts the brightest and perhaps the largest flowers she sees, never stopping to notice that some of the petals are faded, and others following rapidly the same way. She looks here, and takes a flower she thinks is bright; there, and cuts off a handful; and having, as she believes, gathered a large and beautiful bouquet, she hands it to the lady whom she has thus stepped out of her course to please. Perhaps if we could unperceived follow those flowers to their destination, we should see the half of them lying wasted, fallen to pieces, and quite unfit to ornament the room for which they were intended; and by the thoughtless cutting of those full-grown and showy flowers, the garden may for that day have lost its brilliance. The other sister, who loves flowers for their purity and beauty, glides from plant to plant, cutting off one blossom here, which will scarcely be missed from its modest position; another there, which will bloom in full freshness in the vase—a little sweet-scented beauty which by its removal invigorates the garden, while it adds to her treasures; and so from flower to shrub, and from rose-tree to flower again, she dits along—the selection being intuitively made with such perfection, that no blossom is misplaced, or a single fading flower added to the posy.

This nicety of observation and touch does not end in the service of the garden. A mind that responds to the beauty of the floral world will never be satisfied with imperfect or coarsely finished work of any kind. The handling of flowers so constantly gets before the eye their perfection, that by-and-by the aim at perfection in all that is done becomes, as it were, second nature.

The pleasure that flowers give to invalids among the poor, who rarely see any, might teach some of us a lesson we should do well to learn. The first time I saw this was many years ago, when I was a very young housekeeper, and was startled one Sunday morning by the request, from a working blacksmith, for some grapes for his sick wife. We had no greenhouse or viney. Our little bit of garden was most unassuming, and I could not think what made the man come to me. However, I told him that I believed a friend of ours had some early grapes and if I could get some, his wife should have them in the afternoon. My husband walked out with me to our friend's house. Some grapes were most willingly given for the invalid, and some flowers for ourselves. I took two or three pretty and sweet flowers—I remember that a carnation and two sweet-peas formed part—tied them together; and we took them with the fruit to the sick woman. We were taken up to her bedroom. There she lay, pale and emaciated, with that ominous flush on her cheeks which too

truly confirmed her husband's words. We handed her the longed-for grapes. She was 'much obliged.' But when I held out to her the few flowers I had brought, she snatched them so eagerly, that I was startled and awed to see the delight they gave to one who was evidently so near the confines of the Unknown.

I called again in a day or two, and saw the flowers carefully preserved and looking bright in a doctor's medicine bottle close by her bedside. That scene taught me a lesson I have never forgotten, and I hope it was not without its use also.

This reminds me of what occurred in a country town one autumn, now some years ago. A very young lady, the grand-daughter of the late vicar, was married. The bridal party was large, and the bride lovely. A poor young girl, dying of consumption, who had received much kindness from her more favoured friend, was brought by some kind neighbours into the market-place to see the wedding-party pass. The bride was told of this; and on leaving after the breakfast, she sent her bouquet to her afflicted friend. Who can tell the good done to each of these two girls by that thoughtful act? The lovely white flowers would speak, oh! so eloquently of the loving giver; and who shall say they did not lead the fading girl to trust more and more implicitly in the love and mercy of her ever-present God? And would not the heart of the bride be touched and softened by the remembrance that her bridal flowers, in all their purity and beauty, had brightened the room where sickness and sorrow dwelt?

I am often sorry that so few young ladies now take pleasure in the practical part of gardening. I believe they lose much healthy enjoyment. In sowing annuals, watering them, clearing away the weeds as soon as they appear, planting a few bedding-plants in a piece of garden, they would find much health-giving amusement, and might pass many profitable and pleasant hours.

#### THE 'WHITE WATER' OF THE ARABIAN SEA.

With reference to the phenomenon of what is known as the 'white water' of the Arabian Sea, a correspondent writes as follows: 'If the call of duty or pleasure should at any time induce any of your readers to undertake the overland journey to India, they must not fail to give instructions to be called from bed should the nocturnal phenomenon of the "white water" occur. It is more frequently seen in the months of July and August, and is principally confined to a narrow belt to the eastward of the island of Socotra, known in the charts of that sea as the Line of the Strongest Monsoon, and wherein the rain-clouds on quitting Central Africa on their passage eastward are apparently confined. Should the moon be above the horizon, an undisturbed night's rest may be anticipated, as the writer has never known the phenomenon to occur in the presence of that orb.

'To give the reader some idea of this remarkable and striking appearance, we will suppose ourselves in a steamer, about two hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of Socotra, in the position named, and in the latter end of July; time, one A.M. The monsoon is blowing strongly and steadily—the night, star-light and clear—a

light fleecy scud occasionally passing rapidly to the eastward; and the good vessel bowling along at the rate of fourteen or fifteen knots an hour. Suddenly we discover a light hue in the water, which in a short while assumes a snow-white aspect, and in the course of a quarter of an hour extends to the horizon in all directions. The transformation of the water is perfect, the usually green colour of the sea having been replaced by an appearance of whiteness like that of milk. And yet, if you draw a bucket of the water for inspection and analysis, you will find that it is beautifully clear, not a vestige of anything white being visible; nor can the microscope discover anything over and above the ordinary quantity of minute life always present in sea-water within the tropics.

'The deception seems to me to admit of easy explanation, it being the result simply of reflection of colour. The vessel is passing through a light misty atmosphere, inappreciable to the eye while within its influence; and the white watery vesicles held in suspension are, in some favourable condition of air and water, reflected on the surface of the latter. When the phenomenon has lasted about an hour and a half, to the experienced eye signs of its dissolution will become visible: the vessel is, in fact, passing out of its influence, the skyline of the horizon ahead marking the limit of the mist. When clearly defined, the horizon-limit assumes an intense blackness, through which the stars shine brilliantly; and when at length the ship apparently shoots through it, the transformation seems to have been effected by magic. Looking astern, the misty atmosphere through which we have passed is distinctly visible; the intensely black sky is gradually lowering as the steamer speeds onward, presently dipping below the horizon, and obliterating all traces of this weird and impressive scene.'

#### LOVERS STILL.

THE moonlight of romance was ours  
In that remembered month of May;  
We bowed to Love's compelling powers;  
Yet, Love, I love thee more to-day.

Love's morn with golden glamour rose;  
He held us in imperious sway;  
Yet loved we not so well in those  
Bright days as, Love, we love to-day.

Then Pleasure took us by the hands,  
And led us up Love's shining way;  
But now our love through Sorrow stows,  
And Grief has made us one to-day.

As stalwart smiths alternate bring  
Their blows with all the might they may,  
So Hope and Fear have wrought the ring  
That keeps us lovers still to-day.

More solemn blessing than the priest,  
Grave Time has given us; so we pray,  
When Death shall stay Life's palling feast,  
We shall go lovers, as to-day.

H. B. BAILEY.

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## ASYLUMS AND THE INSANE.

BY A 'MAD DOCTOR.'

WHEN one considers that a considerable proportion of the population of the United Kingdom—namely, one in every three hundred and fifty—are insane, it is almost incredible that such an amount of ignorance should exist even among the educated classes on the subject of asylums and the insane. One notion, by no means uncommon, is, that an asylum is a sort of menagerie in which are confined demons in human form—men and women who are chained up who make day as well as night hideous with continual noise, whose minds are complete wrecks, in which nothing but the lowest animal attributes predominate—people who with distorted faces, dishevelled locks, and fantastic garb, never cease to gibber forth incoherent ravings and blasphemy. Now, there must be some reason and origin for this undoubtedly popular notion; and when we come to consider it, the reason is not after all far to seek; for so lately as 1820, there was amongst philanthropists and medical men generally, almost entire ignorance of the whole nature and treatment of insanity. On account of this ignorance, the condition of the insane at that date was the most deplorable to conceive; they were looked upon as outcasts of the earth, and were reduced to a condition which it is not in the power of language to describe.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that we owe the great advance in the understanding and consequent treatment of insanity to two great French physicians, Esquirol and Pinel, whose names on this account alone will never cease to burn brightly among the luminaries of science. During the time of the Revolution, when Robespierre and his colleagues were in power, Esquirol was much struck by the condition of the Bicêtre, a large prison-like building in which all the mad folk were incarcerated, chained up in cells like so many wild beasts; sleeping, when that luxury was possible, on stone floors, sprinkled with filthy straw; and whose food was thrown to them as to

dogs, by a surly jailer, only too ready to use the stout whip with which we always find him armed in old pictures. He applied to the government for power to introduce reforms into these dens of cruelty and darkness. By them he was given *carte-blanc* to do as he pleased. The authorities at the time having 'other fish to fry,' never gave the subject a thought; so Esquirol, unloosing their chains, gave them liberty, food, and light; and found, as he expected, that not only did they refrain from at once tearing themselves to pieces, as their keepers protested they would, but that a gradual and manifest improvement took place in their mental state.

Thus began a new era for those visited with the greatest of all human afflictions. It would be interesting to trace the gradual spread of the new principle, inaugurated by Esquirol, all over the world; but space forbids: suffice it to say, that from that day to this, steady increase and improvement in our knowledge and treatment of insanity has gone on, until, at the present moment, hundreds are devoting their energies and lives to this cause. It may not be generally known that towards the end of the last century the public were admitted to a well-known London asylum to view the lunatics at the modest charge of a penny a head. From this the asylum derived an income of upwards of four hundred pounds a year, until the revolting practice was put a stop to.

Asylums nowadays are of two great classes—private and public; the essential difference between these being, that in the former, patients are maintained at their own or friends' expense; and in the latter, by the parish. The asylum buildings are generally spacious and handsome, situated in extensive grounds; and in these grounds one finds, as a rule, a church or chapel, in which divine service is conducted on Sundays, and at which, on an average, two-thirds of the total number of patients attend. The usual church service is gone through, the patients joining heartily in the singing, and displaying a decorum which would be creditable to any congregation. Another noble feature of the asylum the writer is now

describing is the Farm, which not only affords congenial employment to many patients, but is, if well managed, a source of income to the asylum estate.

The best idea of the patients and their surroundings is to be formed by accompanying the superintending physician in his morning visit, as he sets out armed with book and stethoscope, bent on seeing all those under his care, questioning some, encouraging others, and having a kindly word for every one. The first ward entered is the receiving ward, where recently admitted patients are quartered, their peculiarities and propensities studied, their bodily and mental state carefully inquired into, and the lines of treatment considered. Visitors will be at once struck by the brightness and cheerfulness of the ward itself. Structurally, it consists of a gallery or promenade, at one end of which is the 'day-room,' in which the patients can sit and sew, and where they can mess if necessary. The walls of both gallery and day-room are hung with pictures, statuettes, and other forms of decoration. Creepers and flowers adorn the window-sills and tables in profusion. A piano also is there, which bears evidence of being well used; and an aquarium, the latter affording a never-ending fund of amusement.

There are many fallacies in the public mind about the insane, prominent among which is the notion that if a person be mad, he must be lost to all reason, and be quite incapable of employing or amusing himself and others. One instance may be given in refutation of this idea. One day I saw a lady whose resources did not admit of her being in a private asylum—and there are many such persons—seated at a piano, when she gave a most charming and correct rendering of the *Moonlight Sonata*. This finished, she turned round, and asked me no end of absurd questions, some of which I remember were: Did I write the Psalms of David, and was I the son of Abraham; and if so, what was the definition of a minor key. Thus, then, this woman who was quite incapable of conducting her affairs, or mixing in society, seemed quite happy, and was quite able to amuse herself and others by her musical talent. The ward may contain thirty patients, under the immediate control of two nurses, of whom the patients are generally very fond. The nurses are fully aware that in many cases the patients under their care are peculiarly sensitive, and need coaxing and consideration, combined with firmness; and as a rule, kindly requests to join in games, or do some sewing or like work, are met with ready compliance. It must be mentioned that the duties of these nurses are of an extremely responsible and anxious character; demanding incessant activity and patience, to induce those under their care to take their food, to work, to join in their games and recreations, and to perform in a becoming manner the duties of everyday life.

The next ward is the infirmary, to which all cases of severe bodily and mental illness occurring in the house are sent; and it need only be said that the same order and cleanliness here prevail; added to which, are all the usual hospital appliances for the nursing and management of the sick. Here, naturally, the cases are of a very hopeless and unfavourable character; yet careful attention

to their comforts is everywhere apparent—water-pillows, modern wire mattresses, comfortable seats, and all the relief that medicine and sick-diet can afford. What a different picture this, from the chains, whips, and stone floors of a century ago!

Next, the visitor is shown what might be termed the ward for the worst cases. Here the number of the nurses is greater, as many of the patients are at times violent and dangerous, chiefly as a result of the brain disease termed epilepsy, in which the patient is subject to fits, before or after which, he will become extremely violent, and assault or attack those nearest to him, under the transient delusion that they are going to kill or injure him. Although the worst types of humanity are confined here, the same order and control are observed as elsewhere. We learn that restraint and seclusion—the latter meaning temporary solitary confinement—are quite unknown; strait-jackets and manacles being things of the past. The excitement and fury of epileptic mania is treated on the more rational system of long exercise in the open air, which naturally induces sleep and rest at night, the temporary attack soon passing off.

These three kinds of wards, briefly described, are the chief types met with in asylums. Many new asylums have special wards for convalescent cases, these often taking the form of detached cottages, where a sort of trial may be made of the patient's ability to cope with the battle of life; for many patients who seem quite rational and well conducted when under asylum care, where all their wants are supplied, at once break down when they return to their homes, and are thrown to a great extent on their own resources.

A great source of anxiety to an asylum physician is the suicidal tendency of many of his patients, to frustrate attempts at which never-ceasing vigilance is necessary. At times, however, the ingenuity and determination which the insane, and notably the melancholic and depressed, will display in carrying out their sad aims, evade all watchfulness. A few instances of this may be of interest. A butcher, middle-aged, was brought under asylum care, suffering from melancholia, the assigned cause being intemperance and hereditary predisposition. On the morning of the 9th of April, shortly before nine A.M.—and it may be here noted as a remarkable fact that the majority of suicides occur in the morning—he had finished breakfast, and there was no apparent change in his mental state, he having joked with the attendant in charge of the ward, and employed himself in dusting, as he was in the habit of doing. He then went into a little four-bedded room opening off the ward, carrying his duster with him, took from the wall a looking-glass that was hanging up, and placed it on a bed resting against the wall. He also took from the wall a small glass-framed Scripture text, the words on which were, 'God is my helper,' and covering the text with the duster, so as to make as little noise as possible, he broke the glass. He then appears to have covered his right hand with the duster, so as to get more purchase, and deliberately kneeling down by the side of the bed, so as to enable him to see the whole operation, with a piece of the broken glass he inflicted a large deep ragged wound on the left side of the neck, severing such important blood-vessels that he died from hemorrhage in a few minutes.

Another patient I remember, an elderly gentleman, finding himself so closely watched that he could not make any open or flagrant attempt, had recourse to tearing a bit of bandage off the dressing for an ulcer on his leg, and stuffing this into his mouth. Luckily, he was noticed after he had crammed about a yard down his throat. He was livid and unconscious, and could only be brought round with difficulty.

Another form of attempted suicide commonly met with is the persistent refusal of food; this, however, is readily combated by a well-known mechanical method of injecting food into the stomach. One patient I remember was fed in this way for eight months; for so long a time did all attempts to induce him to eat in the ordinary way prove fruitless. It is not always, however, with the desire to end their existence that lunatics obstinately refuse food; it is as often owing to the delusion that the food is poisoned; or that a voice prompts them not to eat; or that they have no *inside*. One old lady, I remember well, on my urging her to take her food, replied: "My dear doctor, what is the use when my inside is made of wood?" This woman, though rational in many ways, maintained this curious fancy against all argument.

Let us now turn to a brighter aspect of asylum life—namely, the amusements and recreations. These in summer take the form of lengthened walks into the surrounding country, picnics, and so forth. Nearly every asylum has its cricket and football club. These clubs play among themselves, or try their fortune with those of the neighbouring villages. The matches are looked forward to all week, and the utmost good-will and pleasure prevail during the play.

Then in the winter months, the long evenings are beguiled by the weekly entertainment, consisting of instructive and amusing readings, music, songs, dances, and occasional dramatic performances; to which all contribute, more or less—doctors, patients, and nurses. Every season confirms the value of these entertainments as a beneficial and sustaining agency in mental distress, directly by the healthful stimulus they impart, and indirectly by breaking up the somewhat monotonous existence of those who are too feeble for active employment. By the smile on the face of the habitual melancholic, one is assured of their advantage, and is reminded of one of Luther's sayings, "Music is one of the most delightful and magnificent presents that God has given us." More than one patient has assured me that he owes his recovery in a large measure to the rousing, exhilarating effect of the weekly entertainment.

Let it not be supposed, however, from the above remarks that all the requirements of the insane are fully provided for, and that no assistance is desired from the benevolent public outside; for it is remarkable that whilst Infirmarys, Hospitals, Workhouses, Homes, &c., are well remembered by the charitable and philanthropic, the asylum and its patients are too often overlooked. The following are some of the channels in which aid might be acceptably rendered—newspapers, books, and other publications for the library; pictures or prints for the wards; flowers and fruit; entertainments of any kind, musical or dramatic; lectures, readings, magic-lantern exhibitions, &c.

Here, then, is ample scope for the charitable to show real and practical sympathy with those who are less intellectually healthy than ourselves.

It is certainly not too much to say, that by the above means, we may hope for a higher recovery-rate among the curable cases, and to soothe, cheer, and interest the hopelessly insane. We are encouraged in our endeavours by the fact, which is probably not generally known, that the recovery-rate has gradually increased from a figure which was better left untold, to a proportion not far removed from fifty per cent.

In this short article, I have tried to convey an idea how the insane are cared for in this country. I say in this country advisedly; for although we owe the initial step in our progress in this direction to the French, yet in no country has the principle been so earnestly and vigorously carried out as in Great Britain. I have left untouched many points of interest connected with this subject, notably private asylums and supposed undue detention in them. These I hope to treat of at some future time.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XXX.—AT SOUTHAMPTON.

BUT a little way 'Above Bar'—as natives of the ancient city of Southampton are apt to say in speaking of that antique barrier-gate which Ascarpat the Giant and the valiant Sir Bevis so stoutly defended of old against Paynina foes, according to the veracious lays of the minstrels—stands a row of fair white mansions which bears the name of Portland Place. There is one of these mansions which stands detached, with gardens and stable dependences of its own, and which also has the advantage of an outlook over the famous old Archery House and gardens belonged to Mr Weston, Manager of the Branch Yard of Mervyn & Co., and who, having some share in the business in addition to the high salary attached to the responsible post he filled, was regarded by his neighbours as relatively a wealthy man.

It was a fine summer's afternoon; and the scent of flowers and the hum of bees came pleasantly through the open windows of the Western drawing-room, where all the family group, with the exception of the master of the house, who had not yet returned from the vicinity of the Docks, might be seen. It consisted of Mrs Weston, kind, plump, and motherly, one of those women whom it is difficult to imagine as otherwise than married and busy with household cares; her two daughters; and a third young lady, whose degree of kindred to Mrs Weston herself could only be computed by the learned in Welsh conkindhood; but who, as a ward of her husband's, had for some years made that house her home—Miss Carrington by name.

The last-mentioned member of the family group was undoubtedly the one who would have been the first to attract, and probably to rivet, the notice of a stranger. Julia Carrington may have been a year or two younger than the elder of the Weston girls, a few months older than the youngest; but their round, pleasant faces merely served as a foil to the brilliant loveliness of their kinswoman. A dark, flashing-eyed beauty was

Julia Carrington, tall, graceful, and with raven hair, and creamy complexion, and lips and teeth that could be likened to coral and pearls alone, however hackneyed the simile may be—such a girl as we see, perhaps, twice or thrice in a lifetime, and whom the imagination willingly accredits with an almost unlimited power of wringing or breaking the hearts of men. There were those who, confessing that Julia was exceedingly beautiful, nevertheless declared her dark beauty to be of an un-English type, alien, foreign, Spanish or Italian, rather than what befits our cloudy skies and island hearths. One love-lorn curate—who never told his love—the Rev. Septimus Shyson, had mentioned in confidence over the social teacup to a brother of the cloth clerical, that her haughty, pitiless charms reminded him of the patrician damsels of ancient Rome.

There are wards and wards, as there are heiresses and heiresses. Some girls are by nature so submissive to the merest semblance of authority, that their guardians have an easy task. Others, like high-mettled fillies, kick over the traces, and give infinite trouble to the respectable men on whom the provisions of some will have devolved part of the powers of a father. Miss Carrington went into neither of these extremes. Indeed, she was too clever, and her guardian, Mr Weston, too sensible and straightforward, for much jarring of volitions to be probable. She was in legal leading-strings as yet, being but twenty years of age; but soon she would be her own mistress, and mistress of the three thousand a year which her father, a former partner and remote connection of Mr Mervyn, had left her. It was not a great income, in these days when incomes are really great, but it was almost wealth; and was enough, at all events, to earn for Julia Carrington the prestige of heiressdom. For four years past, Mr Weston had by consent received five hundred a year for the maintenance of his ward, whose allowance of pocket-money was also on a lavish scale; but extravagant as the young lady's tastes might be, her money was rolling up, like a golden snowball, and needed but a prolonged minority to swell the original sum to imposing proportions. Therefore was Julia, with her beauty and her fortune, and her disdain for such admirers as venturing to approach her, a personage of some note in the society in which the Westons moved.

That this proud, self-willed girl should have been so well liked as she was by the family with whom she lived, much as a bird of gorgeous plumage might dwell among nestlings of quite another feather, was perhaps not so strange as it seems. Women are very tolerant of the superiority and the pretensions of others, provided that the superiority is patent, and the pretensions consistently asserted. That Julia, as an heiress and a beauty, had a right to be a petted, privileged person, and to have her own way within all reasonable limits, was a canon of faith among the Westons. The good 'house-mother,' to quote the expressive Teutonic phrase, would never have dreamed of indulging her own daughters, Margaret and Matilda, as she humoured the whims of Miss Carrington. The two girls were honestly enthusiastic, as we now and then find girls to be, in their admiration of this companion of theirs, whose loveliness threw them so utterly into the

shade, and seemed rather to plume themselves on the distinction of having beneath their roof so notable a guest as Julia Carrington.

'It is getting late. I doubt if he is coming to-day, after all,' said Mrs Weston, looking up, from her work, at the clock.

'The train is behind time, I daresay; but I suppose he will come. Papa asked him, when he wrote, to drive straight here from the station; and I hope he will, for I feel quite inquisitive about him, after all we have heard,' said cheery, light-hearted Margaret.

'Inquisitive? about whom?' asked the fair Julia, as she lounged in her silken beehive chair, and glanced for an instant over the rim of the open novel that she held listlessly between her jewelled fingers.

'About the new arrival, dear—this young Mr Oakley, who is to be papa's second in command here—the new Assistant Manager,' exclaimed Matilda Weston. 'We have heard so much of his praises, that we are dying to see what he is really like.'

'Pray, leave me out of the category of those who are dying for such a cause,' said the heiress, in the half-languid, half-scornful tone that was habitual to her. 'I have not the faintest curiosity on the subject.'

'Julia,' remarked Mrs Weston, with her matronly smile—'Julia is not a hero-worshipper.'

'Not of Cockney heroes!' retorted the heiress, from her silken beehive chair.

'But he—this Mr Bertram Oakley—he is not a Cockney,' pleaded the elder of the Weston girls.

'Not at all. He comes from'—began the younger.

'Pray, don't, Margaret dear, and Matilda, my pet, give yourselves the trouble of enlightening my ignorance as to the antecedents of this Mr—whatever you call him—who is going to be Assistant something. That he is a meritorious young man, I think very likely. Many people are. But, of course he will be clumsy or else conceited; tiresome, anyway.'

At this crisis of the conversation came the roll of wheels, and then the sound of the bell; and presently the door opened, and the name of 'Mr Oakley' being announced, Bertram entered, all unaware that he himself had formed the subject of the late discussion; and he had not been in the room for thirty seconds, or spoken a dozen words, before the Weston womankind, mother and daughters, predisposed in his favour from the first, were certain that they should like him, and certain too that the good report of him which had reached them was by no means too flattering. He was very handsome, and that, in feminine eyes, does a man no harm. Instinctively, Miss Weston and her sister turned their eyes to Julia, as if to draw a comparison between the two bright young faces; but of Miss Carrington's lineaments not much could be seen, as the heiress, after a cold and slightly perceptible nod, in answer to Bertram's bow, had sunk back in her chair, and absorbed herself wholly in the pages of her novel.

The talk, as may be supposed, was not very well worth chronicling. Mr Mervyn was quite well? Mrs Weston was glad of that. And Bertram was not tired? But then railway journeys are so easy and smooth; not like the coaching and posting

days of which Mrs Weston in effect remembered not very much, but on which she had heard her own father descendant feelingly in her monage. And Mr Weston would soon be back from his place of business, and would be very glad to see Mr Oakley, of whom they had all heard so much, and who really must not consider himself as a stranger, &c. All this was very kind, if a trifle commonplace; but we could not get on without household angels of Mrs Weston's sort; and, to her words of welcome, Bertram made appropriate replies; while the heiress read on, and the two other girls spoke little, but looked intently at the young man of whom Mr Mervyn thought so highly.

How, or by what chance, the conversation drifted into some channel a shade less conventional, and one which allowed of answers not stereotyped, it would be hard to tell; but somehow Bertram found himself talking, and the ladies listening, and, marvel of marvels! the proud, scornful beauty in the beehive chair, having lowered the rampart of her new novel from the circulating library, listening too! No one on earth could be freer from any desire for display than Bertram Oakley; but he could speak, and speak well, on any topic concerning which he felt strongly; yet it was not so much what he said, as his manner of saying it, that won him the rare compliment of Miss Carrington's attention. Bertram possessed in a very high degree the unconscious gift of pleasing, the inimitable something that no master of worldly lore can impart, no self-study teach, the talisman that belongs to a sweet and noble nature when united to a busy and fertile brain. He was so frankly and fearlessly self-possessed, that he lost nothing by that fatal flaw of shyness, of false shame, as the French call it, which makes so many a good and worthy man ridiculous in feminine eyes.

Presently, the beautiful statue, Julia Carrington, warmed, as marble in old Greek myths was supposed to warm, sufficiently to speak, and look, and avow an interest in what the new-comer thought and said. When Mr Weston's bluff, shrewd face, and grizzled whiskers, became visible in the doorway, he found his new Assistant apparently on friendly terms with the fairer portion of his household. His own greeting to Bertram was cordial; but possibly his look was more critical than admiring. The Manager was privately of opinion that his principal had been over-partial, and that to appoint so young a man to so high a post was necessarily a mistake. Still, he shook Bertram's hand, and welcomed him to Southampton heartily enough.

'I have taken rooms for you, Mr Oakley, at Mr Mervyn's wish,' he said, 'near us—just a sitting-room and bedroom on the ground-floor of a quiet house, in the next little street you must have traversed, to get here from the High Street and the Bar. I shall be happy, if you like, to walk as far as that with you, and put you in possession of your new quarters. Change them, of course, if you don't like them; but I think you will find them comfortable, and the people civil.'

So Bertram was inducted into his new lodgings, which were tidy and trim enough after their kind, and whither his luggage was presently conveyed; while Mr Weston went home to his dinner, and Bertram complied with his landlady's proposal of adding a mutton-chop to his tea. The days were

yet so long, that, after his modest repast was over, he had light enough left to stroll for some time about the town, to admire its stately High Street, perhaps unmatched in any provincial city between Tweed and Tamar; its quaint churches, beneath the low-browed arches of some of which Henry V. probably, and Wulfeof and William the Norman possibly, may have gone in to pray; and the crowded Docks that have given new life to the ancient seaport. Then, as he laid his head upon his pillow, he could not but wonder that the memory that was uppermost in his thoughts was not that of Julia Carrington, in all the audacious splendour of her attractions, but of the golden hair and blue soft eyes of Rose Denham, who was now so near.

#### SOME WHIMSICAL PARISH CUSTOMS.

THE parish is one of the oldest divisions of land in this country; so old, indeed, that antiquaries and county historians are in controversy how much more than twelve or fourteen hundred years ago it was first established. As may naturally be expected, many curious customs gradually sprung up, some in one parish, some in another, some in two or more adjoining parishes; some long since become obsolete, others still flourishing more or less. We can trace the influence of the church, of the feudal system, of the rise of royal power and prestige, in some or other of them; but ignorance and superstition were probably the most potent causes. A considerable number of these old customs had their origin in *endowments*, sums of money or patches of land, the annual proceeds of which were to be appropriated in perpetuity for certain objects more or less clearly specified by the donor.

The parish books kept by churchwardens are a veritable mine of facts relating to such matters. The books of a Lincolnshire parish, for instance, contain numerous entries concerning the marrying of paupers, the whipping of vagrants, the baiting of bulls, &c. Those of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berkshire, comprise some curious entries relating thereto in the old Catholic times; such as: 'Received for the maydes at the Hallowtide towards the bells,' so much. It appears that young maidens perambulated the streets, dressed in black, ringing bells, and urging the people to prayers on the eve of All-Saints-Day; and the item was as payment for the bells. Another payment was for 'watching the sepulchre;' a crucifix, wrapped in linen, was placed in a recess formed on the north side of the altar; this was done on Easter Eve, and the watching was kept up until early on Easter Sunday, when the crucifix was removed, with various circumstances typical of the resurrection. Other entries relate to less solemn subjects: 'Money received for the gaynes of the May ale.' There being no poor-rates in those days, one mode of obtaining small sums for the succour of the sick and needy was to solicit gifts for the purchase of malt, with which ale was brewed, sold to the parishioners, and the profit or 'gaynes' given to the poor. 'Money received for the font' was obtained by young maidens who went from house to house at Whitsuntide, solicited alms, gave half the amount to the poor, laid out the rest in purchasing a dove to suspend from the roof of the church over the font.

At Waltham Abbey, the parish books contain



evidence of a change in many of the items of expenditure, contemporaneous with the change in the religion of the state. The wax for the tapers and candles used at the altar and in church processions, had been bought in the lump, and made up as wanted. When the altar lights were no longer sanctioned in the Established Church, the wax was sold. One of the entries mentions the price obtained for the wax. Other entries bear relation to the sale of priests' garments. The parish books of Abingdon contain notifications of money paid to the bellman to buy food, drink, and firing for 'watching the sepulchre.' Money was also paid for two dozen bells for the morris-dancers; setting up Robin Hood's bower; an hour-glass for the pulpit—and other singularities long since abandoned.

The curious old parish custom of *beating the bounds*, though not nearly so prevalent as in by-gone times, is still kept up in some districts, and has become by degrees an occasion for feasting rather than fasting. It often lasted two days, under the management of the clergy, churchwardens, and parish officers. Every parish has a boundary legally established, although visible marks for denoting it are few in number; and in past times the ceremony of beating the bounds was one of the peculiar modes of asserting the rights of the parish. It was often difficult to walk along the exact line on account of buildings which had been erected on it. The procession would sometimes enter a house by the door and emerge by the window; or wade across a canal; or penetrate dense thickets; or clamber over high walls; or swim a certain distance along a boundary river; or thrust a small boy into an oven, which it is to be hoped was cold. On one occasion in London, a private carriage was standing on the line; the coachman refused to 'move on,' whereupon the whole procession walked through the carriage, in at one door and out at the other. The writer remembers many such perambulations in the metropolis; when the clergy, the churchwardens, the parish beadle in a portentous cocked hat, and the charity schoolboys (in Geoffrey Muffin-cap costume) went their round. The hilarious youngsters beat with white wands any stone or wall which had on it a parish boundary mark. The ceremony, however, lost both its meaning and its respectability in course of time; it became a rollicking holiday for the riff-raff of the parish, and the most steady inhabitants gradually frowned it out of existence.

The custom of the *fitch of bacon* at Dunmow is not the least curious among those which rural parishes present. Far back in the old days when there was a priory at Dunmow, in Essex, the monks made a promise of a fitch of bacon to any married couple who could take oath that they had never quarrelled nor regretted their union. Whether the bachelor monks only intended to encourage conjugal harmony, or whether they satirically believed that married folk never do live together twelve months without discord, we can guess as best we may. At anyrate the successful applicants for the fitch were few and far between. The priory was suppressed at the Reformation, but the old custom survived, the fitch being given by the lord of the manor. In the last century the ceremony was conducted with much parade. The couple appeared at a court baron; a jury of unmarried

persons heard the averments; and if the results were satisfactory, a verdict was given—to the effect that the couple had been married at least one year; that they had lived quietly and lovingly together; and that they were deserving of the promised prize. This verdict being delivered, the happy couple, standing near the church door, made a declaration, received the fitch, and were chaired in procession through the town. The lords of the manor by degrees declined to offer the tempting bonus; and the clergy viewed unfavourably some of the incidents accompanying the proceedings. Twenty or thirty years ago, a few literary men revived the ceremony at their own expense—more as a whimsical joke for that one occasion, than as a permanent custom. From time to time the local journals record an observance of the ceremony. There is reason to believe, however, that speculative trade is mainly concerned here; the fitch being provided by some taverner interested in bringing together a large assemblage of thirsty souls.

In the cheese-making district of Gloucestershire, a pleasant kind of characteristic harvest-home used to be celebrated annually. Three large cheeses were placed on a litter or barrow, decked with flowers and branches of trees. They were drawn through and about the parish, with music and rejoicing. In the churchyard the cheeses were removed from the litter, rolled three times round the church, conveyed back to the village, cut up, and distributed among the peasantry.

Many parishes have duties imposed upon them of so whimsical a character that one marvels how such a state of things could have arisen. But it is explicable on the theory of *endowments*. A man bequeaths money or land, the interest or rental of which is to be appropriated annually for some purpose mentioned by him. After many generations the affair becomes as much an absurdity as a benefit, in some cases very much more so. The City of London parishes present numerous instances of this kind; the parochial authorities being trustees for sundry small endowments. If they do not administer these funds in accordance with the written wishes of the donor, they may possibly though unwittingly be offenders against the law.

Take a few instances. The parish of St Benet, Gracechurch Street, is trustee for a bequest the annual amount of which—£7, 0s. 6d.—is not only small in itself, but has to be divided into mere dribbles—one portion for that parish, one for St Olave's in the Old Jewry, and three others for parishes in Essex, Herts, and Bucks; the donor having probably had some personal association with all these localities. The Ironmongers' Company are intrusted with the administration of ten pounds a year, to be given to St Benet's parish, Paul's Chain; and the parish authorities have to divide it into five portions, varying from sixteen to fifty-six shillings each, among an equal number of other parishes. St Botolph, Aldgate, enjoys the complicated bequest of 'one-fourth of two houses,' and another of 'three houses and three-quarters of ten houses.' Among the multiplicity of City endowments, either corporate, chartered, or parochial, there is one for releasing Christian captives from the corsairs of Barbary; another for giving a certain amount of *snuff* once a year to a certain number of poor women; a third to pay the bell-

ringers for ringing a merry peal on the anniversary of (not the birth but) the death of the donor's wife! What are the parochial authorities to do with such extravagances as these? Some of the purposes specified are now impracticable, some absurd, and some altogether out of harmony with the general current of English feeling in the present day. Little wonder if the trustees occasionally get out of the anomaly by paying for a savoury official dinner from the money thus strangely bequeathed. The Endowment Commissioners found records of the bequest of an estate bringing in three hundred and thirty-three pounds per annum; there were eighteen trustees, who spent fifty pounds once in three years on a visit to the property, winding up with a dinner. We may safely assert that the legislature will be long sweep away many of these absurdities.

The parishes of London in the old days were linked together in one matter by the establishment of a *guild of parish clerks*. These persons, mostly young men with good voices, were the favourite performers in the mysteries or religious plays before the Reformation. Clerkenwell or Clerks' Well is believed to have derived its name from them. On the grassy slope rising from the eastern bank of the river Fleet (the great sewers and the Metropolitan Railway must say what now occupies the locality) were the Clerks' Well, the Skinners' Well, St Rosamond's Well, and many other pleasant bubbling springs of beautifully sweet and clear water. Near one of these, in the open air, the parish clerks played a Mystery for three days in the presence of King Richard II, his queen, and court. In the next century, the young clerks devoted eight days consecutively to performing the 'Creation of the World' and other mysteries. Previous to the recent wholesale demolition of streets and buildings, there was an old pump bearing an inscription commemorative of the doings of the guild of parish clerks near the spot.

Some of the parishes of Wilts and Dorset still keep up the old custom of *Lent crocking*, one among many remains of Lenten usages in earlier days. The boys, marshalled into small parties, arm themselves with what broken crockery the dust-heaps can yield. A leader, going from house to house, knocks at the doors, appeals to the inmates, and sings doggerel lines announcing the fact that the boys have come a-shroving, and will expect gifts of pies, dough-nuts, cheese, bacon, and other toothsome titbits. If these good things are not forthcoming, the leader brings on his phalanx of boys, who administer to the door of the house a thorough bombardment with the broken ware.

The parish of Garrat in Surrey was for many years the scene of a custom strange and whimsical enough in all conscience. An encroachment on the rights of commonage was, on one occasion, successfully defeated by the parishioners, who chose one of their number as chairman of a committee for that purpose. A general election happened to be going on about the time; and some was proposed the idea of electing a mock mayor of Garrat, the elected dignitary to remain in office as long as the members of parliament. The tavern and beer-shop keepers relished the scheme highly, for the ceremonial would infallibly lead to custom. Public attention was

drawn specially to the subject in 1747, when Willis a waterman and Gubbins a publican competed for the honour of the mayoralty. A town-hall, clerk, and recorder were improvised for the occasion, and the proceedings were conducted in mock-heroic style. The best candidate was considered to be the man who could 'drink largely, feed vigorously, head a mob majestically, and hurrah eloquently.' Willis, under the assumed cognomen of Squire Blowmedown, won the election. Seven years afterwards, at the time of another general election, the Garrat men closely imitated the parliamentary partisans, fighting the battle as keenly and as noisily. Again, seven years more passed, and no fewer than nine candidates contested for the mayoralty. The wits of the day entered into the jest so heartily, that Foote, Wilkes, and Garrick wrote some of the electioneering addresses. Foote produced his farce of *The Mayor of Garrat* after taking part in this anomalous election. It soon became known that his characters of Matthew Mug, Snuffie, Lord Twankum, Crispin, Healtap, and Kit Noisy, were caricature portraits of some of the candidates. Another seven years brought on another general election, and with it the mock election of a mayor of Garrat. Seven candidates appeared, most of whom assumed the titles of lords and baronets. Some of the mayors elected at these septennial intervals were very popular; especially Sir John Harper (a breeches-maker), Sir Jeffrey Dunstan (a dealer in old wigs), and Sir Harry Dimsdale (a muffin-man). Sir Jeffrey, who was elected to no less than three septennial mayoralties, was a fellow full of wit and drollery. So great was the public enjoyment of these extravagances, that on one or two occasions the whole line of road from London to Garrat (Garrat Lane still exists) was crowded with vehicles, equestrians, and peletons, all bound for the election. The absurdity died out with the last century; a revival was once attempted afterwards, but failed.

Enough. The old customs which we have glanced at in rapid succession are illustrative of a much larger number than most of us would suppose. There are few parishes in England but would, by an appeal to the memory of aged persons, tell of such.

#### ART IN MANNERS.

As there is all the difference between good manners and bad manners, culture and no culture, good address and indifferent, we purpose inquiring in what way Art can help us in this sometimes neglected acquisition. Art should have as large a share of consideration in the cultivation of manners, as in personal adornment, or in the higher accomplishments. A face may be fair to look upon, yet the picture may be totally spoiled by an ugly framework of ill manners. Civilised society has laid down certain rules, to which all its members, consciously or unconsciously, conform; and the more these rules are observed, the better claim they give to refinement. As the social scale ascends, the more definite and imperative these unwritten laws become, until, in the highest circles of all, they rule with a despotic sway. We do not possess a 'Ritual'

or 'Academy of Manners,' as do the Chinese; but under the name of Etiquette we have laws equally binding. Nor are these confined to civilised nations. Savages have their manners and customs, however uncivilised they may appear to us, but it would not be thought friendly, much less good-breeding, to pull the fingers of those we salute till they crack, as do some negro tribes. A curious account is told of two dusky monarchs, who, when making a visit, greeted each other by snapping three times the middle finger. Although this is an example of two kings, it is scarcely worthy of imitation. Some savages take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it gently rub their face—this must be rather wearisome to a devoted monarch—while others vigorously apply the nose against that of the person they are greeting. Other salutations are equally inconvenient and painful, and would require some practice to enable a stranger to be polite in the society of such eccentric pagans. Herbert Spencer has shown that there is, nevertheless, always a reason for these strange customs.

Still, etiquette is necessary in royal palaces for keeping order at court; though in Spain it was carried to such lengths that it made martyrs of their kings. One of them was once seated by the fireside; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the poor monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, yet his dignity would not suffer him to rise from his chair; nor could the domestics presume to enter the apartment, because it was against etiquette. At length a courtier appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by etiquette to perform such a function, for which a brother-noble ought to be called upon, as it was his business. This nobleman was unfortunately away from the palace, and the fire burnt fiercer; yet the king endured it rather than lessen his dignity. The result was, that His Majesty became heated to such a degree, that fever set in the following day; and he died as a martyr to the rules of etiquette.

A great deal has been said and written lately about Culture; and yet, on the other hand, the fashion to be a plain-spoken person seems to be growing. This endeavour to cultivate a somewhat rough honesty generally ends in downright rudeness, and certainly does not come under the head of culture. All honesty in the expression of thought is to be highly commended, when an opinion is asked; but there is no use, nor can it be desirable, to intrude unseemly thoughts, or disagreeable opinions when not wanted, for no other reason than to display the courage of expressing them. True politeness is a consideration shown to the feelings of others; not only outward polish, but kindness in small matters. Especially should courtesy and attention be shown to the aged. They should always command respect and veneration, even if their notions are exploded

and old-fashioned. Human nature is so many-sided, that offence is easily given; but it would be quite as easy to avoid doing so, by giving a little more attention to Art in Manners. It is not desirable that all should be brought down to one polite unmeaning level. As in the art of painting, a perfect picture has its light and shade justly balanced, so it should be in our bearing towards others. And in the sister art of music, there is a *crescendo* and a *diminuendo*, giving variety without destroying the harmony. This can be done without any loss of manly or womanly independence.

As manners can only be considered from a social point of view, conversation will necessarily occupy a prominent place; and to excel in this art, it is essential to be a good listener. People are generally more anxious to speak than to listen. They are frequently thinking of what they are going to say, rather than of what is being said; and even those who are most polite, very often fancy it is sufficient if they seem to be attentive; and yet at the same time their eyes betray an absent mind, and show an impatient desire to continue their own train of thought. When listening, the attention should never be engrossed by any ideas but those of the speaker. Another important element is the art of saying the right word in the right place, a difficulty which seems insuperable to many, and which really is greater than appears at first sight. When listening to the cares and troubles of others, it is scarcely gracious, and certainly not comforting, to give a long list of similar grievances. Nor is it polite, when a friend is shown a painting, sculpture, or other work of art, for him instantly to describe a similar thing, only more valuable, that he has seen elsewhere, or possibly has in his own possession. Several instances might be given of saying the right word in the right place; but one is sufficient. For a host or hostess to introduce subjects with which they know their friends to be familiar, is a delicate attention, which may pass unnoticed at the time, but will have the good effect of making their guests feel at their ease, and leave a pleasant recollection, as every one likes to talk upon a subject on which he thinks he can talk well. Good-humour, or the habit of being easily pleased, is essential to politeness; but as there are often occasions when annoyances will arise, irritation may be concealed by a little attention to Art in Manners, and thus prevent the discomfort being felt by others. Cheerfulness, which is another requisite, enables its fortunate possessor to make the best of circumstances. A gloomy or melancholy individual never loses his self-consciousness.

Manners should be to a man what colouring is to a picture, nothing clashing or contrary to good taste, but all beautifully blended in one harmonious whole. Such a result cannot be obtained by mere outward polish. Its root lies deeper, and springs from the soil of the heart. As our bearing towards others is guided and shaped by the feelings, the cultivation of charity greatly helps to tone down or modify any rough or uncouth manners. Politeness may be a social virtue, but it can only be true and sincere when springing from refinement of mind. Kindness

of heart will cause its influence to be felt in a gentle bearing towards all; and the secret of Art in Manners may be found by acting on the principle of making every one as happy as lies in our power.

## THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.

### CHAPTER II.

EARLY the next morning, a message arrived from the Cottage. 'Mrs Missle's love to Miss Patience Missle, and she will be ready to see her at eleven.'

Punctually to the hour, I knocked at the door; but although the church clock had not finished striking, Robert and Martha had already arrived. They had each received a similar message to mine; and there the three of us sat in the small front sitting-room, patiently, yet anxiously, awaiting our relative's appearance. We talked constrainedly and in a whisper; but not a word was said about the events of the preceding evening, although I could see very well that the eggs and the peaches were sitting heavily on their minds. After we had waited a few moments, the door opened, and Aunt Purpose entered. She was a diminutive and withered-looking old woman, and, with her shrivelled yellow skin, and black, twinkling, bead-like eyes, not unlike a bird, as Mary had said. She was dressed, in a pale lavender silk dress, with a large white shawl thrown across her shoulders, fastened in the front with an enormous gold brooch, containing a miniature of Uncle Job. A front of black hair, done up into little corkscrew curls at each side, showed from beneath the frill of a cheap, fanciful-looking cap, made up out of common white net and scraps and ends of not over-clean white satin ribbon; and her lean, shrivelled, wrinkled hands were covered with long black mittens.

'Dear Aunt Purpose!' cried Martha, emerging from her usual apathetic placidity as she demonstratively, and with unnecessary fervour, kissed her on each cheek.

'Exactly as I have ever pictured my uncle's wife!' exclaimed that hypocrite Robert, seizing her two hands in his and warmly shaking them.

'I am Patience, Aunt,' I said; 'and you see, I am trying to act up to my name.' This was said with a smile, but it was meant to be ironical, and as a hint to Robert not to hold her hands so long. Seeing, however, that he persisted in monopolising them, I stretched forward, and clasping her right hand over his, gave it a loving squeeze.

'Thank you, my dears,' said the old lady as her bright eyes twinkled at us all in turn. 'Your welcome is very warm.'

'Allow me.' With gushing politeness, Robert wheeled out an arm-chair, in which she seated herself; while Martha sank on to her knees and, with a tender little deprecating movement, arranged a stool for her feet.

As soon as quiet was restored and their fulsome attentions had come to an end, she turned to us; and at once we all became attentive. I confess it flashed through my mind that she was about to say something about the diamonds, and I know Robert thought the same, for such a greedy, grasping look came over his face; but no: it was only to thank us each separately for our little

gifts. Martha sniffed, and looked sheepishly at me; and Robert gave me an unkindly triumphant glance when Aunt added: 'Your *blanc-mange* was very useful, Patience.' ('Corn-flour shape,' I heard Martha mutter beneath her breath in a perfectly audible whisper; but Aunt did not heed her.) 'Poor Ayel [the black servant] had it for her supper,' she continued. 'She enjoyed it so much.' She doesn't take very kindly to the European mode of living.'

How thankful I felt that I had taken the precaution of skimming the milk before making it! We sat there for a long time talking upon different subjects; but not a word, or a hint even, escaped her about the diamonds. I was impatient to go, and sat, speaking metaphorically, on 'tenter-hooks,' for I knew that Mary would let the beautiful little loin of lamb, that I had got in for dinner, burn; but I did not care to be the first to rise; and then Martha and Robert had both behaved so treacherously to me, that I did not think it quite prudent to leave them there alone with Aunt Purpose. I sat on, and so did they, for they seemed quite as reluctant to leave as I did. At last Aunt solved the difficulty by pleading fatigue and dismissing us all at once.

'If there is anything that I can do for you, Aunt,' I said as I rose to go, 'I shall be only too happy to do it.'—At any hour of the day or night, I am at your service,' interposed Martha with a sweet smile; while Robert bowed impressively. 'Myself and all that I have are at your command,' he said with one of his best company airs, that seemed to me to be not only ridiculous, but out of place with a relative. He did not have everything quite his own way, though; for as we passed out through the porch, I was enabled to point out to him the green parrot just finishing one of his prized nectaries. He turned away from the harrowing sight, and I heard him murmur to himself: 'Sixpence literally thrown away on that beast of a bird!'

The three of us walked on in silence until we reached the bend in the road where Martha would have to part from us. 'She must be quite severe,' exclaimed Robert thoughtfully. 'I am sure her liver is affected; and with that jaundiced look about her, I should never be surprised at her death. There's a look of suffering about her face that reminds me strongly of old Thornton. You remember he died in less than six months after he came to England.'

'Poor dear!' sighed Martha pityingly. 'I am sure I don't wish her to die; but if she's to suffer much, it would be a happy release.' Both Robert and I echoed her pious fervour. We felt quite at peace with her; but it was really provoking that she had not mentioned the diamonds.

Robert's prognostication was fulfilled sooner than we had expected; but it was bronchitis, and not jaundice, that took her from us, her Indian-ised constitution not being able to stand the severity of one of our Nettleshorpe winters. She was attacked quite suddenly, and was dead in a few hours. We were all three of us in the house shortly after she had breathed her last, Robert making himself dreadfully officious.

'I am the executor,' he said pompously. 'Aunt Purpose told me so when I was here yesterday.'

Martha's face elongated at the news, and so did

mine. 'They're left to him, depend upon it,' she said after he had left us to institute a search for the will.

During all the time that she had been at Nettlethorpe, Aunt Purpose had been most tiresomely reticent about her jewels. We all, at different times, had tried to sound her on the subject; but she never satisfied our natural and pardonable curiosity, by responding to our hints; and we had been afraid of pressing her too much, for fear of offending her. Our attempts had been so unsuccessful, that we had begun to declare their existence to be a myth, until our confidence had been restored by Robert, who, by dint of great patience and perseverance—for her English was almost unintelligible—had managed to elicit from Ayel that the great Maharajah's present was an actual fact, and that her mistress kept it in a small leather case in her bedroom. Aunt Purpose had treated us all so much alike, that not one of us had a real clew to who had been her favourite. I knew that both Martha and Robert had been most assiduous in keeping her supplied with new-laid eggs and fruit and vegetables; but I did not think that their gifts had been appreciated more than my delicate little custards and puddings, for she always thanked me for them so kindly.

My ruminations were disturbed by Robert's return to the room. In one hand he carried an old leather case, very much worn, which he placed on the table, and in the other, a formal-looking document, fastened together with a wafer, with 'My Will' written on the outside in Aunt Purpose's small but clear handwriting.

'Read it, Robert,' I said in a faint voice.

He was very pale, and, in his agitation, his hand shook a little as he broke the seal and unfolded it. Then, with a severe look at Martha, who had just heaved a ridiculous little sigh, he began. It commenced by naming him as the sole executor, and requesting his acceptance of the sum of five guineas for his trouble in acting as such. The furniture was to be sold; and after the funeral and all other expenses had been paid, the balance was disposed of as follows. (I now quote the words of the will.)

'And whereas, since I have lived at Nettlethorpe, my nephew and nieces have been very kind and considerate to me, and have at different times made me various presents of eggs, fruit, puddings, and other like articles; and whereas I know that none of them is what the world would call wealthy; therefore, I have kept three books, into each of which, under the name of the donor, I have duly entered each present, together with the date of its receipt, and that which I estimated to be its then marketable value; and it is my will that my executor shall cast up these totals, and out of the said balance in hand, pay to himself and my two said nieces such respective sums as the value of their presents at the time of my death shall have amounted to.'

'Most just and equitable!' exclaimed Robert, as he paused for a moment.

'And so beautifully expressed,' added Martha, throwing herself back in her seat and closing her eyes. 'Pray go on. It is just like a sermon.'

'Ahem!' coughed Robert, clearing his throat before resuming his task. 'My nephew and nieces,' he proceeded to read, 'have often expressed a kindly solicitude about the jewels

presented to me by the Maharajah of Baroda, and for which I now thank them. As I have no wish to show any preference for one above the others, and as it would destroy the set if divided, I hereby direct that my said nephew and nieces shall draw lots for them; and to the one who shall thus win them, I give and bequeath the said jewels absolutely.'

The will then gave directions about Ayel being returned, free of expense and with a small sum in her pocket, to her native land; and as to the 'rest, residue, and remainder of her property, whatsoever and wheresoever,' it was to be divided among the three of us, share and share alike.

It was, as Robert had remarked, a most just and equitable will; and we were all, on the whole, satisfied with it.

Martha was the first to speak. 'Shall we draw lots at once?' she asked timidly.

'Let us look at them first,' I suggested.

Robert had found a small bunch of keys, and after trying several, found one that fitted the lock. Oh! how our hearts beat as the key turned with a sharp little click, and he slowly and carefully raised the lid. Both Martha and myself rose and leant over him, and then our mouths and eyes opened as wide as the case before us. It was empty! The jewels were gone! A hundred different suggestions to account for their absence arose to our minds. There must be a secret drawer; they must be in some other box. All search, however, proved worthless. The rooms and every likely receptacle in which they might be hidden were examined, but not a trace of them could be found. At last we thought of questioning Ayel about them, and then we discovered the solution of the mystery. Ayel had not been seen since her mistress's death. She had disappeared—so had the jewels. She must have stolen them. Robert, who, I must confess, is a thorough man of energy and business when once he is aroused, lost no time in communicating with the police. He had not much confidence in the local constabulary; so, leaving me in charge of everything, he at once started for London to place the matter before the officials at Scotland Yard. I bore our trouble, I flatter myself, with becoming dignity; but that weak Martha utterly broke down. She went maundering about the place, bewailing and lamenting the loss, as if the lots had already been drawn and the jewels won by her.

## MONKEYS IN CONFINEMENT.

EXILED from their native land, separated from their kindred, and imprisoned in cages, where they are subjected to the gaze and teasing of strangers, is it surprising if monkeys display some of the viciousness of humanity? Is it wonderful if some of these silvan creatures in such a case become morose, spiteful, or even revengeful? Is it just that the failings of those individuals should be deemed characteristic of the whole monkey race? It is hoped that the record we have to show will prove that, even in such trying circumstances, monkeys in confinement are not wholly destitute of good qualities. Observation proves that the curiosity, petulance, and mischief so frequently ascribed to these creatures in general, are as foreign to some tribes, as are repulsive habits and ferocity common to others. Most apes



are naturally gentle, grateful, and affectionate, even towards their jailers, and although when teased they grow sullen or peevish, they can rarely be provoked to violent passion. Generally, they wear an aspect of melancholy; due, doubtless, to the unnatural circumstances in which they are placed; but their eyes are bright, and their looks full of intelligence. The gravity and deliberation with which they act are most impressive, and cause one to regard with a kind of respect the opinion prevalent among many uncivilized peoples that monkeys can talk. Thus, a contributor to *Lippincott's Magazine* for 1873, writing about Java, says: 'The Sultan of Djokjakarta entertained us by the exhibition of a curious collection of monkeys and apes. Some were of huge proportions, full four feet in height, and looking as fierce as if just captured from their native jungles. The orang-outangs and long-armed apes had been trained to go through a variety of military exercises; and when one of us expressed surprise at their seeming intelligence, the Sultan said gravely: "They are as really men as you and I, and have the power of speech if they choose to exercise it. They do not talk, because they are unwilling to work and be made slaves of." This strange theory is generally believed by the Malays, in whose language *orang-outang* is simply "man of the woods."

Darwin mentions an anecdote, strongly illustrative of our contention, that the characters of monkeys are as varied as those of men. 'A man who trains monkeys to act,' says the eminent naturalist, 'used to purchase common kinds from the Zoological Society at the price of five pounds each; but he offered to give double the price, if he might keep three or four of them for a few days, in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly so soon learn whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall, or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.' To what a close imitation of the manners of human beings monkeys can be trained, is pretty generally known. Mrs Lee gives an account of one which a Parisian had taught to behave with great reasoning powers. She states that she suddenly met this monkey one day as he was coming up-stairs to the drawing-room. He politely made way for the lady, standing on one side, and as she said, 'Good-morning,' took off his cap, and made her a low bow. 'Are you going away?' she inquired. 'Where is your passport?' Whereupon, he took a square piece of paper out of his cap, and showed it to her. His master now appeared on the scene, and told him the lady's dress was dusty; when he instantly took a brush out of the man's pocket, and raising the hem of Mrs Lee's gown, brushed it, and then did the same with her shoes. His docility and obedience were perfect. When given anything to eat, he did not cram it gluttonously into his mouth, but ate it delicately; and when given money, he carefully handed it to his master. All this, of course, was the result of education. But this monkey was by no means the sole mem-

ber of the race found capable of instruction, as many similar cases can be cited. And surely they know what their actions signify. The author of *Salad for the Social* says that a friend of his possessed one of these little exiles whose disposition was very affectionate. When it had done anything wrong, and was scolded, it would immediately seat itself on the floor, and clasping its little hands together, beg earnestly, in its dumb manner, for pardon.

But our records show that these poor tormented creatures possess good qualities, and can perform really noble actions—from innate goodness, quite irrespective of education. Darwin furnishes most conclusive evidence of this in a story he tells. A keeper in the Zoological Gardens, whilst kneeling on the floor of the cage, was suddenly attacked by a fierce baboon. A little American monkey, which was a warm friend of the keeper, lived in the same compartment with, and was dreadfully afraid of the great baboon. But as soon as the poor little fellow saw his friend the keeper in peril, he rushed to the rescue, and by screams and bites so distracted the baboon, that the man was enabled to effect his escape, not, however, without having run great risk of losing his life, according to the opinion of the surgeon who attended him. Monkeys have long memories, and some of them can inflict cruel punishment. Mrs Lee tells of having greatly annoyed one in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, by tapping him on his hands for ill-treating one of his fellow-prisoners, and he never forgave her. Whenever he saw her on future occasions, or even heard her voice, he flew into a passion, and rolled about in rage, in one instance seizing her gown through the bars of his cage and tearing a piece out of it, although it was of stout material. Of another monkey, whose place of exile was in the West Indies, a crueler revenge is known. This individual, kept tied to a stake, was often robbed of his food by the crows. This was how he revenged himself. He lay quite still on the ground and pretended to be dead. By degrees the birds approached and repeated their thefts. The artful little fellow never stirred, but let the crows steal to their hearts' content until he was sure of them. When he was certain that one was within reach of his fingers, he made a grab at it and caught it. When he had got hold of the luckless bird, he sat down and deliberately plucked the feathers out of it, and then dung it towards its screaming comrades, who, for reasons best known to themselves, immediately surrounded it and pecked it to death. 'The expression of joy on the animal's countenance,' says the witness of the affair, 'was altogether indescribable.' Happily, most of these prisoned 'men of the woods' are other than that if one die, its companion—should it have one—almost always dies of grief. The *Standard* for February 1859, stated that the cat-faced monkeys from New Granada had died within a few days of each other; the female from inflammation of the lungs; and the male, apparently from grief, as, after the death of his companion, he refused all food. These models of conjugal tenderness were at the Jardin des Plantes for seven years.

The strong affection monkeys bear not only for each other, but for their owners, or even for any animals they have to associate with, is well

known. Monsieur Relian, a surgeon resident in Batavia, in an interesting account he has given of two orangs which were leaving for Europe, says: 'They were of the human size, and executed all the movements which men do, particularly with their hands. Both were very bashful when you looked fixedly at them, and the female would then throw herself into the arms of the male and hide her head in his breast. This touching sight I have witnessed with my own eyes. They did not speak, but uttered a sound similar to that of a monkey. They are called "wild men," from the relation which they bear in outward form to the human species, particularly in their movements, and in a mode of thinking which is certainly peculiar to them, and which is not remarked in any other animals.'

When deprived of the society of individuals of their own tribe, monkeys appear to turn instinctively to that of human beings, in preference to the companionship of other animals. They have their likes and dislikes, however, for certain members of the *genus homo*, preferring, if possible, to associate with persons from their own quarter of the globe. Mr George Bennett, speaking of a Malay monkey that had been given to him, and which had succeeded in freeing itself from the cord or chain by which it had been fastened, says that as soon as he had obtained his liberty, he walked in his usual erect posture towards some Malays who were standing near the place, and after hugging the legs of several of them, without, however, permitting them to take him in their arms, he went to a Malay lad who seemed to be the object of his search; for, on meeting with him, he climbed into his arms, and hugged him closely, expressing both by look and manner his gratification at being once more in the arms of him who, it appeared, had been his former master. This lad had not properly reciprocated the poor creature's affection, for he it was who had sold it to Mr Bennett. Its screams had been very distressing; and its frequent escapes down to the water-side in search of the lad who had brought it from Sumatra, were the cause of much annoyance. When its original owner was not to be found, Mr Bennett had to get the temporary assistance of another Malay to take charge of it. Ultimately, it became quite docile, and free from those mischievous tricks ascribed to the monkey tribe in general. Mr Bennett brought it to Europe, and says that its mildness of disposition and playfulness of manner made it a favourite with all on board. It preferred children to adults, and became particularly attached to a little Papuan child, 'whom it is not improbable he may have in some degree considered as having an affinity to his own species.'

The conformity to the requirements of society is something marvellous in the monkey tribe; resulting apparently from their wonderful faculty for imitation. A ludicrous instance of this power is related by Mrs London. Father Casauban had a Barbary ape, which was so attached to him, that it tried to follow him wherever he went. One day, when the reverend Father proceeded to church, the monkey contrived to escape from his fastenings, and silently followed his master. On arrival at the place of worship, the ape climbed up to the sounding-board, and lay there quiet enough until Casauban began his

sermon. Then it perched itself just above his head and watched his actions; and as the holy Father gesticulated, it mimicked his gestures to the best of its capabilities. The congregation tittered; and Casauban, shocked at the ill-timed levity, administered a severe rebuke, sniting his actions to his words, and being all the while most grotesquely imitated, so far as gestures went, by his silent pupil. This was too much for the congregation; a roar of laughter greeted the competitors, as some friendly person kindly pointed out to the exasperated pastor the cause of the general hilarity. Amusing as this anecdote is, it affords very little idea of the highly polished condition to which our monkey friends can be brought when in contact with civilised beings. Every naturalist can give instances. Buffon tells of a chimpanzee which 'always walked on its hind-legs, even when carrying heavy burdens. I,' he says, 'have seen this animal present its hand to conduct the company to the door, or walk about with them through the room; I have seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of a spoon or fork to carry its victuals to its mouth, pour out its drink into a glass, touch glasses when invited, go for its cup and saucer, carry them to the table, pour out its tea, sweeten and leave it to cool; and all this without any other instigation than the signs or commands of its keeper, and sometimes even of its own accord. It was gentle and inoffensive; it even approached you with a kind of respect, and as if only seeking for caresses.'

The author of a work on Monkeys in the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' gives a very interesting account of a young chimpanzee that was purchased by the Zoological Society some years ago, after it had apparently imbibed many ideas from its human neighbours. 'Tommy,' as he was called, was from the regions of the Gambia, and when found, was in the company of his mother, whom the hunters 'were obliged to shoot before they could obtain possession of the young one.' Master Tommy, at the time the author observed him in the Zoological Gardens, where his cage was kept in a keeper's apartment, was about two years old, and quite unsophisticated by any showman's tuition. Two trees had been erected in his cage, and a rope suspended between them, to afford the youthful occupant the amusement of climbing or swinging; but he generally preferred to run about the floor of his cage, or amuse himself with visitors. In many of his actions, Tommy differed but little from the human species. 'He was without exception,' says our authority, 'the only animal we have ever seen that could leap, or jump upon his hind-feet, like man; and this feat he often performed, both on the floor of his cage and in descending from his tree. He frequently indulged, too, in a kind of rude stamping dance, perfectly similar to that of a child of three or four years old, only that it was executed with greater force and confidence. All this arose from the uninterrupted spirits and buoyancy natural to the infant mind. He was at all times cheerful, lively, and perpetually in motion from sunrise to sunset, either jumping or dancing, or cantering about his cage, romping and playing with the spectators, or amusing himself by looking out at the window!' Tommy was evidently better suited for walking on the ground than climbing

treets, and like his human friends, was particularly noticed to use his right hand in preference to his left. When told to seat himself in his swing, Tommy would good-humouredly do so, stretching out his foot to one of his visitors, to be set in motion.

Although he strongly objected to being made the object of a practical joke, Master Tommy was very fond of playing them off on others. The carpenter had to enter the cage to make some alterations, and Tommy availed himself of the opportunity to perform all kinds of tricks upon him, such as pulling his hair, snatching off his paper cap, parolouring his tools, and even trying to trip him up, all the while assuming an aspect of the most innocent gravity, and only approaching when he deemed himself unobserved; the instant after he had perpetrated his joke, pretending to be interested in something at the other end of his cage. Finally, when the unfortunate carpenter happened to have his back turned to him, Master Tommy, unable to resist the temptation, gave him such a sounding box on the ears that the keeper had to interfere.

Another time, he got a small dog into his cage, and so tried its temper by pulling its ears and tail, that the poor brute showed an intention of retaliating; whereupon Master Tommy pretended to be highly indignant at his impudence, and with uplifted hand threatened to chastise doggie there and then. The young captive was very fond of being tickled, and flung his arms and feet about during the operation in an ecstasy of delight, his eyes twinkling, and his whole face convulsed with laughter. He had a great jealousy of children, and never lost a chance of pulling their hair, or clothes, or of scratching them. Although generally good-natured, he did not like to be teased or refused anything he had taken a liking to; then he would lose his temper, his face became inflamed with passion, and he uttered shrill and angry cries. He soon forgot his resentment, however, and in a few moments would recommence his games as if nothing had happened. His habits were extremely cleanly and decent; he would 'pick his teeth, clean his nails, and perform many other similar acts which have been generally considered as peculiar to the human species.' Other interesting anecdotes of Master Tommy's sagacity and natural shrewdness might be quoted; but doubtless enough has been said to show that after all deductions have been made for his powers of imitation, there still remained a large amount of real reasoning to be accounted for, and that, in fact, as his historian remarks, 'the nature of his mind seemed to differ from that of man not so much in species as in degree.' I.

## A CHAPTER OF REAL LIFE.

TWO HOMES.

THERE was trouble on a certain morning in two homes at opposite ends of the city of Dublin. The homes were very different, and so was the nature of the trouble; nevertheless, the latter was felt with considerable keenness by the respective inhabitants of both.

The first of these dwellings was on the south side of Merrion Square, a godly mansion, the abode of wealth and luxury. The lofty drawing-rooms, opening into each other by folding-doors

draped with velvet *portières*, were gorgeously fitted up. Buhl and *marquetry* in tables and cabinets; carvings, statuettes, bronzes; brackets and *diaperes* heaped with rare old china and objects of *virtu*, reflected and multiplied by Venetian mirrors and looking-glasses in Florentine frames; couches and chairs of every luxurious shape, satin and velvet upholstered. Draperies of antique lace were arranged with picturesque effect among gilding and brackets; costly toys lay scattered about the tables among vases filled with hothouse flowers in lovely profusion, that made the rooms sweet with their fragrance.

The lady to whom all this belonged sat disconsolate in the midst of her rich surroundings. Books and embroidery were on the dainty little flower-decked table at her side, but they were untouched; and a restless, troubled expression was on her face while she nervously clasped and unclasped the jewelled hands lying idle in her lap.

The door opened, and a footman announced a visitor.

'Oh,' she exclaimed, rising to greet her, 'you got my note. How kind of you to come! I am in such distress.'

'And for what?' asked the friend. 'Tell me all about it.'

'You remember my cousin Emma H—?'

'Of course. But no one has seen her for years. She has shut herself up in her country place ever since her husband died; has she not?'

'Yes; and she is still a prey to grief. Before they married, her husband gave her, as her engagement ring, a valuable jewel that had been in his family for time out of mind, and had come to him from his mother. It was a diamond—a single stone of great size and the purest water. Of course she valued it immensely, as indeed she would have any gift of a man to whom she was so devoted. Since his death, this ring has been simply inestimable in her eyes—the earnest of happiness ruined so soon. Prized so highly by the giver as an old family possession, and in itself of such exceeding value, it has never left her finger day or night. Latterly, she has fancied that the stone was becoming loose in the setting, and spoke of sending the ring to me to have it examined by a jeweller, but could never make up her mind to part with it, even for a few days. At last, however, the stone came out. She sent it to me, and—here the speaker broke down—I have lost it!'

'You have lost the stone? How very unfortunate! No wonder you are so wretched. Tell me how it happened.'

The lady told her story, pouring the details of the grievous misadventure into sympathetic ears. Her friend, with kind tact, abstained from the, 'If you had only done this or that; or, 'I wonder you did so-and-so,' common on such occasions; remarks that drive painfully home the arrow of self-reproach and fruitless regret, already stinging so sharply. Every one is so wise, so full of precautions, after a thing has happened.

The means that had been adopted for the recovery of the lost treasure were discussed by the two ladies, and fresh measures anxiously suggested. At last the visitor departed, leaving the owner of these gorgeous drawing-rooms with a heavy heart under her 'silk attire.'

The other home was in a very different quarter of the city. It consisted of one room in a house let out in 'tenements' to poor families, in a squalid back slum. The place was clean, though bare of everything except mere necessities; every article of furniture that could be dispensed with, as well as the wearables of the inmates, having gone to the pawn-shop to procure food. Lying outside the bed, partly dressed, was a man—the wreck of a fine, stalwart, broad-shouldered young fellow. He was a day-labourer, and had lately left the hospital after a long and heavy fit of illness. Two small children were playing quietly in a corner; and the wife—her apron thrown over her head—was sitting beside the fireless grate, rocking herself backwards and forwards, sobbing bitterly.

'A' don't take on so, my girl,' said the man—'don't now, Mary, honey. Sure God is good. Maybe He'll rise up something for us. I'll get strong and able again perhaps. Didn't the doctor say when I was leaving the hospital, that I hadn't a ha'porth the matter with me? I was cured; and he need do no more.'

'Ay; and didn't he say too that you was to have good food—good nourishment; and that without it you wouldn't do? And 'tis that what's breaking my heart entirely,' added Mary, with a fresh burst of grief; 'looking at you there melting away before my eyes day by day; wore to a skeleton with next to starvation, and nothing on the living earth to give you. And now here's the man come for the rent, and I haven't a half-penny to give him—not one! Sure and certain, we'll be turned out on the world. Nothing for it at last but to go to the workhouse, and be all parted asunder from one another—you and I and the children. And we so comfortable, so happy in our little home before you took ill, with full and plenty of everything! Oh, Jim, jewel, isn't it hard?'

'Well, 'twas from no fault of ours, and couldn't be helped. The sickness came from the Lord—glory be to His holy name! How do we know but what help will come from Him too? Anyway, darlint, there's no use in fretting.'

'If I could get work, I wouldn't fret,' said the young woman. 'We might struggle on, and keep the life in us till such time as you were on your feet again. But I can't. It's a poor case to be able and willing to earn, and not get it to do. The last job of needlework Miss West got for me—she's a good friend, heaven bless her!—was well paid for. She promised to try and get me more amongst her ladies. I'll go off to her now, and see has she heard of anything.—You'll be good, avourneens, while I'm away, won't ye?' said she, kissing the two half-starved mites in the corner; 'an' ye won't cry, or disturb the poor sick daddy.—I'll be back, Jim, my heart, in less than no time.'

Faith in Divine help and patient endurance of suffering are traits well known to those whose experience lies among the lower orders. Poor Jim had a full share of both; nevertheless, when his wife had gone, he broke down miserably. 'God help her!' he said, looking after her retreating figure; 'and God forgive me for deceiving her, and making up stories about getting strong and well, when I know as sure as that I'm lying stretched here, that the never a

stroke of work I'll do again in this world. 'Tis dying I am—dying for the want of everything; as weak as water, and not able to lift my head. If she was to slave day and night, and work her poor fingers to the bone, the craythur! she couldn't get me the nourishment I'd want. Though I putend to her that I'm not one bit hungry or inclined to make use of victuals, I could eat the world if I had it. I'm just ravenous! When I was sick at the hospital, I wasn't able to look at even the cup o' tea; but now the hunger is gnawing and tearing at me. My heart is weak from fasting, and the longing and the craving are killing me.'

Meantime poor Mary was hurrying through the streets with anxious footsteps, speculating on the possibility of her friend having found her work among her pupils.

Miss West was a daily governess. Though but just nineteen, she was the main prop and stay of a widowed invalid mother and young sisters; earning by her daily toil that which eked out the pittance left of better days, and made by frugal contrivance the two ends meet. But none are so poor as not to be able to help in some way those worse off than themselves; and the young girl had pleaded successfully for Mary, and had procured employment that had been the only support of the poor family during Jim's illness. She was going to breakfast when her protégée was shown in; just preparing to attack, with the healthy appetite of youth, and the knowledge that many busy hours would pass before she should again see food, a goodly slice of thick bread-and-butter; the thickness, be it observed, referable to the bread only, the butter spread thereon being limited to an almost imperceptible 'scrape.'

'Ah, is that you, Mary?' she said with the bright, pleasant smile that always seemed, Mary declared, to 'rise her heart out of trouble.' 'I am afraid I have no orders for you this morning; but I have got a new pupil, and she tells me that there will shortly be a wedding in the family. So there's a chance for you. Needle-work may be required, and I may have good news for you before long.'

Poor Mary wrung her hands together under her cloak, straining them hard in the agony of the disappointment that she strove to keep down and hide from her young benefactress. Very bitter was the pang of deferred hope; but she would not seem ungrateful.

'And I daresay,' said the girl, glancing at the white pinched face, 'that you've left home without your breakfast. Here's a nice cup of tea I've just poured out, and a round of bread-and-butter' [her own whole morning meal]; 'sit down while you take them.'

'Thank ye kindly, Miss; I'm double thankful for the tea; and,' added the poor woman, all unconscious that she was robbing her benefactress, 'as you're so good, I'll put the slice in my basket, and carry it to poor Jim. Maybe it'll tempt him—lovely white bread! He does be saying always that he has no mind to eat; but I think 'tis just putrending he is, poor fellow! He knows I haven't it for him.'

'If I could only get you some work!' said the girl, touched to the quick by the utter woe in her poor friend's face.

'Ah well, sure you're doing your best—the Lord

bless you!—and who can do more? And now, Miss, I'll go; asking your pardon for all the trouble I'm giving you.

With a heavy heart Mary turned away, retracing her steps wearily along the passage. Remembering something, however, before reaching the hall-door, she came back, and reappeared in the room where the little governess was tying her bonnet-strings, preparing to set out. 'I forgot this,' she said. 'Sure, I'm losing my mind entirely with the fret that's on it. God help me! my burden is making me foolish. Coming along this morning, I seen this on the flag, and put it in my pocket, thinking maybe it it was clean, one of your little sisters might fancy it for her curiosity-box.—Let me wipe the mud off it for you, Miss. It shines beautiful now—a bit of glass like.'

A moment's scrutiny of the object sparkling on the woman's outstretched palm, and Miss West crying out, 'Give it me, quick, and wait,' snatched it from her—Mary staring in astonishment at her vehemence—and rushed up-stairs to her mother's room.

'What is it, dear?' said the startled invalid as she dashed in. 'What ever is the matter?' 'O mother, look! Can this be what we saw advertised for in the newspaper? Is it possible poor Mary can be the lucky finder? I can scarcely believe it. Do look.'

The advertisement was as follows: 'L50 REWARD. Lost, a valuable DIAMOND.' [The description and further particulars given.] 'Whoever finds it, or can give information leading to its recovery, will receive the above reward by applying at No. —, Merriem Square, South.'

Miss West at once pronounced what was submitted to her experienced judgment, to be a diamond of great value, and was strongly of opinion that it might be the missing jewel; but both mother and daughter agreed that it would be better not to tell Mary the extent of her possible good fortune, for fear of disappointment. So on returning to her, the young lady only said: 'My mother thinks this may be something we have seen advertised for in the newspaper, to be taken, if found, to Merriem Square. My first tuition this morning happens to be in that square, so I will go with you to the house mentioned.'

'Thank ye kindly, Miss. The footmen in them grand houses wouldn't look at the likes o' me. They'd just slap the door in my face, if I made so bold as to ring.'

As she tripped along, the young governess's heart beat high at the prospect of what might be the happy result of her errand. No more slaving for poor Mary; good food for Jim; an airy lodging at the sea-side, where he would soon recover his strength; and clothes and furniture redeemed from pawn; and after an interval of rest and ease—sorely needed after their sufferings—her humble friends restored to their old life of industry and comfort.

She might have been tempted to impart some gleam of these bright hopes to the poor grief-laden young wife plodding wearily behind her, had she seen the tears that dripped slowly down over her miserable face, or guessed at the gnawing thoughts that were driving her to despair. 'Dying! yes, dying before my eyes; and not one to reach a hand to save him! And he so young, and so

good, my darling Jim! Not like a many of the other boys, his comrades, with their feet over on the floor of the "public," getting as drunk as drink can make 'em. Steady and industrious always; bringing his earnings to his little home, and that sober you wouldn't think he had a mouth on him! And now to be hid away from me for ever in the clay, an' myself and my two wee ones! — Poor Mary couldn't finish the picture; and soon her wretched reflections were put a stop to by their arrival in Merriem Square.

It is needless to dwell upon what followed when Miss West was shown up into the drawing-room, and displayed before the enraptured eyes of its occupant the precious jewel whose loss had caused such tribulation. As for poor Mary, it was some time before she could realise her good fortune, or take in the bewildering tidings of the wealth that had so providentially come to her. And Jim, what news for him! There was healing in the very thought of such prosperity!

So it came to pass that in the two homes clouded so lately with trouble and anxiety, peace of mind was restored. Heaviness had been endured for a night—a long weary night in one case—but joy to both had come in the morning.

## AN HOUR WITH A FARMER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

### APROPOS OF A CERTAIN GREAT SHOOTING-MATCH.

WELL, sir, I be main glad to see you, to be sure; and I thinks it kind on you to drop in to look at an old lonely man like me, that I does. Take a cheer and set yourself down; and what'll you please to take to drink?—not have a pinch of snuff? You'd rather have a pipe? Well, sir, do. No. I don't smoke myself, but I does like a snuff of snuff. Talking about snuff, I re-collects as there was a inquest held in our village a goodish many year ago; and when the coroner come, he weren't in a particular good-humour, and found fault with this and that, and snapped like any-think first at one and then another, till I thought he was agoin' to give us juremen a jacking all round. Well, I wanted a pinch sadly myself, but was 'most feared to have one. I were that snappish; so I watched my opportunity, and slipped my thumb and finger into my weskit pocket, and took a little bit ever so quiet like; but, lor' bless us, he see me do it, and turns round and says: 'Didn't I see a man as has some snuff about him?' Thinks I, I be goin' to ketch it now for contempt of court, or whatever they calls it; but to my surprise he says: 'I should be much obliged if he'll give me a pinch.' So I gives it him; and when he'd took it, lor'! he was that affable you wouldn't think, and the inquest went off as pleasant as could be. So you see, sir, there must be snuff in snuff after all; and I suppose in bacon as well. A goodish many clever men was snuff-takers, though I bain't one myself—only a dodder-headed old farmer. Look at Bony-party! He were a great man, weren't he, now? and he took snuff like a house-a-fire, so I've heard tell, especially when he'd got any big job, like, on.

Does I shoot now? Well, you see, sir, I bain't quite so young and lissom as I'd used to be; but I never misses the First o' September. But lor'



bless me, there's so many lazy, idle vagabonds about the place now, too lazy to work for fair wages since these 'ere Unionists, or whatever they calls themselves, have been in these parts, that game is scarce; for they poaches anything they can lay their hands on. And then, again, the old Squire has been dead a many long year, and the land as he used to preserve ain't looked after now as it was in his time. A rare good sort he was to be sure! Ah! the times be altered, surely! Why, our new Parson have took it into his head to pull down all them good old-fashioned high pews in the church—where you could set and have a comfortable snooze if you didn't like the sermon—and have put in their place nasty low seats made of *deal*, so that everybody can see everybody else.

What call had he to alter 'em, I should like to know? Just as if old English *oaks*—as the old seats was—wasn't good enough! But there! the young farmers' daughters, as dresses in the latest fashions, likes the change, because, I suppose, they can show their new bonnets and finery better. And then again, instead of the two flutes and big fiddle as we'd used to have, and the old-fashioned hymns and anthems, as everybody knowed and could jine in, he's got a lot of boys and wenches in the quire, as don't open their mouths when they sings, and you can't understand a word they says. And for music he's got a thing he calls a harmony—something or other, as sounds more like a organ I once heard in the village street; and the worst of it is, *we've* got to pay for it all. I didn't want no change; oak pews and the big fiddle was good enough for me, and so they would have been for the Squire. And talking about him, puts me in mind of a rare bit of fun he and I and a few more had about thirty year ago one First of September. I always larfs when I thinks of it.

Well, then, sir, there was a Cockney, as they calls them London chaps. Of course, sir, I don't mean no dis-respect to you, because, although you lives there yourself, you bain't exactly one of 'em, seeing as you was bred and born in our county. Well, *hid*—this 'ere Cockney—come down here about one of these 'ere nasty railroads. No, sir, I never rode in one of them trains, nor I don't mean to as long as I can ride in my old gig; and when I can't no more, why, I'll walk to market. Well then, this 'ere Cockney was staying in the next village—the folks there call it a town, because it's a bit bigger than our'n—and the Squire, living as he did half-way between the two places, only about a mile apart, and being a hospitable, kind-hearted man, took notice of this 'ere Cockney, and asked him to dinner, and so on. A cleverish sort of chap he was, by his own account; and talk! Well, he *could* talk, for certain! He could do this, and that, and t' other; and made us all feel we was nobodies, and knowed nothing, and could do nothing.—Shoot! Why, nothing with fur or feathers could live, if it got up before *his* gun! At last, the Squire got on his mettle, and challenged him to go out with him on the First, and made an agreement with him for five pound a side who should make the heaviest bag; and whatever one shot, the other was to carry.

Well, there was a goodish party of us started, but only the Squire and Mr Cockney was to shoot; so about eight o'clock in the morning,

off we all went, and the Squire good-naturedly gave the Cockney first chance. Bang, bang, one barrel after t'other, he went; but nothing dropped. Then the Squire pulled trigger, and fetched down a bird with each barrel, for he was a fairish shot. The Cockney made some excuse for missing; but there, we could soon see he could do nothing, while the Squire hardly missed a shot; and as the bargain was that what one shot the other should carry, Mr Cockney towards lunch-time was very glad to be eased of his load. He made a good fight of it, however, and made up for his bad shooting by his talking. But by four o'clock, he had as much as he could well carry, and as the Squire always, like the sportsman he was, made it a rule not to shoot after this hour, we started for home.

The poor Cockney went staggering along with the Squire's bag; and I can tell you it was pretty heavy, and he looked regular done up, for it was a hottish day. Well, we had got pretty nigh home, and was going through the little paddock close to the Squire's house, and one had asked the Cockney if he could hit a hayrick or a barn; and such like chaff was going on, when we come across a goodish-sized calf as had been capering round the paddock, and all at once come and stood stock-still within a few yards of the Cockney, and was just going off for another scamper, when Mr Cockney turned sharp round, and let fly both barrels, one after t'other, bang! bang! and shot the calf dead as a hammer, and says to the Squire: 'Now, dang it, carry *that*.' Larf! Lor' a massy on us, how we did larf to be sure, and the Squire most of all, though he lost the wager; for you see, sir, the bargain was, that which of the two made the *heaviest* bag was to be the winner; and good as the Squire's was, the calf outweighed his'n. But there, he managed to get it up, but could hardly stagger under it for larfing.

So, you see, sir, the Cockney made up for his bragging by his 'outeness. It was a smart trick, wasn't it, sir? And I always larfs when I thinks on it.

## THE WYRE.

(NEAR MONMOUTH.)

A LAND of hills and woods and yew-crowned rocks,  
All scarred and furrowed by primeval flood;  
With many a bastion, grim and bare, which mocks  
The anger of the storm-god's fiercest mood.  
Above, the oak stands as it long has stood  
Through Winter's tempests; and, adown, the green,  
The rich dark green of ivy that has wooed  
The time-worn limestone, trails; and all between  
The rifts and sheltered nooks, the fern's chaste form is seen.

Below, the slow, broad-curving river; here,  
The willows lie reflected in the stream,  
Placid and deep; and, there, the noisy weir,  
Where tiny wavelets in the sunlight gleam.  
Hard by, a loiterer, lying in a dream  
Upon the bank: far off, a bare hillside;  
And farther, boundless forest-growths which seem  
Most solemn and most calm, as far and wide  
They stretch majestic arms, in all their Summer pride.  
GEORGE WOOSUNG WADE.

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## RAMBLES AMONG THE HILLS.

A HILL-COUNTRY in breezy, sunshiny weather, with a purpling gleam on the heather, and the scent of wild thyme and yellow clover in the air, with the windy masses of cloud chasing the changeful lights and shadows across the wide landscape, and sending straggling shafts of sunshine through the gleaming underwood of birch and hazel that line the banks of this brawling moorland stream—can anything be more charming? Who would not envy Mr Louis J. Jennings his *Rambles among the Hills*,\* or refuse assent to his proposition, that a more beautiful country than our own to stroll over is not to be found on the surface of the round globe; provided only that one can have the sun for a companion, for, of a certainty, gloomy skies and perpetual rain dull the rich tints of glen and moorland, and take the brightness out of the loveliest scenes.

In his walks, Mr Jennings preferred to leave behind him much-frequented routes, and chose for his rambles the region of the Derbyshire Peak and South Sussex Downs, because the ordinary crowd of tourists leave them alone, and there is really very little known about them. The best headquarters that can be chosen for an excursion into Derbyshire is Chatsworth. Its stately hall and beautiful park, its woods redolent of sweet scents and sweeter flowers, the subdued tint of the swelling uplands beyond, melting away into the far blue shadows of the Peak—all these are familiar to the multitudes who frequent Baxton. Haddon Hall, another of the lions of this favourite watering-place, offers a scene of peculiarly English beauty. Seen in the stillness of sunset, with the crimson light flecking here and there the grassy glades under the oaks and beeches, nothing can equal its tranquil beauty. But almost more interesting, because less of a show-place, is the ancient Hall of Hardwicke, built by Bess of Hardwicke, who was, by dint of her

successive marriages and jointures, perhaps the richest woman of her day.

Her third husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, was one of the many jailers of Mary Stuart; and a great deal of old tapestry which still remains in the house, is said to be the work of the beautiful and ill-fated Queen of Scots. Bess, whose charms were more those of the purse than of the person, was jealous of her fair captive, and led the Earl such a wretched life on her account, that he complained bitterly to the Bishop of Lichfield 'that she had reduced him to the condition of a pensioner.' The good Bishop tried to console him by telling him 'that if shrewdness or sharpness may be a just cause of separation between a man and wife, I think few men in England would keep their wives long.'

A portrait of Mary hangs in the library of this home, to whose peace she was so fatal. It was painted just before her execution, and shows us a face from whose wan, haggard outlines the fresh soft beauty of youth and happiness have fled for ever. In the dining-room hangs a portrait of Bess herself, a hard, resolute, sensible face, but scarcely that of 'the sharp and bitter shrew' my Lord of Shrewsbury accounted her. By her side hangs a portrait of her second husband, Sir W. Cavendish. The grim, lonely castle of Bolsover was also a favourite residence of this oft-married widow; and here again is much beautiful tapestry, the work of the Scottish queen, whose industry at least ought to have commended her to her ungracious hostess.

The scenery of Dovedale, a favourite resort of tourists, is more distinctively striking than beautiful. The river Dove flows between steep banks, laden with a tangled luxuriance of hawthorn, mountain-ash, and bramble, with a gay undergrowth of wild-flowers—tall spikes of yellow snapdragon, clumps of white campion, crimson patches of ragged Robin, and stony clusters of fragrant woodruff, suggestive of newly mown fields of hay. By the river-side, embosomed in trees, is a little square cottage, built in 1674 by Charles Cotton, in which he entertained the prince of

\* London: John Murray.

anglers, and dear companion of all lovers of the gentle craft, Izaak Walton.

Through this country, with its snatches of picturesque scenery, its smooth stretches of river-bank, its woods of beech and oak, its tangled mazes of fern and brier and wild-flowers, and its undulating breadths of moor and common, our author was slowly working his way towards Edale and Kinderscout—the advanced guard of the picturesque array of heather-clad hills which surround the Peak. He has a weakness for by-paths, which has doubtless helped to his practical acquaintance with the varieties of vegetable and animal life to be found in morass, ditch, and peat-hag. On the occasion of which he speaks, darkness surprised him among the meadows by the banks of the Dove; and he emerged from them, after much devious wandering, such a wet, muddy, wretched-looking object, that he was surprised to receive a friendly greeting from the landlady of the *Charles Cotton Inn*. The kind hostess, undaunted by the mud and dirt with which he was incrustated, 'brought me,' he says, 'into the kitchen, where there was a good fire. She gave me a pair of socks, and told me they were accustomed to do this friendly turn for travellers who had been through Dovedale, and who almost invariably landed soaking wet. "We even lend them trousers," said the good soul. But luckily my case was not so bad as to call for so great a sacrifice.'

Morning among the hills, a fresh breezy morning, with a great flood of sunshine lying warmly on the purpling stretches of heather and the few buds which still linger on the wild roses. Early astir as every tourist should be, Mr Jennings has already climbed to the summit of Mam Tor, above and opposite the village of Edale. Here a view bursts upon the eye, 'to which it is,' he says, 'impossible to do justice. It may be doubted whether there is anything finer to be seen in England, for it includes almost everything which goes to form magnificent scenery, except water. To the north, the lovely Valley of Edale lies spread below, guarded by a range of hills at each end. On the other side is the almost equally fine Valley of Hope, with heather-covered hills stretching away for many miles. Fresh from a visit to Switzerland, it seemed to me that I had seen nothing more beautiful and attractive. If the Kinderscout range were in Switzerland, scores of books would have been written about it, and sanatoria without number would have been established on its hillsides.' Indeed, Mr Jennings is inclined to give the preference to this beautiful hill-region of Derbyshire. It does not suffer from the extreme heat of the Swiss valleys, and it is free from the insect pests, the mosquitoes and horseflies, of which all wayfarers in the Brunig Pass in July and August must retain lively recollections. The groupings and surroundings of these hills, the deep cleughs and valleys which intersect them, the picturesque torrents, with the fringes of copsewood which feather their banks, are indescribably beautiful. Charming under every aspect, whether seen shimmering indistinct and vast through the tender pale gray of the morning mists, or basking in the smile of noon, with the sunshine sending long shafts of radiance up the green sequestered valleys, or half in gloom, half in the dusk yellow light of declining day, when weird shadows fall athwart the long stretches

of heath, and fill with blackness the deep ferny glens.

From Edale Head the tourist can see for himself the true nature of the Peak. 'It is a mass of wild hills, with a sort of bog or moss-covered plateau in the centre, surrounded by a vast extent of wild moors.' Beautifully situated among the hills is a fine old house, called Derwent Hall, the property of the Duke of Norfolk. Although only used as a shooting-box, it contains a superb collection of the most wonderful old oak furniture—sideboards, beds, settees, and cabinets, so exquisitely carved and withal so ancient, that they would make the fortune of any collector.

The Peak itself is sterile and desolate in the extreme; even sheep cease to be met with in its barren solitudes. All around is a wild, trackless waste of moss and bog, and stern, naked, lonely hills. 'These mountains are broken up into huge shoulders, with streams running between many of them, deep in heather and ferns, and of a very dark colour, owing to the peaty water that trickles over the surface and stands in deep pools.' Long broad gulches also intersect these barren moors—trenches from ten to twelve feet deep, with soft peaty sides, and a bottom of water or mud, according as the weather is wet or dry. Immense masses of dark rock, sometimes cast by Nature into the most fantastic forms, cling to the steep hillsides, or rise from the level of the moor. From one of these, the Heron Stone, a magnificent view may be had by the returning tourist of the whole range of the Kinderscout, with a picturesque valley and bridge in the foreground, and a little stream, gray and silvery in the waning light, plashing through the furze and fern into the evening shadows. Far as eye can reach, no path is to be seen; all is dark moor and dusky fern, relieved by an occasional patch of vivid green, which experience will have taught him to avoid as treacherous and swampy; and here and there the gleam of water, as a mountain pool or runlet catches and reflects the faint radiance of the evening sky.

After these treeless wastes, one is in the mood for enjoying trees, and ought to accompany Mr Jennings to Sherwood Forest. Although immense areas of the ground have been cleared from time to time, this old Forest still retains deep shady recesses, grassy glades, paradises of woodland scenery, with splendid oaks and beeches interspersed with dark firs and yews. The effect of some of these long avenues of stately trees is simply magnificent. In spring, you have the delicate green of the beech, contrasting beautifully with the reddish-brown of the budding oak; and in autumn, oak and beech alike blaze out into a thousand brilliant shades of gold and russet brown, warming at the extremities of the branches into dusky crimson. To see Sherwood to perfection, the sky should not be perfectly clear, but heaped up with masses of drifting clouds. The shifting lights and glooms of a windy day lend variety to the silvan scenery; the trees wave and rustle in the breeze; and the sunlight chases the shadows across the ferny glades, and down the long leafy aisles of the forest sanctuary. The Birklands—one of the most ancient portions of the old Forest—struck Mr Jennings as surpassingly beautiful. 'The visitor,' he says, 'will find his admiration equally divided

between the grand old oaks and the beautiful silver beeches which cover many acres of ground. Finer or lovelier trees are not to be seen in all England; and the contrast between their tapering branches and the rugged trunks and gnarled boughs of the grand old oaks, is full of picturesque effect at every step.

Some of the individual trees are very large. The Shambles Oak, which is considered to be a thousand years old, was of enormous girth; but it is now only a shell, the inside having been burned out. The Greendale Oak, which is eight hundred years old, was formerly so large, that it was said a carriage could be driven through its trunk; but it is now a mere shell, although it still 'makes a fair show of green leaves as summer comes round.'

Around another of these forest giants, called the Major Oak, Mr Jennings one day saw 'eighteen persons, men, women, and children, standing hand in hand, stretching round it at arms' length, and they were but just able to meet each other.' Almost the best point from which to see Sherwood is a comfortable homely little inn *The Royal Oak*. It is in close vicinity to the Dukeries; so called because this district comprises the houses and parks of three noblemen, one of whom, the late Duke of Portland, spent at his seat, Welbeck Abbey, no less a sum than two million pounds on tunnels, underground chambers, and other subterranean works. He had conservatories, lecture-rooms, skating-stalks, and riding-schools all underground. 'There is a chapel to which one is taken up and down by lifts; and tunnels without end. One of these is two miles and a quarter in length; it is lit partly by gas, and partly by ground glass from above; and the work inside is as carefully finished as though it had been intended for the front of the Abbey.'

Leaving Birklands, with its shifting lights and shadows and flashes of sunshine flickering through the tender green of the feathery foliage, our author next betook himself to the South Downs, where there is hill-scenery not so savage and desolate, but in its own way quite as attractive as that of Derbyshire. The views are extensive and beautiful. In all directions spread tranquil green fields and woods so notably English, ancient churches and old farmsteads dotting the peaceful prospect; while over the rounded green combs, and the charming hollows and wooded slopes, mingling with the scent of the wild thyme and the cowslip, comes the grateful breath of the sea, which can be seen from almost all points of advantage.

Near Biggar, there are interesting remains of a Roman villa, which was discovered in 1811. This structure is six hundred feet in length, and covers the area now occupied by two fields. Fifty-two rooms have been discovered, some of them very large. 'The visitor will be struck by the traces of comfort and luxury which are still visible in the various apartments—the hot-air pipes, the space for a fountain, the bath-room, and other contrivances, which in these enlightened days would scarcely find a place in the designs of an ordinary architect.' Here, during our long sunless winters, with as much of comfort, and as many of the appliances of civilisation as he could collect around him, shivered the exile from Imperial Rome; solacing himself, for the lack of the sunny

skies of Italy, with many works of art, whose fragments still remain.

Wiston Park is one of the most beautiful spots in the South Downs. It is framed in by a background of picturesque hills; and the park is one magnificent lawn, studded with fine acanemes, oaks, and other trees, and commanding exquisite views over Sussex and Surrey. Deer wander in the sunlit glades; and the deep lanes in spring are bright with primroses, anemones, and violets, which fill the air with their delicate scent. On Chanetonbury Hill, at the extreme verge of the park, there is a circular mound, the remains of old earthworks; an ancient British or Roman camp, which has been planted with a double row of trees. Chanetonbury Ring, as it is popularly called, forms a very picturesque feature in the landscape, and is seen from almost all parts of Sussex.

At the village of Kingston is an old church with a low tower, which was given by William de Warrenne, a son-in-law of William the Conqueror, to God and St Pancras. This ancient sanctuary, where prayers and thanksgivings have been offered up for so many centuries, forms an interesting feature in the landscape; and behind it, over the red-tiled and thatched houses of the village, you can see the sea sparkling in the sun, and listen in the drowsy heat of noon to the melodious tinkle of the distant sheep-bells.

In these quaint, old-world Sussex villages, very fine old houses are sometimes to be found, such as that of Plimpton Place, in which Lennard Mascall lived in the time of Henry VIII., this Lennard Mascall being famous as the first who introduced carp into England. His once beautiful mansion has been allowed to go to utter wreck and ruin, and is now hopelessly dishonoured and defaced. The windows are broken; the fine old oak-carving is chipped and knocked to pieces; fragments of tapestry hang rotting on the bare walls; the stagnant moat is covered with a thick oily scum; and everywhere the defacing impress of abject poverty has been set—a painful and dispiriting picture.

Ashburnham Park is a lovely spot; and the walk to it from Hestfield 'abounds in charming views of hill and dale, woodland and meadow. The park is ancient and picturesque. It abounds in magnificent trees, and exquisite views of the long line of the South Downs, and the range of hills which extends from Fairlight to Ashdown Forest. In the library of the old house, which was occupied by Bertram de Esbarnham at the time of the Norman Conquest, many precious literary treasures are preserved—two manuscripts of the fifth century, a Treatise on the Psalms almost as ancient, a Pentateuch of the fifth century, and a large collection of ancient Bibles. There is also a copy of the Apocalypse, of the sixth century; and numerous first editions of celebrated English books, such as *Paradise Lost*. There are also relics of another kind, which would have been dear to the hearts of our Jacobite forefathers, such as the watch and under-clothes which Charles I. wore on the day of his execution, and which were bequeathed by him to John Ashburnham, who was faithful to him to the last. The latter consist of a very fine cambric shirt, a pair of silk stockings and garters, and silken drawers. The wristbands of

the shirt are delicately embroidered, and it is marked in coloured silk with the letters C. R. and a crown. The watch is of an old-fashioned shape, and has an enamelled face.

With the delightful scenery of Ashburnham, we close Mr Jennings' charming book. The colours on his glowing canvas, fade perforce away; a haze gathers over the faint purples of the Derbyshire hills, and the rich greens and browns of wood and meadow and moorland. Even as we gaze, a gray shadow of farewell creeps over the 'grand old South Downs,' with their perfume of wild thyme, and briny fragrance of the sea; and the curtain drops over many a hidden beauty of their untrodden nooks, and forsaken roadways, and quaint, rambling, flower-scented lanes.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—IN THE AVENUE.

'GOOD-MORNING, Mr Oakley. Glad to see you; and glad to find that, like myself at your time of life, you are an early riser. I called at your lodgings on my road, thinking we might walk down together; but they told me you had breakfasted and gone out, long ago.' Such was Mr Weston's greeting to Bertram when, on arriving at the Yard on the morrow of the day succeeding that of the young man's arrival at Southampton, he found his new Assistant Manager awaiting him there.

'I found I had time on my hands,' said Bertram, smiling; 'and I have spent it in making acquaintance with the Docks hard by.'

'Right, quite right! The more you see of ships, the better,' answered his superior, as he led the way to the counting-house, where already the more diligent of the clerks had hung up their hats and settled themselves on their official stools to commence the labours of the day. 'Now, my young friend,' said the Manager, when he had opened the letters which lay ready on his table, and given some instructions to his subordinates, 'I cannot do better than show you over the Yard, and explain to you what your duties will be, and which department will be under your control. This'—opening the door of a room, the first of a series of rooms, the paint of which was still fresh and glistening, and the wall-paper damp and new—'this is your office—hardly yet out of the workmen's hands; and indeed, you need scarcely enter on your functions until to-morrow. Just come round the place, though, with me, and I can explain as I go.'

So Mr Weston showed Bertram the Yard, the vessels that were in their cradles, almost ready for launching; the unfinished craft in process of construction, and those of which the keels had barely been laid down. He showed him the stores where the materials were kept; the extensions of the premises, but half complete, and where gangs of navvies were toiling with barrow and plank, and pick and shovel, to widen and deepen the excavations where wet-dock and dry-dock and coffer-dam were to be—the slips, the workshops; everything; often pausing to explain to Bertram what was to be his share in the task of inspecting and directing the labours of the stalwart men who were busy with saw and adze and anger, with

hammer and mallet, with rivet and trenail, all around.

The experienced Manager, as the circuit progressed, began to entertain a higher opinion of his junior than he would yesterday have believed to be possible. Worthy Mr Weston, though an excellent man of business, was personally the reverse of brilliant—a plodding, patient man, who had risen in the world by dogged industry and severe integrity; but he was naturally slow to learn, and felt an odd sort of unconscious resentment against those who were apter pupils. A dull man is very prone to cherish feelings of this sort. Mr Weston was never willingly unjust. If he had been, he would not have been for three-and-thirty years a valued subordinate, in various capacities, of Mervyn & Co. But he did feel, as some of those old schoolmasters of the pre-dictionary times were wont to feel, as if the road to knowledge ought to be very stony, rugged, and painful, and the pilgrim's progress not too quick.

But there was something in Bertram that overcame prejudice, when the prejudice was honestly held; and Mr Weston presently began to wonder whether his previous opinion, as to Mr Mervyn's mistake in appointing so young a man to a place of trust, might not have to be reconsidered. He had been prepared to expect a shallow, self-conceited youth, cleverish, but unsteady, and no more fit to be Assistant Manager than a skittish Park hack is fit to draw an omnibus. But Bertram was so patient, so modest, and yet so strangely intelligent and prompt to grasp the really important details of whatever was explained to him, that Mr Weston was fairly puzzled. It seemed to him as though his new adjutant, in a very little while, would be able to master every point of the complicated system which the Manager had hitherto regarded as a mystery comprehended by himself alone.

Working-hours, for Bertram, were over on that day when the tour of inspection was at an end. On the morrow, he was to be installed in his new office, and to enter on the novel duties of a post that required discretion as well as zeal and energy. He went back, then, to his lodgings and his books; and after his early dinner, rambled out afresh, turning his back to the city and its frowning Bar, and going countrywards. He walked slowly, and the more so that he was deep in thought. How had the aspect of the world's face changed for him since the bleak winter's day on which he had left the Old Sanctuary at Westminster in search of a crust to eat and a roof to shelter him! And how best could he prove that the great good fortune which had befallen him had not been bestowed on one who was ungrateful for the generous confidence of his patron?

Musing thus, Bertram passed on into the broad Avenue, lined by stately trees, and with its wide carriage-road, its separate bridle-track, and its smooth path for the use of foot-passengers, which is one of the boasts of the ancient town; just such a promenade as we find almost everywhere on the continent, save that the stunted lime-trees of Germany or the attenuated poplars of France are here replaced by huge elms, the leafy boughs of which made a pleasant murmuring on that summer's afternoon, as the breeze sighed among the branches. There were carriages rolling along the well-kept road, and riders cantering their horses



on the further side of the parade. But, notwithstanding these attractions, Bertram remained absorbed in his own thoughts, until, suddenly, there came before his vision a glint of golden hair, and the unforgetting, sweet, innocent face of Rose Denham! Rose it was; but how changed, how womanly, and yet herself, fair and tender as the choicest bud of the flower from which she took her name! Yes; it was Rose; and she was not alone, for near her sported two pretty children—a girl of nine and a boy of a year younger, prettily dressed, as the children of the rich now are, and with flaxen curls tossing in the wind. Rose was passing him, when he half-stretched out his hand. 'Don't you know me?' he said, lifting his hat as he spoke.

'Mr Bertram—Mr Oakley,' the girl replied shyly, and startled, like a fawn alarmed by some intruder amidst the fern and bracken. 'I did not expect to meet you here!' And she put out both her little hands to him, in greeting; but as she did so, her lip quivered; and Bertram knew that the sight of him had reminded her of the dear, dead father, Bertram's early friend. She welcomed him, however, in her old, pretty way. 'I am so very glad to see you,' she said. 'I live near here, as my sister may have mentioned, if you have seen her lately—at Shirley, a mile or so away.—And these are my pupils,' she added; 'Alice and Haghie Denshire. I am Mrs Denshire's governess, now.'

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—THE MYSTERY.

The children, considering that the mention of their names constituted a formal introduction, walked gravely up and extended their tiny hands to be shaken. Bertram had one of those faces that children like and trust; and bright Alice and solemn-eyed Haghie, who in his velvet and curls looked like a miniature of some melancholy but chivalrous Cavalier, were soon at ease in the company of their teacher's friend, and resumed their gambols, leaving Rose and Bertram free to walk and talk together in the leafy Avenue.

'You knew I was here; but I did not know you were here. Louisa should have told me,' said Rose, as they paced on side by side.

'Miss Denham could not have done that,' replied Bertram, 'because promotion and a change of residence came to me so quickly, and in so unlooked-for a fashion, that I had not time to call in Lower Minden Street before leaving Blackwall and London. Miss Denham, on the occasion of my last visit, told me that you were in Southampton, or near it.'

'Yes; I live at Shirley Villa—on Shirley Common, as they call it, half-an-hour's walk from this,' Rose explained. 'Mr and Mrs Denshire, to whose children I am governess, are nice, kind people. They have been very considerate and good to me, seeing, I think, that I was young and half-frightened at first at leaving home. I call Lower Minden Street "home," you see, for Louisa is there,' she added, half tearfully.

'I know; for your sister told me how you came to leave her, and why,' returned Bertram gently. 'It was like yourself to do it; and like her to consent to it. But I was sorry when I called, to find that you had gone. I did not think, then, that we should meet so soon.'

Then there was more talk, and he told her of his sudden rise in life. 'Assistant Manager here,' he said playfully. 'It sounds too grand, too good, to be true; and I am afraid my superior officer, Mr Weston, thinks so too, to judge by his looks; but I hope he may think better of it one day.'

'Is Mr Weston your—superior officer?' asked Rose; and reading assent in Bertram's eye, she added: 'Because I know the Westons—my employers know them, I should say, very well; and I often see Mrs Weston and her daughters, and that beautiful Miss Carrington, at the Archery Grounds, and at Shirley. Then do you live with them, now?'

Bertram explained the whereabouts of his lodgings—very near to Mr Weston's house; and explained his relations, officially, with the head of the family. 'He is Colonel, so to speak, and I am Adjutant, of the regiment of workers in Messrs Mervyn's local Yard,' said Bertram; 'and if I do but learn my duties as well as he has done, all will be well. He thinks I am too young. He has not said so; but I read it in his face. Never mind. I can but do my best to justify my early promotion.'

'That I am sure you will,' said Rose warmly; and then she blushed and looked down.

Then, for a while, the conversation languished. A keen observer, had such been there, might have noticed that each of these two young people looked at the other shyly, coyly as it were, as if each had grown to be half a stranger in the interval that had elapsed between the times of their former intimacy and their present meeting. Rose was so womanly, and so much more earnest and thoughtful than of old, and yet her own sweet self, the Rose Denham of Blackston, the bright young girl whom Bertram remembered so well. Bertram was changed too. Tall, manly, and with a bearing more assured, yet as graceful as in his stripling days, Rose felt half afraid of him; yet she trusted him instinctively.

'Ah, if I had but such a brother!' was often in her thoughts as they walked along.

'I wish you were my brother,' she presently exclaimed abruptly, and then flushed crimson.

'Why, Miss Rose?' returned Bertram, fairly taken aback.

'Because, Mr Oakley, I could ask you then for—for counsel—and help—in a matter on which I have no one else to advise me, and cannot ask for advice.—I have so few friends, and not a soul but yourself and Louisa to whom I could appeal.—Do I vex you, by saying this?' she asked piteously, as he kept silent.

'On my life, on my soul, no!' was Bertram's eager answer. 'Only show me how I can serve you, dear Miss Rose, in any way; and for the sake of your generous father, for your own sake, I would, and will, spare no pains to be useful.'

Still Rose hesitated to speak. She glanced up at Bertram, so calm and strong, with his dark eyes, so full of thoughtful light, fixed upon her, and with an effort she at length said: 'I have been so frightened—I am very silly, perhaps; but I am young, and know so little of the world—and he frightened me.'

'Who has dared to do that?' demanded Bertram, with a sternness that was new to his voice. He had, as many brave men have, a temper that was patient and genial; but the idea of wrong or

harshness to the tender and the innocent, brought a glittering light into his eye that few ill-doers would have cared to confront.

'He—the person I spoke of,' explained Rose, in feminine fashion—'he persecutes me. I never know when he will come. I should not like to be walking here, but that Alice and Hughie are some protection, and the place so public. But he frightens me.'

'Some impertinent coxcomb—some silly fellow, who presumes to annoy you in your walks,' exclaimed Bertram. 'If only you could point him out to me, I would take care that you should be no longer molested.'

'No,' replied Rose, half sobbing—'no; it is not quite that. The man is not rude or impertinent, but he scares me. He tells me, Mr Oakley, that for Louisa's sake, I must listen to him.'

'For Louisa's sake? for the sake of your sister?' exclaimed Bertram, astonished. 'Why, how, in the name of all that is amazing, did he know of her existence, and what does he want?'

'He wants—to marry me,' said Rose, speaking in a very low voice, lest the children should overhear; 'and he says that I *must*, for Louisa's sake and mine—that he can make or mar both our fortunes—that it rests with him to make us end our days in affluence, or struggle on in poverty, and, and!'

'The fellow must be mad!' cried Bertram, knitting his brows—'mad, or else an impudent impostor. Do you know him—his name, I mean, or where he lives, or what his rank in life or calling may be?'

'I do not think he is mad,' answered Rose decisively. 'He talks strangely; but what he says is always coherent. As for his name, or where he lives, I know nothing. He comes and goes like a ghost. I may see him once or twice a day, and not again for a week. Whether he even lives in Southampton, I do not know. I have sometimes fancied that he did not. And I have not liked to write to Louisa about it, for fear she should be frightened for me; nor do I dare to tell Mrs Denshire. She would laugh at me, or perhaps talk of the police. And I thought, Mr Bertram—'

'You thought, Miss Rose, that I might help in protecting you from annoyance, as heaven knows I willingly would,' said Bertram, completing the unfinished sentence. 'But this is a perplexing state of things. If the man is not rude—'

'No; he is not exactly rude, but peremptory. He says it is my duty, and my fate, to be his wife,' replied the girl. 'He talks of wealth for me, wealth for Louisa, and always as if the fortune of which he speaks were in his free gift, to bestow or to refuse, at his pleasure. And as he saw, perhaps, that riches do not tempt me much, he dwells upon my duty to my sister, and on the happy home I might share with her.'

'How did he first find you?' asked Bertram, growing more and more thoughtful.

'He came upon me in a shop, where I had gone to execute some commission for Mrs Denshire,' replied Rose. 'But I think—I am sure—he had been following me for some time before that. Then he entered, and took off his hat, and called me by my name. He asked for a minute's conversation. I could not get away, and he spoke. He has waylaid me since then, in the streets, on

the Common, everywhere, and always on the same pretext.'

'What sort of man is he? Young or old? A gentleman, at least, he cannot be,' said Bertram.

'He is not young—nor is he old; and I cannot guess what he may be. He is very well, but too showily, dressed, with a superfluous display of trinkets. He is not so tall as you are, but active, and very dark and sunburnt, and has a habit of twisting his long black moustache, that droops over his mouth, when he gets earnest.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Bertram, with an involuntary start of surprise. In whom, once, had he noted such a trick of manner? He could not at the moment remember. He did his best, however, to comfort Rose and to charm away her fears, bidding her look upon him as if he had been indeed her brother, and promising to do his best to protect her from annoyance. And then, as it came to be time for them to part, he told her that, with her permission and Mrs Denshire's consent, if Rose would ask it, he would call at Shirley Villa on the earliest day on which he could do so without neglect of duty.

'Mrs Denshire will be willing to see you, I am sure,' answered Rose, 'when I tell her of old days, and that you are Mr Weston's friend. And you will find me, generally, when the children and I come back from our walk, as now. I shall write Louisa word of your good fortune, and she will be glad, as I am.—And now, good-bye!'

So they went their several ways; Rose with her charges returning to Shirley; while Bertram, with a thoughtful brow, went back to the town. He felt nearly sure, now, that he remembered when and where he had noticed that trick of twisting the moustache to which Rose had alluded. But then the offer, the confident offer, of a fortune in exchange for Rose Denham's hand. The thing was impossible! Yet his mind dwelt upon it.

(To be continued.)

## IRISH MATCHMAKING.

NEARLY every one has heard of Shrove or Match-making time, though few really know to what extent it is carried on in the south of Ireland. A few particulars and some instances of the 'matches'—for such is the name that proposed marriages go by—may not be uninteresting to those unacquainted with the custom.

'Shrove-time' begins after Christmas, and ends on Shrove-Tuesday, or the day before Ash-Wednesday; as, during the ensuing seven weeks of Lent, no marriages are celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church. About three weeks before Lent is the busy time for the 'matchmakers.' These are men who make it their business to find out the fortunes of, and get suitable partners for, all the eligible young people of both sexes for many miles around. Sometimes they are remunerated for the transaction, but far oftener they carry it out for mere pastime. Thus, when the well-to-do parents of a marriageable son find themselves getting on in years, and unable to look after their farm and all connected with it, they tell their boy that he must take a wife, and straightway send for their friend 'the matchmaker.' The old people, in such cases, are quite content to give up the farm to the son, seldom asking anything beyond their support,

and a seat in the 'chimney corner' in the 'old home' for the rest of their days.

The son who thus obtains possession of a house and farm is considered well off; therefore the girl he marries must have money equal, or nearly so, to his, or cattle wherewith to stock the land. When everything has been arranged between the parents on both sides, the day for the marriage is fixed, and the marriage-money made up for the priest, who generally gets from eight to twelve, though sometimes as much as fifteen or twenty pounds. The young people may meet once, or oftener, before they are married, but sometimes they see each other for the first time only at the altar.

Near the village of G— lives a man named Mike S—. He is one of the principal match-makers in the neighbourhood. I know him personally, and have often heard him speak of some of the 'matches' he had made, or was about making. The last few years not having been so good as usual for farmers, the weddings were not so many, and the fortunes in most cases were small. One of the best for this season—and over which Mike was very busy—was the marriage of a farmer's daughter whose fortune was one thousand pounds. The young man was one thousand pounds. The young man 'spoken of' for her had a fine house, thirty milking-cows, twenty yearlings, and 'as fine a pair of horses as ever were put to a plough.' 'But that's not all,' said Mike; 'he has besides a brand-new thrashing-machine!'

Mike was very indignant over another match he had made, and was obliged, through the maneness of the old people, to break it off again. 'They actually,' he said, 'wanted to make the young people feed some hens for them; and sure, when I saw them so stingy, I says to the girl, "Hold yourself higher than to enter that family!"' And she took his advice.

On another occasion when the aspiring bride and bridegroom met for the first time at the altar, the latter, surveying his intended, was shocked to find that she possessed only one eye. 'Faix,' said he, 'I will marry no girl unless *all* her eyes are there.'

When in the shop of the principal milliner in our village this Shrove, I asked if she had many bridal bonnets to make. 'No, indeed,' she answered. 'There's a girl of the Scanlans getting married to-day; but I made her bonnet two years ago.' 'How was that?' I asked. 'Well,' she replied, 'they were on the way to the chapel, when they had a difference, and the match was broken off; but, like a sensible girl, she kept the bonnet, and now it comes in handy enough.' Perhaps one of the most curious of these extraordinary matches is the following. There was a marriage arranged, and the friends were invited to the wedding. The party, amounting to the occupants of some half-dozen cars and a few horsemen, started for the chapel. Just as they stopped outside of it, the father of another girl came to the bridegroom and offered him his daughter with ten pounds more fortune than he was getting with the one he was 'promised to.' 'Done!' said the ungallant bridegroom; and straightway broke off the former match, and married the girl with the most money.

Few weddings in the neighbourhood are quite complete without Mike. He is a very extraordinary fellow, and gets into so many

quarrels, that, as his wife expressed it to me, 'he would have been hanged over and over again but for the master.' He lives on a wild moor surrounded by bogs. A near neighbour of his having got married through his influence, Mike, in duty bound, went to the feast. As the night wore on, the excitement of dancing, combined with a plentiful supply of liquor, began to have a bad effect on our friend, until at last he could contain himself no longer; and snatching a kettle of boiling water from off the fire, he turned bride and bridegroom and all the guests out of the house, and hunted them over the bog.

The catables provided on such occasions are plentiful and wholesome. Cold meat of any kind, however, is considered an insult to offer. Everything must be *hot*. The fowls are generally captured, killed, made ready, and cooked, during the absence of the wedding-party at the chapel. Bacon is a favourite dish; and a leg of mutton is held in greater repute than roast-beef. Sometimes a 'barm-brack,' or large currant-loaf remarkable for its size and abundance of fruit, is ordered from the baker, and forms, as 'wedding-cake,' a conspicuous addition to the table. This 'Shrove-tide,' I saw a wedding-fast spread. At each end of the table was a huge piece of bacon. Down the centre of the table, beef, mutton, and the produce of the poultry-yard were largely represented. Several decanters full of wine, and bottles of whisky, were placed at intervals on the table. On a smaller table, tea, eggs, &c. and the 'cake' were laid out. This was a small and quiet wedding, the ceremony taking place as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

I must not omit to note, however, that punctuality on the part of the bridegroom—and sometimes even on that of the bride—is by no means invariably observed. I will give one instance, which happened this 'Shrove-tide.' The wedding was fixed for ten o'clock A.M. The bride came, but no bridegroom greeted her. She waited all day, till quite late in the evening, and still he came not. Late that night, a message arrived from him to say he would be at the chapel after first mass next morning. Next morning, faithfully came the expectant bride again; but again she had to wait all day for the dilatory bridegroom. At length, about seven o'clock in the evening of the second day, the tardy lover appeared; and though many brides would, after such a trial, have lost patience for ever, not so with the faithful Irish lass. The priest did his duty; and the two went away as happy as their own loves and the plaudits of their cheery neighbours could make them.

## THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.

### CHAPTER III.—AND LAST.

Ten second day after our misfortune, I received a telegram from Robert, which ran thus—'Come at once by the express. Thief caught. Bring Martha with you. Your evidence required. Will meet you at station.'

How admirably he had filled in the twenty words! The news soon leaked out and spread over the village; and as we drove through it in Mr Thomson's trap, which he kindly lent to us for the occasion, every one turned out to

look at us; for, owing to gossip and the sensational accounts of the event that had appeared in the newspapers, we and our affairs were as public as if we were, as Martha said, 'the crowned heads of Europe.' The station-master was most obsequious, and himself held open the railway carriage door for us, and made the porters bring us foot-warmers.

'If I win them,' began Martha, broaking upon a reverie into which I had fallen as the train started, 'I will sell them, and get a good mortgage for the money at five per cent. Then I will buy a little pony and trap like Mr Thomson's—perhaps he'll sell me his cheap.'

'Talk of what you'll do with them when you've got them,' I burst in angrily. I declare it is perfectly disgraceful the way she makes eyes at that man. And at her age too! She ought to know better. Ah! well, I could tell things if I opened my mouth. I know who sent me those beautiful picotees in the summer, and it isn't Martha that he stops to speak to on Sundays after church.

Robert met us at the terminus. He looked very mysterious, and spoke very oracularly when we questioned him about Ayel's capture.

'O dear! what a crowd there is!' exclaimed Martha as we drove through the Strand. 'I suppose, though, they are all going to the Police Court to hear our case.' It was Martha's first visit to the busy Metropolis, therefore her astonishment at the thronged thoroughfares was excusable.

At length our ride came to an end. The cab stopped, and Robert assisted us to alight.

'O look!' again cried Martha excitedly, grasping his arm and pointing towards a dirty little boy standing in the gutter with a newspaper placard held in front of him. We looked, and there, in inch and a half type, was printed, 'THE GREAT INDIAN JEWEL ROBBERY—Capture of the supposed Thief.' It gave one quite a little glow to read it. It made one feel so important. Two policemen were guarding the entrance to the court; but as soon as Robert told them we were witnesses in the great case, they became wonderfully polite; and one of them escorted us into a dingy, dusty-looking place, where Ayel was to be arraigned for her crime. We were conducted to a seat very much like an old-fashioned church pew, and told to wait until our case was called, which would not be long, as it was first on the list.

'O dear!' sighed Martha, as she glanced apprehensively at the unwashed and unwholesome-looking crowd that thronged around us. 'I am so afraid of small-pox.' She had brought a monstrous double vinaigrette with her, at which she kept constantly smelling. 'You had better take a sniff, Patience,' she whispered, thrusting it under my nose. 'It will keep off infection.'

It was really too bad of her; for if there is anything that I thoroughly detest, it is aromatic vinegar. It always makes me sick. I pushed it away from me; and then some one cried 'Silence!' and a little, gray-haired, old gentleman came in through a doorway at the back of the court and took his seat in a large leather-covered chair.

'Where are his horse-hair wig and ermine robes?' whispered Martha.

'Hush!' I replied; 'don't speak so loud. Those are worn only by the judges.'

'Isn't he a judge?'

'No; he's a magistrate.'

'Oh!'

I do not think that she understood my explanation; but there was no time for anything more, as that treacherous black creature had just been placed in the dock by a policeman. She looked very wild and frightened, and glared around her just like a wild beast. Then Robert was made to stand up in the witness-box and take the oath, which I think he did most beautifully, kissing the book so reverently; and it must have cost him an effort to do so, for the cover was not particularly clean. The magistrate listened attentively to every word he said, and wrote it all down in a book. 'Have the jewels been found?' he asked.

'Yes, please Your Washup,' answered a policeman from the body of the court.

Robert was asked to stand aside for a few moments, while the man took his place; and I must say it was most improper the flippant way in which he took the oath. It was such a contrast to Robert's reverent dignity. In a few curt phrases, he told the magistrate that he had found the prisoner in a low eating-house at Lambeth, and that, when searched at the station, the jewels had been discovered in her possession. As he spoke, he produced the red bandana that she had been wont to wear tied over her hair, and unfolding it, displayed the lost jewels—the Maharajah's celebrated present—Aunt Purpose's diamonds! I leant forward eagerly to see them. Even Martha opened her eyes, which, since the commencement of the case, had been affectedly closed, and for the moment forgot to sniff at her vinaigrette. Yes; they were indeed beautiful, and well worthy of all our anxiety and trouble about them. A ray of sunshine had struggled through the dingy skylight, and falling upon them, made them sparkle and glitter with a thousand varied flashes of light. The set consisted of a necklace, a very large brooch, a pair of ear-rings, and a pair of bangles, which I thought were bracelets, but which turned out to be anklets. They were handed up to the magistrate, who inspected them very carefully. Then the policeman was told to stand down; and Robert resumed his former place.

'Are those the jewels?' asked the magistrate, as a clerk placed them before him.

'I believe they are,' he answered, as he gazed at them curiously.

'I must have something stronger than belief,' said the magistrate; and then a most astounding thing came to light. With the exception of the prisoner, there was no one, to our knowledge, in England who had ever seen the jewels before they had been stolen! Who was to identify them?

It was in vain that Robert produced the empty case and showed the marks where they had lain. That by itself was no evidence, the magistrate said; and before committing the prisoner, he must have some stronger legal proof put before him showing that the jewels that had been lost and those found on her were the same.

'I think I had better adjourn the case, to enable you to obtain this evidence,' he suggested to Robert, who was completely nonplussed at the turn affairs had taken. Was he to send out to India and subpoena the Maharajah himself? It seemed such a monstrous thing that, with no moral doubt on the subject, the law should pre-

vent our recovering articles of so much value as those in question.

'What is their value?' asked the magistrate, who had been giving them a second examination.

'Several lacs of rupees,' murmured that idiotic Martha, quoting my words as she sniffed at the smelling-salts' end of her vinaigrette until its strength made her gasp, and sent the tears coursing down her cheeks.

'Between three and four thousand pounds, I believe,' said Robert. The magistrate still went on looking at them, amidst a dead silence in the court, save for the noise made by those fussy reporters as they resharpened their pencils.

'Have you any one here who can give a positive opinion as to their value?' at length he asked, as he turned to Robert; but he could only shake his head.

Then, a lawyer who was in court rose, and told the magistrate that his client, who was waiting for the next case, was an eminent jeweller, and would be very happy to give the Bench his assistance. A tall, middle-aged, and gentlemanly looking man arose, and accepting the magistrate's invitation, stepped up beside him, and took the jewels in his hand. He turned and twisted them about, placed the tip of his tongue to them, held them up to the light, and then, fixing a small magnifying glass in one eye, he stared at them through it for the space of a few seconds. 'They are excellent—unequalled, I should say,' he said as, having finished his examination, he returned them to the magistrate. 'The finest that I have ever seen.'

Oh! how our cheeks flushed at this invaluable testimony to their worth, and how fast those clever reporters' pencils flew over their paper!

'And pray, what may be their value?' asked the magistrate. You might have heard a pin drop as every one listened for the answer.

'Their present value'—he spoke with provoking slowness—'may be—about—five pounds.'

It was as if a bomb-shell had fallen amongst us.

The magistrate smiled. 'They are then,' he said, 'as I thought'—

'Paste'—made doubtless by one of the best French houses.'

The announcement was greeted with an uncontrollable burst of laughter; and I could have stabbed those conceited reporters. It did make me mad to see the gusto with which they wrote down what I knew they were describing as 'Sensation in court.'

To add to the confusion, Martha screamed herself into hysterics, during which she contrived to empty that nasty aromatic vinegar all down the skirt of my black silk; fortunately, it was not my best one.

I hardly know how we got out of the place and away from the vulgar crowd that pressed against us on every side. At last, I managed to drag her into a cab; and we drove back to the railway station, where, after a time, Robert joined us. Aye!, it appeared, after we had left, had confessed her theft, and been sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, the hapless jewels being returned to Robert.

Silent and glum, we returned to Nettlethorpe, hoping, by a discreet silence, to keep our shame and annoyance from our neighbours.

On searching through Aunt Purpose's papers, we discovered that she had been perfectly aware of the composition of the Maharajah's present; but owing to the prestige that the supposed possession of such valuable jewels gave her, had kept the secret—even to the deception of the confidential Aye!. It was too bad of her, though, to deceive so cruelly her husband's kith and kin, more especially as, to our chagrin, we found that all her and Uncle Job's savings had been sunk in an annuity, which of course died with her. After sending Aye! back to India, at the expiration of her term of imprisonment, which was more than she deserved after her ingratitude—the 'rest, residue, and remainder' of Aunt's property to be divided among us came to a trifle under a five-pound note. As for the jewels—drat them!—we would not draw lots for them. Robert sold them for two pounds ten, which he pocketed, to pay his expenses, he said, in his chase after Aye!. He never even offered either Martha or me the price of our railway fare to London—and it was first-class too, for we had to travel by the express—as he declared that it was insufficient to repay him all that he had expended.

Our resolution to keep silent about the events of our visit to London was rendered useless by those wretched papers. They not only published a full and unnecessarily detailed account of the case, but some of them actually made merry over our sufferings in leading articles! We thought, however, that the neighbours would have had the delicacy and good taste to respect our wishes on the subject; but alas!—for ill-manners commend me to a Nettlethorpean—insigated, as I verily believe, by that man Thomson—he thinks himself a wit!—they positively dared to give us a nickname, and since then, wherever we go, we are always known as 'The Family Diamonds!'

## RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY A RUN-HOLDER.

A few years ago, one or two articles appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, giving an account of the mischief then being worked by rabbits in the southern part of New Zealand. Since then, the plague has greatly extended, in spite of legislation and all efforts on the part of holders of land. Now, however, there is a prospect of a better state of things; and it may be interesting to learn how, from small beginnings, utter ruin nearly came over a large tract of country, and the steps which are now being taken to avert it.

About a score of years ago, an immigrant to Invercargill, a town in the south of New Zealand, brought with him from England seven rabbits. He offered them for sale to the authorities of the former province of Southland; and they, thinking it would be a good thing to have some furred game on the sandhills which abound on the coast, gave him a small sum of money to turn them out there. I believe that rabbits were also turned out further north in Otago; but those seven were the progenitors of the mighty swarm which has infested the country.

For some years the rabbits seemed to stay about the sandhills, where there was very good shooting, and little was thought of them. When they got very thick, they fed so close to the ground that



the covering sward which held the sandhills together was destroyed, and the sand began to be blown inland, spoiling a good deal of ground. The rabbits themselves also became a nuisance to farmers near the coast; but these holdings are small, and by trapping and shooting, the farms can be kept moderately clear. The country back from the coast is a plain for twenty or thirty miles. Then come rolling grassy hills, where begin the sheep-runs. Farther back are mountains of about five thousand feet, fit for sheep; and farther still is the great backbone of New Zealand, so high and rough as not to be fit for any stock but rabbits. Among the hills and smaller mountains are many plains of considerable extent. The rivers Oreti and Aparima have exceedingly wide and shingly beds, and flow through flats for almost all their courses. The sandhills where the rabbits were turned out are between the mouths of those two rivers.

In 1876 the evil had grown to such an extent that the colonial government appointed a Commission to inquire and report as to the state of the rabbit nuisance, and to suggest remedies. The Commissioners travelled through the country, and made many inquiries. Their Report said what every one knew already—that matters were very bad, and likely to be much worse. An Act was then passed by the legislature which gave a bonus of a halfpenny for every rabbit-skin exported; and empowered the inhabitants of any district badly overrun with rabbits to elect a Board, whose duty it was to see that all holders of land destroyed their rabbits. In case any holder failed to do so, the Board was to have it done at his expense.

It is hard for any one not acquainted with the subject to understand the desolation wrought by apparently so small a plague. It must be remembered that the population in the greater part of the interior of Otago is very sparse—houses being seldom less than ten miles apart—that a run of fifty thousand acres is often worked by half-a-dozen men, and that rabbits breed once a month for eight months of the year, having from four to eight young ones at a time. The surest test of the evil is the decrease of sheep, and there are several runs where the decrease is three-fourths of the former stock. One run I know where the stock has diminished from twenty to five thousand. A sheep-run is generally a tract of country belonging to the Crown, whereon the run-holder, for a yearly rent or assessment, has the sole right of rearing stock. Within the last year or so, the rabbit-plague has grown to such an extent that many runs have been utterly abandoned as worthless by the holders, who of course have ceased to pay their rents to the Crown. All sheep-farmers have been much impoverished, and many ruined. The licenses to occupy runs are generally for a period of ten years; and as these licenses have only, in many cases, a short time to run, it does not pay the tenants to go to much expense in killing rabbits.

The run-holders, as a rule, have done their best to keep down the rabbits, and have tried many different plans. The principal one has been to employ men with large packs of dogs to kill at so much a skin—the skins being properly stretched and dried. These men have generally from twelve to twenty dogs apiece, and of course cause

incessant disturbance to sheep. The dogs, too, often get away from their masters, and worry the stock. Sometimes men are employed to shoot, ferret, and trap. The cost of killing has generally been about twopence a head, and the produce of sale of skins a good deal less.

Various other plans have been tried for abating the nuisance, and ingenious inventors have devised many traps of the most absurd and fantastic description. It was proposed to introduce weasels and other vermin, and one gentleman brought some mongooses from India. The worst of this plan was that while the vermin were getting numerous enough to keep down the rabbits, we were all very certain to be ruined.

Various chemical means have been proposed for smothering the rabbits in their holes. The best plan was suggested by Dr Black, Professor of Chemistry in Dunedin College, to use bisulphide of carbon. This chemical is exceedingly volatile; and if some cotton-waste, or sheepskin saturated with it, is placed in a hole, and the outlets are carefully stopped, the rabbits inside will be certainly killed. A good many people used this plan to a considerable extent; but it was too expensive to attempt by its means to exterminate rabbits, or even keep them in check over large blocks of leasehold hilly country.

The last plan, and that which we all hope is to be the salvation of the country, has been in use for upwards of a year. It is to sprinkle grain poisoned with phosphorus wherever there are rabbits. At first, crushed wheat was used, and a certain quantity of oil of rhodium and sugar was added, to make the bait more attractive. On experience, however, it has been found that oats—about one-third of the price of wheat—are better, and that the oil of rhodium and sugar are not necessary. The process of mixing is now simple and safe. At first, people used to stir the mixture over an open boiler, and so ran great risk from the fumes of phosphorus. A better way is to put the oats into a barrel with a close-fitting lid, saturate them with boiling water, pour in the phosphorus—which has been fused in a small pan of hot water—and then roll the barrel backwards and forwards for a quarter of an hour. The poisoned grain will be fit to lay out when cold. It is usual to sell the poison to men who lay it out on the runs. They collect the skins of the rabbits, and are paid, generally, twopence apiece for them properly stretched and dried.

The cure is certainly wonderful. Wherever the poison has been properly laid, the rabbits have well nigh disappeared, and the nuisance has become a perfectly manageable one. The skins at present prices bring more than it costs to obtain and prepare them, so that any one can afford to clear his run, however short his lease may be. All this good is worked without disturbance to the sheep, and the packs of hideous mongrels which have for years infested the country may at last be done away with.

The objections to the cure are of course obvious. All imported and native game will suffer severely where poison is laid. The rabbits *must*, however, be put down, or else the greater part of the South Island will be made useless. Better import game at some future time, than be driven out of the country. The native birds will not be exterminated. There is too much wild country which is

not occupied, and is not likely to be occupied for many years. There they will be left in peace; and when the rabbits are no longer a curse, the birds will return to the occupied country. As far as I can judge by experience, even where poison is thickly laid, birds do not take it very freely. I hear English larks singing over it every day, and I have never seen a poisoned native titlark, a bird which abounds everywhere. None of the wood-birds are likely to suffer much. Paradise ducks, wekas, and pukekas will feel it most. The pukeka is a kind of land-rail, very numerous and destructive to grain, both when growing and in the stack. The weka is a curious rail which can not fly, and has already suffered much from rabbits' dogs. I am sorry for the weka and the Paradise duck—the latter a beautiful bird. But the destruction will not be so great as some people fear. Ever since the poison has been laid, I have seen or heard of very few poisoned birds. We must accordingly hope for the best. People are certain to continue laying the poisoned grain till some one invents a better remedy.

### ODD OFFENCES.

LOVERS of liberty as they were, our forefathers had little patience with propounders of novel notions. When Henry Chubb, suddenly awaking to the fact that success in business was not to be attained without much lying and deceit, forswore his calling of haberdasher of hats, and betook himself to playing the hermit, and practising vegetarianism—he was put in the stocks, ousted from one refuge after another, and finally lodged in prison, to prevent others imitating his evil example.—‘Sir George Carteret,’ says Pepys, ‘showed me a gentleman coming by in his coach who had been sent for up out of Lincolnshire. I think he says he is a justice of the peace there—that the Council have laid by the heels here, and here lies in a messenger's hands, for saying that a man and his wife are but one person, and so ought to pay but twelvence for both to the Poll Bill, by which others were led to do the like; and so here he lies prisoner.’—The justice, however, received gentler treatment than was accorded twenty years earlier to a woman of Henley-on-Thames; who, venturing to speak her mind respecting the taxation imposed by parliament, was bound fast, and cruelly, to a tree one market-day, and a placard tied on her back, setting forth the enormity of which she had been guilty.

In all times and in every land, an over-free tongue has proved troublesome to its possessor. In Plantagenet times one man was sent to prison for twelve months for offering to call the chief magistrate of London a scoundrel, and fight him too, if any one would pay him for his pains. Another was pilloried for saying the Mayor had been sent to the Tower. And Roger Jorold, for foolishly boasting that if he caught that dignity outside the City bounds, he would insure his never getting within them again, had to present the insulted Mayor with a hundred tuns of wine. King James I. ordered two Londoners to be whipped from Aldgate to Temple Bar for speaking disparagingly of Spain's unpopular representative, Gondemar; and Recorder Fleetward let every one know that liberty of

speech was an offence against the Commonwealth, by sending a saucy fellow to jail for venting his enjoyment of a hearty bread-and-cheese meal, by swearing he had supped as well as my Lord Mayor.

In 1877 the magistrates of Tadcaster gave one Leatham two months' imprisonment for audibly anathematising the Queen twice, while the prayers for the Queen and the Royal Family were being repeated at a school-room service; despite his plea of extenuation that he uttered the obnoxious exclamations unconsciously, having been talking about the Queen's taxes a little while before. A like sentence was passed upon a soldier for publicly consigning the Pope and Mr. Gladstone to the place paved with good intentions; but this was in Belfast, where the authorities are particularly severe upon lingual improprieties. Hearing, or fancying he heard the owner of a lagging dog exclaim, ‘Come along, you old papist!’ a zealous officer summoned him for using party expressions in the streets. The offender averred that he said, ‘Come along, old Pepper’—that being the animal's name; whereupon the magistrate kindly said he would give him the benefit of the doubt, which he did, by fining him five shillings.

Soon after the Germans took possession of the provinces ceded by France, they sent an Alsatian girl to prison for criticising the photograph of the Grand-duke of Baden in disrespectful terms; and fined a Lorraine woman five thalers for marking her disapproval of a soldier's primitive habits with the exclamation: ‘What! with all our five milliards, they have not got pocket-handkerchiefs yet!’ Of course, French journalists did not omit to enlarge upon the tyranny of the Germans; but they were discreetly silent when a Parisian with a grievance was punished for telling a friend that somebody was as ‘cowardly as MacMahon.’ A few months later, he might have abused the Marshal to his heart's content with impunity.

It does not do to be in advance of one's day. In 1618 a Weymouth butcher was amerced in three shillings and fourpence for killing a bull unbaited, and putting the flesh thereof unto sale. About the same time, certain good citizens of Worcester presented a formal complaint against John Kempster and Thomas Byrd for not selling their ale according to the law, charging only a penny a pint for beverage of such extraordinary strength as to lead to assaults, affrays, bloodsheddings, and other misdemeanours; in other words, for giving their customers too good an article—an offence not by any means likely to occur in our modern world.

Brutality to women rarely entails adequate punishment, but we cannot but wonder at a cruel husband receiving a twelvemonth's imprisonment for what the reporter termed an inhuman assault upon his wife; since, so far as appeared, his inhumanity was limited to playing the Dead March in Saul over his helpmate. He had evidently some music in his soul; like the work-house official who lost his situation for setting three blind fiddlers to play as many tunes, while he sang a song having no connection with one or the other.—A humorous rogue, too, was the neeily tailor who sheared the tails off the coats of the playgoers waiting at the doors of a Liverpool theatre, and was captured with his spoil upon him.—Another original offender solaced his disappointed love by going to witness the consummation of his rival's triumph, and stewing the church floor

with fulminating powder, which exploded at every movement of the bridal party.

The law presumes that everybody knows what he may and may not do, and acting on that presumption, unpleasantly enlightens those who are not so wise as they should be. The eldest of three men charged with stealing primroses from a wood, said: 'The primroses grow of themselves; who ever heard of stealing primroses?' The prosecuting farmer owned that the primroses grew wild, but he 'made property of them,' and they were not to be reached without crossing his fenced-in land. The magistrate, discharging the offenders with a warning, informed them that though there was no law forbidding the gathering of wild-flowers in the lanes and hedgerows, it was unlawful to trespass upon private land and take anything away.—An Illinois citizen brought his daughter's young man before a justice for violently ejecting him from his own parlour one Sunday evening. After hearing the other side, the justice said: 'It appears that this young fellow was courting the plaintiff's gal, in plaintiff's parlour; that plaintiff intruded, and was put out by defendant. Courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore the law of Illinois will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courting is afoot. Defendant is discharged, and plaintiff must pay costs.'

Different notions as to the necessity of courting prevail in Texas, or a susceptible individual would hardly have been fined for telling a pretty girl he should very much like to kiss her: leaving him as much puzzled as to where the justice came in, as the man in Indiana, who, returning home from a journey, found the house empty, his wife having raffled all the furniture, and absconded with the proceeds; and before he thoroughly comprehended the situation, found himself arrested by the sheriff for permitting gambling on his premises!

If it be unwise to prophesy unless you know, it is something worse than unwise to advance accusations impossible to sustain. Yet if newspaper reports are to be believed, a bill-sticker was prosecuted for the incomprehensible offence of burning somebody's 'photograph in effigy;' Elizabeth Simmons was charged with being the father of Henry Wood's child; and a drunken laundress arraigned for assaulting a policeman by 'springing up and striking him in the chest with the soles of both her feet at the same time, dropping on them again like an acrobat;' a feat the constable swore the prisoner performed, in spite of her pertinently demanding where her body was at the time, 'as she wasn't a spring-board.'

A sapient coroner read a witness a severe lecture upon the enormity of being out of bed at one o'clock in the morning, refusing him his expenses by way of marking his disapproval of such an impropriety. Of the same way of thinking was constable Snooks who took a man into custody for presuming to come outside his own door at that early hour, after the zealous officer had put him inside the house. Another active and intelligent officer, catching a young man, late at night, in the heinous act of putting his latch-key into its proper keyhole, hauled him, spite of resistance, to the station-house; and next morning had the satisfaction of hearing the magistrate indorse the action, and sentence the delinquent to a spell of hard labour for 'resisting an officer in the execution of

his duty.' Some magistrates seem to hold that the police are masters rather than servants of the public, and that the latter are bound to submit quietly to any indignity at their hands. A Bermondsey shopkeeper having been hustled by a number of constables proceeding to their beat, demanded the sergeant's number, upon which he was pushed through a shop window, and promptly arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and breaking the ranks of the constabulary. The magistrate who heard the case was compelled to pronounce the charges false and frivolous, but told the accused he had only himself to blame; taking the sergeant's number was a very foolish thing to do, for 'to take their number gave many constables great offence.'

Right and wrong is often a mere question of locality. Long after coffee was an established beverage in every European land, a schoolmaster of Hesse was sent to prison for drinking it in defiance of the decree of his High Mightiness the Landgrave, who, like other well-intentioned law-makers, could not endure that any one should enjoy a thing displeasing to his own palate. In 1875, three French ships in the harbour of St Pierre, Martinique, failed to lower their yards on Good Friday. Next day, each captain was fined a hundred francs for outraging the religious sentiments of the people. But when a Paris linen-draper advertised that his shop would be closed the following Sunday 'for repairs,' and the *Univers* denounced the notification as an outrage upon the religious sentiments of Christian women, which they ought to resent by shunning the shop for evermore, the linen-draper went to law, and obtained four thousand francs damages for the libel.

When at Rome, do as Rome does, is easily said, but not so easily accomplished. A Western man spending a day in Boston, bought a cigar, and started for a stroll. He had not gone many yards before he was tapped on the shoulder by a police-officer, who politely informed him that he had incurred a penalty of two dollars by smoking in the street. The innocent offender handed over two dollars, and walked on. Presently, he came across a hungry-looking urchin, to whom he good-naturedly proffered a piece of gingerbread, and immediately a policeman was at his elbow intimating he had thereby violated a city ordinance. Tendering his informant a three-dollar bill, with instructions to keep the change, as he should want to whistle by-and-by, and might as well pay beforehand, the disgusted visitor went on his way, resolved never again to make holiday in Boston.

#### THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE cry of 'New lamps for old ones,' once heard in the streets of Bagdad, has, since the invention of the Jablochhoff electric 'candle,' gone up from every city of the civilised world. Lamps, or regulators, carbons, dynamo-machines, and everything pertaining to 'the subtle fluid,' continue to keep inventors busy with improvements, and to baffle patent agents by the family likeness which many of them present. The wedding of the magnet and the steam-engine has been celebrated with so much pomp and circumstance, that the once inevitable battery has been almost forgotten. At one time the subject of no end of

improvements and new forms, inventors seem to have dismissed it as a thing with which further dealing was unprofitable, so far as electric lighting is concerned. One experimenter, however, M. Faure, has not so regarded it; and if all accounts be true, the battery cell must once more in his hands assume fresh importance.

M. Faure's invention consists in a modification of the well-known secondary battery introduced some years ago by his fellow-countryman Planté. This consisted of sheets of lead immersed in acidulated water, which could be gradually charged by means of a couple of Grove's or other cells, and which would give out when required the whole force so stored up. M. Faure's improvement consists in coating the metal sheets with red oxide of lead, by which the capacity of the battery is said to be increased forty-fold. A correspondent of the *Times* describes how he lately conveyed from Paris to Glasgow a charged battery of this description. To use his own words: 'I had the satisfaction of presenting to Sir William Thomson, M. Faure's rare offering of a box of electricity, intact and potent, holding by measurement within that small space of one cubic foot, a power equivalent to nearly one million of foot-pounds.' If this discovery bears out the promise of its infancy, we may possibly soon hear of a Limited Company being started for the supply of condensed lightning to small consumers. The demands of the photographic world alone would insure its success.

Mr Fleuss, whose diving system has already been fully explained in these columns, has recently had the opportunity of demonstrating before the Admiralty authorities at Portsmouth the advantages of his invention both for submarine work, and for use in exploring places full of smoke or noxious gases. For half an hour, Mr Fleuss remained in a chamber specially charged with the densest and most suffocating smoke it was possible to produce. At the end of that time, he was requested to come out, for it was considered that the test had been sufficient for all practical purposes. The experiment has, of course, special bearing upon the extinction of hidden fires on shipboard; and it is probable that its success may lead to the adoption of the Fleuss apparatus as part of the equipment of every vessel in commission.—The same inventor is projecting the construction of a submarine boat, which will afford no mark for the fire of an enemy, and which will be able to carry on subaqueous torpedo warfare of a most terrible description. Mr Fleuss, by his diving apparatus and his smoke-breathing contrivance, has done what he can to save men's lives. He now proposes with his submarine boat to destroy them wholesale. It is difficult to say that we wish such an awful weapon success; but we may express a hope that, in the future, the general acceptance of the principles of arbitration, necessitated by such an invention, will prove it in reality a boon to mankind.

The Telephone has been enlisted in a new service at Chicago, as an aid to the police and patrol system of the city. Public alarm-stations, resembling sentry-boxes, are established at various points. In case of emergency, a citizen can communicate from one of these boxes to the nearest district office, and obtain what aid he needs. He can, if necessary, lock himself in secure from attack, and at the same time telegraph his

difficulty to the police. Every officer is required to telephone half-hourly the events which come under his observation. Telephonic communication is said to have met with great favour in China, where the difficulties of telegraphic signalling are very great, owing to the language possessing no alphabet.

M. Friedel has introduced a new liquid hydrocarbon, which, according to recent experiments, seems to be possessed of extraordinary qualities. It boils at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, gives a brilliant white light, unaccompanied by heat; and the slightest puff of wind will extinguish it in case of accidental ignition. The corner of a pocket-handkerchief, or even the finger, can be dipped into it, lighted, and used as a temporary torch without any injury to the novel wick. Owing to the cold produced by the rapid evaporation of the liquid, it would thus seem possible, by means of this new agent, to make one finger serve as a taper whilst sealing a letter with the others.

The *Scientific American* records a remarkable accident which lately occurred in a cavern in Mexico. The governor of the district had, in honour of some American visitors, invited them to a grand banquet in the cave. The strange picnic party numbered nearly five hundred, and they had arranged to pass the night in their subterranean quarters. After dinner, many of them were seized with faintness, and it speedily became evident that the cave, like the *Grotto del Cané* in Italy, was highly charged with some deleterious vapour. The visitors speedily beat a retreat, but not before some of them were almost insensible, and had to be carried out by their friends.

The specification of a patent for obtaining photographs in colour has recently been made public; and although it seems rather too elaborate for commercial use, it exhibits much ingenuity. From a negative, a positive proof is taken upon paper in the usual way; but it is purposely only slightly printed, a ghost of what an ordinary print should be. This serves as a guide for the colourist, who by its aid fills in the picture with broad masses of bright colour without any regard to light or shade, much as a child would adorn a wood-cut with water-colours. The surface now receives a coating of albumen, to protect its tints from the after-treatment. This consists in rendering the paper once more sensitive to light, by floating it on a bath of nitrate of silver. It is then placed once more beneath the original negative, so that the image can be printed in its full vigour above the colour. The print is then toned and fixed in the ordinary manner; and a photograph in colour is the result.

One of the most important advances in photography is represented by the argentic paper recently introduced by Messrs Morgan & Greenwich. Requiring no preparation further than that it receives at the hands of its makers, this paper will prove quite a boon to photographers for the purpose of producing large pictures from small ones. A sheet of the paper, pinned against the wall, receives the image of any small negative by means of a magic-lantern. In a few seconds, the exposure is complete, and the picture, under the persuasion of a simple developing fluid, speedily makes its appearance. This application of the new gelatine process—for the paper is coated with

gelatino-bromide of silver—forms the subject of a daily demonstration at the Royal Polytechnic, London, where a negative measuring three inches across is enlarged to thirty inches by an exposure to light of only seven seconds.

In most treatises on electrical science, we learn that moist air forms a good conductor; and for this reason telegraph lines in a damp atmosphere are subject to loss of current, and frictional electric machines lose their virtue unless warmed up to fever-heat. Professor Marangoni has recently published the results of an experiment which seems to refute this old doctrine. Filling an inverted vessel full of steam, he pushed into it a charged Leyden jar. In five seconds it was removed, and would give no spark—showing that the electricity had been dispersed. But it seems that this silent discharge was due to the film of water formed by condensation on the surface of the jar; for when, on repeating the experiment, the steam-chamber was warmed, so as to prevent such condensation, the charged jar remained intact.

One of those curious little accidents which have so often led observing men to useful discoveries, occurred not long ago in a Berlin feather-dyeing establishment. A feather which had been dyed with one of the violet products of aniline was laid aside on a sheet of paper upon which some ammonia had been spilt. The feather was seen to speedily become green in certain parts, presenting a novel and beautiful appearance. The hint thus given has been taken advantage of in the production of variegated feathers and flowers which owe their peculiarity to the same treatment.

Not many months ago, London householders were all complaining of a sudden and mysterious increase in their gas bills. Letters to the newspapers without number, from aggrieved consumers, more than hinted that the Gas Companies, to suit their own ends, were compassing this by certain suspicious operations at the works. The cause of this undoubtedly enormous increase in the consumption of gas has lately been ventilated in the Report of Mr Heisch—the gas examiner to the corporation—whose attention was specially directed to the question. It seems that before the new large mains were opened from the Beckton gas-works to the city, the old pipes would not bear the pressure desired by consumers without serious leakage and loss to the Gas Company. When the new pipes were completed, increased pressure was adopted; but the consumers were not prepared for it, and roared away their gas unmindful of the new conditions. It may be useful to our readers to note that it is within their own power to regulate the supply by means of the main stop-cock placed at the meter. When this is so set that no flame in the house will roar, the pocket of the consumer will not suffer.

Messrs Richter, of Chemnitz, have introduced a new method of cutting and ornamenting glass, which is said to possess many advantages. German-silver discs are impregnated with diamond dust, and afterwards used in various forms to abrade the surface of the glass. By this means the brittle material can be carved, cut, or otherwise treated without risk of injury. In the form of cylinders, the compound metal will cut holes in glass plates of any required size.

A mania, now almost extinct, existed some years ago for writing long compositions in such small

characters that they covered no more than the space occupied by a sixpence. Later on, a machine was invented which gave a microscopic copy of any writing made by its aid, its principal use being for the purpose of secret despatches. This was superseded, in the Franco-Prussian war, by the micro-photograph, which enabled the copy of a newspaper to be transmitted by pigeon post. The subject has been lately revived in Germany by a shorthand writer executing three thousand words, or rather signs for words, upon a post-card, challenging any one to beat his performance by any other system of shorthand. Subsequently, a prize was offered for the greatest number of words written by any method of stenography upon a post-card. The winner—a student of the Pitman system—succeeded in cramming into the space allotted to him the whole of Goldsmith's *The Sceptic to Conquer*, half another play, and an essay—representing collectively 32,363 words!

The ingenious Japanese, who have long been celebrated for the excellence of their paper, have recently used with success belting made of that material in lieu of leather. The increasing demand for steam-machinery in that rising country, gives this new application of paper great interest, especially as, through inefficient tanning, Japanese leather cannot be depended upon for heavy work.

Professor Gamgee—whose name is well known as the inventor of a real-ice rink—has now turned his attention to the production of an engine which works without fire. Any one by holding a bottle of liquid ammonia in his warm hand, will soon find out, by the stopper of the bottle jumping in its socket, that gas is given off at a comparatively low temperature. It is this force that Professor Gamgee uses to propel the piston of his engine. After the work has been done, the ammonia is condensed, and—by a method discovered by the inventor—is returned to the cylinder. Ammonia engines have before been contrived, but have invariably failed.

M. René, of Stettin, has made an important discovery in the art of preserving the woods used in the manufacture of pianos from the influences of moisture and temperature. The wood is subjected to an atmosphere of oxygen which has been charged with ozone by the passage of an electric current. This plan not only is a safeguard to pianos from changes of temperature, but is said to give a rare richness of tone to instruments made of wood so prepared.

Some time after the discovery of the bleaching action of light on the so-called visual purple colour in the retina of several animals, the idea was started that what we call sight may be merely a photographic process. Exaggeration—which always follows the footsteps of any new discovery—soon conceived the notion that the scene last depicted upon the sensitive retina remained there after death, and the notion became current that a murderer might be detected by examining the eye of his victim. Dr Ayres, who has made more than a thousand experiments upon the eyes of animals, and who has succeeded to some extent in obtaining pictures of simple geometric figures, quite negatives this idea. He considers that even under the most favourable results, the dead human eye can give no revelation whatever of the scene it last beheld.



M. Trouvé, whose polyscope for medical purposes has recently been described in these pages, writes to *La Nature* stating that a tricycle of English manufacture driven by electricity has lately been seen in the streets of Paris. Its pace was equal to that of a good ordinary cab. M. Trouvé contemplates the construction of a motor which he believes will obtain a far greater velocity.

The late Fisheries Exhibition at Norwich has brought to the front many inventions having for their object the preservation of fish as food. The importance of bringing within the reach of dwellers in our inland towns a cheap and wholesome food which is provided for them by Nature with such liberality, cannot be gainsaid. Treated with a preservative known as glacéline, a salmon and sole were exhibited in a fresh state, although they had been in the building for twelve days. Attention was also concentrated on Knott's Refrigerating Car for the transport of fish from distant places without injury. This last contrivance met with such approval at the hands of the jurors, that they awarded it a gold medal, a diploma, and a prize of twenty pounds.

According to Professor Huxley, who at this Exhibition lectured on the Herring, the numbers of that fish were so vast that it was impossible to conceive any human means which would make any diminution in the stock. He said that at one time a complaint was raised that travellers disturbed the spawning-beds; but the truth was that the travellers came after the flat-fish, and in doing so, actually prevented those greedy marauders from devouring millions of herring-eggs.

A plan for constructing a railway across the continent of Australia is again being discussed. The chief difficulty seems to lie in the extreme arid nature of the country to be opened up; but it is thought that borings may result in the discovery of water.

A large boiler is being built by the Manchester Steam Users' Association for the purpose of an experiment. It is to be fired, and allowed to get short of water until the furnace-crowns are red hot. Cold water is then to be pumped on them, in order to prove that explosions cannot occur under such conditions, provided the boiler is in good condition.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that some time ago the Institution of Mechanical Engineers appointed a Committee to examine into certain questions of research matters pertaining to their profession. One of these questions is that of riveted joints, such as are used in the construction of boilers, gasholders, &c. The various methods of riveting are all found to be defective, in so far as that the parts riveted together are very much weaker than the plate itself, the plates being weakened by the holes which are bored to receive the rivets. A series of experiments has now been decided upon by the Committee for the purpose of scientifically testing the question, with the hope of ascertaining the method of joining plates which shall give the least percentage of weakness as compared with the solid plates.

The same Committee have also had before them the question of the hardening and tempering of steel. It is known that if a piece of tool-steel be heated, and then suddenly cooled, it becomes much harder, not only on the surface, but throughout, provided its thickness be not excessive. The

greater the range of cooling, the more intense is the hardening, but at the same time the greater the brittleness of the piece. This quality of hardness is therefore modified to suit the purpose in view, by the further operation of tempering. In this process, the hardened steel, after its rapid cooling, is re-heated to a temperature corresponding to the purpose for which it is intended, and then quenched again from that temperature. The particular point at which to stop the re-heating is recognised by one particular hue, in what are called 'the colours of tempering,' which the steel is always seen to assume in succession as its temperature gradually rises. Thus, if the article in question be a sword, it is heated to a bright blue; if it be a cold chisel, it is stopped at a brownish orange. The above Committee are of opinion that these colours are due to the metal, in the process of the second heating, re-absorbing the gases which had been expelled by the first heating and subsequent rapid cooling; and they propose to make a series of experiments to test this theory.

A very perfect form of incubator has lately been patented in America. The gas or oil flame is so controlled by a magnetic regulator, that the heat can never rise or fall beyond certain points. The eggs are automatically shifted, in their places at regular intervals by means of clockwork. Many good egg-hatching machines have now been invented; indeed there is no difficulty about procuring chickens by such means. The real difficulty lies in keeping them alive after they have left the egg. Not even the clever Yankees can contrive a 'motion' to successfully imitate a mother's tender care for her little ones.

An anchor, manufactured by Messrs Parkes and Ross, of Tipton and Liverpool, and known as Liardet's Anchor, is noticeable for one or two peculiarities. The chief of these is that the stock of the anchor is provided with flukes, the same as the arms. The arms and stock are so fitted that they can move within a range of forty-five degrees. When stowed, the arms and stock lie in a line with the shank. There is a shackle for the cable, and another near the crown for a buoy-rope. We understand that the P. and O. and some other Companies are using the anchor.

Mr James Stewart, C.E., who recently read to the Royal Geographical Society an account of his survey of the district of Lake Nyassa, in Africa, has had an opportunity of testing the quality of the coal formerly discovered on the shore of that lake by Mr Rhodes. The coal, says Mr Stewart, lies in a clay-bank tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees. It is laid bare over only some thirty feet, is about seven feet thick, and hardly looks as if it were in its original bed. Yet the bed was compact, and full of good coal. He lit a good fire with it, which burned strongly, the coal softening and throwing out gas-bubbles, but giving no gas-jets. It caked slightly, but not so as to impede its burning. On his return to this country, he submitted a specimen of the coal to Mr Carruthers, of the British Museum, who reports that it has the appearance of a good specimen of English coal. After combustion, he found that only 1.8 per cent. of ash remained. He had no doubt that the specimen from Lake Nyassa is of the same age as the coal of England.

In the same paper, Mr Stewart refers to the existence among the natives in Central Africa of



the manufacture of iron from ironstone. These natives occupy the district of country between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, and are to all appearance a peaceable and industrious people. They told Mr Stewart that their only desire was to cultivate their gardens and work their iron. All the way between the basins of the two lakes he found traces of ironstone, and in places old workings. On one hillside he counted eight smelting-kilns in good order, within a few hundred yards of each other; and doubtless there were, in his opinion, many more. The kilns in use stand about nine feet high, are five feet in diameter at the base, and three feet at the top, and are built of clay plaster four or six inches thick. They will contain nearly half a ton of iron ore. Charcoal is used for smelting.

The largest steam-hammer in Scotland has just been erected by the Messrs Beardmore, at their Steel and Iron Works, Parkhead, Glasgow. Its erection has been necessitated by the rapid development of the steel manufacture, the old-fashioned tools having been found inadequate to cope with that immensely strong new material. The hammer, which has been named 'Samson,' stands on a bed of concrete, formed by mixing iron borings and slag with cement, twenty feet thick, and weighing five hundred tons. On this bed is a packing of wood, and on this again is placed the anvil-block, forty-three tons in weight—the anvil itself being a mass of five tons more, making forty-eight tons in all. The ram of the steam-hammer weighs twelve tons—which makes the machine nominally a 12-ton hammer. The cylinder weighs seven tons, is four feet in diameter, and is worked at 60-lb. steam pressure. The hammer delivers blows, having a force of between three hundred and four hundred foot tons, with a rapidity which allows the steel to be perfectly worked before growing cool.

The difficulty of transporting boats over a few miles, or even between different land-locks, &c. has often been felt; and in order to obviate this, Mr F. E. Todd, Park Street, The Mount, York, has patented what is called a 'Collapsing Boat Carriage.' It is made of various lengths, is very light yet strong in construction, and when not in use can be packed up in small space and carried in the boat. It appears to be specially useful for the conveyance of long light boats such as those used in regattas, and the transport of which, either by cart or carried by the crew, is always attended with trouble and fatigue, and often with risk to the boat; or it may be used for conveying a boat from one fishing loch to another. The collapsing carriage can be done up for use, or undone, in a few minutes.

#### THE SEA-SHELL MISSION.

In the month of November last, occasion was taken in this *Journal* to draw the attention of our readers to this Mission, the object of which is, by sending little boxes of shells, bouquets of flowers, &c. to the thousands of sick children in the hospitals and poorer homes of London, to give delight and amusement to these suffering little ones, and to brighten their sad surroundings in the great city, far from the fresh breezes of hills and downs, and the beauty of stream and shore. At this season we would specially remind little

seaside visitors of the opportunity thus afforded them of adding to their own happiness by contributing something in this way towards the happiness of other little ones less favoured than themselves. Since 1879 this Mission has distributed 417,103 shells; and any further contributions of the same nature will be gladly received by the Honorary Secretary of the Sea-shell Mission, 24 Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

#### NESTLINGS.

O little bird! sing sweet among the leaves,  
Safe hid from sight, beside thy downy nest;  
The rain falls, murmuring to the drooping eaves  
A low refrain, that suits thy music best.  
Sing sweet, O bird! thy recompense draws nigh—  
Four callow nestlings 'neath the mother's wing,  
So many flashing wings that by and by  
Will cleave the sunny air. O sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! Thy callow nestlings sleep,  
Safe hidden 'neath a gracious folding wing,  
Until the time when, from their slumber deep,  
They wake, and soar in beauty. Sing, heart, sing!)

O little bird! sing sweet. Though rain may fall,  
And though thy callow brood thy care require,  
Behind the rain-cloud, with its trailing pull,  
Shineth undimmed the gracious golden fire.  
Sing on, O bird! nor of the cloud take heed;  
For thou art horior of glorious Spring;  
And every field is sacred to thy need—  
The wealth, the beauty, thine. O sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! sing on, though rain may pour;  
Sing on; for unawares the winds will bring  
A drift of sunshine to thy cottage door,  
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing, heart, sing!)

O bird! sing sweet. What though the time be near  
When thou shalt sit upon that swaying bough,  
With no sweet mate, no nestling, by, to hear  
The bubbling song thou sing'st to glad them now!  
Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet Spring days.  
In golden Summer, when thy brood take wing,  
Shalt thou not still have left a hymn of praise,  
Because thy work is over! Sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! What if thy birds have flown?  
Thou hadst the joy of their awakening,  
And thousand memories left thee for thine own;  
Sing thou, for task accomplished. Sing, heart, sing!)

R. G. A.

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  - 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
  - 4th. Poetical offerings should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
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